



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

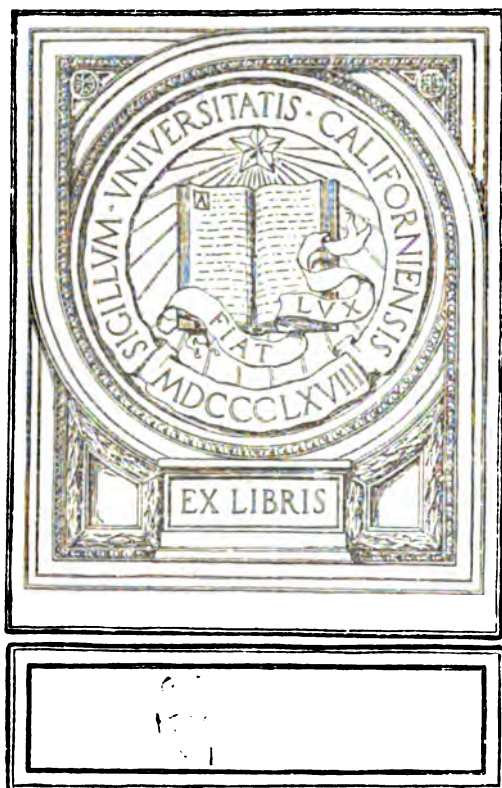
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A HEBREW ANTHOLOGY

KOHUT



A HEBREW ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND DRAMAS INSPIRED BY THE OLD TESTAMENT
AND POST BIBLICAL TRADITION GATHERED FROM WRITINGS OF
ENGLISH POETS, FROM THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD AND
EARLIER TO THE PRESENT DAY.

EDITED BY
GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
HUDSON MAXIM

Author of "The Science of Poetry"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LYRICAL, NARRATIVE AND DEVOTIONAL POEMS

1913
S. BACHARACH
CINCINNATI
U. S. A.

Digitized by Google

**COPYRIGHT,
GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT,
FEBRUARY, 1918.**

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

**INSCRIBED
TO THE EVER CHERISHED MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER
THE REVEREND DOCTOR ALEXANDER KOHUT**

"The glory of sons are their fathers"
PROVERBS 17:6

COPYRIGHT NOTICE.

All rights on poems in this volume are vested in the authors thereof or in their legal representatives.

Publisher of "A HEBREW ANTHOLOGY."

Acknowledgment is respectfully made to the following publishers for the privilege of embodying herein the poems mentioned:

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—*William Cullen Bryant*: Complete Poetical Works—"No Man Knoweth His Sepulchre," "Rizpah."

BLACKWOOD & SONS, Cambridge, England.—*John Stuart Blackie*: A Song of Heroes—"Abraham," "Moses," "David."

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York.—*Edwin Markham*: Lincoln and other Poems—"Dreyfus" and "The Jews."

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York.—*Richard Realf*:—Poems—"Wanted: Joshua"; *Thomas Ewing Jr.*: "Jonathan."

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing* (translated by *Ellen Frothingham*): "Nathan the Wise."

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & Co., Boston, Mass.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*: Poems—"Judith," "The Jew's Gift"; *John Vance Cheney*: Poems—"The Death of Adam," "Is there any Word from the Lord?" "The Poets of Old Israel"; *Helen Gray Cone*: Poems—"A Call to the Builders," "Songs of a Semite," "Merchant of Venice," "Under no Skies but Ours"; *William Byron Forbush*: "Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar"; *Richard Watson Gilder*: Poems—"Emma Lazarus," "To Emma Lazarus," "A Memory of Rubinstein," "A Tragedy of To-Day"; *John Hay*: Poems—"Israel"; *Oliver Wendell Holmes*: Poems—"At the Pantomime"; *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*: Poetical Works—"The Chamber over the Gate," "Azrael," "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," "Sandalphon," "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," "Judas Maccabaeus"; *John Godfrey Saxe*: Poetical Works—"Ben Ammi and the Fairies," "The Four Misfortunes," "The Two Friends," "King Solomon and the Bees"; *William Wetmore Story*: Poems—"A Jewish Rabbi in Rome"; *Bayard Taylor*: Poems—"Shekh

Ahnaf's Letter from Bagdad," "Aurum Potabile"; *Edith Matilda Thomas*: "The Quiet Pilgrim"; *John Greenleaf Whittier*: Poetical Works—"The Wife of Manoah to her Husband," "Ezekiel," "The Rock in El-Ghor," "The Cities of the Plain," "King Solomon and the Ants," "Rabbi Ishmael," "The Two Rabbins."

THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia.—*Amélie Rives* (The Princess Troubetzkoy): "Herod and Mariamne."

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston, Mass.—*Edward Everett Hale*: Poems—"Hagar Departed," "Eli and Samuel," "Jehovah Liveth"; *Christiana Georgina Rossetti*: Poems—"Eve," "Christian and Jew."

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London.—*Robert Needham Cust* (published anonymously): Poems of Many Places—"From the Persian," "Hiram's Tomb," "Scene in Lebanon," "A Day in Palestine."

CHARLES E. MERRILL & Co.—*John Ruskin*: Poems—"The Destruction of Pharaoh."

MOFFAT, YARD & Co., New York.—*George Sylvester Viereck*: Nineveh and Other Poems—"Heine."

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.—*Edward Doyle*: Moody Moments—"The Nubian, Greek and Jew."

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., New York.—*Horatius Bonar*: "Is he not Fair?" "Mount Horeb," "Mount Sinai," "Psalm 24," "The Chief among Ten Thousand," "Jerusalem's Dayspring," "Zion Awake!" "Zion's Morning."

The publisher desires to record his acknowledgments to MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL, of Ottawa, Canada, for kind permission to reprint the poems, "Peniel" and "The Hebrew Father's Prayer"; to MR. CHARLES WILLIAM CAYZER, for his drama, "David and Bathshua" (London, 1911); originally printed pseudonymously, London, 1903; now reprinted from the author's "By the Way of the Gate"; to MR. THOMAS EWING, JR., of New York, for the revised second edition of his drama, "Jonathan" (first ed. N. Y., 1902), specially prepared for this ANTHOLOGY; and to AMELIE RIVES (THE PRINCESS PIERRE TROUBETZKOY), for permission to include her drama, "Herod and Mariamne," which has been thoroughly revised for this ANTHOLOGY by the Author.

Whenever possible to ascertain the holders of copyrights, due credit has been given. If, by inadvertence, the Publisher has failed to indicate his indebtedness, in any instance, or instances, he earnestly trusts that the omission be ascribed to accident, not design.

Thanks are due to the Misses Effie Cowen and Stella B. Fernbach, of New York, and to Doctor Julian Morgenstern, of Cincinnati, for courtesies extended to the Editor, while this volume was passing through the press.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The Bible has been translated into four hundred dialects. Its diction has influenced the human race no less vitally than its message. Notwithstanding national conflicts and religious disagreements, the Word of God has unified the ideals and aspirations of mankind, and has brought ever nearer the realization of a spiritual brotherhood.

Wherever interpreted in the vernacular of the Occident, a splendid creative literature sprang into life. Witness the Protestant Reformation, following in the wake of Luther's German Version, and the flourishing of English literature coincident with the Authorized Version of King James.

Indeed, it is significant that every forward movement in modern times has been intimately associated with a renaissance of the Hebrew Scriptures. The political agitations of Wyclif and Tyndale were largely the outcome of their ardent Biblical studies. Cromwell and his Latin Secretary, Milton, found their motive-power and steadfastness in the stern counsels of the Old Covenant. A little later, the Pilgrim Fathers and the early Governors of New England wisely molded legislation and public polity in accord with the fundamental verities of Holy Writ. Our Republican form of government is, in its essence and spirit, founded upon the ideals and institutions of the Ancient Hebrew Commonwealth.

A modern British statesman has declared that "the Bible is the source of England's greatness". This is not a mere flourish of rhetoric, but a pregnant truth. English literature, from the earliest Saxon chroniclers to the present day, bears out this statement, at least so far as the spiritual and intellectual life of the nation is concerned:

Caedmon's chief work is the noble epic of the "Fall of Man." It is strongly Hebraic in character, and is touched here and there with the fancy and lore of the Rabbis. A large element in pre-Elizabethan letters is similarly distinctive. Shakespeare drew generously on the Old Testament for his most picturesque periods, and younger disciples, from that golden era to the Victorian age, derived

sustenance and inspiration from the English Bible, which has become a supreme criterion of style, because it has preserved all the beauty, the loftiness of diction and the moral ruggedness of the Hebrew original. Milton's great epics, notably "Samson Agonistes", Byron's "Hebrew Melodies", and Browning's "Saul" are landmarks of our language, because they are patterned after the Authorized Version—recognized at once as standard and prototype. And if the Quatrains of the Persian pagan Omar Khayyam have such a hold on the imagination of English-speaking people, it is because Fitzgerald's phrasing has an almost Scriptural force, and his message harks back to the cynic poet of the Bible, Koheleth.

This ANTHOLOGY designs to give a fairly complete survey of the subject indicated, in broad outline, in the preceding paragraphs. It attempts to show to what extent the form and spirit of Hebrew tradition dominate English poetry.

While there exist collections of a somewhat similar character, comprising sacred and devotional verse, no single volume contains such a range and variety of material as has been brought together in this ANTHOLOGY. It is, moreover, unique in plan and scope, inasmuch as it admits the work exclusively of *Christian* authors. There are a few isolated extracts from Oriental writers, and translations from foreign poets are occasionally included—the translators being Jews.

The Editor has no specific plea to advance in support of his selections. He has endeavored to keep his subject well in view, confining his attention to such compositions as are founded upon Hebrew and Rabbinic tradition. As a natural commentary on the whole body of material, inspired by the patriarchs, prophets, bards and sages of Israel, he has added several Tributes and Elegies, in verse, some of a personal character, reflecting upon the "People of the Book", which may not prove unwelcome to the general reader. He has refrained from using many pieces, showing a christological trend or bias, convinced that theology and dogma are out of their environment in poetry. For this same reason, he has not drawn upon the Miracle Plays and Morality Dramas of the earlier centuries, which form a conspicuous group by themselves and deserve to be brought out separately.

Aside from their value as pure literature, the selections in this volume have an interpretive significance. They are largely exegetical

and expository, and often throw a flood of light upon obscure passages in Holy Writ. Wither's rendering of the Canticles, Forbush's Ecclesiastes, and the rhythmical versions of Job, are notable examples. The Psalms are completely represented in verse, and there are not a few of superlative merit, especially the paraphrases. Among the authors will be found a King and Queen of England and a President of the United States. Here also is discovered our own rugged zealot Cotton Mather, yielding to a softer mood; and the hymnology of the Church is blended in the universal heart-cry of the "sweet singer of Israel".

The discerning critic will doubtless contend that it is a mistake to have admitted poems of unequal literary value, and that the work of obscure writers should have been rigidly excluded.

While this is true enough from a strictly academic point of view—and the Editor is well aware that any first attempt to collate and present a theme of such importance exhibits serious flaws and imperfections—he can not concede that the most fastidious reader will discover more than an occasional poem which should not have found a place in this ANTHOLOGY.

The criterion of worth was not altogether literary excellence. In several instances, the motive of choice was the individual, extrinsic quality of the composition, making it an item of curiosity rather than a gem of literature. For example, Coleridge's skit, "Job's Luck", is by no means a brilliant specimen of the poet's power, nor has it a merit other than that of homely homily, but it is properly classified with the rest of our material, even though it be a mere *bon mot*. And who would not miss George Borrow's exquisite rendering of the Hebrew liturgical classic, "Adon Olam", which appears to have escaped the notice of all the translators of the Jewish prayer book.

This volume does not presume to exhaust the subject it essays to cover. An additional thousand pages would be required to adequately gauge the influence of Hebrew thought upon English poetry and drama. Selections from the works of several distinguished authors (*e.g.* Stephen Phillips' "Herod" and Henry Van Dyke's "House of Rimmon", to quote only a few) have had to be omitted, because their publishers, for material reasons, would not sanction their use. The copyright law has put a curb on the Editor's ambition to reproduce many pieces in

their entirety which are here represented only in meagre part. It will thus be seen that even an approximately complete summary of the subject, comprehended by the title of this work, was rendered impossible by these limitations. It may safely be claimed, however, that this volume contains a greater mass and variety of material than any other printed collection, in English or in a foreign tongue. It must inevitably become an important and valuable reference book to scholar and layman, theologian and literateur.

The Editor ventures to hope that it will induce a more reverent and appreciative reading of the Hebrew Scriptures, and foster a broader sympathy and kinship with the people of Israel, whose treasured heirloom has become the Christian's well-spring of moral inspiration and the universally accepted standard of diction.

The selections are arranged chronologically, according to subject matter, and each single poem bears the author's signature. So far as available, the texts are based on editions recognized as authorized and definitive. Illustrative notes by the authors themselves, or by their subsequent editors, are, for obvious reasons, omitted, except where they are indispensable for the correct understanding of the writer's meaning.

It has not always been possible to fix the authorship of several pieces—the same poem being often attributed to various sources. A like difficulty, but of a more vexing nature, concerns the chronology of the poets. Here, too, the most reliable reference works have been consulted, though not without increasing the Editor's perplexity.

Those who would know what a problem the question of chronological integrity presents to the painstaking student, are invited to read the statements of Louis Heilprin—a noted specialist in encyclopedic studies—in the Preface to his excellent "Historical Reference Book". In the case of living authors, to attempt to obtain anything like adequate data, is almost as unsatisfactory as to determine the authorship of several fugitive pieces, which are conveniently labelled "anonymous", or to fix with any degree of accuracy the period in which some of the "obscure" authors, represented in this collection, flourished.

These are a few of the things which handicap the labors of the anthologist. It is sincerely hoped that a frank expression of these

limitations will suffice to absolve him from blame and responsibility, at least so far as sins of omission are concerned.

The orthography of the original writers has been preserved, throughout. The two early Anglo-Saxon epics, relegated to the APPENDIX to Part One, are reprinted after the modernized versions of their learned editors. Similar modifications may be noted in the quotations from Milton, Wither, and others. These conform to standard editions, while in a few instances the archaic and cumbersome text of the early sixteenth century has been retained.

Exception might be taken to the fact that so much space has been devoted to a single author, but it should be borne in mind that this ANTHOLOGY designs not so much to give specimens from various writers, as to indicate the ramifications of a central theme. Indeed, several metrical versions of the Psalter could now be published, showing each Psalm rendered by a different hand. In the present collection, celebrated passages, like the twenty-third, the one hundred and thirty-seventh, and the one hundred and forty-eighth, are represented in a number of versions, for historic as well as sentimental reasons.

In a work of such scope and magnitude, typographical errors and other technical defects are inevitable. The reading of the proofs alone has proved a herculean task. Only those who have attempted a labor on such a scale can appreciate what an eye-strain and what a nerve-racking process it is. The Editor has scanned every line himself, and has enjoyed the expert assistance of MRS. OCTAVE B. SCHMALL, without whose devoted and discriminating care the volume could not have been produced.

For facilitating ready reference, a four-fold INDEX (of Subjects, Authors, Translators and First Lines) has been added, which will prove invaluable to the student and to the general reader.

The INTRODUCTION, from the gifted pen of MR. HUDSON MAXIM—alike distinguished in science, invention and letters—is of value and significance, inasmuch as he has demonstrated, in his "Science of Poetry", the vigor and splendor of Biblical diction, and has vindicated for it, in language no less distinctive and eloquent, the highest rank in the world's inspired literature.

No mere formal acknowledgement can adequately record the Edi-

tor's gratitude to MR. SIMON BACHARACH, his Publisher, whose un-failing patience, enthusiasm, and constant personal supervision of every detail, have made this work possible. That an undertaking beset with so many external difficulties should have been carried successfully to completion, is in itself a tribute to his courage and a testimony to his character. If filial love had not prompted the compiler to inscribe this labor of a decade or more to the revered memory of his father, in commemoration of the anniversary of his seventieth birthday (April 22, 1912), that honor would assuredly have gone to MR. BACHARACH, to whom, in very truth, full credit for the HEBREW ANTHOLOGY, as a unique contribution to literature, should be accorded.

J

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Roger B. Kohut". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

New York, *Thanksgiving Day*, November 28, 1912.

INTRODUCTION

He who writes the songs of a nation also guides the pen that writes its laws.

Law has been aptly designated codified custom. Actually, law is an attempt to construct experience into prophecy.

Before writing existed, the laws, customs and experiences of a people were told and taught by its prophets. The prophet was a public announcer. He proclaimed present happenings, told the tribal story of the past,—its vicissitudes, wars and conquests; the exploits of its great heroes; and he drew lessons and pointed morals from present and past experiences, and essayed to forecast future events.

There was then no written, no printed page. There were only the pages of memory. It was necessary, therefore, that the language of the prophet should be well adapted to commitment to memory, and that there should be such associations between subject and wording that both wording and theme alike should be cherished and remembered as pure and unimpaired as possible in the process of being handed down from father to son,—from generation to generation.

Poetry was the happiest medium, for the beauty of its form, the power of its diction, the concrete vividness of its figure, served to express thought in the fewest words,—great thought in adequate words, and reverential thought in terms lavendered by time and holy usage.

Therefore, poetry served to give the hearer the amplest information in the most pleasing form, and in the form most easily remembered.

When that hair-snarled, ape-like thing, man's progenitor, looked down from his arboreal perch in the tropical jungle upon the life-and-death grapple of a fighting world, the imperative necessity for communication of his exigent ideas to his fellows for comfort, co-operation and self-defense, impelled him to employ certain oral sounds as symbols of thought, and he retained in these sounds the old pre-human

tonal potentialities that told his emotions and made them shared by his fellows.

Such was articulate speech; but it was not articulate speech alone, as claimed by Max Muller, and other authorities whom we revere, that lifted the race from brutehood to manhood.

I have discovered that it was when man invented the expedient of metaphor to express abstract thoughts in concrete terms—it was when man possessed insensuous thought—thoughts beyond the power of the brute mind—and invented analogical speech to express them, that he parted company forever with the brute.

The poet was born with the nascence of language. The birth of the poet was coeval with the transition of brute to man.

Through language, man provided himself a most powerful instrument for concerted action which gave to co-operative friendship a new value with corresponding enlargement of the social home unit.

Later man was impelled by necessity to invent written signs for conveying thought beyond the reach of his voice, and this he did by pictures—by hieroglyphics—which gradually lost their material significance and became letters, where now are stored in symbol all our accumulated learning and lore, literature and wisdom.

In order fairly to understand the formative influence that Hebraic poetry has had upon the peoples of the Occident, in giving trend and shape to thought and character, language, literature and laws, we must first reach a correct conclusion as to what constitutes poetry.

It is necessary to know that the poetry of the Bible—that great compendium of the poetry of the ancient world—was not written in the riming jingle of modern so-called poetry.

The poetry of the Bible, though in the original largely written in rhythmic measures, was not written in riming measures. There was no rime of sound, but there was in its place a far more potential and impressive character of composition—the parallelism of thought, the rime of idea.

For example, Psalm CXIV.—

3. The sea saw it and fled; Jordan was driven back.
4. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

5. What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest! thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back!

6. Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs!

7. Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

8. Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.

Simple rimed verse becomes prose when translated, and if mere verse were poetry, the poetry would disappear in translation. The poetry of the Bible survives translation. Translated from Hebrew to Greek, Greek to English, it is still poetry, rich in its original charm and power.

There is yet another quality—a quality supremely necessary to true poetry, and necessary to its expressiveness, to its impressiveness, to its beauty, and to its power, and necessary to its immortality—its survival through translation. This is artistic trope. It is the beauty of expressive imagery in language that makes it poetic—that imagery whereby abstract thought is expressed in concrete terms, the insensuous made sensuous, the tangible clothed in tangibility, whereby thoughts lying outside experience are expressed in terms of experience.

Such is true poetry. Such was the poetry of Job and of the Proverbs. The basic principle of true poetry, even if it be not an adequate definition of poetry, is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope. Such was the poetry of the ancient Hebrews.

There has never been another people, or another literature of a people, whose vitality has made them endure in such pristine purity through all the vicissitudes and shocks of ages.

Proud and imperious Egypt has faded into oblivion upon the far horizon of history's dawn, and it is now but an empty name except the part it holds in the story that Israel has brought down to us.

Chaldea, Phoenicia, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, rose in their turn and shook the world, and in turn went down to obliteration. We dig

for scant mementoes of their greatness, their power and their literature in the sands that drift on the ruins of their cities and sepulchres of their kings.

Greece and Rome in turn bestrode the world and impressed upon it their language and their spirit, but not their religions nor their ethics, for the all-conquering Holy Writ is the foundation upon which have been builded all the better parts of the creeds of Christian and Saracen.

Poetry in every age gives expression to the highest ideals of its time. The Jews had higher ideals than had any other people of the ancient world, and, by consequence, their poetry was higher and better than that of any other race. With all their cruelties, with all their faults, the ethics of the Hebrews have in every past age been superior to the ethics of their contemporaries.

The effect of Hebrew literature on English letters has been persistent, penetrant, mighty. Caedmon himself, father of the writing art in England, yielded to the benign spell of Jewish tradition, made its themes his own. Those following in the way he pointed, felt, as had he, the poignant charm of the Old Testament's dramatic tales, the majestic beauty of the sacred poems. The lore of the Scriptures laid its thrall on every master of the pen; the body of rabbinical learning commanded his homage, the devotion of his art to its interpretation in the English tongue, enhanced by such graces as his genius might constrain. Prose and verse alike were builded from materials so anciently set forth by Hebrew bards, so jealously guarded through the ages. Again and yet again, the early authors of England sought their inspiration in the primal histories of the Jews. Anew, and many times, they strove to translate in amplified beauty the stark majesty in the Mosaic story of how God brought forth creation from out the void. The splendid epic of the warring angelic hosts was written with reverent zeal by many a poet. The Fall of Man, as well, was chosen often as a theme of supreme dignity and import. Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, set to heroic rhythm the narrative, so tersely told in the Apocrypha, of Judith, the magnificent. The appreciative prelate wrote with power of that devoted woman who scrupled not to employ the seductions of her beauty against Holofernes, chief of

the thousands come to destroy her people, who lured him to dalliance, drugged him, slew him, aroused the men of Judea to new courage, incited them to final triumph over their foes.

Matthew Arnold, astute critic and earnest scholar, did not hesitate to declare often and emphatically the profound influence of Hebrew tradition upon both the life and the literature of English-speaking peoples. Inevitably, indeed, since the religion of the Old Testament was a fundamental part of Christianity, the Sacred Books have been dominant in the thoughts and the writings of the devout, as well as in the receptive souls of the poets. Out of the practical necessity of religion, when the Protestant church determined on a vernacular edition of the Scriptures, grew the St. James's version, which became, and remains, the chief literary monument of the language. In the Elizabethan period of English literature, the sway of Hebrew thought was displayed almost incessantly by poet and dramatist alike. Scriptural allusions are multitudinous in the folios of Shakespeare. To the Jewish source, Milton owed the whole inspiration for his masterpiece, "Paradise Lost". In "Samson Agonistes", as well, the blind poet yielded recognition of the power in the old tales of the Hebrews. In holy fervor, he set his art to interpret in English the singular charm of the original text of the Psalms, which he knew intimately and loved. * * * Ah, those Psalms of David, beloved alike of Jew and of Gentile, universal voice of prayer, of despair, of penitence, of hope, of faith, of blessed assurance, of sacred peace! They have stirred to noble fervor the hearts of countless poets. Sir Philip Sydney wrought them to the English tongue; so, too, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Lord Pembroke. Royalty itself, in the persons of King James and of Queen Elizabeth took up the task of versions in their own tongue. In less extent, the Book of Proverbs drew the efforts of many to paraphrase this wisdom into English. Rhythmical versions were written of the Book of Job—aged and deathless poem!—of Lamentations, of Ecclesiastes.

The splendid songs of the Old Testament found countless votaries to essay their worth in English phrasings. The lyrics of Miriam and Deborah have been rendered repeatedly; as, too, David's mourning

over Saul and Jonathan, and the Canticles of Solomon—sublime love-song of the world!

In another field, the impress of Jewry's thought has been made manifest in the works of such writers as S. Baring-Gould, George Croly, Owen Meredith and Archbishop Trench, along with others innumerable, who have set forth in English the quaint tales of the Rabbins. Thus, the parables of the Talmud have been garnered into our English tongue. The brilliant mind of Robert Browning seized on these for the purposes of his Apologues.

The crystallized thought of the ancient Hebrews is the one thing most precious come down to us from the remote past. The vastness of this influence on successive after-ages may not be comprehended: a clue to apprehension lies in the pages of this ANTHOLOGY. To the English-speaking races Hebrew thought has served steadfastly as the incentive to achievement in the art of letters; it has been constant, indefatigable, in its grant of inspiration, in its array of splendid material at the writer's behest. How bountifully its riches have been loved, how gratefully nurtured, how graciously made fruitful, this ANTHOLOGY reveals.

HUDSON MAXIM.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. POEMS ON THE BIBLE

PRELUDE	<i>George Alexander Kohut</i>	2
CREATION'S PSALM	<i>Swithin Saint Swithaine</i>	3
MAKING OF MAN	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	3
THE FIRST SABBATH	<i>James Grahame</i>	4
THE BRIDAL IN EDEN	<i>J. F. Otterson</i>	4
ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE	<i>John Milton</i>	5
ADAM TO EVE	<i>John Milton</i>	6
ADAM'S COMPLAINT	<i>Theophanes—John Mason Neale,</i> <i>Translator</i>	6
EVE'S LAMENT	<i>John Milton</i>	7
THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD LAMBS	<i>Owen Meredith</i>	8
EVE	<i>Christina Georgina Rossetti</i>	9
EVE AT THE FOUNTAIN	<i>John Keble Hervey</i>	10
THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE	<i>John Milton</i>	13
EVE	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	13
THE CURSE OF CAIN	<i>William Knox</i>	14
THE DEATH OF ADAM	<i>Anonymous</i>	14
THE DEATH OF ADAM	<i>John Vance Cheney</i>	16
THE SONG OF LAMECH	<i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i>	16
TUBAL CAIN	<i>Charles Mackay</i>	17
THE LEGEND OF JUBAL	<i>George Eliot</i>	18
THE TRANSLATION OF THE PATRIARCH	<i>Lucy A. Randall</i>	31
THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH	<i>Bernard Barton</i>	32
ENOCH THE IMMORTAL	<i>Anonymous</i>	32
METHUSELAH	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	33
FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD	<i>Reginald Heber</i>	33
THE ENTRANCE INTO THE ARK	<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	38
THE ARK AND THE DOVE	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	40
THE GIFT OF THE KING	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	40
NIMRUD AND THE GNAT	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	42
ABRAHAM AND HIS GODS	<i>Lord Houghton</i>	42
AZAR AND ABRAHAM	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	43
IBELIS AND ABRAHAM	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	43
ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE WORSHIPPER	<i>Leigh Hunt</i>	44
ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLATOR	<i>Sa'adi (translated by G. A. Kohut)</i>	46
ABRAHAM'S OFFENCE	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	47
THE TREASURE OF ABRAHAM	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i>	48
ABRAHAM'S BREAD	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	49
ABRAHAM	<i>John Stuart Blackie</i>	51
HAGAR'S FAREWELL	<i>Augusta Moore</i>	52
HAGAR	<i>Eliza Poitevent Nicholson</i>	53
HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	56
HAGAR DEPARTED	<i>Edward Everett Hale</i>	58
HAGAR	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	58
HAGAR IN THE DESERT	<i>Mary Tighe</i>	58
THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	59
THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	60

ABRAHAM AT MACHPELAH.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....</i>	61
GENESIS XXIV	<i>Arthur Hugh Clough.....</i>	62
JACOB	<i>George Croly</i>	63
JACOB'S DREAM	<i>S. D.</i>	64
AS JACOB SERVED FOR RACHEL.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	64
JACOB AND RACHEL	<i>George Crabbe</i>	65
RACHEL	<i>Charles Jeremiah Wells</i>	65
JACOB'S WIVES	<i>Arthur Hugh Clough.....</i>	66
A BIBLE STORY FOR MOTHERS.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	68
ISRAEL	<i>John Hay</i>	70
WRESTLING JACOB	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	70
PENIEL	<i>William Wilfred Campbell.....</i>	71
THE CRY OF RACHEL.....	<i>Lisette Woodworth Reese.....</i>	73
DIRGE OF RACHEL.....	<i>William Knox</i>	73
JACOB AND PHARAOH.....	<i>James Grahame</i>	74
JACOB	<i>Arthur Hugh Clough.....</i>	74
THE DEATH OF JACOB.....	<i>Mary L. Clough</i>	75
JOSEPH'S DREAM	<i>George Crabbe</i>	76
THE PATRIARCHAL HOME	<i>Charles Jeremiah Wells</i>	78
THE TRIUMPH OF JOSEPH.....	<i>Charles Jeremiah Wells.....</i>	79
VERSE FROM THE PERSIAN.....	<i>Robert Needham Cust.....</i>	80
THE FINDING OF MOSES.....	<i>James Grahame</i>	80
MOSES CONCEALED ON THE NILE.....	<i>Erasmus Darwin</i>	80
MOSES ON THE NILE.....	<i>Victor Hugo (Translated by Walter Hart Blumenthal).....</i>	81
ON A PICTURE OF THE FINDING OF MOSES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb.....</i>	81
MOSES IN THE DESERT.....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	82
MOSES AND JETHRO.....	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench.....</i>	82
THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.....	<i>George Croly</i>	84
THE PLAGUE OF HAILSTONES.....	<i>Edwin Atherstone</i>	85
THE DESTROYING ANGEL.....	<i>Abraham Cowley</i>	89
THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.....	<i>Samuel Rogers</i>	90
THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.....	<i>Reginald Heber</i>	90
THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.....	<i>James S. Wallace.....</i>	93
THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH.....	<i>John Ruskin</i>	96
THE FIRST SONG OF MOSES.....	<i>George Wither</i>	96
MOSES' SONG	<i>Laurence Howel</i>	97
MIRIAM	<i>E. Dudley Jackson.....</i>	98
THE SONG OF MIRIAM.....	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	99
SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	99
SACRED MELODY	<i>Anonymous</i>	99
THE PALM TREE.....	<i>Anna R.</i>	100
JEHOVAH-NISSI, THE LORD MY BANNER.....	<i>William Couper</i>	100
THE MURMURING FLOCK.....	<i>F. J. Ottarson</i>	101
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.....	<i>George Wither</i>	102
AARON'S BREASTPLATE.....	<i>Anna Shipton</i>	103
HOPES IN THE WILDERNESS.....	<i>John Keble</i>	103
MOUNT SINAI	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	104
MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.....	<i>Lord Houghton</i>	104
THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	105
MOSES	<i>Alfred de Vigny</i>	105
THE PLEDGES GIVEN AT SINAI.....	<i>William Dearnsey</i>	106
MOSES	<i>John Stuart Blackie</i>	106
MOSES AND THE ANGEL.....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	107
MOSES AND THE DERVISH.....	<i>Owen Meredith</i>	108

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxi

MOSES AND THE WORM.....	<i>Johann Gottfried von Herder.....</i>	108
THE JUBILEE.....	<i>James Grahame.....</i>	109
AARON ON MOUNT HOR.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....</i>	109
"THE ROCK" IN EL-GHOR.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier.....</i>	111
MOUNT HOR.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.....</i>	111
THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING.....	<i>Anonymous.....</i>	113
BALAAH.....	<i>John Keble.....</i>	115
SHEMA YISRAEL ADONAY ELOHAINU		
ADONAY ECHOD.....	<i>Ibbie McCollm Wilson.....</i>	116
THE SECOND SONG OF MOSES.....	<i>George Wither.....</i>	116
THE KISS OF GOD.....	<i>John White Chadwick.....</i>	119
MOSES ON PISGAH.....	<i>J. S. W.....</i>	119
THE DEATH OF MOSES.....	<i>James Montgomery.....</i>	120
THE DEATH OF MOSES.....	<i>Jessie G. M'Cartee.....</i>	120
WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.....	<i>Thomas Moore.....</i>	121
BURIAL OF MOSES.....	<i>Cecil Frances Alexander.....</i>	121
THE DEATH OF MOSES.....	<i>George Eliot.....</i>	122
MOUNT NEBO.....	<i>Ferdinand Freiligrath (Translated by J. Gostick).....</i>	124
"NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEPULCHRE".....	<i>William Cullen Bryant.....</i>	125
THE DEATH OF MOSES.....	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard.....</i>	125
JERICO.....	<i>Frank Foxcroft.....</i>	126
THE DYING SOLDIER OF JOSHUA.....	<i>Alexander S. Arnold.....</i>	127
WANTED: JOSHUA.....	<i>Richard Realf.....</i>	129
THE BATTLE OF GIBEON.....	<i>Bernard Barton.....</i>	130
THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.....	<i>George Wither.....</i>	130
DEBORAH'S TRIUMPHANT SONG.....	<i>Laurence Howel.....</i>	132
MEROZ.....	<i>George S. Outram.....</i>	133
JEPHTHAH, JUDGE OF ISRAEL.....	<i>Old English Ballad.....</i>	134
JEPHTHAH'S VOW.....	<i>James Grahame.....</i>	135
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Lord Byron.....</i>	135
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis.....</i>	135
JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.....	<i>Miss Howard.....</i>	137
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke.....</i>	139
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Watie W. Swansey.....</i>	139
THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.....	<i>Robert Herrick.....</i>	140
THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier.....</i>	141
THE YOUNG SAMSON.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett.....</i>	142
SAMSON.....	<i>John Milton.....</i>	143
SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.....	<i>John Milton.....</i>	143
SAMSON: CHAMPION AND JUDGE OF ISRAEL.....	<i>Alexander S. Arnold.....</i>	143
DEATH OF SAMSON.....	<i>John Milton.....</i>	150
SAMSON.....	<i>Emily Judson.....</i>	151
RUTH.....	<i>Felicia Hemans.....</i>	152
RUTH'S CHOICE.....	<i>Mrs. Mackay.....</i>	153
RUTH AND NAOMI.....	<i>William Oliver Bourne Peabody.....</i>	153
RUTH AND NAOMI.....	<i>William Tennant.....</i>	153
THE SONG OF HANNAH.....	<i>George Wither.....</i>	154
HANNAH AND SAMUEL.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis.....</i>	155
THE HEBREW MOTHER.....	<i>Felicia Hemans.....</i>	157
ELI AND SAMUEL.....	<i>Edward Everett Hale.....</i>	158
"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEAR- ETH".....	<i>James Drummond Borthwick.....</i>	158
SAMUEL.....	<i>Richard Wilton.....</i>	159
THE CALL OF DAVID.....	<i>John Henry Newman.....</i>	159
DAVID.....	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb.....</i>	160

DAVID AND GOLIAH.....	<i>Michael Drayton</i>	161
SONG OF TRIUMPH.....	<i>Hannah More</i>	163
KING DAVID.....	<i>George Peele</i>	163
THE SONG OF DAVID.....	<i>Christopher Sharp</i>	164
SAUL.....	<i>G. M. Bell</i>	164
SAUL AND DAVID.....	<i>James Grahame</i>	165
DAVID AND SAUL.....	<i>George Crabbe</i>	165
FILIAL PIETY OF DAVID.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	166
DAVID AND ABIGAIL.....	<i>William Henry Venable</i>	166
SAUL.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	170
SAUL.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	170
SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	178
THE FIELD OF GILBOA.....	<i>William Knox</i>	178
GILBOA.....	<i>Edward Hayes Plumptre</i>	178
KYNGE DAVID, HYS LAMENTE OVER THE BODYES OF KYNGE SAUL OF ISRAEL AND HYS SONNE JONATHAN.....	<i>Sir Philip Sydney</i>	181
THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN HIS SON.....	<i>George Wither</i>	182
LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.....	<i>George Sandys</i>	183
DAVID ENAMOURED OF BETHSABE.....	<i>George Peele</i>	183
THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	184
DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	184
ABSALOM.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	187
THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	188
JOAB'S ADDRESS TO DAVID ON DEATH OF ABSALOM.....	<i>George Peele</i>	189
JOAB'S DESCRIPTION OF DAVID.....	<i>George Peele</i>	190
JOAB AT THE BATTLE OF MEDEBA.....	<i>Alexander S. Arnold</i>	190
BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	192
THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.....	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	193
RIZPAH WITH HER SONS.....	<i>Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	193
RIZPAH.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	195
RIZPAH.....	<i>George M. Vickers</i>	196
RIZPAH.....	<i>Lucy Blins</i>	198
DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY ONES.....	<i>Henry Francis Lyte</i>	199
DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.....	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	200
THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.....	<i>Richard Frederick Littledale</i>	201
THE WATER OF BETHLEHEM GATE.....	<i>Edward Hayes Plumptre</i>	201
THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.....	<i>Barbara Miller Macandrew</i>	203
DAVID.....	<i>John Stuart Blackie</i>	204
THE END OF DAVID.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	205
EPILOGUE.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	207
THE VISION OF SOLOMON.....	<i>William Whitehead</i>	208
SOLOMON'S WISDOM.....	<i>Richard Wilton</i>	210
THE TWO TEMPLES.....	<i>C. T. Corlis</i>	210
CONSECRATION OF THE TEMPLE.....	<i>Gulielma A. Wheeler Baker</i>	211
HIRAM'S TOMB.....	<i>Robert Needham Cust</i>	212
KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	213
A LEGEND OF THE WISE KING.....	<i>James A. McCreedy</i>	213
SOLOMON AND THE ANT.....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	214
SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.....	<i>Richard Monckton Milnes</i>	215
KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.....	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i>	216
SOLOMON AND BALKIS.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	217
SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.....	<i>Friedrich Rueckert</i>	218

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxiii

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE.....	Abraham Cowley	218
SOLOMON'S SIGNET	Edwin Arnold	219
TRUE ROYALTY	Rudyard Kipling	220
AZRAEL AND THE INDIAN PRINCE.....	Edwin Arnold	220
AZRAEL	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....	221
SOLOMON AND AZRAEL.....	Richard Chenevix Trench.....	222
THE APPLE OF LIFE.....	Owen Meredith	222
THE ROSES OF SOLOMON.....	John Payne	229
THE KING'S FRIEND.....	W. H. Woods	231
THE DEAD SOLOMON.....	John Aylmer Dorgan.....	232
KING SOLOMON.....	Owen Meredith	232
THE PRINCE OF EDMON.....	Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....	233
HADAD	Sabine Baring-Gould.....	234
(HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF DAVID)	James Abraham Hillhouse.....	236
THE MAN OF GOD FROM JUDAH.....	Barbara Miller Macandrew.....	236
THE HEBREW MOTHER.....	Barbara Miller Macandrew.....	241
ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.....	James Grahame	246
THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.....	Lydia Huntley Sigourney.....	246
ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.....	E. E. D.	248
ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.....	James Montgomery	249
THE STILL SMALL VOICE.....	Mc Comb	251
ELIJAH IN HOREB.....	John Keble	251
ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW	Thomas Campbell	252
THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.....	James Stephenson	253
THE ASCENT OF ELIJAH.....	Winthrop Mackworth Praed.....	253
AHAB THE BUILDER.....	John Elliott Bowman.....	256
THE DEATH OF AHAB.....	Richard Wilton	256
THE DEATH OF JEZEBEL.....	Anonymous	256
ELISHA'S CHAMBER.....	Richard Wilton	257
THE SHUNAMITE	Nathaniel Parker Willis	258
THE LAW OF LOVE.....	Richard Chenevix Trench.....	259
THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE WOMAN.....	Felicia Hemans	260
NAAMAN'S SERVANT	John Keble	260
DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY BY A PESTILENTIAL WIND.....	Erasmus Darwin	260
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.....	Lord Byron	261
LA CONVALESCENCE D'EZECHIAS (HEZE- KIAH'S RECOVERY)	Jean Baptiste Rousseau	261
DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.....	Robert Southey	262
(JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON).....	Henry Hart Milman	263
THE PRAYER OF JABEZ.....	Richard Wilton	264
DAVID'S THANKSGIVING.....	George Withers	264
JEHOSHAPHAT'S DELIVERANCE	George Lansing Taylor.....	264
THE JEWS' RETURN TO JERUSALEM.....	W. H. Roberts	266
THE PRAYER OF NEHEMIAH.....	George Withers	267
QUEEN VASHTI'S LAMENT.....	John Edmund Reade.....	268
VASHTI	Helen Jackson	269
ESTHER	Helen Jackson	269
ESTHER	Jean Baptiste Racine.....	270
MORDECAI	Helen Jackson	270
THE PRAYER OF MARDOCHEUS.....	Michael Drayton	271
A PURIM RETROSPECT.....	W. S. Howard	271
ESTHER OR "THE ORIGIN OF THE FEAST OF PURIM"	J. R. Robinson.....	272

JOB	<i>Abraham Rowley</i>	281
FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO.....	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>	291
"THOU HAST MADE DESOLATE ALL MY COMPANY"	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	292
SELECTIONS FROM THE PARAPHRASE OF THE BOOK OF JOB.....	<i>Edward Young</i>	293
A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	294
LEGEND OF IYOB THE UPRIGHT.....	<i>George Anson Jackson</i>	294
(JOB'S CONFESSION)	<i>Edward Young</i>	295
JOB XXIII: 8, 10.....	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	295
JOB, CHAPTER XXVIII.....	<i>William Sotheby</i>	296
JOB	<i>Mary Ann Carter</i>	296
JOB'S LUCK.....	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	297
THE POETS OF OLD ISRAEL.....	<i>John Vance Cheney</i>	297
HARP OF ZION.....	<i>William Knox</i>	297
THE HEBREW BARD.....	<i>Isaac Watts</i>	298
THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEET	<i>Lord Byron</i>	298
PSALM I	<i>John Milton</i>	299
PSALM II	<i>Peter M'Neill</i>	299
PSALM III	<i>Richard Allison</i>	299
PSALM IV	<i>John Arnold</i>	299
PSALM V	<i>Charles Wesley</i>	300
PSALM VI	<i>John Playford</i>	300
PSALM VII	<i>Thomas Sternhold</i>	301
PSALM VIII	<i>Emily F. Carleton</i>	301
PSALM IX	<i>Isaac P. Noyes</i>	302
PSALM X	<i>George Withers</i>	302
PSALM XI	<i>Abraham Coles</i>	303
PSALM XII	<i>Revised Scottish Version</i>	303
PSALM XIII	<i>Francis Davidson</i>	304
PSALM XIV	<i>Giovanni Battista Cotta</i>	304
PSALM XV	<i>Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady</i> ..	304
PSALM XVI	<i>Psalms and Hymns of the Church of England</i> .. <i>Ed. W. J. Hall</i> (1844)	305
PSALM XVII	<i>The Bay Psalm Book</i>	305
PSALM XVIII	<i>Thomas Sternhold</i>	306
PSALM XIX	<i>Joseph Addison</i>	306
PSALM XX	<i>George Withers</i>	306
PSALM XXI	<i>Peter M'Neill</i>	306
PSALM XXII	<i>Cotton Mather</i>	307
PSALM XXIII—HE LEADETH ME.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	308
THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALME.....	<i>George Herbert</i>	309
PSALM XXIII	<i>Joseph Addison</i>	309
PSALM XXIV	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	309
PSALM XXV	<i>Edward Clare</i>	310
PSALM XXVI	<i>Revised Scotch Version</i>	310
PSALM XXVII, 4.....	<i>Archibald Ross</i>	310
PSALM XXVIII	<i>Thomas Sternhold</i>	311
PSALM XXIX	<i>King James the First</i>	311
PSALM XXX	<i>George Withers</i>	311
(PSALM XXXI:15) MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND	<i>Anna Letitia Waring</i>	312
(PSALM XXXII:8) THE STILL SMALL VOICE	<i>Anna Shipton</i>	312

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxv

(PSALM XXXIII) SING TO JEHOVAH A

NEW SONG	John Quincy Adams	313
PSALM XXXIV	Book of Common Prayer	313
PSALM XXXV	Abner Jones	314
PSALM XXXVI	Psalmody of the Free Church of Scotland	314
PSALM XXXVII	Isaac Watts	315
PSALM XXXVIII	George Wither	316
PSALM XXXIX	George Wither	316
PSALM XL	Psalms and Hymns of the Church of England...Ed. W. J. Hall (1844)	317
PSALM XLI	George Wither	317
PARAPHRASE OF A PORTION OF THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM	Ibbie McColm Wilson	318
PSALM XLIII	George Wither	318
PSALM XLIV	Abraham Coles	318
PSALM XLV	Peter M'Neill	319
PSALM XLVI	Martin Luther. (Translated by Thomas Carlyle)	319
PSALM XLVII	Abner Jones	320
PSALM XLVIII	Psalmody of the Free Church of Scotland	320
PSALM XLIX	Thomas Sternhold	320
PSALM L	Thomas Ravenscroft	321
STANZAS SUGGESTED BY PSALM LI	Archdeacon Moore	321
PSALM LI	Michel Angelo Buonarroti	322
PSALM LII	Abraham Coles	322
PSALM LIII	Charles Haddon Spurgeon	322
PSALM LIV	John Hopkins	323
PSALM LV	Psalms and Hymns of the Church of England...Ed. W. J. Hall (1844)	323
PSALM LVI	George Wither	323
PSALM LVII, 8th, 9th and 10th Verses	Mary Alcock	323
PSALM LVIII	John Hopkins	324
PSALM LIX	Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady	324
PSALM LX	Peter M'Neill	325
PSALM LXI	Isaac Watts	325
PSALM LXII	Isaac Watts	326
PSALM LXIII	Mary Alcock	326
PSALM LXIV	Abraham Coles	326
PSALM LXV	Henry Vaughan	326
PSALM LXVI	Abner Jones	327
PSALM LXVII	Book of Common Prayer	327
PSALM LXVIII	George Sandys	328
PSALM LXIX	Isaac Watts	329
PSALM LXX	John Hopkins	330
PSALM LXXI	Sir Robert Grant	330
PSALM LXXIII	Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey	331
(PSALM LXXIV) THOU ART, O GOD	Thomas Moore	331
PSALM LXXV	Peter M'Neill	331
PSALM LXXVI	Abraham Coles	332
PSALM LXXVII	Isaac Watts	332
PSALM LXXVIII	Abraham Coles	332
PSALM LXXIX	John Hopkins	334

PSALM LXXX	John Milton	335
PSALM LXXXI	John Milton	335
PSALM LXXXII	John Milton	336
PSALM LXXXIII	John Milton	336
PSALM LXXXIV	John Milton	337
PSALM LXXXV	John Milton	338
PSALM LXXXVI	John Milton	338
PSALM LXXXVII	John Newton	339
PSALM LXXXVIII	John Milton	339
PSALM LXXXIX	Psalmody of the Free Church of Scotland	340
THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINE- TIETH PSALM		
PSALM XCI	Robert Burns	340
PSALM XCII	James Montgomery	341
PSALM XCIII	Abraham Coles	341
PSALM XCIV	Bay Psalm Book	342
PSALM XCV	Abner Jones	342
	Psalmody of The Free Church of Scotland	342
PSALM XCVI	Sir Philip Sidney	343
PSALM XCVII	John Hopkins	343
PSALM XCVIII	Abraham Coles	344
PSALM XCIX	Abraham Coles	344
PSALM C	William Kethe	345
PSALM CI	Isaac Watts	345
PSALM CII, VERSES 6 AND 7	Robert Southwell	345
PSALM CIII. THE DIVINE LOVE UN- CHANGEABLE	James Montgomery	345
PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED	James Thomson	345
PSALM CV	Bay Psalm Book	348
PSALM CVI	Abraham Coles	349
VERSION OF THE 107TH PSALM	John Quincy Adams	350
PSALM CVIII	Thomas Norton	350
PSALM CIX	Abraham Coles	351
PSALM CX	Abraham Coles	352
PSALM CXI	Isaac Watts	352
PSALM CXII	Isaac Watts	352
PSALM CXIII	Isaac Watts	353
A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV	John Milton	353
PSALM CXIV	C. H. Terrot	353
PSALM CXV	Joseph Addison	354
PSALM CXVI	George Withers	354
	Psalmody of The Free Church of Scotland	354
PSALM CXVII	Isaac Watts	355
PSALM CXVIII	Edward Clare	355
PSALM CXIX	Abraham Coles	355
PSALM CXX	Book of Common Prayer	360
PSALM CXXI	Isaac Watts	360
PSALM CXXII	Abraham Coles	360
PSALM CXXIII	Cotton Mather	361
PSALM CXXIV	Scottish Version	361
PSALM CXXV	Brethren's Tune and Hymn Book (1872)	361
PSALM CXXVI	Scottish Version	361
PSALM CXXVII. THE SLEEP	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	362

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxvii

PSALM CXXVIII	Isaac Watts	362
PSALM CXXIX	Isaac Watts	363
PSALM CXXX	James Montgomery	363
PSALM CXXX. PARAPHRASE	Sir Thomas Wyatt	363
PSALM CXXXI	Cotton Mather	364
PSALM CXXXII	Isaac Watts	364
	Gerbrand Brederode (Translated by Sir John Bowring)	365
PSALM CXXXIII	Isaac P. Noyes	366
PSALM CXXXIV	Abner Jones	366
PSALM CXXXV	John Milton	366
PSALM CXXXVI	William Cowper	367
TRANSLATION OF PSALM CXXXVII.		
(PSALM CXXXVII.) BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.	Lord Byron	367
PSALM CXXXVII	William Dearness	368
(PSALM CXXXVII) BABYLON	Swithin Saint Swithaine	368
PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.	Henry Beebe Carrington	369
PSALM CXXXVII	J. F. Simmons	369
PSALM CXXXVII. "BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON"	Fitz-Greene Halleck	370
FROM PSALM CXXXVII. "EM BABYLO- NIA"	Luis de Camoens (Translated by Felicia Hemans)	370
FROM PSALM CXXXVII. "NE RIBEIRA"	Luis de Camoens (Translated by Felicia Hemans)	370
(PSALM CXXXVII) THE JEWISH CAPTIVE	Elizabeth Oakes (Prince) Smith	371
(PSALM CXXXVII) BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON. B. C. 570.	Christina Georgina Rossetti	372
PSALM CXXXVIII	Thomas Norton	374
PSALM CXXXIX. "WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM THY PRESENCE?"	Lydia Huntley Sigourney	374
PSALM CXL	George Wither	375
PSALM CXLI	Abraham Coles	375
PSALM CXLII	Cotton Mather	376
PSALM CXLIII	Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady	376
PSALM CXLIV	Bay Psalm Book (1640)	377
PSALM CXLV	Psalmody of The Free Church of Scotland	377
PSALM CXLVI. HALLELUJAH	Abraham Coles	377
PSALM CXLVII	Isaac Watts	378
PSALM CXLVIII	Richard Mant	378
THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRASED	George Wither	379
PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII.	Felicia Hemans	379
PSALM CXLVIII. (HYMN)	John Ogilvie	380
PSALM CXLVIII	John Stuart Blackie	380
PSALM CXLIX	Cotton Mather	381
PSALM CL	Peter M'Neill	381
THE FIRST EIGHT VERSES OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN OF THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.	William Dearness	382
THE SONG OF KING LEMUEL. PROV. XXXI: 10.	George Wither	382
ALL IS VANITY. ECCL. I:2.	James O'Neill	383
ONE CERTAINTY	Christina Georgina Rossetti	383
ECCLESIASTES IN THE METRE OF OMAR.	William Byron Forbush	383
THE SONG OF SONGS.	George Wither	385
THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.	Horatius Bonar	392

IS HE NOT FAIR?.....	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	392
THE FIRST SONG OF ESAI. (ISAIAH.).....	<i>George Wither</i>	393
THE SECOND SONG OF ESAI.....	<i>George Wither</i>	393
PARAPHRASE. ISAIAH XII.....	<i>Michael Drayton</i>	394
THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	394
PARAPHRASE FROM ISAIAH	<i>Michael Drayton</i>	395
THE THIRD SONG OF ESAI.....	<i>George Wither</i>	395
ISAIAH XXXV	<i>John Gardiner Calkins Brainard</i>	396
THE PRAYER OF HEZEKIAH.....	<i>George Wither</i>	397
HEZEKIAH'S THANKSGIVING	<i>George Wither</i>	397
THE QUIET PILGRIM.....	<i>Edith Matilda Thomas</i>	398
THE MEASURE	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	398
ISAIAH XLVI: 9.....	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	399
BABYLON	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	399
BABYLON	<i>Anonymous</i>	400
BABYLON	<i>Robert Southey</i>	400
GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION.....	<i>Thomas Kelly</i>	401
AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	401
ISAIAH LX: 15-20	<i>William Cowper</i>	402
JEHOVAH LIVETH	<i>Edward Everett Hale</i>	402
HEBREW MELODY	<i>Mrs. James Gordon Brooks</i>	402
THE DEATH OF SHALLUM.....	<i>Lucy A. Randall</i>	403
TRANSLATION OF A PARAPHRASE OF PART OF CHAPTER XXXI OF JEREMIAH.....	<i>Felix Neff (Translated by James Montgomery)</i>	403
EPHRAIM REPENTING	<i>William Cowper</i>	403
ON JUDAH	<i>E. B. B. [rowning(?)]</i>	404
"IS THERE ANY WORD FROM THE LORD?".....	<i>John Vance Cheney</i>	404
GOD'S DENUNCIATION AGAINST PHARAOH- HOPHRA, OR APRIES.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	405
PETRA	<i>Anna R.</i>	406
WAR AGAINST BABYLON.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	406
THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.....	<i>George Wither</i>	407
"ALL SOULS ARE MINE"	<i>Chauncey Hare Townshend</i>	416
EZEKIEL	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	416
THE COVENANT	<i>William Cowper</i>	417
EZEKIEL	<i>Barbara Miller Macandrew</i>	418
DANIEL	<i>Richard Wilton</i>	424
[NABUCHODONOSOR]	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	424
BELSHAZZAR	<i>Edward Maturin</i>	424
BELSHAZZAR AND DANIEL	<i>W. H. Roberts</i>	428
BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST	<i>Thomas Smart Hughes</i>	432
BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	433
BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST	<i>Bryan Waller Procter</i>	436
BELSHAZZAR	<i>(Barry Cornwall)</i> <i>Bryan Waller Procter</i>	436
VISION OF BELSHAZZAR	<i>Lord Byron</i>	437
TO BELSHAZZAR	<i>Lord Byron</i>	437
THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.....	<i>George Wither</i>	438
THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.....	<i>Robert Morris</i>	439
THE LIONS.....	<i>Victor Hugo (Translated by Mrs. Newton Crosland)</i>	440
HEBREW MELODY	<i>G. R. Smith</i>	442
THE PRAYER OF JONAH.....	<i>George Wither</i>	443
THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.....	<i>George Wither</i>	443
HABAKKUK'S PRAYER	<i>William Broome</i>	444

II. POEMS ON THE APOCRYPHA AND POST-BIBLICAL TRADITION.

(SONGS OF ZION)

A PRAYER OF TOBIAS.....	<i>Michael Drayton</i>	447
SONNET. [ON JUDITH].....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	448
JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.....	<i>Fanny E. Lacey</i>	448
JUDITH. [EXTRACTS].....	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	449
HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.....	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	455
FALLEN IS THY THRONE.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	457
THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	457
THE LAST DAY OF JERUSALEM.....	<i>George Croly</i>	458
ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS	<i>Lord Byron</i>	460
THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.....	<i>Johnson Pierson</i>	460
LET US DEPART	<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	472
JUDAH	<i>Col. Wetmore</i>	473
GAMALIEL OF JERUSALEM	<i>M. E. B.</i>	473
THE 'HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	473
ON JORDAN'S BANKS.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	474
OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	474
ON JERUSALEM	<i>Matthew A. Berk</i>	474
IN GALILEE	<i>Mary Frances Barber Butts</i>	475
HADASSEH OF TIBERIAS	<i>M. E. B.</i>	476
HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	476
THE WILD GAZELLE	<i>Lord Byron</i>	476
THE PALM TREE	<i>A. R. Bonar</i>	476
PALESTINE	<i>Reginald Heber</i>	477
JERUSALEM	<i>John Keble Hervey</i>	484
MOUNT CARMEL	<i>John Keble Hervey</i>	485
THE NEW JERUSALEM	<i>David Dickinson</i>	486
THE JEWISH PILGRIM	<i>Frances Browne</i>	486
THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	487
JUDEA	<i>Charles M. Wallington</i>	488
BUT WHO SHALL SEE?.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	488
THE LATTER DAY.....	<i>Thomas Hastings</i>	488
"AND ZION BE THE GLORY YET".....	<i>Anonymous</i>	489
ZION'S MORNING	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	489
THE HARP OF ZION.....	<i>James Willis</i>	489
JERUSALEM'S DAYSPRING	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	489
ZION, AWAKE!	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	490
THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	491
THE CHOSEN ONES OF ISRAEL.....	<i>Park Benjamin</i>	491
THE JEWS	<i>Henry Vaughan</i>	491
ZIONISM	<i>Herbert N. Casson</i>	492
A SONG OF ZION	<i>Carrol Ryan</i>	492
CHRISTIAN AND JEW.....	<i>Christina Georgina Rossetti</i>	493
SCENE IN LEBANON.....	<i>Robert Needham Cust</i>	494
A DAY IN PALESTINE.....	<i>Robert Needham Cust</i>	494

III. TALES AND TRADITIONS.

FROM THE TALMUD, MIDRASH AND OTHER SOURCES.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.....	<i>Clarence Chatham Cook</i>	498
ALEXANDER AT THE GATES OF PARADISE.....	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench</i>	499
THE BANISHED KINGS.....	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench</i>	501
BEN-AMMI AND THE FAIRIES.....	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i>	503
BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	504
BROTHERLY LOVE.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	505
A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	505
DOCTOR —.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	506
THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.....	<i>George Croly</i>	511
THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.....	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i>	512
A HEBREW TALE.....	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	513
JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	515
A JEWISH APOLOGUE.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	531
A LEGEND OF PARADISE. [FROM "THE SON OF A STAR"].....	<i>Benjamin Ward Richardson</i>	531
THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI. [FROM "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN."].....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	534
THE LENT JEWELS. [A JEWISH APOLOGUE].	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench</i>	535
THE LOAN.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	536
THE MESSENGER.....	<i>O. B. Merrill</i>	537
THE RABBI AND THE PRINCE.....	<i>James Clarence Harvey</i>	537
RABBI ISHMAEL.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	538
THE RABBI JOACHIM.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	539
THE RABBI'S LESSON.....	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i>	540
THE RABBI'S SON-IN-LAW.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	541
THE RABBI'S VISION.....	<i>Frances Browne</i>	544
THE SABBATH EVE.....	<i>Samuel Augustus Willoughby Duffield</i>	545
SABBATH. [A JEWISH LEGEND].....	<i>Richard Chenevix Trench</i>	546
SANDALPHON.....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	547
TURN AGAIN!.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	548
THE TWO FRIENDS.....	<i>John Godfrey Saxe</i>	550
THE TWO RABBINS.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	551
THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	553
THE VISION OF RABBI NATHAN.....	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i>	553
WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.....	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	554
THE WIFE'S TREASURE.....	<i>Sabine Baring-Gould</i>	554
ALI AND THE JEW.....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	555
OZAIR THE JEW.....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	557
SHEKH AHNAF'S LETTER FROM BAGHDAD.....	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	558
RABBI BEN EZRA.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	562
THE CABALA.....	<i>Clifford Harrison</i>	565
ONLY A JEW.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	567
THE JEW'S GIFT.....	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	568
A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME WITH A COMMENTARY BY BEN ISRAEL.....	<i>William Wetmore Story</i>	570
RABBI BEN EPHRAIM'S TREASURE.....	<i>Owen Meredith</i>	581
HOLY-CROSS DAY.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	587
FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL.....	<i>Robert Browning</i>	590

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

xxxi

IV. FOR ISRAEL

POEMS IN DEFENSE OF THE JEWS—TRIBUTES AND ELEGIES.

THE PERSECUTED JEW.....	<i>Stephen Taylor Dekins.....</i>	599
AN HEBRAIC LAMENTATION.....	<i>Swithin Saint Swithaine.....</i>	599
THE JEW'S APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN.....	<i>J. W. Blencowe, Jr.....</i>	600
Lines to an Anti-Semite.....	<i>Edward Sydney Tybee.....</i>	600
AT THE PANTOMIME.....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes.....</i>	601
TO RUSSIA.....	<i>Joaquin Miller.....</i>	602
THE JEWS.....	<i>Edward Doyle.....</i>	602
ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.....	<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne.....</i>	603
PHARAOH TO ALEXANDER.....		604
THE CURSE OF KISHINEFF.....	<i>Bertrand Shadwell.....</i>	605
"KISHINEV".....	<i>Strickland W. Gillilan.....</i>	605
KISHINEFF AND PORT ARTHUR.....	<i>Yae Kichi Yabe.....</i>	606
THE JEWS OF BUCHAREST.....	<i>Edward Sydney Tybee.....</i>	606
A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.....	<i>Richard Watson Gilder.....</i>	607
DREYFUS.....	<i>Edwin Markham.....</i>	608
(THE DREYFUS CASE).....	<i>A. D. Godley.....</i>	609
TO DREYFUS VINDICATED.....	<i>Robert Underwood Johnson.....</i>	609
A DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.....	<i>Robert Burns Wilson.....</i>	609
THE SENTINEL OF THE AGES.....	<i>Ibbie McColm Wilson.....</i>	610
THE JEW.....	<i>George Alfred Townsend.....</i>	612
ROSH-HASHANAH.....	<i>Joseph K. Foran.....</i>	612
THE LITTLE JEW.....	<i>Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.....</i>	613
RODEF SHALOM.....	<i>W. G. Skillman.....</i>	614
THE JEW.....	<i>William Joyce.....</i>	615
"JEW!".....	<i>George Vaux Bacon.....</i>	615
VITALITY OF THE JEWISH NATION.....	<i>Bull's Museum (London).....</i>	615
THE NUBIAN, GREEK AND JEW.....	<i>Edward Doyle.....</i>	615
SONG OF THE FIFTH RIVER.....	<i>Rudyard Kipling.....</i>	615
JEWESS.....	<i>Joaquin Miller.....</i>	616
REBECCA, THE JEWESS.....	<i>Clark B. Cochrane.....</i>	616
A JEWISH FAMILY.....	<i>William Wordsworth.....</i>	617
THE JEW'S CEMETERY ON THE LIDO.....	<i>John Addington Symonds.....</i>	617
THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....</i>	618
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.....	<i>Archibald Ross.....</i>	619
A CALL TO THE BUILDERS.....	<i>Helen Gray Cone.....</i>	619
A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. DR. A. S. BETTELHEIM.....	<i>Ibbie McColm Wilson.....</i>	620
HEINE'S GRAVE.....	<i>Matthew Arnold.....</i>	621
HEINE.....	<i>George Sylvester Viereck.....</i>	624
KALICH, INHERITOR OF TRAGEDY.....	<i>Ripley D. Saunders.....</i>	624
"UNDER NO SKIES BUT OURS".....	<i>Helen Gray Cone.....</i>	625
"SONGS OF A SEMITE".....	<i>Helen Gray Cone.....</i>	626
THE DEAD SINGER.....	<i>Allen Eastman Cross.....</i>	627
EMMA LAZARUS.....	<i>Richard Watson Gilder.....</i>	627
TO EMMA LAZARUS.....	<i>Richard Watson Gilder.....</i>	627
EMMA LAZARUS.....	<i>Minot Judson Savage.....</i>	628
EMMA LAZARUS.....	<i>James Maurice Thompson.....</i>	628
MONTEFIORE.....	<i>Ambrase Bierce.....</i>	628
"THINK AND THANK".....	<i>Mary Secor Meserole.....</i>	629

RACHEL	<i>Matthew Arnold</i>	629
A MEMORY OF RUBENSTEIN.....	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	630
JESSE SELIGMAN	<i>Noah Davis</i>	630
RABBI ISAAC M. WISE.....	<i>Walter Hurt</i>	630
TO MR. SIMON WOLF.....	<i>Frank Claudy</i>	631

V. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ADON OLAM. [FROM THE HEBREW.].....	<i>George Borrow</i>	635
ALMIGHTY GOD!	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	635
COME NOT, OH LORD.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	635
GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	635
THE HOLY FLAME, "MENORAH.".....	<i>George Jay Holland</i>	636
THE HIGH-PRIEST TO ALEXANDER.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	636
REBECCA'S HYMN [FROM "IVANHOE"].....	<i>Walter Scott</i>	636
ISRAEL'S LAMENT	<i>Hyman Hurwitz. (Translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge)</i>	637
THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.....	<i>Hyman Hurwitz. (Translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge)</i>	638
ODE	<i>Ibbie McColm Wilson</i>	639
"JUDAH'S HALLOWED BARDS.".....	<i>Aubrey De Vere</i>	640
THE HEBREW FATHER'S PRAYER.....	<i>William Wilfred Campbell</i>	640
THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.....	<i>James Montgomery</i>	641
THE DYING HEBREW	<i>Thomas Keble Hervey</i>	643
HEBREW DIRGE	<i>Lydia Huntley Sigourney</i>	644
JEWISH LULLABY	<i>Eugene Field</i>	644
SONG	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	645
TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.....	<i>Thomas Campbell</i>	645
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.....	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	646
SELF-SATISFACTION	<i>Sa'adi. (Translated by J. F. and L. R. Clark)</i>	646
"GAM ZE YA'AVOR"	<i>James O'Neill</i>	647
THE NAMES	<i>Robert Browning</i>	647
THE TESTIMONY	<i>Robert Morris</i>	647
AURUM POTABILE	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	649

APPENDIX

I. THE FALL OF MAN.....	<i>Cædmon</i>	655
II. JUDITH	<i>Swithun, Bishop of Winchester</i> ...	677

PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM THE DRAMA

LUCIFER [EXTRACT]	<i>Joost Van Der Vondel</i>	687
CAIN. A MYSTERY.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	698
HEAVEN AND EARTH. A MYSTERY.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	729
MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.....	<i>Hannah More</i>	751
SAMSON AGONISTES	<i>John Milton</i>	763
DAVID AND GOLIATH	<i>Hannah More</i>	797
JONATHAN	<i>Thomas Ewing, Jr.</i>	819
DAVID AND BATHSHUA.....	<i>Charles William Ceyser</i>	857
HADAD [EXTRACT]	<i>James Abraham Hillhouse</i>	893
ELIJAH	<i>Robert Davidson</i>	899
ATHALIAH	<i>Jean Baptiste Racine (Translated by Robert Bruce Boswell)</i>	925
THE SONG OF SONGS WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.....	<i>Ann Francis</i>	965
BELSHAZZAR. A DRAMATIC POEM.....	<i>Henry Hart Milman</i>	985
BELSHAZZAR	<i>Hannah More</i>	1035
THE JEWISH CAPTIVES.....	<i>John M. Leavitt</i>	1057
DANIEL	<i>Hannah More</i>	1085
JUDAS MACCABAEUS [EXTRACT].....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	1105
THE FALL OF JERUSALEM. [ABRIDGED.].....	<i>Henry Hart Milman</i>	1113
HEROD AND MARIAMNE	<i>Amélie Rives. (Princess Pierre Troubetskoy)</i>	1149
NATHAN THE WISE.....	<i>Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. (Trans- lated by Ellen Frothingham)</i> ..	1239
TORQUEMADA [EXTRACT]	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	1333
THE SPANISH GYPSY [EXTRACT].....	<i>George Eliot</i>	1353
MERCHANT OF VENICE. [EXTRACT.].....	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	1365
INDEX TO FIRST LINES.....		1369
INDEX TO TITLES.....		1379
INDEX TO AUTHORS.....		1393
INDEX TO TRANSLATORS.....		1399

I

POEMS ON THE BIBLE

PRELUDE.

GIVE me the Bible bards—I love them
best:

The fine Epic of Joseph; ideal Ruth;
The skeptic Preacher, groping for the
truth;

God-fearing Job, whose wisdom stood
the test;

The Song of Songs—Love's Litany;—
the Psalms

The monarch - minstrel masterfully
played

Upon the harp, whene'er the east wind
swayed;

Isaiah's clarion thunders and alarms;

Hosea's counsel; Jonah's proud re-
straint;

The lyric woe of sad-eyed Jeremy;

Staunch Esther, foiling Israel's enemy;

And other records, wonderful and
quaint,

Of warrior, prophet, patriarch and saint:

All these are Song and Symphony to
me.

GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT.

POEMS ON THE BIBLE

CREATION'S PSALM.

A DEEP-BASSED, thunder-rolling psalm
Sweeps thro' the reeded throat of Time,
And charms the ear of every clime
With music of the great "I Am."

It drags the planets in their orbs,
And smites the sun, and shakes the
stars,
And strikes the rocky-bedded bars,
And beats about the aerial curbs!

Creation chants the nameless Name;
The winging worlds in chorus ring;
The great lands shout; the huge seas
sing;

The thundering heavens roar, "I Am!"
SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE.

MAKING OF MAN.

*Al-Muzawwir! the "Fashioner!" say
thus;
Still lauding Him who hath com-
pounded us.*

WHEN the Lord would fashion men,
Spake He in the Angels' hearing,
"Lo! Our will is there shall be
On the earth a creature bearing
Rule and royalty. To-day
We will shape a man from clay."

Spake the Angels, "Wilt Thou make
Man who must forget his Maker,
Working evil, shedding blood,
Of Thy precepts the forsaker?
But Thou knowest all, and we
Celebrate Thy majesty."

Answered Allah, "Yea! I know
What ye know not of this making;
Gabriel! Michael! Israfil!

Go down to the earth, and taking
Seven clods of colors seven,
Bring them unto Me in Heaven."

Then those holy Angels three
Spread their pinions and descended;
Seeking clods of diverse clay,
That all colors might be blended;
Yellow, tawny, dun, black, brown,
White and red, as men are known.

But the earth spake, sore afraid,
"Angels! of my substance take not;
Give me back my dust, and pray
That the dread Creator make not
Man, for he will sin, and bring
Wrath on me and suffering."

Therefore, empty-handed came
Gabriel, Michael, Israfil,
Saying, "Lord! Thy earth imploreth
Man may never on her dwell;
'He will sin and anger Thee,
Give me back my clay!' cried she."

Spake the Lord to Azrael,
"Go thou, who of wing art surest,
Tell my earth this shall be well;
Bring those clods, which thou pro-
curest

From her bosom, unto Me;
Shape them as I order thee."

Thus 'tis written how the Lord
Fashioned Adam for His glory,
Whom the Angels worshipp'd,
All save Iblis; and this story
Teacheth wherefore Azrael saith,
"Come thou!" at man's hour of death.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

THE FIRST SABBATH.

Six days the heavenly host, in circle vast,
 Like that untouching cincture which enzones
 The globe of Saturn, compass'd wide this orb,
 And with the forming mass floated along,
 In rapid course, through yet untravell'd space,
 Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
 Bursting from chaos at the omnific will,
 And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
 On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve!
 The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
 In freshest beauty from Jehovah's hand,
 Creation bloom'd; when Eden's twilight face
 Smiled like a sleeping babe. The voice divine
 A holy calm breathed o'er the goodly work;
 Mildly the sun, upon the loftiest trees,
 Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reign'd,
 And love, and gratitude; the human pair
 Their orisons pour'd forth; love, concord reign'd,
 The falcon perch'd upon the blooming bough
 With Philomela, listen'd to her lay;
 Among the antler'd herd, the tiger couch'd
 Harmless; the lion's mane no terror spread
 Among the careless ruminating flock.
 Silence was o'er the deep; the noiseless surge,
 The last subsiding wave,—of that dread tumult
 Which raged, when Ocean, at the mute command,
 Rush'd furiously into his new-cleft bed,—
 Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore;
 While, on the swell, the sea-bird with her head
 Wing-veil'd, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,

Entranced in new delight, speechless adored;
 Nor stopp'd their fleet career, nor changed their form
 Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
 In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
 Its incense-odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
 Arose; then, wide the flying circle oped,
 And soar'd, in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
 Silent ascend the choirs of Seraphim;
 No harp resounds, mute is each voice; the burst
 Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
 For love and concord all things so attuned
 To harmony, that Earth must have received
 The grand vibration, and to the center shook:
 But soon as to the starry altitudes
 They reach'd, then what a storm of sound tremendous
 Swell'd through the realms of space! The morning stars
 Together sang, and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy! Loud was the peal; so loud
 As would have quite o'erwhelmed the human sense;
 But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
 Like softest fall breathed from Aeolian lute,
 When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
 Day of the Lord! Creation's hallow'd close!
 Day of the Lord! (prophetical they sang),
 Benignant mitigation of that doom
 Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
 Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and woe!

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

THE BRIDAL IN EDEN.

THE sapphire walls of Paradise
 Flashed back the golden sun,
 Whose third diurnal journey o'er,
 Proclaimed creation done;

The murmurs of Euphrates' wave
Sent up a sweet farewell,
As over Nature's infant life
The wand of slumber fell.

That day the princely king of men—
Great master-work of God—
Through Eden's groves, as lord of all,
In matchless beauty trod;
Before the glancing of his eye
The haughty lion quailed,
And sportive life in every form
Its godlike master hailed.

Now, pensive, by the Tree of Life
He watched the dying day,
His locks of gold in wantonness
Waved to the zephyr's play.
In pairs the birds had sought the
boughs,
In pairs the beasts had gone
To slumber by the babbling stream—
Man only was alone.

Alone! Alone!—the glittering stars
In pairs appeared to move;
The Moon threw down in modest glow
The Sun's warm glance of love;
The weaker Rose blushed rosy red
Beside the stronger white,
And noisy Day a partner found
In sombre, silent Night.

Though he had moved, acknowledged
king,
Amid the world of life,
Fear bowed the weak, fear stilled the
strong,
Fear turned to peace the strife;
But now his soul breathed forth a
prayer
To Him Who reigns above,
That He should send some gentle one
To share his yearning love.

Then on a bed of fragrant flowers
His faultless form reclined,
And death-like sleep in dreams of bliss
Entranced his raptured mind;
While from the prison of his heart
A single bar was torn,
And, moulded by the Maker's hand,
His second self was born.

Still dreamed he, till the seventh day
In dazzling glory broke,

And countless songsters in the groves
Their orisons awoke;
Then, springing from his rosy couch,
He gazed, in wondering pride,
Upon a phantom of himself,
That slumbered by his side.

He spake, and Eve before him stood,
First wakened by his word,
And meekly claimed the son of God
As guardian, husband, lord;
Then, kneeling to the Maker's throne,
Beneath the Tree of Life,
The earliest earthly Sabbath sun
Saw Adam wed his wife.

J. F. OTTERSON.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book V.)

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent
of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame.
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how won-
drous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above those
heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these
declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and
power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of
light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with
songs
And choral symphonies, day without
night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in
Heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and
without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of
night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn.
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the
smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in
thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of
prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye
and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound
 his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou
 climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gained, and
 when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun,
 now flit'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb
 that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires that
 move
 In mystic dance not without song,
 resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called
 up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions
 run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your cease-
 less change
 Vary to our great Maker still new
 praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or
 gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts
 with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author
 rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the un-
 colored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling
 showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his
 praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four
 quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your
 tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship
 wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye
 flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his
 praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate as-
 cend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes
 his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that
 walk

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly
 creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh
 shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his
 praise.
 Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous
 still
 To give us only good; and if the
 night
 Have gathered aught of evil, or con-
 cealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the
 dark.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

ADAM TO EVE.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book IX.)

O FAIREST of creation, last and best
 Of all God's works, creature in whom
 excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be
 formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet,
 How art thou lost! how on a sudden
 lost,
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death
 devote!
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to trans-
 gress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden! Some
 cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet un-
 known,
 And me with thee hath ruined, for with
 thee
 Certain my resolution is to die.
 How can I live without thee, how
 forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly
 joined,
 To live again in these wild woods for-
 lorn?
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I
 feel
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of
 flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from
 thy state

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

ADAM'S COMPLAINT.

"THE Lord my Maker, forming me of clay,
By his own breath the breath of life conveyed;
O'er all the bright new world he gave me sway—
A little lower than the angels made.
But Satan, using for his guile
The crafty serpent's cruel wile,
Deceived me by the tree;
And severed me from God and grace,
And wrought me death, and all my race,
As long as time shall be.
O Lover of the sons of men,
Forgive, and call me back again!

"In that same hour I lost the glorious stole
Of innocence, that God's own hands had made;
And now, the tempter poisoning all my soul,
I sit in fig-leaves and in skins arrayed;
I sit condemned, distressed, forsaken;
Must till the ground, whence I was taken,
By labor's daily sweat.
But thou, that shalt hereafter come,
The offspring of a virgin womb,
Have pity on me yet!
Oh, turn on me those gracious eyes,
And call me back to Paradise!

"O glorious Paradise! O lovely clime!
O God-built mansions! Joy of every saint!

Happy remembrance to all coming time!

Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,

One prayer to him who made them all,
One prayer for Adam in his fall!—

That he, who formed thy gates of yore,
Would bid those gates unfold once more

That I had closed by sin:

And let me taste that holy tree

That giveth immortality

To them that dwell therein!

Or have I fallen so far from grace

That mercy hath for me no place?"

Adam sat right against the eastern gate,
By many a storm of sad remembrance tost;

"O me! so ruined by the serpent's hate!
O me! so glorious once, and now so lost!

So mad that bitter lot to choose!
Beguiled of all I had to lose!

Must I then, gladness of my eyes,

Must I then leave thee, Paradise,

And as an exile go?

And must I never cease to grieve

How once my God, at cool of eve,

Came down to walk below?

O Merciful! on thee I call:

O Pitiful! forgive my fall!"

THEOPHANES (1681-1736).

Translated by JOHN MASON NEALE.
(1818-1866).

EVE'S LAMENT.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book XI.)

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death!

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,

Fit haunt of gods? where I had hoped to spend,

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,

That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last

At even, which I bred up with tender
 hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave
 ye names;
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or
 rank
 Your tribes, and water from the am-
 brosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me
 adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet,
 from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander
 down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in
 other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal
 fruits?

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD LAMBS.

DEATH, though already in the world, as
 yet
 Had only tried his timorous tooth to
 whet
 On grass and leaves. But he began to
 grow
 Greedier, greater, and resolv'd to know
 The taste of stronger food than such
 light fare.
 To feed on human flesh he did not
 dare,
 Till many a meaner meal had slowly
 given
 The young destroyer strength to van-
 quish even
 His restless rival in destruction, Man.
 Meanwhile, on lesser victims he began
 To test his power; and in a cold spring
 night
 Two weanling lambs first perish'd from
 his bite.
 The bleatings of their dam at break of
 day
 Drew to the spot where her dead lamb-
 kins lay
 The other beasts. They, understanding
 not,
 In wistful silence round that fatal spot
 Stood eyeing the dead lambs with looks
 forlorn.

Adam, who was upon the match that
 morn,
 Missing his bodyguard, turn'd back to
 see
 What they were doing; and there also
 he
 Saw the two frozen lambkins lying
 dead,
 But understood not. At the last he said,
 "Since the lambs cannot move, me-
 thinks 't were best
 That I should carry them."

So on his breast
 He laid their little bodies, and again
 Set forward, follow'd o'er the frosty
 plain
 By his bewilder'd flocks. And in dis-
 may
 They held their peace. That was a si-
 lent day.
 At night he laid the dead lambs on the
 grass.
 That night still colder than the other
 was,
 And when the morning broke there were
 two more
 Dead lambs to carry. Adam took the
 four,
 And in his arms he bore them, no great
 way,
 Till eventide. That was a sorrowful
 day.

But, ere the next, two other lambkins
 died,
 Frost-bitten in the dark. Then Adam
 tried
 To carry them, all six. But the poor
 sheep
 Said, "Nay, we thank thee, Adam. Let
 them sleep!
 Thou canst not carry them: 'T is all
 in vain.
 We fear our lambkins will not wake
 again.
 And, if they wake, they could not walk
 —for see,
 Their little legs are stiffen'd. Let them
 be!"
 So Adam left the lambs. And all the
 herd
 Follow'd him sorrowing, and not a word
 Was spoken. Never until then had they
 Their own forsaken. That was the
 worst day.

Eve said to Adam, as they went along,
 "Adam, last night the cold was bitter
 strong.
 Warm fleeces to keep out the freezing
 wind
 Have those six lambkins thou hast left
 behind;
 But they will never need them any
 more.
 Go, fetch them here! and I will make,
 before
 This day be done, stout garments for
 us both,
 Lest we, too, wake no more." Said
 Adam, loth
 To do her bidding, "Why dost thou
 suppose
 Our lambs will nevermore have need of
 those
 Warm fleeces? They are sleeping." But
 Eve said,
 "They are not sleeping, Adam. They
 are dead."
 "Dead? What is that?" "I know not.
 But I know
 That they no more can feel the north
 wind blow,
 Nor the sun burn. They cannot hear
 the bleat
 Of their own mothers, cannot suffer
 heat
 Or cold, or thirst or hunger, weariness
 Or want, again." "How dost thou know
 all this?"
 Ask'd Adam. And Eve whisper'd in
 his ear,
 "The Serpent told me." "Is the Ser-
 pent here?
 If here he be, why hath he," Adam
 cried,
 "No good gift brought me?" Adam's
 wife replied,
 "The best of gifts, if rightly under-
 stood
 He brings thee, and that gift is counsel
 good.
 The Serpent is a prudent beast; and
 right!
 For we were miserably cold last night,
 And may tonight be colder; and hard
 by
 Those dead lambs in their woolly fleeces
 lie,
 Yet need them not as we do. They are
 dead.

Go fetch them hither!"

Adam shook his head,

But went.

Next morning, to the beasts' sur-
 prise,
 Adam and Eve appear'd before their
 eyes

In woollen fleeces warmly garmented.
 And all the beasts to one another said,
 "How wonderful is Man, who can make
 wool

As good as sheep's wool, and more
 beautiful!"

Only the Fox, who sniff'd and grinn'd,
 had guess'd

Man's unacknowledged theft: and to
 the rest

He sneer'd, "How wonderful is Wom-
 an's whim!"

See, Adam's wife hath made a sheep of
 him!"

OWEN MEREDITH (1831-1891).

(Robert, Earl of Lytton.)

EVE.

"WHILE I sit at the door,
 Sick to gaze within,
 Mine eye weepeth sore
 For sorrow and sin:
 As a tree my sin stands
 To darken all lands,
 Death is the fruit it bore.

"How have Eden bowers grown,
 Without Adam to bend them!
 How have Eden flowers blown,
 Squandering their sweet breath,
 Without me to tend them!
 The Tree of Life was ours,
 Tree twelvefold-fruited,
 Most lofty tree that flowers,
 Most deeply rooted:
 I chose the Tree of Death.

"Hadst thou but said me nay,
 Adam, my brother,
 I might have pined away;
 I, but none other;
 God might have let thee stay
 Safe in our garden,
 By putting me away
 Beyond all pardon.

"I, Eve, sad mother
Of all who must live,
I, not another,
Plucked bitterest fruit to give
My friend, husband, lover.
O wanton eyes run over!
Who but I should grieve?
Cain hath slain his brother:
Of all who must die mother,
Miserable Eve!"

Thus she sat weeping,
Thus Eve, our mother,
Where one lay sleeping
Slain by his brother.
Greatest and least
Each pitcous beast
To hear her voice
Forgot his joys
And set aside his feast.

The mouse paused in his walk
And dropped his wheaten stalk;
Grave cattle wagged their heads
In rumination;
The eagle gave a cry
From his cloud station;
Larks on thyme beds
Forbore to mount or sing;
Bees drooped upon the wing;
The raven perched on high
Forgot his ration;
The conies in their rock,
A feeble nation,
Quaked sympathetical;
The mocking-bird left off the mock;
Huge camels knelt as if
In deprecation;
The kind hart's tears were falling:
Chattered the wistful stork;
Dove-voices with a dying fall
Cooed desolation,
Answering grief by grief.

Only the serpent in the dust,
Wriggling and crawling,
Grinned an evil grin, and thrust
His tongue out with its fork.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.
(1830-1894).

EVE AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"*No! distant far from thence, a mur-
muring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and
spread*

*Into a liquid plain,—then stood un-
moved,
Pure as th' expanse of heaven: I thither
went,
With unexperienced thought, and laid
me down,
On the green bank, to look into the clear,
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another
sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam ap-
peared,
Bending to look on me.*

MILTON.

SPIRIT of beauty! who dost sit, at eve,
With the lone watcher, on the silent
hill,
To trace the valleys of the stars,—or
weave
Wild stories from the sighing of the
rill!—
Spirit of beauty! on thy viewless wings,
That bringest visions to the dreamer's
heart,
Shapes of the vanished—low, sweet
murmurings
Of long-hushed voices!—Prophets of
art!
Beneath whose spells thy favored vo-
tary sees
Glimpses of fairy forms and spirit eyes,
And hears faint whispers, on the fan-
cied breeze,
That have no echoes underneath the
skies;
Who leadest to the chambers of his
sleep
Shadows of things that time has left
behind,
And minglest with his musings, wild
and deep,
The thoughts which are the *memories*
of the *mind*!
Spirit of beauty! who didst dip, of yore,
Thy pinions in the clear Castalian
springs,
And on thine own adopted islands pour
Their inspiration from thy dewy wings,
(The islands with their girdles of the
sea,
Betrothed to freedom and baptized by
thee,)
Till the wild rising of a wilder moon
Than she,—whose footsteps, when the
winds were still,

Thou led'st where, lulled by evening's
 mystic tune,
 Her shepherd slumbered on the lonely
 hill,—
 Brought up the spring-tides of a darker
 flood,
 And drowned thine altars in a sea of
 blood!
 Spirit of beauty! from thine eastern
 land,
 Where rose the crescent o'er thy coun-
 try's grave,
 Have thy bright footsteps found an-
 other strand,
 Where genius watches o'er another
 wave,
 And spirits of the tameless and the free
 Are temples for thine oracles and thee?
 Yes! the stern beauty of our northern
 isle
 Is softening in the sunlight of thy
 smile,
 And all around the land are echoes
 caught
 Of the sweet music thou hast sweetly
 taught,
 And to our mortal vision angel-gleams
 Are given by the dreamers of thy
 dreams;
 Scrolls, in thine own high language, are
 unfurled,
 That, with their written beauty, witch
 the world;
 Bright secrets of the past have been un-
 sealed,
 And features, where the shroud hath
 lain, revealed,
 And cheeks restored, without their stain
 of tears,
 And forms, without their blight of sin
 and years,
 And visions given to our eyes to see,
 The limner could have only learnt from
 thee!

 A dream of Eden!—when the world
 was young,
 Ere guilt had done the wasting work of
 years!
 A dream of Eden;—ere a shadow hung
 Across its sky, or melted into tears
 Along its earth!—The flowers were fed
 with dew,
 As were the hearts for whom their
 bloom was given,

And—like the lilies at their feet—they
 grew
 Bright and untoiling in the eye of
 heaven.
 How beautiful she looks! the angel-
 things
 That came, and sat beside her, from
 the skies,
 Had not a single gift, except their
 wings,
 Beyond that "fairest flower" of Para-
 dise.
 Well might she linger, with enamored
 eyes,
 By the clear water, o'er the vision fair,
 And deem she saw a creature of those
 skies
 'Mid which her image stood reflected
 there!
 How beautiful!—in all her early light,—
 No touch of sorrow and no taint of
 sin,—
 The beauty of the mortal made more
 bright
 By the immortal beauty from within!
 No mark upon her brow, of memory,
 yet,
 To make it sad,—for memory speaks
 alone
 Of hopes that have been buried, and
 regret
 Is *present* sorrow, while it mourns one
 gone!—
 No mark of *memory*, and no trace of
 hope,
 (The star that looketh over through a
 cloud.)
 No thought hath she, beneath the wide,
 blue cope,
 Of wants ungranted,—wishes unallowed!
 No sigh of pain!—the pulse whose lan-
 guid beat
 Is low and painful, like a passing-bell,
 Nor fever-larum rung, with furious
 heat,
 From all the watch-towers of life's cit-
 adel!—
 These are to come!—but lo! the very
 form
 That God had moulded with his own
 right hand,
 Bent o'er its first young beauty, fresh
 and warm,
 In the "still waters" of that pleasant
 land!—

The cheek where God had breathed, and
 left the trace
 Of his own presence on her sinless face!
 The sweet, calm brow to which God's
 finger lent
 The beauty of his angels; and the eye
 That—like the stainless mirror where
 she bent—
 Revealed to earth a vision of the sky!
 Lost Eden!—Eden, had it held but *thee*,
 Of all the flowers that grew amid its
 glades,
 And shapes, whose more than mortal
 minstrelsy
 Stole up, at eve, amid its fragrant
 shades,—
 When to thy mortal ear and heart were
 given
 The far, sweet answers of the harps of
 heaven!
 Lost Eden!—beautiful, hadst *thou* been
 all
 Of beauty, which it sheltered in its
 breast,
 And musical, had only *thy* glad call
 Gone ringing through its gardens of the
 blest!—
 Ere Sorrow entered, with her blighting
 spell,
 That young, pale sister of the monster,
 Sin;
 Or thou hadst learnt—O lore bequeathed
 too well!—
 To pay for knowledge all the peace
 within!
 Lost Eden!—vanished since that heavy
 day,
 When all its gales were saddened into
 sighs,
 And all its leaves hung weeping o'er the
 way
 That led the sad ones forth from Para-
 dise:—
 When the winged cherub, with his sword
 of flame,
 Did shut its blessed gates against the
 world,
 And night and silence, with their shad-
 ows, came,
 And round its valleys were forever
 curled!
 Forever lost! The Persian sees his
 bowers
 Of Irem yet restored, in sudden gleams.
 But Eden, with its shapes and fruits
 and flowers,

Is lost to all, save dreamers, in their
 dreams!
 And *thou* didst learn how even the voice
 of mirth,
 In the *world's* bowers, is echoed by a
 sigh,
 And none of all the fountains of the
 earth
 Give back thine early glance of cloud-
 less joy!
 O never since, 'mid many a trace di-
 vine,
 To one of all thy daughters has been
 given
 A mirror to reflect a face like *thine*,
 And show no shadow 'twixt its wave
 and heaven.

And yet, for them and thee, in after-
 time,
 Flowed a full river, from a purer
 spring
 Than ever ran through Eden, in its
 prime,
 Or had its surface brushed by angel-
 wing!—
 And where it spreads, amid the pastures
 green,
 Its sweet, calm waters, in a bright ex-
 pansive,
 She, of thy daughters who may gaze
 therein,
 Shall see a sweeter face give back her
 glance
 Than ever smiled upon thy brightest
 trance.
 For Mercy dwells within its crystal
 breast,
 And o'er its sacred waters broods the
 dove,
 And pleasant branches wave above its
 rest,
 Whose fruit is healing,—and its name is
 Love!—
 And on its marge a smiling region lies,
 More bright than were the bowers of
 Paradise:
 And angels come and go upon its coast,
 As in that Eden which thy beauty lost;
 And airs, in trances to the spirit given,
 Waft seraph-music from the lyres of
 heaven;
 While, deep within its placid waters, lie
 Unfading visions of a cloudless sky!

JOHN KEBBLE HERVEY.

THE DEPARTURE FROM
PARADISE.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book XII.)

IN either hand the hastening angel
 caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the east-
 ern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as
 fast
 To the subjected plain; then disap-
 peared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side
 beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the
 gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery
 arms.
 Some natural tears they dropt, but
 wiped them soon;
 The world was all before them, where
 to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence
 their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering
 steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

EVE.

FOR the first time a lovely scene
 Earth saw, and smiled,—
 A gentle form with pallid mien
 Bending o'er a new-born child:
 The pang, the anguish, and the wo
 That speech hath never told,
 Fled, as the sun with noontide glow
 Dissolves the snow-wreath cold,
 Leaving the bliss that none but mothers
 know;
 While he, the partner of her heaven-
 taught joy,
 Kneelt in adoring praise beside his beau-
 teous boy.

She, first of all our mortal race,
 Learn'd the ecstasy to trace
 The expanding form of infant grace
 From her own life-spring fed;
 To mark, each radiant hour,
 Heaven's sculpture still more perfect
 growing.
 More full of power;

The little foot's elastic tread,
 The rounded cheek, like rose-bud glow-
 ing,
 The fringed eye with gladness flowing,
 As the pure, blue fountains roll;
 And then those lispings sounds to hear,
 Unfolding to her thrilling ear
 The strange, mysterious, never-dying
 soul,
 And with delight intense
 To watch the angel-smile of sleeping
 innocence.

No more she mourn'd lost Eden's joy,
 Or wept her cherish'd flowers,
 In their primeval bowers
 By wrecking tempests riven;
 The thorn and thistle of the exile's lot
 She heeded not,
 So all-absorbing was her sweet employ
 To rear the incipient man,* the gift her
 God had given.

And when his boyhood bold
 A richer beauty caught,
 Her kindling glance of pleasure told
 The incense of her idol-thought:
 Not for the born of clay
 Is pride's exulting thrill,
 Dark herald of the downward way,
 And ominous of ill.
 Even his cradled brother's smile
 The haughty first-born jealously sur-
 vey'd,
 And envy mark'd the brow with hate
 and guile,
 In God's own image made.

At the still twilight hour,
 When saddest images have power,
 Musing Eve her fears exprest:—
 "He loves me not; no more with fond-
 ness free
 His clear eye looks on me;
 Dark passions rankle there, and moody
 hate
 Predicts some adverse fate.
 Ah! Is this he, whose waking eye,
 Whose faint, imploring cry,
 With new and unimagined rapture blest?
 Alas! alas! the throes his life hath
 brought,

*"I have gotten a man from the
 Lord" (Gen. iv: 1).

Were naught to this wild agony of thought
 That racks my boding breast."
 So mourn'd our mother, in her secret heart,
 With presage all too true;
 And often from the midnight dream would start,
 Her forehead bathed in dew;
 But say, what harp shall dare,
 Unless by hand immortal strung,
 What pencil touch the hue,
 Of that intense despair
 Her inmost soul that wrung!
 For Cain was wroth, and in the pastures green,
 Where Abel led his flock, mid waters cool and sheen,
 With fratricidal hand, that blameless shepherd slew.

Earth learn'd strong lessons in her morning prime,
 More strange than Chaos taught,
 When o'er contending elements the darkest veil was wrought;
 The poison of the tempter's glozing tongue,
 Man's disobedience and expulsion dire,
 The terror of the sword of fire
 At Eden's portal hung,
 Inferior creatures filled with savage hate,
 No more at peace, no more subordinate;
 Man's birth in agony, man's death by crime,
 The taste of life-blood, brother-spilt;
 But that red stain of guilt
 Sent through her inmost heart such sickening pain,
 That in her path o'er ether's plain
 She hid her head and mourn'd, amid the plancet-train.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY (1791-1865).

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

OH, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
 Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
 Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
 It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And, lo! Like a deer in the fright of the chase,
 With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
 He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod—
 A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!

All nature, to him, has been blasted and banned,
 And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
 And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
 For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
 And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
 And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
 When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
 Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
 For her tender caress and her innocent breath
 But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven,
 And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
 And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring:—
 Oh, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

WILLIAM KNOX (1788-1825).

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

"O YE that shudder at this awful strife,
 This wrestling agony of death and life,
 Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
 Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;
 Nature's infirmity alone you see;
 My chains are breaking; I shall soon be free:

Though firm in God the Spirit holds
 her trust;
 The Flesh is frail, and trembles into
 dust.
 Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the
 hour
 Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its
 power;
 The Tempter plies me with his direst
 art,
 I feel the Serpent coiling round my
 heart,
 He stirs the wound he once inflicted
 there,
 Instills the deadening poison of despair,
 Belies the truth of God's delaying
 grace,
 And bids me curse my Maker to His
 face.
 I will not curse Him, though His grace
 delay;
 I will not cease to trust Him, though
 He slay;
 Full on His promised mercy I rely,
 For God hath spoken—God who can-
 not lie.
 Thou of my faith, the Author and the
 end!
 Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
 The joy, that once thy presence gave,
 restore
 Ere I am summoned hence, and seen no
 more:
 Down to the dust returns this early
 frame,
 Receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it
 came;
 Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power
 to save,
 O let thy glory light me to the grave,
 That these, who witness my departing
 breath,
 May learn to triumph in the grasp of
 death."
 He closed his eyelids with a tranquil
 smile,
 And seemed to rest in silent prayer
 awhile;
 Around his couch with filial awe we
 kneeled,
 When suddenly a light from heaven
 revealed
 A Spirit that stood within the unopen'd
 door;—
 The sword of God in his right hand
 he bore:

His countenance was lightning, and his
 vest
 Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's
 crest;
 Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
 His presence stilled the fury of the
 storm;
 At once the winds retire, the waters
 cease:
 His look was love, his salutation
 "Peace!"
 Our mother first beheld him, sore
 amazed,
 But terror grew to transport, while she
 gazed:—
 "'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who
 drove
 Our banished feet from Eden's happy
 grove;
 Adam, my life, my spouse, awake!" she
 cried;
 "Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
 O let me follow!" In this dear embrace
 She sunk; and on his bosom hid her
 face.
 Adam looked up; his visage changed
 its hue,
 Transformed into an angel's at the
 view;
 "I come!" he cried, with faith's full
 triumph fired,
 And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
 The light was vanished, and the vision
 fled;
 We stood alone, the living with the
 dead;
 The ruddy embers, glimmering round
 the room,
 Displayed the corpse amidst the solemn
 gloom;
 But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
 The gate of heaven had opened there,
 and closed.
 Eve's faithful arm still clasped her life-
 less spouse;
 Gently I shook it, from her trance to
 rouse;
 She gave no answer; motionless and
 cold,
 It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;
 Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey,
 That hid her cheek; her soul had
 passed away;
 A beauteous corpse, she graced her
 partner's side,

16 THE DEATH OF ADAM—THE SONG OF LAMECH.

Love bound their lives, and death could
not divide.
Trembling astonishment of grief we
felt,
Till nature's sympathies began to melt;
We wept in stillness through the long,
dark night:
And O how welcome was the morning
light!

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

'T was Adam at the gates of Paradise;
Sick with the world's first sickness,
prostrate, pale,
Low lay he, in his pain. And they made
wail
That stood by him: "O father, dim
your eyes
And filmed; they cannot see the dread-
ful skies.
Across the heavens black cloud-wings
reach and sail,
And prowling shadow crouches in the
vale.
What burden, father, on the hurt earth
lies?"
"I hunger, wife and children, for the
bough
Whereof I ate: Go thou, swift-footed
Seth,
And pluck from that sweet tree."—
With eyes mist-dim
He looked on it. "Nay, wife, nay,
children, now
Is here the one He spake of to me,—
Death;
With hollow voice he bids me follow
him."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY (1848-).

THE SONG OF LAMECH.

HEARKEN to me, ye mothers of my tent:
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my
speech:
Adah, let Jubal hither lead his goats:
And Tubal Cain, O Zillah, hush the
forge;
Naamah her wheel shall ply beside, and
thou,
My Jubal, touch, before I speak, the
string.
Hear ye my voice, beloved of my tent,
Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my
speech.

For Eve made answer, Cain, my son,
my own,
O, if I cursed thee, O my child, I
sinned,
And He that heard me, heard, and said
me nay:
My first, my only one, thou shalt not
go;—
And Adam answered also, Cain, my
son,
He that is gone forgiveth, we forgive:
Rob not thy mother of two sons at
once;
My child, abide with us and comfort us.

Hear ye my voice; Adah and Zillah,
hear;
Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my
speech.
For Cain replied not. But, an hour
more, sat
Where the night through he sat; his
knit brows seen,
Scarce seen, amid the foldings of his
limbs.
But when the sun was bright upon the
field,
To Adam still, and Eve still waiting by,
And weeping, lift he up his voice and
spake.

Cain said, The sun is risen upon the
earth;
The day demands my going, and I go.
As you from Paradise, so I from you:
As you to exile, into exile I:
My father and my mother, I depart.
As betwixt you and Paradise of old,
So betwixt me, my parents, now, and
you,
Cherubim I discern, and in their hand
A flaming sword that turneth every
way,
To keep the way of my one tree of life,
The way my spirit yearns to, of my
love.
Yet not, O Adam and O Eve, fear not.
For He that asked me, Where is Abel?
He
Who called me cursèd from the earth,
and said
A fugitive and vagabond thou art,
He also said, when fear had slain my
soul,
There shall not touch thee man nor
beast. Fear not.

Lo, I have spoke with God, and He
hath said,
Fear not;—so let me go as He hath
said,
Cain also said (O Jubal, touch thy
string),—
Moreover, in the darkness of my mind,
When the night's night of misery was
most black,
A little star came twinkling up within,
And in myself I had a guide that led,
And in myself had knowledge of a soul.
Fear not, O Adam and O Eve: I go.

Children of Lamech, listen to my
speech.

For when the years were multiplied,
and Cain
Eastward of Eden, in this land of Nod,
Had sons, and sons of sons, and sons
of them,
Enoch and Irad and Mehujael
(My father, and my children's grand-
sire he),
It came to pass that Cain, who dwelt
alone,
Met Adam, at the nightfall, in the field:
Who fell upon his neck, and wept, and
said,
My son, has not God spoken to thee,
Cain?
And Cain replied, when weeping loosed
his voice,
My dreams are double, O my father,
good
And evil. Terror to my soul by night,
And agony by day, when Abel stands
A dead, black shade, and speaks not,
neither looks,
Nor makes me any answer when I cry—
Curse me, but let me know thou art
alive.
But comfort also, like a whisper, comes,
In visions of a deeper sleep, when he,
Abel, as him we knew, yours once and
mine,
Comes with a free forgiveness in his
face,
Seeming to speak, solicitous for words,
And wearing ere he go the old, first
look
Of unsuspecting, unforeboding love.
Three nights ago I saw him thus,
my Sire.

Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my
speech.

For Adam said, Three nights ago to me
Came Abel, in my sleep, as thou hast
said,
And spake, and bade,—Arise, my
father, go
Where in the land of exile dwells thy
son;
Say to my brother, Abel bids thee come,
Abel would have thee; and lay thou
thy hand,
My father, on his head, that he may
come;
Am I not weary, father, for this hour?

Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah,
hear;
Children of Lamech, listen to my
speech:
And son of Zillah, sound thy solemn
string.

For Adam laid upon the head of Cain
His hand, and Cain bowed down, and
slept, and died.
And a deep sleep on Adam also fell,
And in his slumber's deepest, he beheld,
Standing before the gate of Paradise,
With Abel, hand in hand, our father,
Cain.

Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah,
hear;
Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my
speech.

Though to his wounding he did slay a
man,
Yea, and a young man to his hurt he
slew,
Fear not, ye wives, nor sons of Lamech
fear:
If unto Cain was safety given and rest,
Shall Lamech surely and his people
die?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861).

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace
bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;

And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet
showers,

As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handi-
work!"

Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield
them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel
blade,

As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and
strong,

Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree.

And they sang—"Hurrah for Tubal
Cain

Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the
fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun;

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:

He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood
they shed,

In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—"Alas, that ever I made,

Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men
whose joy

Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;

And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for
work,

While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handi-
work!"

And the red sparks lit the air;

"Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made,"

And he fashioned the first plough-
share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear
on the wall,

And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!

Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the
plough,

We'll not forget the sword."

CHARLES MACKAY (1814-1889).

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's
land

He wandered eastward, seeking some
far strand

Ruled by kind gods who asked no
offerings

Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic
things,

To feed the subtler sense of frames
divine

That lived on fragrance for their food
and wine:

Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults
and folly,

And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods
were;

He looked within, and saw them mir-
rored there.

Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,

His staff he planted where sweet waters
ran,

And in that home of Cain the Arts
began.

Man's life was spacious in the early
world:

It paused, like some slow ship with
sail unfurled

Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet
curled;

Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,

And grew from strength to strength
through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant
limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet
birds' marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of
Death

Save him, the founder; and it was his
faith

That here, away from harsh Jehovah's
law,

Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six
hundred years,

But dark as pines that autumn never
sears

His locks thronged backward as he ran;
his frame

Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the
same,

Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that
red brand,

The scorching impress of Jehovah's
hand,

Was still clear-edged to his unwearied
eye,

Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not
know

That the red life from out a man may
flow

When smitten by his brother." True,
his race

Bore each one stamped upon his new-
born face

A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy
dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse thrive,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other
strove;

For clearest springs were plenteous in
the land,

And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits
sought the hand,

Bending the laden boughs with fragrant
gold;

And for their roofs and garments
wealth untold

Lay everywhere in grasses and broad
leaves:

They labored gently, as a maid who
weaves

Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her hand the tresses
soft,

Then peeps to watch the poisèd butter-
fly,

Or little burthened ants that homeward
hie.

Time was but leisure to their lingering
thought,

There was no need for haste to finish
aught;

But sweet beginnings were repeated
still

Like infant babblings that no task
fulfil;

For love, that loved not change, con-
strained the simple will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his
fairest boy.

And tried to wake him with the tender-
est cries,

And fetched and held before the glazed
eyes

The things they best had loved to look
upon;

But never glance or smile or sigh he
won.

The generations stood around those
twain

Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, "He will not
wake;

This is the endless sleep, and we must
make

A bed deep down for him beneath the
sod;

For know, my sons, there is a mighty
God

Angry with all man's race, but most
with me.

I fled from out His land in vain!—'tis
He

Who came and slew the lad, for He has
found

This home of ours, and we shall all be
bound

By the harsh bands of His most cruel
will,

Which any moment may some dear one
kill.

Nay, though we live for countless
moons, at last

We and all ours shall die like summers
past.

This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
 I thought the way I traveled was too
 long
 For Him to follow me: my thought
 was vain!
 He walks unseen, but leaves a track of
 pain,
 Pale Death His footprint is, and He
 will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came
 o'er
 The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no
 more,
 But even the sunshine had a heart of
 care,
 Smiling with hidden dread—a mother
 fair
 Who folding to her breast a dying child
 Beams with feigned joy that but makes
 sadness mild.
 Death was now lord of Life, and at his
 word
 Time, vague as air before, new terrors
 stirred,
 With measured wing now audibly arose
 Throbbing through all things to some
 unknown close.
 Now glad Content by clutching Haste
 was torn,
 And Work grew eager, and Device was
 born.
 It seemed the light was never loved
 before,
 Now each man said, "'Twill go and
 come no more."
 No budding branch, no pebble from the
 brook,
 No form, no shadow, but new dearness
 took
 From the one thought that life must
 have an end;
 And the last parting now began to send
 Diffusive dread through love and
 wedded bliss,
 Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
 Then Memory disclosed her face divine.
 That like the calm nocturnal lights doth
 shine
 Within the soul, and shows the sacred
 graves,
 And shows the presence that no sun-
 light craves,
 No space, no warmth, but moves among
 them all;

Gone and yet here, and coming at each
 call,
 With ready voice and eyes that under-
 stand,
 And lips that ask a kiss, and dear
 responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-
 watered seed
 Of various life and action-shaping need.
 But chief the sons of Lamech felt the
 stings
 Of new ambition, and the force that
 springs
 In passion beating on the shores of fate.
 They said, "There comes a night when
 all too late
 The mind shall long to prompt the
 achieving hand,
 The eager thought behind closed portals
 stand,
 And the last wishes to the mute lips
 press
 Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
 Then while the soul its way with sound
 can cleave,
 And while the arm is strong to strike
 and heave,
 Let soul and arm give shape that will
 abide
 And rule above our graves, and power
 divide
 With that great god of day, whose rays
 must bend
 As we shall make the moving shadows
 tend.
 Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
 When we shall lie in darkness silently.
 As our young brother doth, whom yet
 we see
 Fallen and slain, but reigning in our
 will
 By that one image of him pale and
 still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their
 race:
 Jubal, the eldest, bore upon his face
 The look of that calm river-god, the
 Nile,
 Mildly secure in power that needs not
 guile.
 But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
 That glows and spreads and leaps from
 high to higher
 Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;

Strong as a storm he lifted or o'er-threw,
 His urgent limbs like granite bowlders grew,
 Such bowlders as the plunging torrent wears
 And roaring rolls around through countless years.
 But strength that still on movement must be fed,
 Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
 And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
 For force that he could conquer if he strove,
 For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfill
 And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
 Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
 Fashioned to finer senses, which became
 A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
 Some outward touch complete on inner springs,
 That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
 A want that did but stronger grow with gain
 Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
 For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.
 Now Jabel learned to tame the lowing kine,
 And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
 That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
 Of elemental life with fulness teem;
 The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
 And sheltered them, till all the little band
 Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
 Whence he would come with store at close of day.
 He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone,
 And reared their staggering lambs, that, older grown,
 Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
 Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be,

And guide them through the pastures as he would,
 With sway that grew from ministry of good.
 He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
 Which, eastward widening like the open main,
 Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
 Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
 Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
 Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
 Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
 The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
 Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
 He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
 And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
 Till the small race with hope and terror clung
 About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
 Remoter from the memories of the wood,
 More glad discerned their common home with man.
 This was the work of Jabel: he began
 The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
 Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
 O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
 And shared his pain with patient help-fulness.
 But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
 Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
 And made it roar in prisoned servitude
 Within the furnace, till with force subdued
 It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
 Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
 The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
 And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood

Shaped as his hand had chosen, while
 the mass
 That from his hold, dark, obstinate,
 would pass,
 He drew all glowing from the busy
 heat,
 All breathing as with life that he could
 beat
 With thundering hammer, making it
 obey
 His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
 Each day he wrought and better than
 he planned,
 Shape breeding shape beneath his rest-
 less hand.
 (The soul without still helps the soul
 within,
 And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
 Nay, in his dreams his hammer he
 would wield
 And seem to see a myriad types re-
 vealed,
 Then spring with wondering triumphant
 cry,
 And, lest the inspiring vision should
 go by,
 Would rush to labor with that plastic
 zeal
 Which all the passion of our life can
 steal
 For force to work with. Each day saw
 the birth
 Of various forms, which, flung upon
 the earth,
 Seemed harmless toys to cheat the
 exacting hour,
 But were as seeds instinct with hidden
 power.
 The axe, the club, the spikèd wheel, the
 chain,
 Held silently the shrieks and moans of
 pain;
 And near them latent lay in share and
 spade,
 In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-
 curved blade,
 Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-
 home,
 The social good, and all earth's joy to
 come.
 Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal;
 and they say,
 Some things he made have lasted to
 this day;
 As, thirty silver pieces that were found

By Noah's children buried in the
 ground.
 He made them from mere hunger of
 device,
 Those small white discs; but they be-
 came the price
 The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
 And men still handling them in peace
 and war
 Catch foul disease, that comes as ap-
 petite,
 And lurks and clings as withering,
 damning blight.
 But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
 Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
 Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
 Banished from action and act-shaping
 thought.
 He was the sire of swift-transforming
 skill,
 Which arms for conquest man's am-
 bitious will;
 And round him gladly, as his hammer
 rung,
 Gathered the elders and the grōwing
 young:
 These handled vaguely, and those plied
 the tools,
 Till, happy chance begetting conscious
 rules,
 The home of Cain with industry was
 rife,
 And glimpses of a strong persistent life.
 Panting through generations as one
 breath,
 And filling with its soul the blank of
 death.
 Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his
 eyes,
 No longer following its fall or rise,
 Seemed glad with something that they
 could not see,
 But only listened to—some melody,
 Wherein dumb longings inward speech
 had found,
 Won from the common store of strug-
 gling sound.
 Then, as the metal shapes more various
 grew,
 And, hurled upon each other, resonance
 drew,
 Each gave new tones, the revelations
 dim
 Of some external soul that spoke for
 him:

The hollow vessel's clang, the clasp,
the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual
room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless
thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought,
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching
thence
Concords and discords, cadences and
cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded
soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some
mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds
of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and
glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers
bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listen-
ing,
And heard the birds their little stories
sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem
melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that
can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-
winding night,
And without thought raise thought's
best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again
and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken
word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued
want,
Insistent first in close monotonous
chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute
hand;
The mother's call, the children's an-
swering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling
from on high;
The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward
brought:
The clear-winged fugue of echoes van-
ishing;

And through them all the hammer's
rhythmic ring.
Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed
to him:
For as the delicate stream of odor
wakes
The thought-wed sentence, and some
image makes
From out the mingled fragments of the
past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will
last,
So streamed as from the body of each
sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth,
which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers
unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from
memory.
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms
upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he
gazed,
As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw: the presence
fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high
task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and
breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in
death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones
and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail
heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things
that are,
Those sounds which vary with the
varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless
swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were
these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common
speech,
But might flame out in tones whose
changing reach

Surpassing meagre need, informs the
 sense
 With fuller union, finer difference—
 Were this great vision, now obscurely
 bright
 As morning hills that melt in new-
 poured light,
 Wrought into solid form and living
 sound,
 Moving with ordered throb and sure
 rebound,
 Then— Nay, I Jubal will that work
 begin!
 The generations of our race shall win
 New life, that grows from out the heart
 of this,
 As spring from winter, or as lovers'
 bliss
 From out the dull unknown of unwoke
 energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed
 light
 Of coming ages waited through the
 night,
 Watching for that near dawn whose
 chiller ray
 Showed but the unchanged world of
 yesterday;
 Where all the order of his dream divine
 Lay like Olympian forms within the
 mine;
 Where fervor that could fill the earthly
 round
 With thronged joys of form-begotten
 sound
 Must shrink intense within the patient
 power
 That lonely labors through the niggard
 hour.
 Such patience have the heroes who
 begin,
 Sailing the first towards lands which
 others win.
 Jubal must dare as great beginners
 dare,
 Strike form's first way in matter rude
 and bare,
 And, yearning vaguely towards the
 plenteous choir
 Of the world's harvest, make one poor
 small lyre.
 He made it, and from out its measured
 frame
 Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers
 came

With guidance sweet and lessons of
 delight
 Teaching to ear and hand the blissful
 Right,
 Where strictest law is gladness to the
 sense,
 And all desire bends toward obedience.
 Then Jubal poured his triumph in a
 song—
 The rapturous word that rapturous
 notes prolong
 As radiance streams from smallest
 things that burn,
 Or thought of loving into love doth
 turn.
 And still his lyre gave companionship
 In sense-taught concert as of lip with
 lip.
 Alone amid the hills at first he tried
 His winged song; then with adoring
 pride
 And bridegroom's joy at leading forth
 his bride,
 He said, "This wonder which my soul
 hath found,
 This heart of music in the might of
 sound,
 Shall forthwith be the share of all our
 race,
 And like the morning gladden common
 space:
 The song shall spread and swell as
 rivers do,
 And I will teach our youth with skill
 to woo
 This living lyre, to know its secret will.
 Its fine division of the good and ill.
 So shall men call me sire of harmony,
 And where great Song is, there my life
 shall be."
 Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
 Forth from his solitary joy he went
 To bless mankind. It was at evening,
 When shadows lengthen from each
 westward thing,
 When imminence of change makes
 sense more fine,
 And light seems holier in its grand
 decline.
 The fruit-trees wore their studded
 coronal,
 Earth and her children were at festival,
 Glowing as with one heart and one
 consent—
 Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet
 warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the
 ground,
 The various ages wreathed in one broad
 round.
 Here lay, while children peeped o'er his
 huge thighs,
 The sinewy man imbrowned by cen-
 turies;
 Here the broad-bosomed mother of the
 strong
 Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the
 throng
 Of young lithe forms whose rest was
 movement too—
 Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that
 lightly flew,
 And swayings as of flower-beds where
 Love blew.
 For all had feasted well upon the flesh
 Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey
 fresh,
 And now their wine was health-bred
 merriment,
 Which through the generations circling
 went,
 Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
 Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
 Jubal sat circled with a playful ring
 Of children, lambs and whelps, whose
 gambolling,
 With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and
 dimpled feet,
 Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty
 hubbub meet.
 But Tubal's hammer rang from far
 away,
 Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
 His furnace must not slack for any
 feast,
 For of all hardship, work he counted
 least;
 He scorned all rest but sleep, where
 every dream
 Made his repose more potent action
 seem.
 Yet with health's nectar some strange
 thirst was blent,
 The fateful growth, the unnamed dis-
 content,
 The inward shaping toward some un-
 born power,
 Some deeper-breathing act, the being's
 flower.
 After all gestures, words, and speech
 of eyes,

The soul had more to tell, and broke in
 sighs.
 Then from the east, with glory on his
 head
 Such as low-slanting beams on corn-
 waves spread,
 Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid
 the throng,
 Where the blank space was, poured a
 solemn song,
 Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
 And measured pulse, with cadences that
 sob,
 Exult and cry, and search the inmost
 deep
 Where the dark sources of new passion
 sleep.
 Joy took the air, and took each breath-
 ing soul,
 Embracing them in one entranced
 whole,
 Yet thrilled each varying frame to
 various ends,
 As Spring new-waking through the
 creature sends
 Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous
 life
 Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer
 strife.
 He who had lived through twice three
 centuries,
 Whose months monotonous, like trees
 on trees
 In hoary forests, stretched a backward
 maze,
 Dreamed himself dimly through the
 travelled days
 Till in clear light he paused, and felt
 the sun
 That warmed him when he was a little
 one;
 Knew that true heaven, the recovered
 past,
 The dear small Known amid the Un-
 known vast,
 And in that heaven wept. But younger
 limbs
 Thrilled toward the future, that bright
 land which swims
 In western glory, isles and streams and
 bays,
 Where hidden pleasures float in golden
 haze.
 And in all these the rhythmic influence,
 Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted
 sense,

Flowed out in movements, little waves
 that spread
 Enlarging, till in tidal union led
 The youths and maidens both alike
 long-tressed,
 By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
 Rose in slow dance, with beauteous
 floating swerve
 Of limbs and hair, and many a melting
 curve
 Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-
 linked palm:
 Then Jubal poured more rapture in his
 psalm,
 The dance fired music, music fired the
 dance,
 The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
 Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
 With glad yet awful shock of that
 mysterious good.
 Even Tubal caught the sound, and won-
 dering came,
 Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt
 flame
 Till he could see his brother with the
 lyre,
 The work for which he lent his furnace-
 fire
 And diligent hammer, witting nought of
 this—
 This power in metal shape which made
 strange bliss,
 Entering within him like a dream full-
 fraught
 With new creations finished in a
 thought.

 The sun had sunk, but music still was
 there,
 And when this ceased, still triumph
 filled the air:
 It seemed the stars were shining with
 delight
 And that no night was ever like this
 night.
 All clung with praise to Jubal: some
 besought
 That he would teach them his new
 skill: some caught,
 Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks
 that meet,
 The tone's melodic change and rhythmic
 beat:
 'Twas easy following where invention
 trod—
 All eyes can see when light flows out
 from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
 Music, their larger soul, where woe and
 weal
 Filling the resonant chords, the song,
 the dance,
 Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
 Now many a lyre was fashioned, many
 a song
 Raised echoes new, old echoes to pro-
 long,
 Till things of Jubal's making were so
 rife,
 "Hearing myself," he said, "hems in
 my life,
 And I will get me to some far-off land,
 Where higher mountains under heaven
 stand
 And touch the blue at rising of the
 stars,
 Whose song they hear where no rough
 mingling mars
 The great clear voices. Such lands
 there must be,
 Where varying forms make varying
 symphony—
 Where other thunders roll amid the
 hills,
 Some mightier wind a mightier forest
 fills
 With other strains through other-
 shapen boughs;
 Where bees and birds and beasts that
 hunt or browse
 Will teach me songs I know not.
 Listening there,
 My life shall grow like trees both tall
 and fair
 That rise and spread and bloom toward
 fuller fruit each year."

 He took a raft, and travelled with the
 stream
 Southward for many a league, till he
 might deem
 He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
 Beholding mountains whose white
 majesty
 Rushed through him as new awe, and
 made new song
 That swept with fuller wave the chords
 along.
 Weighting his voice with deep religious
 chime,
 The iteration of slow chant sublime.

 It was the region long inhabited
 By all the race of Seth; and Jubal said,

"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous goud.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose, the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main
Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break

For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry, 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free

His homeward steps from clinging
 hands and cries,
 The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant
 eyes
 No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's
 son,
 That mortal frame wherein was first
 begun
 The immortal life of song. His
 withered brow
 Pressed over eyes that held no lightning
 now,
 His locks streamed whiteness on the
 hurrying air,
 The unresting soul had worn itself
 quite bare
 Of beauteous token, as the outworn
 might
 Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's
 light.
 His full deep voice toward thinnest
 treble ran:
 He was the rune-writ story of a man.
 And so at last he neared the well-known
 land,
 Could see the hills in ancient order
 stand
 With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
 Looked through the sunshine of his
 childish days;
 Knew the deep-shadowed folds of
 hanging woods,
 And seemed to see the selfsame insect
 broods
 Whirling and quivering o'er the
 flowers—to hear
 The selfsame cuckoo making distance
 near.
 Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's
 constancy,
 Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou
 art he!
 This was thy cradle, here my breast was
 thine,
 Where feeding, thou didst all thy life
 intwine
 With my sky-wedded life in heritage
 divine."
 But wending ever through the watered
 plain,
 Firm not to rest save in the home of
 Cain,
 He saw dread Change, with dubious
 face and cold
 That never kept a welcome for the old,

Like some strange heir upon the hearth,
 arise
 Saying, "This home is mine." He
 thought his eyes
 Mocked all deep memories, as things
 new made,
 Usurping sense, make old things shrink
 and fade
 And seem ashamed to meet the staring
 day.
 His memory saw a small foot-trodden
 way,
 His eyes a broad far-stretching paven
 road
 Bordered with many a tomb and fair
 abode;
 The little city that once nestled low
 As buzzing groups about some central
 glow,
 Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er
 plain and steep,
 Or monster huge in heavy-breathing
 sleep.
 His heart grew faint, and tremblingly
 he sank
 Close by the wayside on a weed-grown
 bank,
 Not far from where a new-raised temple
 stood,
 Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought
 cedar-wood.
 The morning sun was high; his rays
 fell hot
 On this hap-chosen, dusty, common
 spot,
 On the dry, withered grass and withered
 man:
 That wondrous frame where melody
 began
 Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared
 to scan.
 But while he sank far music reached
 his ear.
 He listened until wonder silenced fear,
 And gladness wonder; for the broad-
 ening stream
 Of sound advancing was his early
 dream,
 Brought like fulfilment of forgotten
 prayer;
 As if his soul, breathed out upon the
 air,
 Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
 Quick with the various strains of life
 to be.
 He listened: the sweet mingled differ-
 ence

With charm alternate took the meeting
 sense;
 Then bursting like some shield-broad
 lily red,
 Sudden and near the trumpet's notes
 out-spread,
 And soon his eyes could see the metal
 flower,
 Shining upturned, out on the morning
 pour
 Its incense audible; could see a train
 From out the street slow-winding on
 the plain
 With lyres and cymbals, flutes and
 psalteries,
 While men, youths, maids, in concert
 sang to these
 With various throat, or in succession
 poured,
 Or in full volume mingled. But one
 word
 Ruled each recurrent rise and answering
 fall,
 As when the multitudes adoring call
 On some great name divine, their com-
 mon soul,
 The common need, love, joy, that knits
 them in one whole.
 The word was "Jubal!" . . . "Jubal"
 filled the air,
 And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
 Creator of the choir, the full-fraught
 strain
 That grateful rolled itself to him again.
 The aged man adust upon the bank—
 Whom no eye saw—at first with rapture
 drank
 The bliss of music, then, with swelling
 heart,
 Felt, this was his own being's greater
 part.
 The universal joy once born in him.
 But when the train, with living face and
 limb
 And vocal breath, came nearer and more
 near,
 The longing grew that they should hold
 him dear;
 Him, Lamech's son, whom all their
 fathers knew,
 The breathing Jubal—him, to whom
 their love was due.
 All was forgotten but the burning need
 To claim his fuller self, to claim the
 deed
 That lived away from him, and grew
 apart,

While he as from a tomb, with lonely
 heart,
 Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand
 that pressed,
 Lay chill amid the life his life had
 blessed.
 What though his song should spread
 from man's small race
 Out through the myriad worlds that
 people space,
 And make the heavens one joy-diffusing
 choir?—
 Still 'mid that vast would throb the
 keen desire
 Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
 This twilight soon in darkness to sub-
 side,
 This little pulse of self, that, having
 glowed
 Through thrice three centuries, and
 divinely strewed
 The light of music through the vague
 of sound,
 Ached smallness still in good that had
 no bound.
 For no eye saw him, while with loving
 pride
 Each voice with each in praise of Jubal
 vied.
 Must he in conscious trance, dumb,
 helpless lie
 While all that ardent kindred passed
 him by?
 His flesh cried out to live with living
 men,
 And join that soul which to the inward
 ken
 Of all the hymning train was present
 there.
 Strong passion's daring sees not aught
 to dare:
 The frost-locked starkness of his frame
 low-bent.
 His voice's penury of tones long spent,
 He felt not; all his being leaped in
 flame
 To meet his kindred as they onward
 came
 Slackening and wheeling toward the
 temple's face:
 He rushed before them to the glittering
 space,
 And, with a strength that was but
 strong desire,
 Cried, "I am Jubal, I . . . I made
 the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a
land

To listening crowds in expectation
spanned.

Sudden came showers of laughter on
that lake;

They spread along the train from front
to wake

In one great storm of merriment, while
he

Shrank doubting whether he could
Jubal be,

And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich
vein

Of passionate music came with that
dream-pain,

Wherein the sense slips off from each
loved thing,

And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the
rear,

Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's
faith

For glorious power untouched by that
slow death

Which creeps with creeping time; this
too, the spot,

And this the day, it must be crime to
blot,

Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with
mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most
devout

In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas
little need;

He strove not, cried not, but with tot-
tering speed,

As if the scorn and howls were driving
wind

That urged his body, serving so the
mind

Which could but shrink and yearn, he
sought the screen

Of thorny thickets, and there fell un-
seen.

The immortal name of Jubal filled the
sky.

While Jubal lonely laid him down to
die.

He said within his soul, "This is the
end:

O'er all the earth to where the heavens
bend

And hem men's travel, I have breathed
my soul:

I lie here now the remnant of that
whole,

The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,

So of my mighty years nought comes
to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness
springs

From something round me: dewy shad-
owy wings

Enclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of
love,

Fair as sweet music when my heart was
strong:

Yea—art thou come again to me, great
Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers; that calm
light

Of days which shine in firmaments of
thought,

That past unchangeable, from change
still wrought.

And there were tones that with the
vision blent:

He knew not if that gaze the music
sent,

Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to
see,

Was but one undivided ecstasy:
The raptured senses melted into one,

And parting life a moment's freedom
won

From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens
mild

Down in the water, and forgets its
limbs,

And knoweth nought save the blue
heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved
Past,

The soul that makes thee one from
first to last.

I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last
breath.

Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's be-
side?

Thy bride whom thou wouldst never
change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's
sake?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beau-
teous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy
frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still
the same?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else
from any god—
Whether with gleaming feet on earth
he trod
Or thundered through the skies—ought
else for share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to
bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet
unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy con-
scious breast?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all
its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent; for thy
fate
Was human music's self incorporate:
Thy senses' keenness and thy passion-
ate strife
Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb
of life.
And greatly hast thou lived, for not
alone
With hidden raptures were her secrets
shown,
Buried within thee, as the purple light
Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
But thy expanding joy was still to give,
And with the generous air in song to
live
Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
Where fellowship means equal perfect-
ness.
And on the mountains in thy wandering
Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed
spring,
That turns the leafless wood to love's
glad home,
For with thy coming Melody was come
This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know
From which the fleshly self falls shriv-
eled, dead,
A seed primeval that has forests bred.

It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left, that makes thy out-
cast age:
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on
this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a
god,
Who found and gave new passion and
new joy
That nought but Earth's destruction can
destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men
alone:
'Twas but in giving that thou couldst
atone
For too much wealth amid their pov-
erty."

The words seemed melting into sym-
phony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing
song
Was floating him the heavenly space
along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-
off bell,
Till, over onward through the choral
blue,
He heard more faintly and more faint-
ly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-
wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.
GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880).

THE TRANSLATION OF THE PATRIARCH.

(Genesis v: 24.)

No tombstone saw they there,
No sepulchre's pallid gleam;
But a quiver went through the blue
bright air,
Like a thrill of a glorious dream.
And the stately palm trees bowed,
By old Euphrates' tide;
And the deep sky glowed, like a burn-
ing cloud,
Or a spirit glorified,
When the good old Patriarch's foot-
steps trod
The sapphire pavements, that lead to
God.
Where was he, when the gates
Of Heaven were opened wide?

32 TRANSLATION OF ENOCH—ENOCH THE IMMORTAL.

Praying alone, like one that waits,
By Tigris' sacred tide.
Or by some lonely shore,
Where the hollow echo dwells,
And sounding sea beats evermore,
'Mid rocks and strange bright shells?
Or chanting God's praises, with happy
cheer,

When the songs of the angels broke on
his ear?

And the gray Chaldean plains
With a golden radiance shone,
As Earth caught full the light that
reigns

Beside the Eternal Throne.
Far off, and low, she heard
The flow of Life's bright stream,
And the music of strange sweet melo-
dies

That haunt her like a dream;
And only God's angels, with solemn eye,
Saw the glorious pageant passing by.
And still the rocks frown high,
Amid the shadows, lone—
But their echoes nevermore reply,
To the sweet angelic tone;
And an awful mystery fills
That land of unknown graves,
And ever thrills the solemn hills
That guard Euphrates' waves;
But the word of God, through ages dim,
Reveals how ENOCH went home to
Him.

LUCY A. RANDALL.

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

(Genesis v: 24.)

THOUGH proudly through the vaulted
sky

Was borne Elisha's sire,
And dazzling unto mortal eye
His car and steeds of fire:

To me as glorious seems the change
Accorded to thy worth;
As instantaneous and as strange
Thy exit from this earth.

Something which makes a deeper thrill
These few brief words unfold,
Than all description's proudest skill
Could of that hour have told.

Fancy's keen eye may trace the course
Elijah held on high:

The car of flame, each fiery horse,
Her visions may supply;—

But thy transition mocks each dream
Framed by her wildest power,
Nor can her mastery supreme
Conceive thy parting hour.

Were angels, with expanded wings,
As guides and guardians given?
Or did sweet sounds from Seraph's
strings
Waft thee from earth to heaven?

'Twere vain to ask: we know but this—
Thy path from grief and time
Unto eternity and bliss,
Mysterious and sublime!

With God thou walkedst, and wast not;
And thought and fancy fail
Further than this to paint thy lot,
Or tell thy wondrous tale.

BERNARD BARTON (1784-1849).

ENOCH THE IMMORTAL.

I SOMETIMES turn me from the page of
glory,
The tales of heroes and the paths they
trod,
And think upon him, of whose lifelong
story
Is simply told us that he walked with
God.

No record of his fame, if to him bend-
ing
Men crowned with homage all his
length of days;
Or, humble and unknown, to his life's
ending,
He walked with God, and could fore-
go Man's praise.

No record of his wealth, if little earn-
ing,
Or if the flocks on all the hills were
his;
He walked with God, and to Him daily
turning
For daily need, was heir to all that is.

We do not know what were the dreams
he cherished,
What fond affections round his heart
did cling,

How oft his hopes along the wayside
perished;
He walked with God, and lacked for
no good thing.

We do not know what bitterness op-
pressed him;
We do not know what secret tears he
shed;

We cannot know what griefs and ills
distressed him;
He walked with God and so was
comforted.

And what if joy or sorrow shall abide
thee;

If smooth or rugged ways thy feet
have trod?

What matter by what way His hand
shall guide thee,
So be it said of thee, "He walked
with God!"

ANONYMOUS.

METHUSELAH.

*"And all the days of Methuselah
were nine hundred sixty and nine
years—and he died."*—(Genesis)

AND was this all? He died! He who
did wait

The slow unfolding of centurial years,
And shake that burden from his heart,
which turns

Our temples white, and in his fresh-
ness stand

Till cedars mouldered, and firm rocks
grew gray—

Left he no trace upon the page inspired,
Save this one line—He died?

Perchance he stood

Till all who in his early shadow rose
Faded away, and he was left alone,

A sad, long-living, weary-hearted man,
To fear that Death, remembering all
beside,

Had sure forgotten him.

Perchance he roved

Exulting o'er the ever-verdant vales,
While Asia's sun burned fervid on his
brow;

Or 'neath some waving palm-tree sate
him down,

And in his mantling bosom nursed the
pride

That mocks the pale destroyer, and doth
think
To live for ever.

What majestic plans,
What mighty Babels, what sublime re-
solves,

Might in that time-defying bosom spring,
Mature, and ripen, and cast off their
fruits

For younger generations of bold thought
To wear their harvest diadem, while we,
In the poor hour-glass of our seventy
years,

Scarce see the buds of some few plants
of hopes,

Ere we are laid beside them, dust to
dust.

Yet whatsoe'er his lot, in that dim
age

Of mystery, when the unwrinkled world
had drank

No deluge-cup of bitterness, whate'er
Were earth's illusions to his dazzled eye,
Death found him out at last, and coldly
wrote,

With icy pen on life's protracted scroll,
Naught but this brief unflattering line—
He died.

Ye gay flower-gatherers on time's
crumbling brink,

This shall be said of you, howe'er ye
vaunt

Your long to-morrows in an endless
line—

Howe'er amid the gardens of your joy
Ye hide yourselves, and bid the pale

King pass,
This shall be said of you, at last—He
died;

Oh, add one sentence more—He lived to
God.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY (1791-1865).

FRAGMENT OF A POEM

ON THE

WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THERE came a spirit down at eventide
To the city of Enoch, and the terraced
height

Of Jared's palace. On his turret top
There Jared sate, the king, with lifted
face

And eyes intent on heaven, whose sober
light

Slept on his ample forehead, and the locks
 Of crisped silver, beautiful in age,
 And (but that pride had dimmed, and lust of war,
 Those reverend features with a darker shade),
 Of saintly seeming,—yet no saintly mood,
 No heavenward musing fixed that steadfast eye,
 God's enemy, and tyrant of mankind.
 To whom that demon herald, from the wing
 Alighting, spake: "Thus saith the prince of air,
 Whose star flames brightest in the van of night,
 Whom gods and heroes worship, all who sweep
 On sounding wing the arch of nether heaven,
 Or walk in mail the earth,—'Thy prayers are heard,
 And the rich fragrance of thy sacrifice Hath not been wafted on the winds in vain.
 Have I not seen thy child that she is fair?
 Give me thine Ada, thy beloved one, And she shall be my queen; and from her womb
 Shall giants spring to rule the seed of Cain,
 And sit on Jared's throne.'" Then Jared rose,
 And spread his hands before the Evil Power,
 And lifted up his voice and laughed for joy.
 "Say to my Lord, thus saith the king of men,—
 Thou art my god,—thy servant I,—my child
 Is as thine handmaid!—Nay, abide awhile,
 To taste the banquet of an earthly hall,
 And leave behind thy blessing." But, in mist,
 And like a vision from a wakened man,
 The cloudy messenger dissolved away,
 There melting where the moonbeam brightest fell.
 Then Jared turned, and from the turret top

Called on his daughter,—"Haste, my beautiful!
 Mine Ada, my beloved! Bind with flowers
 Thy coal-black hair, and heap the sacred pile
 With freshest odours, and provoke the dance
 With harp and gilded organ, for this night
 We have found favour in immortal eyes,
 And the great gods have blessed us."
 Thus he spake,
 Nor spake unheeded: in the ample hall
 His daughter heard, where, by the cedar fire,
 Amidst her maidens, o'er the ivory loom
 She passed the threads of gold. They hushed the song
 Which, wafted on the fragrant breeze of night,
 Swept o'er the city like the ringdove's call;
 And forth with all her damsels Ada came,
 As 'mid the stars the silver-mantled moon,
 In stature thus and form pre-eminent,
 Fairest of mortal maids. Her father saw
 That perfect comeliness, and his proud heart
 In purer bliss expanded. Long he gazed,
 Nor wonder deemed that such should win the love
 Of genius or of angel; such the cheek
 Glossy with purple youth, such the large eye,
 Whose broad black mirror, through its silken fringe,
 Glistened with softer brightness, as a star
 That nightly twinkles o'er a mountain well;
 Such the long locks, whose raven mantle fell
 Athwart her ivory shoulders, and o'er-spread
 Down to the heel her raiment's filmy fold.
 She, bending first in meekness, rose to meet
 Her sire's embrace, than him alone less tall,
 Whom, since primeval Cain, the sons of men

Beheld unrivalled; then, with rosy smile,
 "What seeks," she said, "my father?"

Why remain
 On thy lone tower, when from the odor-
 ous hearth

The sparkles rise within, and Ada's hand
 Hath decked thy banquet?" But the
 king replied,—

"O fairest, happiest, best of mortal
 maids!

My prayer is heard, and from yon west-
 ern star

Its lord hath looked upon thee: as I
 sate

Watching the heavens, a heavenly spirit
 came

From him whom chiefest of the host of
 heaven

Our fathers honoured,—whom we night-
 ly serve

(Since first Jehovah scorned such sac-
 rifice)

With frankincense and flowers and oil
 and corn,

Our bloodless offering; him whose se-
 cret strength

Hath girded us to war, and given the
 world

To bow beneath our sceptre. He hath
 seen

My child that she is fair, and from her
 womb

Shall giants spring to rule the seed of
 Cain,

And sit on Jared's throne. What, si-
 lent!—nay,

Kneel not to me; in loud thanksgiving
 kneel

To him whose choice—Now by the
 glorious stars

She weeps, she turns away! Unhappy
 child!

And lingers yet thy mother's boding lore
 So deeply in thy soul? Curse on the
 hour

That ever Jared bore a bride away
 From western Eden! Have I trained

thy youth

Untouched by mortal love, by mortal
 eyes

Seen and adored far off, and in the
 shrine

Of solemn majesty reserved a flower
 Of guarded Paradise, whom men should
 praise,

But angels only gather? Have I toiled

To swell thy greatness, till our brazen
 chain

From farthest Ararat to ocean's stream
 Hath bound the nations? And when all
 my vows

At length are crowned, and heav'n with
 earth conspires

To yield thee worship, dost thou then
 rebel,

And hate thy happiness? Bethink thee,
 maid,

Ere yet thine answer, not to be re-
 called,

Hath passed those ivory gates—bethink
 thee well.

Who shall recount the blessings which
 our gods

Have richly lavished on the seed of
 Cain?

And who, if stung by thine ingratitude,
 Can meet their vengeance?" Then the
 maiden rose,

And folding on her breast her ivory
 arms,

"Father," she said, "thou deem'st thy
 warrior gods

Are mighty,—One above is mightier:
 Name Him, thy tremble. Kind thou
 call'st them;

Lavish of blessings. Is that blessedness
 To sin with them? To hold a hideous
 rule,

Watered with widows' tears and blood
 of men,

O'er those who curse our name? Thy
 bands went forth,

And brought back captives from the
 palmy side

Of far Euphrates. One thou gavest me,
 A woman, for mine handmaid; I have
 heard

Her mournful songs as in the strangers'
 land

She wept and plied the loom. I ques-
 tioned her:

Oh, what a tale she told! And are they
 good,

The gods whose work these are? They
 are not good,—

And, if not good, not gods. But there
 is One,

I know, I feel, a good, a Holy One,
 The God who fills my heart, when with
 glad tears,

I think upon my mother; when I strive

To be like her, like her to soothe thy
 cares
 With perfect tenderness. O father, king,
 Most honoured, most beloved! Than Him
 alone
 Who gives us all less worshipped! At
 thy feet
 I lowly cast me down; I clasp thy
 knees,
 And, in her name who most of woman-
 kind
 Thy soul hath blessed, by whose bed of
 death
 In short-lived penitence thy sorrow
 vowed
 To serve her God alone,—forgive me
 now
 If I resemble her!" But in fierce wrath
 The king replied,—“And knowest thou
 not, weak girl,
 Thy God hath cast us off? Hath scorned
 of old
 Our fathers' offering, driven us from
 His face,
 And marked us for destruction? Can
 thy prayer
 Pierce through the curse of Cain—thy
 duty please
 That terrible One, whose angels are not
 free
 From sin before Him?” Then the
 maiden spake:
 “Alas! I know mine own unworthiness,
 Our hapless race I know. Yet God is
 good;
 Yet is He merciful: the sire of Cain
 Forgiveness found, and Cain himself,
 though steeped
 In brother's blood, had found it, if his
 pride
 Hath not disdained the needful sacri-
 fice,
 And turned to other masters. ONE shall
 be,
 In after times, my mother wont to tell,
 Whose blood shall help the guilt. When
 my soul
 Is sick to death, this comfort lingers
 here,
 This hope survives within me; for His
 sake,
 Whose name I know not, God will hear
 my prayer,
 And, though He slay me, I will trust in
 Him.”

Here Ada ceased, for from her father's
 eye
 The fire flashed fast, and on his curling
 lip
 The white foam trembled. “Gone,” he
 cried, “all gone!
 My heart's desire, the labour of my
 youth,
 Mine age's solace, gone! Degenerate
 child,
 Enemy of our gods, chief enemy
 To thine own glory? What forbids my
 foot
 To spurn thy life out, or this dreadful
 hand
 To cast thee from the tower of sacri-
 fice
 To those whom thou hast scorned? Ac-
 cursed be thou
 Of Him thou seekest in vain! Accursed
 He
 Whose hated worship hath enticed thy
 feet
 From the bright altars of the host of
 heaven!
 I curse Him—mark me well—I curse
 Him, Ada!
 And, lo! He smiteth not!” But Ada
 bowed
 Her head to earth, and hid her face,
 and wept
 In agony of prayer. “Yea,” cried the
 king,
 “Yea, let Him smite me now, for what
 hath life
 Left worth the keeping? Yet, I thank
 the stars,
 Vengeance may yet be mine! Look up
 and hear
 Thy monarch, not thy father! Till this
 hour
 I have spared thy mother's people; they
 have prayed
 And hymned, and have blasphemed the
 prince of air;
 And, as thou saigest, they have cursed
 my reign,
 And I have spared them! But no
 longer—no!
 Thyself hast lit the fire, nor Lucifer
 Shall longer tax my sword for tardy
 zeal,
 And thou shalt live to see it!” From
 his path
 He spurned his prostrate child, and
 groaning, wrapt

The mantle round his face, and passed
 away
 Unheard of her whom, stretched in
 seeming death,
 Her maidens tended. Oh that in this
 hour
 Her soul had fled indeed, nor waked
 again
 To keener suffering! Yet shall man re-
 fuse
 The bitter cup whose dregs are blessed-
 ness?
 Or shall we hate the friendly hand
 which guides
 To nobler triumph through severer woe?
 Thus Ada murmured, thus within her
 spake
 (In answer to such impious murmur-
 ings)
 A spirit not her own. Stretched on her
 couch
 She silent lay. The maidens had re-
 tired,
 Observant of her rest. Her nurse alone,
 Shaking and muttering with a parent's
 fear,
 Knelt by her side, and watched her
 painful breath,
 And the wild horror of her fixed eye,
 And longed to hear her voice. "Penin-
 nah! Thou!
 My mother, is it thou?" the princess
 cried;
 And that old woman kissed her feet
 and wept
 In rapturous fondness. "Oh, my child!
 My child!
 The blessing of thy mother's mighty
 God
 Rest on thine innocent head, and 'quite
 thy love
 For those kind accents. All, my lovely
 one,
 All may be well. Thy father dotes on
 thee;
 And, when his wrath is spent, his love,
 be sure,
 Will grant thee all thy will. Oh, lamps
 of heaven!
 Can ye behold her thus nor pity her?
 Is this your love, ye gods?"—"Name
 not the gods,"
 The princess cried, "the wretched gods
 of Cain:
 My mother's God be mine; they are no
 gods

Whose fleshly fancy doats on mortal
 clay,
 Whose love is ruin! Thinkest thou this
 night
 I have first withstood their tempting?—
 first have proved
 Their utter weakness?"—"Have the
 angels, then,
 Visited thee of old?" the nurse inquired,
 "Or hath thy father told thee of their
 love,
 And thou hast kept it from me?" As
 she spake,
 A bright and bitter glance of lofty scorn
 Shot from the virgin's eyes. A mantling
 blush
 Of hallowed courage darkened on her
 cheek;
 She waved her arm as one whose king-
 ly state
 Repels intrusion from his privacy,
 And answered, with a calm but painful
 smile:
 "They are beside us now! Nay, quake
 not thus,—
 I fear them not; yet they are terrible;
 But they are past—resist them and they
 flee,
 And all is peace again; yet have I
 groaned
 Beneath such visitation, till my faith
 In Him I serve hath almost passed
 away."
 With that she rose, and wrapt in silent
 thought,
 Gazed through the portal long,—then
 paced awhile
 The marble pavement, now from side
 to side
 Tossing her restless arms, now clasping
 close
 Her hands in supplication, lifting now
 Her eloquent eyes to heaven,—then
 sought again
 Her lowly couch, and, by the nurse's
 side,
 Resumed the wondrous tale. "O friend,"
 she cried,
 "And only mother now, yon silver moon
 Has twenty times renewed her course in
 heaven,
 Since, as my bosom o'er its girlish zone
 With painful tightness rose, I bade thee
 change
 The imprisoning cincture. Canst thou
 yet recall

Thy playful words of praise—thy
 prophecies
 Of one to loose ere long that golden
 clasp,
 A royal bridegroom? Strange to me,
 thy words
 Sunk in my soul, and busy fancy strove
 To picture forth that unknown visitant,
 His form and bearing. Musing thus,
 and lost
 In troubled contemplation, o'er my soul
 A heavy slumber fell; I sank not down:
 I saw, I heard, I moved; the spell was
 laid
 Within me, and from forth my secret
 heart
 A stranger's accents came: 'O blessed
 maid!
 Most beautiful, most honoured! Not for
 thee
 Be mortal marriage, nor the feeble love
 Of those whose beauty is a morning
 dream,
 Whose age a shadow. What is man,
 whose day,
 In the poor circuit of a thousand years,
 Reverts again to dust? Thee, maiden!
 thee
 The gods have seen: the never-dying
 stars
 Gaze on thy loveliness, and thou shalt
 reign
 A new Astarte. Bind thy flowing hair,
 Brace on thy sandals, seek the myrtle
 grove
 West of the city, and the cavern well,
 Whose clear black waters from their
 silent spring
 Ripple with ceaseless stir; thy lover
 there
 Waits thee in secret, and thy soul shall
 learn
 The raptures of a god! But cast away
 That peevish bauble which thy mother
 gave,
 Her hated talisman.' That word re-
 called
 My straggling senses, and her dying
 prayer
 Passed through my soul like fire;—the
 tempter fell
 Abashed before it, and a living voice
 Of most true consolation o'er me came:
 'Nor love nor fear them, Ada; love not
 them

Who hate thy mother's memory; fear
 not them
 Who fear thy mother's God; for this
 she gave,
 Prophetic of this hour, that graven gold,
 Which bears the title of the Eternal
 One,
 And binds thee to His service: guard
 it well,
 And guard the faith it teaches—safer
 so,
 Than girt around by brazen walls and
 gates
 Of sevenfold cedar.' Since that hour,
 my heart
 Hath kept its covenant, nor shrunk be-
 neath
 The spirits of evil; yet, not so repelled,
 They watch me in my walks, spy out
 my ways,
 And still with nightly whispers vex
 my soul,
 To seek the myrtle thicket. Bolder now
 They speak of duty—of a father's will,
 Now first unkind—a father's kingly
 power,
 Tremendous when opposed. My God,
 they say,
 Bids me revere my parent; will He
 guard
 A rebel daughter? Wiser to comply
 Ere force compels me to my happiness,
 And to my lover yield that sacrifice
 Which else my foe may seize. O God!
 great God!
 Of whom I am, and whom I serve
 alone,
 Be Thou my strength in weakness—
 Thou my guide,
 And save me from this hour!" Thus,
 as she spake,
 With naked feet and silent, in the cloud
 Of a long mantle wrapt, as one who
 shuns
 The busy eyes and babbling tongues of
 men,
 A warrior entered;—o'er his helm
 The casque was drawn * * * *
 * * * * *

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

THE ENTRANCE INTO THE ARK.

AND Noah went up into the ship, and
 sat

Before the Lord. And all was still;
and now

In that great quietness the sun came up,
And there were marks across it, as it
were

The shadow of a Hand upon the sun,—
Three fingers dark and dread, and
afterward

There rose a white thick mist, that
peacefully

Folded the fair earth in her funeral
shroud,—

The earth that gave no token, save
that now

There fell a little trembling under foot.
And Noah went down, and took and
hid his face

Behind his mantle, saying, "I have made
Great preparation, and it may be yet,
Beside my house, whom I did charge to
come

This day to meet me, there may enter in
Many that yesternight thought scorn of
all

My bidding." And because the fog was
thick,

He said, "Forbid it, Heaven, if such
there be,

That they should miss the way." And
even then

There was a noise of weeping and la-
ment;

The words of them that were affrighted,
yea,

And cried for grief of heart. There
came to him

The mother and her children, and they
cried,

"Speak, father, what is this? What hast
thou done?"

And when he lifted up his face, he saw
Japhet, his well-beloved, where he stood
Apart; and Amarant leaned upon his
breast,

And hid her face, for she was sore
afraid;

And lo! the robes of her betrothal
gleamed

White in the deadly gloom.

And at his feet

The wives of his two other sons did
kneel,

And wring their hands.

One cried, "O speak to us;

We are affrighted; we have dreamed a
dream,

Each to herself. For me, I saw in
mine

The grave old angels, like to shepherds,
walk,

Much cattle following them. Thy
daughter looked,

And they did enter here."

The other lay

And moaned, "Alas! O father, for my
dream

Was evil: lo, I heard when it was dark,
I heard two wicked ones contend for
me.

One said, 'And wherefore should this
woman live,

When only for her children, and for
her,

Is woe and degradation?' Then he
laughed,

The other crying, 'Let alone, O Prince;
Hinder her not to live and bear much
seed,

Because I hate her.'"

But he said, "Rise up,

Daughter of Noah, for I have learned
no words

To comfort you." Then spake her lord
to her,

"Peace! or I swear that for thy dream
myself

Will hate thee also."

And Niloiya said,

"My sons, if one of you will hear my
words,

Go now, look out, and tell me of the
day,

How fares it?"

And the fateful darkness grew.

But Shem went up to do his mother's
will;

And all was one as though the frightened
earth

Quivered and fell a-trembling; then they
hid

Their faces every one, till he returned,
And spake not. "Nay," they cried,

"what hast thou seen?"

O is it come to this?" He answered
them,

"The door is shut."

JEAN INGELOW (1820-1897).

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

"TELL me a story—please," my little girl
 Lisp'd from her cradle. So I bent me
 down
 And told her how it rained, and rained,
 and rained,
 Till all the flowers were covered, and
 the trees
 Hid their tall heads, and where the
 houses stood,
 And people dwelt, a fearful deluge
 rolled;
 Because the world was wicked, and re-
 fused
 To heed the words of God. But one
 good man,
 Who long had warned the wicked to
 repent,
 Obey, and live, taught by the voice of
 Heaven,
 Had built an Ark; and thither, with his
 wife
 And children, turned for safety. Two
 and two,
 Of beasts and birds, and creeping things
 he took,
 With food for all; and when the tem-
 pest roared,
 And the great fountains of the sky
 poured out
 A ceaseless flood, till all beside were
 drowned,
 They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.
 And so the mighty waters bore them up,
 And o'er the bosom of the deep they
 sailed
 For many days. But then a gentle dove
 'Scaped from the casement of the Ark,
 and spread
 Her lonely pinions o'er that boundless
 wave.
 All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
 Nor face of man, nor living thing she
 saw,
 For all the people of the earth were
 drowned,
 Because of disobedience. Naught she
 spied
 Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning
 sky,
 Nor found her weary foot a place of
 rest.
 So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
 Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which,
 perchance,

Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
 With drooping wing the peaceful Ark
 she sought.

The righteous man that wandering dove
 received,

And to her mate restored, who, with
 sad moans,

Had wondered at her absence.

Then I looked
 Upon the child, to see if her young
 thought

Wearied with following mine. But her
 blue eye

Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
 Of pleased attention curled the parted
 lip.

And so I told her how the waters dried,
 And the green branches waved, and the
 sweet buds

Came up in loveliness, and the meek
 dove

Went forth to build her nest, while
 thousand birds

Awoke their songs of praise, and the
 tired Ark

Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
 Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit,
 reared

An altar to his God.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY (1791-1865).

THE GIFT OF THE KING.

NIMROD the Cushite sat upon a throne
 Of gold, encrusted with a sapphire
 stone,

And round the monarch stood, in triple
 rank,

Three hundred ruddy pages, like a bank
 Of roses all a-blow.

Two gentle boys, with blue eyes clear
 as glass,

And locks as light as tufted cotton
 grass,

And faces as the snow
 That lies on Ararat, and flushes pink
 On summer evenings, as the sun doth
 sink,

Were stationed by the royal golden chair
 With fillets of carnation in their hair,

And clothed in silken vesture, candid,
 clean,

To flutter fans of burnished blue and
 green,

Fashioned of peacock's plume.
 A little lower, on a second stage

On either side, was placed a graceful
page,

To raise a fragrant fume—
With costly woods and gums on burn-
ing coals

That glowed on tripods, in bright sil-
ver bowls;

And at the basement of the marble stair,
Sweet singing choirs and harping min-
strels were,

In amber kirtles, purple, gilt, and sashed.
The throbbing strings in silver ripples
flashed,

Where slaves the choral song
Accompanied with psaltery and lyre,
In red and saffron, like to men of fire.

Whilst hoarsely boomed the gong:
Or silver cymbals clashed, or, waxing
shrill,

Danced up the scale a flute's melodious
thrill.

Now at the monarch's signal, pages
twain,

With sunny hair as ripened autumn
grain,

And robed in lustrous silver tissue, shot
With changing hues of blue forget-me-
not,

Start nimbly forth, and bend
Before the monarch, at his gilded stool,
And crystal goblets brimming, sweet and
cool,

Obsequiously extend;
But Nimrod, slightly stirring, stately,
calm,

Towards the right-hand beaker thrusts
his arm,

And languid, raises it towards his lips;
Yet ere he of the ruby liquor sips,

He notices upon the surface lie—
Fallen in and fluttering—a feeble fly,

With dragged wings outspread.
Then shot from Nimrod's eyes an an-
gry flare,

And passionately down the marble stair
The costly draught he shed.

He spoke no word, but with a finger
wave

Made signal to a scarlet-vested slave;
And as the lad before him, quaking,
kneels,

Above him: swift the gleaming falchion
wheels,

Then flashes down, and, with one leap,
his head

Bounds from his shoulders, and bespirts
with red

The alabaster floor.

And, mingled with the outpoured Per-
sian wine,

Descends the steps a sliding purple line
Of smoking, dribbled gore;

And floats the little midge upon a flood
Of fragrant grape-juice, and of roseate
blood.

Then Nimrod said: "I would you ugly
stain

Were wiped away; and thou, my cham-
berlain,

Obtain for me a stripling, to replace
This petty fool. Let him have comely
face,

And be of slender mould:
Be lithely built, of noble birth; a youth,
The choicest thou canst find. His cost,
in sooth,

I heed not. Stint no gold.

But buy a goodly slave: for I, a king,
Will have the best, the best of every-
thing—

Of gems, of slaves, of fabrics, meats, of
wine;

The best, the very best on earth be
mine."

Then, prostrate flung before his mas-
ter's throne,

The servant said, "Sire, Terah hath a
son

Whose equal in the whole round world
is none,

Belovéd as himself.

But, Sire, I fear the father will not
deign

To yield his son as slave through love
of gain,

For great is he in wealth."

"Go," said the monarch, "I must have
the child:

Be sure the father can be reconciled,
If you expend of gold a goodly store,

And, if he haggles at your price, bid
more;

I will it, chamberlain!

I care not what the cost. I'll have the
lad!"

And then he leaned him idly back, and
bade

The slaves to fan again.

Now on the morrow, to the royal court,

42 NIMRÔD AND THE GNAT—ABRAHAM AND HIS GODS.

Terah Ben-Nahor from old Ur was brought—

Protesting loud he would not yield his son

As slave, at any price, to any one.

"My flesh and blood be sold!

Fie on you! Do you reckon that I prize
My first-begotten as mere merchandise,

To barter him for gold?

A curse on him who would the old
man's stay,

That bears him up, with money buy
away!

Require me not to offer child of mine
To serve and brim a tyrant's cup with
wine;

To waste a life from morning to its
grave,

Branded in mind and soul and body
'Slave!'

How could I be repaid?

His artless fondlings, all his childish
ways:

The reminiscences of olden days,

That sudden flash and fade,

Of her who bore him—her, my boy-
hood's choice—

Resemblances in feature, figure, voice,

In gesture, manner, ay, in very tone

Of pealing laugh, of that dear partner
gone.

Thou, Nimrod, to an old man conde-
scend

To hear his story; your attention lend,
And judge if acted well.

Last year to me thou gav'st a goodly
steed,

From thine own stud, of purest Yemen
breed:

And thus it me befel:

A stranger offered me a price so fair

That I accepted it, and sold the mare."

"My gift disposed of!" with an angry
start,

King Nimrod thundered: "Thou, old
man, shalt smart

For this thy avarice. A royal gift,
Thou knowest well, must never owners
shift,

As thing of little worth."

Then Terah raised his trembling hands
and said,

"From thine own mouth, O King, has
judgment sped.

The Lord of heaven and earth,

The King of kings to me my offspring
gave,

And shall I sell His gift to be a slave?
Nimrod, that child, which is His royal
gift,—

Thy mouth hath said it,—may not own-
ers shift."

SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-).

NIMRÔD AND THE GNAT.

*Al-Khâfiz! the "Abaser!" praise hereby
Him Who doth mock at earthly majesty.*

HEARD ye of Nimrûd? Cities fell be-
fore him;

Shinar, from Accad to the Indian Sea.
His garden was; as God, men did adore
him;

Queens were his slaves, and kings his
vassalry.

Eminent on his car of carven brass,
Through foeman's blood nave-deep
he drave his wheel;

And not a lion in the river-grass
Could keep its shaggy fell from
Nimrûd's steel.

But he scorned Allah, schemed a tower
to invade Him;

Dreamed to scale Heaven, and meas-
ure might with God;

Heaped high the foolish clay wherefrom
We made him,

And built thereon his seven-fold house
of the clod.

Therefore, the least Our messengers
among,

We sent;—a gray gnat dancing in the
reeds:

Into his ear she crept, buzzing,—and
stung.

So perished mighty Nimrûd and his
deeds.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

ABRAHAM AND HIS GODS.

BENEATH the full-eyed Syrian moon,
The Patriarch, lost in reverence,
raised

His consecrated head, and soon
He knelt, and worshipped while he
gazed:

"Surely that glorious Orb on high
Must be the Lord of earth and sky!"

Slowly towards its central throne
The glory rose, yet paused not there,
But seemed by influence not its own
Drawn downwards through the western air,
Until it wholly sunk away,
And the soft Stars had all the sway.

Then to that hierarchy of light,
With face upturned the sage remained,—
"At least Ye stand forever bright,—
Your power has never waxed or waned!"
Even while he spoke, their work was done,
Drowned in the overflowing Sun.

Eastward he bent his eager eyes—
"Creatures of Night! false Gods and frail!
Take not the worship of the wise,
There is the Deity we hail;
Fountain of light, and warmth, and love,
He only bears our hearts above."

Yet was that One—that radiant One,
Who seemed so absolute a King,
Only ordained his round to run,
And pass like each created thing;
He rested not in noonday prime,
But fell beneath the strength of time.

Then like one labouring without hope
To bring his toil to fruitful end,
And powerless to discern the scope
Whereto his aspirations tend,
Still Abraham prayed by night and day—
"God! Teach me to what God to pray!"

Nor long in vain; an inward Light
Arose to which the Sun is pale,
The knowledge of the Infinite,
The sense of Truth that must prevail;—
The presence of the only Lord
By angels and by men adored.

LORD HOUGHTON (1809-1885).

(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

AZAR AND ABRAHAM.

*Al-Mutakabbir! all the heavens declare
His majesty, Who makes them who
they are.*

AZAR, of Abraham the father, spake
Unto his son, "Come! And thine offerings make
Before the gods whose images divine
In Nimrūd's carved and painted temple shine.
Pay worship to the sun's great orb of gold;
Adore the queen-moon's silver state;
behold
Otared, Moshtari, Sohayl, in their might,
Those stars of glory, those high lords of light.
These have we wrought, as fitteth gods alone,
In bronze and ivory and chiselled stone.
Obey, as did thy sires, these powers of Heaven
Which rule the world, throned in the circles seven."

But Abraham said, "Did they not see the sun
Sink and grow darkened, when the days were done;
Did not the moon for them, too, wax and wane,
That they should pay her worship, false and vain?
Lo! all these stars have laws to rise and set—
Otared, Moshtari, Sohayl—wilt thou yet
Bid me praise gods who humbly come and go,
Lights that a Greater Light hath kindled? No!
I dare not bow the knee to one of these;
My Lord is He who (past the sky man sees)
Waxeth and waneth, not, Unchanged of all,
Him only 'God,' Him only 'Great,' I call."

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

IBLIS AND ABRAHAM.

*Al-Bahith! Opener of the Tombs! We praise
Thy power, which unto life the dead
can raise.*

IBLIS spake to Abraham:
 "What is this thy Lord hath told thee?
 Shall the Resurrection be
 When the mouldering clods enfold
 thee?"

Nay! and if a man might rise,
 Buried whole, in heedful wise,
 See yon carcase, tempest-beaten—
 Part the wandering fox hath eaten,
 Part by fishes hath been torn,
 Part the sea-fowl hence have borne;
 Never back those fragments can
 Come to him who was a man."

Abraham spake unto his Lord:
 "Show me how is wrought this wonder;
 Can Thy resurrection be
 When a man's dust lies asunder?"

"Art thou therefore not believing,"
 Allah said, "because deceiving
 Iblis fills with lies thy heart?"
 "Nay," he answered, "but impart
 Knowledge, Mightiest One and Best!
 That my heart may be at rest."

God said: "Take, thou doubting one!
 Four birds from among My creatures;
 Sever each bird's head, and so
 Mingle feathers, forms, and features,
 That the fragments shall not be
 Knowable to such as ye.
 Into four divide the mass,
 Then upon the mountains pass,
 On four peaks a portion lay,
 And, returning homeward, say,
 'By the name and power of God—
 Who hath made men of the clod,
 And hath said the dead shall rise—
 Birds! Fly hither in such wise
 As ye lived.' And they shall come,
 Perfect, whole, and living, home."

Thereupon Al-Khalil took
 A raven, eagle, dove, and cock;
 From their bodies shore the heads,
 Cut the four fowl into shreds,
 Mingled all their mass together,
 Blood and bone, and flesh and feather;
 Then dividing this four-wise,
 Laid it where four peaks did rise
 Two to south and two to north.
 Then the dove's head held he forth,
 Crying, "Come!" Lo! at the word
 Cooed at his feet the slaughtered bird.

"Come, raven!" spake he: as he spoke,
 On glossy wing, with eager croak,
 Flew round the raven. Then he said,
 "Return! thou cock!" the cock obeyed.
 Lastly the eagle summoned he,
 Which circling came, on pinions free,
 Restored and soaring to the sky,
 With perfect plumes and undimmed eye.

So in the Holy Book 'tis writ
 How Abraham's heart at rest was set.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE- WORSHIPPER.

A DRAMATIC PARABLE.

SCENE—The inside of a tent in which
 the patriarch ABRAHAM and a PERSIAN
 TRAVELLER, a Fire-Worshipper, are sit-
 ting awhile after supper.

Fire-Worshipper [aside]. What have
 I said, or done, that by degrees
 Mine host hath changed his gracious
 countenance,
 Until he staresth on me, as in wrath!
 Have I, 'twixt wake and sleep, lost his
 wise lore?
 Or sit I thus too long, and he himself
 Would fain be sleeping? I will speak
 to that.

(*Aloud*) Impute it, O my great and
 gracious lord,
 Unto my feeble flesh, and not my folly,
 If mine old eyelids droop against their
 will,
 And I become as one that hath no
 sense
 Ev'n to the milk and honey of thy
 words.—

With my lord's leave, and his good
 servant's help,
 My limbs would creep to bed.

Abraham [angrily quitting his seat].
 In this tent, never.

Thou art a thankless and an impious
 man.

Fire-W. [*rising in astonishment*]. A
 thankless and an impious man!
 Oh, sir,

My thanks have all but worshipp'd thee.
Abraham. And whom

Forgotten? like the fawning dog I feed.
From the foot-washing to the meal, and
now

To this thy cramm'd and dog-like wish
for bed,
I've noted thee; and never hast thou
breath'd

One syllable of prayer, or praise, or
thanks,
To the great God who made and feed-
eth all.

Fire-W. Oh, sir, the God I worship
is the Fire,
The god of gods; and seeing him not
here,

In any symbol, or on any shrine,
I waited till he bless'd mine eyes at
morn,
Sitting in heaven.

Abraham. Oh, foul idolater!
And dare'st thou still to breathe in
Abraham's tent?

Forth with thee, wretch: for he that
made thy god,
And all thy tribe, and all the hosts of
heaven,

The invisible and only dreadful God,
Will speak to thee this night, out in the
storm,

And try thee in thy foolish god, the fire,
Which with his fingers he makes light-
nings of.

Hark to the rising of his robes, the
winds,

And get thee forth, and wait him.

[*A violent storm is heard rising.*]

Fire-W. What! unhous'd,
And on a night like this? Me, poor
old man

A hundred years of age?

Abraham [*urging him away*]. Not
reverencing
The God of ages, thou revoltest rever-
ence.

Fire-W. Thou had'st a father:—
think of his gray hairs,
Houseless, and cuff'd by such a storm
as this.

Abraham. God is thy father and thou
own'st not him.

Fire-W. I have a wife, as aged as
myself.

And if she learn my death, she'll not
survive it.

No, not a day; she is so used to me:
So propp'd up by her other feeble self.

I pray thee, strike not both down.

Abraham [*still urging him*].

God made
Husband and wife, and must be own'd
of them,

Else he must needs disown them.

Fire-W. We have children.

One of them, sir, a daughter, who, next
week,

Will all day long be going in and out,
Upon the watch for me; she too, a wife.
And will be soon a mother. Spare, O
spare her!

She's a good creature, and not strong.

Abraham. Mine ears
Are deaf to all things but thy blas-
phemy,

And to the coming of the Lord and
God,

Who will this night condemn thee.

[*Abraham pushes him out; and remains
alone speaking.*]

For if ever
God came at night-time forth upon the
world,

'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge
winds,

The cataracts of hail, and rocky thun-
der,

Splitting like quarries of the stony
clouds,

Beneath the touching of the foot of
God.

That was God's speaking in the heav-
ens,—that last

And inward utterance coming by itself.
What is it shaketh thus thy servant,

Lord,
Making him fear, that in some loud
rebuke

To this idolater, whom thou abhorrest,
Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth
quakes

Beneath my feet, and God is surely
here.

[*A dead silence; then a still small
voice.*]

The Voice. Abraham!

Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and
who is it that speaks

So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn
And dare to face thy presence?

The Voice. Who but He
Whose mightiest utterance thou hast
yet to learn?

I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham;

I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake;
But I am in the still small voice.
Where is the stranger whom thou took-
est in?

Abraham. Lord, he denied thee, and
I drove him forth.

The Voice. Then didst thou do what
God himself forbore.

Have I, although he did deny me, borne
With his injuriousness these hundred
years,

And could'st thou not endure him one
sole night,

And such a night as this?

Abraham. Lord! I have sinn'd
And will go forth, and if he be not
dead,

Will call him back, and tell him of thy
mercies

Both to himself, and me.

The Voice. Behold, and learn!

[*The Voice retires while it is speaking;
and a fold of the tent is turned back
disclosing the Fire-Worshipper, who
is calmly sleeping, with his head on
the back of a house-lamb.*]

Abraham. O loving God! the lamb
itself's his pillow,

And on his forehead is a balmy dew,
And in his sleep he smileth. I, mean-
time,

Poor and proud fool, with my presump-
tuous hands,

Not God's, was dealing judgments on
his head,

Which God himself had cradled!—Oh,
methinks

There's more in this than prophet yet
hath known,

And Faith, some day, will all in Love
be shown.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859).

ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLATER.

AS ABRAHAM, the Friend of God, once
stood

Before his tent, in meditative mood,
Engrossed in deep communion with the
Lord

THE ONLY ONE his fervent soul
adored,—

He lifted up his eyes, and from afar
A "stranger" loomed, appearing like a

star,

To cheer the dark, that came on un-
aware,

The while he swayed, enraptured, in his
prayers.

With kindling eye and animated face
He beckoned him a welcome to his
place,

And forward sped, so keen was his
desire

To pay him homage, ere he drew much
nigher.

The man was old and gray, and trembled
half,

And tottered on by leaning on his staff.
So feeble was his frame, that now and
then

He paused to rest—and plodded on
again:

"I give thee peace," said Abram, bend-
ing low,

His countenance with welcome all
aglow,

"Suffer me, I pray thee, to restore
Thy feeble frame, and lead thee to my
door;

Break bread with me; my humble home
awaits

A guest or two at each one of its gates;
For, lo, my tent is built, by Heaven's

leave,
On every side a stranger to receive;

It gives me joy to greet him and to lave
His tired feet—since this is all I crave:

To satisfy and shelter all who need
Of my abundance but a scanty meed;

And all I ask of him who slakes his
thirst

And stills his hunger, is to thank Him
first

Who guides the wand'rer safely on his
way

And sends sweet slumber at the end
of day."

Then Abram fetched the whitest bread
and wine,

And o'er his head a halo seemed to
shine,

As he besought his guest to praise the
Lord,

Whom he and all his tribe alone adored.
The stranger bowed, and eager to par-
take,

Without a word the dainty bread he
brake,

And made to eat, when Abram once again

(Upon his face a look of sudden pain)
In louder tone enjoined the hoary-head
To bless the Unseen Hand that sent him bread.

"Dear friend," began the wayfarer;
"Not so

Am I accustomed gratitude to show
For benefits received; I cannot boast
Of faith in things unknown; my worshipped God

Is one who leaves my senses overawed:
And lurid flame and vivid flash of fire
Are sign and symbol of his fearful ire.
O noble host, my thanks are thine alone
For loving kindness to a stranger shown;

May Ormuzd and Ahriman vouchsafe grace

Unto thy household Favored be thy race

That rears up sons as reverent as thou."

The light died out of Abram's eyes.
"What now?"

Indignantly dem he of him
Who would not do his zeal-inspired whim;

"Thou wilt not make obeisance? Dost deny

The power of the Holy One, on High?
Away with thee; thou canst not tarry here!"

And forthwith out into the starless night

He drove the haggard pilgrim with a blight;

Nor paused he e'en to light him on his way

(As was his wont, with those that every day

Sought shelter 'neath his roof); then facing East,

Forgetting both his hunger and the feast,

He now began to chant the evening prayer.

The Echo of a Still Voice in the air—
A whisper waxing mighty, as he stood—

Now stole upon his spirit's solitude.
Then he discerned the rustle of a wing

And knew the Lord despised his offering.

Wrath melted into Mercy, as he heard

THE HOLY ONE's most awe-inspiring Word:

"Have I not borne a hundred years with thee,

In patience, Abram, ere thou soughtest me?

Why shouldst thou not, one single hour, forbear?"—

The Still Small Voice yet lingered in the air,

When Abram rose, and taking wine and bread,

His tender heart oppressed by growing dread—

Strode swiftly out into the cheerless night

To seek the stranger, banished with a blight,

When, in his path, irradiate and serene,
An angel stood, sweet pity in his eyes—

The God-sent guest, transfigured in disguise.

—Retold from the Persian of SA'ADI
(1184-1291) by GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT (1874-).

ABRAHAM'S OFFENSE.

ONCE, it is written, Abraham, "God's Friend,"

Angered his Lord; for there had ridden in

Across the burning yellow desert-flats,
An aged man, haggard with two days' drouth.

The water-skin swung from his saddle-fork

Wrinkled and dry; the dust clove to his lids,

And clov'd his beard; his parched tongue and black lips

Moved to say, "Give me drink," yet uttered nought;

And that gaunt camel which he rode upon,

Sank to the earth at entering of the camp,

Too spent except to lay its neck along
The sand, and moan.

To whom when they had given
The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond-

drops
Of sparkling life, that way-worn Arab laved

The muzzle of his beast, and filled her mouth;

Then westward turned with blood-shot,
 worshipping eyes,
 Pouring forth water to the setting orb:
 Next, would have drunk, but Abraham
 saw, and said,
 "Let not this unbeliever drink, who
 pours
 God's gift of water forth unto the sun,
 Which is but creature of the living
 Lord."

But while the man still clutched the
 precious jar,
 Striving to quaff, a form of grace drew
 nigh,
 Beauteous, majestic. If he came afoot,
 None knew, or if he glided from the
 sky.
 With gentle air he filled a gourd and
 gave
 The man to drink, and Abraham—in
 wrath
 That one should disobey him in his
 tents—
 Made to forbid; when full upon him
 smote
 Eyes of divine light, eyes of high
 rebuke—
 For this was Michael, Allah's messen-
 ger—
 "Lo! God reproveth thee, thou Friend
 of God!
 Forbiddest thou gift of the common
 stream
 To this idolater, spent with the heat,
 Who, in his utmost need, watered his
 beast,
 And bowed the knee in reverence, ere
 he drank?
 Allah hath borne with him these three-
 score years,
 Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and
 made
 His household fruitful and his herds
 increase;
 And find'st thou not patience to pity
 him
 Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the
 end,
 Since none save He wotteth what end
 will come,
 Or who shall find the light? Thou art
 rebuked!
 Seek pardon! for thou hast much need
 to seek."

Thereat the Angel vanished, as he
 came;
 But Abraham, with humbled counte-
 nance,
 Kissed reverently the heathen's hand,
 and spake—
 Leading him to the chief seat in the
 tent—
 "God pardon me, as He doth pardon
 thee!"

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

THE TREASURE OF ABRAM.

I

In the old Rabbinical stories,
 So old they might well be true,—
 The sacred tales of the Talmud,
 That David and Solomon knew,—
 There is one of Father Abram,
 The greatest of Heber's race,
 The mustard-seed of Judea
 That filled the holy place.
 'Tis said that the fiery heaven
 His eye was first to read,
 Till planets were gods no longer,
 But helps for the human need;
 He taught his simple people
 The scope of eternal law
 That swayed at once the fleecy cloud
 And the circling suns they saw.
 But the rude Chaldean peasants
 Uprose against the seer,
 And drove him forth—else never came
 This Talmud legend here.
 With Sarah, his wife, and his servants,
 Whom he ruled with potent hand.
 The Patriarch planted his vineyards
 In the Canaanitish land;
 With his wife—the sterile, but lovely,
 The fame of whose beauty grew
 Till there was no land in Asia
 But tales of the treasure knew.
 In his lore the sage lived—learning
 High thoughts from the starlit skies—
 But heedful, too, of the light at home.
 And the danger of wistful eyes;
 Till the famine fell on his corn-fields,
 And sent him forth again,
 To seek for a home in Egypt,
 The land of the amorous men.

II.

Long and rich is the caravan that halts
 at Egypt's gate,

While duty full the stranger pays on
 lowing herd and freight.
 Full keen the scrutiny of those who
 note the heavy dues;
 From weanling foal to cumbrous wain,
 no chance of gain they lose.
 But fair the search—no wealth concealed;
 while rich the gifts they take
 From Abram's hand, till care has ceased,
 and formal quest they make.
 They pass the droves and laden teams,
 the weighted slaves are past,
 And Abram doubles still the gifts; one
 wain, his own, is last—
 It goes unsearched! Wise Abram smiles,
 though dearly stemmed the quest;
 But haps will come from causes slight,
 And hidden things upspring to light:
 A breeze flings wide the canvas fold,
 and, deep within the wain, behold
 A brass-bound massive chest!

"Press on!" shouts Abram. "Hold,"
 they cry; "what treasure hide ye
 here?"

The word is stern—the answer brief:

"Treasure! 'Tis household gear;
 Plain linen cloth and flaxen thread."

The scribes deceived are wroth;
 "Then weigh the chest—its price shall
 be the dues on linen cloth!"

The face of Abram seemed to grieve,
 though joy was in his breast,
 As carefully his servants took and
 weighed the mighty chest.

But one hath watched the secret smile;
 he cries, "This stranger old
 Hath used deceit; no cloth is here—this
 chest is filled with gold!"

"Nay, nay," wise Abram says, and
 smiles, though now he hides dismay;
 "But time is gold: let pass the chest—
 on gold the dues I pay!"

But he who reads the subtle smile
 detects the secret fear:

"Detain the chest! nor cloth nor gold,
 but precious silk is here!"

Grave Father Abram stands like one
 who knoweth well the sword

When tyros baffle thrust and guard;
 slow comes the heedful word:

"I seek no lawless gain—behold! my
 trains are on their way,

Else would these bands my servants
 break, and show the simple goods
 I take,

That silk ye call; but, for time's sake,
 on silk the dues I pay!"

"He pays too much!" the watcher cries;
 "this man is full of guile;

From cloth to gold and gold to silk,
 to save a paltry mile!

This graybeard pay full silken dues on
 cloth for slave-bred girls!

Some prize is here—he shall not pass
 until he pay for pearls!"

Stern Abram turned a lurid eye, as he
 the man would slay;

An instant, rose the self-command; but
 thin the lip and quick the hand,

As one who makes a last demand: "On
 pearls the dues I pay!"

"He cannot pass! the watcher
 screamed, as to the chest he clung;

"He shall not pass! Some priceless
 thing he hideth here. Quick—
 workmen bring!

I seize this treasure for the king!"

Old Abram stood aghast; it seemed the
 knell of doom had rung.

III.

Red-eyed with greed and wonder,

The crowd excited stand;
 The blows are rained like thunder

On brazen bolt and band;

They burst the massive hinges,

They raise the ponderous lid,
 And lo! The peerless treasure

That Father Abram hid:

In pearls and silk and jewels rare,

Fit for a Pharaoh's strife;

In flashing eyes and golden hair—

Sat Abram's lovely wife!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1844-1890).

ABRAHAM'S BREAD.

*Al-Wali! Nearest of all friends, and
 Best,*

*So praise your Lord, Whose help is
 mightiest.*

CLOSE is He always to His faithful ones,
 But closer dwelt they in the times of
 old.

Hath it come to ye what Al-Baidhawi
 Presenteth of the days of Abraham,
 Whom Allah called His "Friend," and
 like a friend

Softly entreated, stooping out of
 Heaven
 To help and comfort him so dear to
 God?
 Ofttimes the Angels of his Lord would
 light
 Familiarly, with folded wings, before
 The curtain of his tent, conversing
 there;
 Ofttimes, on thorny flats of wilderness,
 Or in the parched pass, or the echoing
 cave,
 The very voice of God would thrill his
 ears;
 And he might answer, as a man with
 man,
 Hearing and speaking thinks unspeak-
 able.
 Wherefore, no marvel that he gave his
 son
 At Allah's bidding, and had back his
 son—
 Patient and safe—when the wild goat
 came down
 And hung amid the nebbuk by his horns,
 On Thabir, nigh to Mecca, in the vale
 Of Mina; and the knife of Abraham
 Reddened with unwept blood.

There had fall'n drought
 Upon the land, and all the mouths he
 fed
 Hungered for meal; therefore Al-
 Khalil sent
 Messengers unto Egypt—to a lord
 Wealthy and favorable, having store—
 Of grain and cattle by the banks of
 Nile.
 "Give unto Abraham," the message said,
 "A little part for gold, yet more for
 love—
 (As he had given, if the strait were
 thine)
 Meal of the millet, lentil, wheat, and
 bean,
 That he and his may live; for drought
 hath come
 Upon our fields and pastures, and we
 pine."
 Spake the Egyptian lord, "Lo! now ye
 ask
 O'ermuch of me for friendliness, and
 more
 Than gold can buy, since dearth hath
 also come

Over our fields, and nothing is to spare.
 Yet had it been to succor Abraham,
 And them that dwell beneath his tent,
 the half
 Of all we hold had filled your empty
 sacks.
 But he will feed people we wot not of,
 Poor folk, and hungry wanderers of the
 waste:
 The which are nought to us, who have
 of such,
 If there were surplusage. Therefore
 return;
 Find food elsewhere!"

Then said the messengers
 One to another, "If we shall return
 With empty sacks, our master's name,
 so great
 For worship in the world, will suffer
 shame,
 And men will say he asked and was
 denied."
 Therefore they filled their sacks with
 white sea-sand
 Gathered by Gaza's wave, and sorrow-
 fully
 Journeyed to Kedar, where lay Abra-
 ham,
 To whom full privately they told this
 thing.
 Saying, "We filled the sacks with snow-
 white sand,
 Lest thy great name be lessened 'mongst
 the folk,
 Seeing us empty-handed; for the man
 Denied thee corn; since thou wouldst
 give, quoth he,
 To poor folk and to wanderers of the
 waste,
 And there are hungry mouths enough
 by Nile."

Then was the heart of Abraham sore,
 because
 The people of his tribe drew round to
 share
 The good food brought, and all the
 desert trooped
 With large-eyed mothers and their
 pining babes,
 Certain of succor if the sheikh could
 help.
 So did the spirit of Al-Khalil sink
 That into swoon he fell, and lav as one
 Who hath not life. But Sarai, his wife—

That knew not—bade her maidens bring
 a sack,
 Open its mouth, and knead some meal
 for cakes.
 And when the sack was opened, there
 showed flour,
 Fine, three times bolted, whiter than
 sea-sand;
 Which in the trough they kneaded, roll-
 ing cakes,
 And baking them over the crackling
 thorns;
 So that the savor spread throughout the
 camp
 Of new bread smoking, and the people
 drew
 Closer and thicker, as ye see the herds
 Throng—horn, and wool, and hoof—at
 watering-time,
 When after fiery leagues, the wells are
 reached.

But Abraham, awaking, smelled the
 bread:
 "Whence," spake he unto Sarai, "hast
 thou meal,
 Wife of my bosom? for the smell of
 bread
 Riseth, and lo! I see the cakes are
 baked."
 "By God! Who is the only One," she
 said,
 "Whence should it come save from thy
 friend who sent,
 The lord of Egypt?" "Nay!" quoth
 Abraham,
 And fell upon his face, low-worshipping.
 "But this hath come from the dear
 mighty hands
 Of Allah—of the Lord of Egypt's lords—
 My 'Friend,' and King, and Helper:
 now my folk
 Shall live and die not. Glory be to
 God!"

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

ABRAHAM.

I WILL sing a song of heroes
 Crowned with manhood's diadem,
 Men that lift us, when we love them,
 Into nobler life with them.

I will sing a song of heroes
 To their God-sent mission true,
 From the ruin of the old times
 Grandly forth to shape the new;

Men that, like a strong-winged zephyr,
 Come with freshness and with power,
 Bracing fearful hearts to grapple
 With the problem of the hour;

Men whose prophet-voice of warning
 Stirs the dull, and spurs the slow,
 Till the big heart of a people
 Swells with hopeful overflow.

I will sing the son of Terah,
 ABRAHAM in tented state,
 With his sheep and goats and asses,
 Bearing high behests from Fate;

Journeying from beyond Euphrates,
 Where cool Orfa's bubbling well
 Lured the Greek, and lured the Roman,
 By its verdurous fringe to dwell;

When he left the flaming idols,
 Sun by day and Moon by night,
 To believe in something deeper
 Than the shows that brush the sight,

And, as a traveller wisely trusteth—
 To a practised guide and true,
 So he owned the Voice that called him
 From the faithless Heathen crew.

And he travelled from Damascus
 Southward where the torrent tide
 Of the sons of Ammon mingles
 With the Jordan's swelling pride,

To the pleasant land of Schechem,
 To the flowered and fragrant ground
 'Twixt Mount Ebal and Gerizim,
 Where the bubbling wells abound.

To the stony slopes of Bethel,
 And to Hebron's greening glade,
 Where the grapes with weighty fruitage
 Droop beneath the leafy shade.

And he pitched his tent in Mamre,
 'Neath an oak-tree tall and broad,
 And with pious care an altar
 Built there to the one true God.

And the voice of God came near him,
 And the angels of the Lord
 'Neath the broad and leafy oak-tree
 Knew his hospitable board;

And they hailed him with rare blessing
 For all peoples richly stored,

Father of the faithful, elect
Friend of God, Almighty Lord.

And he sojourned 'mid the people
With high heart and weighty arm,
Wise to rein their wandering worship,
Strong to shield their homes from
harm.

And fat Nile's proud Pharaohs owned
him,
As a strong, God-favoured man,
Like Osiris, casting broadly
Largess to the human clan.

And he lived long years a witness
To the pure high-thoughted creed,
That in the ripeness of the ages
Grew to serve our mortal need.

Not a priest, and not a churchman,
From all proud pretension free,
Shepherd-chief and shepherd-warrior,
Human-faced like you and me;

Human-faced and human-hearted,
To the pure religion true;
Purer than the gay and sensuo
Grecian, wider than the Jew.

Common sire, whom Jew and Christian,
Turk and Arab, name with praise;
Common as the sun that shines
On East and West with brothered
rays.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809-1895).

HAGAR'S FAREWELL.

SARAH, thine act hath made me what
I am,
'Twas thine own hand, proud mistress,
gave me up,
Thy trembling bondmaid, to thine hus-
band's arms.
I never asked his love; I wished it not;
I feared ye both, for was I not your
slave?
I was an orphan, friendless and forlorn,
A stranger among strangers and a
slave.
. . . . My master seemed to love me,
and my heart
Expanded to the warm and blissful
light
Of his affection—fond and foolish
heart;

Would that its torpor ne'er had passed
away!

Joy, like the swelling buds of early
spring,
Swelled in my bosom. Peace her dove-
like wings
Spread over me, and promised long to
stay.
O false and fatal peace! What has a
slave
To do with love or joy? Soon fell the
doom.

The dream of hope is past, and I depart
To hide me from vindictive hate and
wrath;
Yet in my aching bosom still I bear
One ray of comfort which shall strength
impart;
It was not Abram's will that drove me
hence.

Alas, O Abraham!
Hath God forgotten mercy? Must I go?
Why did He suffer me to love thee so?
Must all the bleeding tendrils of my
heart
Be rudely wrenched and torn from
thine apart?
Thou that didst teach that heart, so sad
and lone,
No love to wish, or suffer, save thine
own.
That blessed love! Its steady, cheering
light
Has strengthened me and made my
pathway bright.—
The only rose in all my thorny way;
Oh, must its fragrant bloom for me
decay?

I may not curse thee, Sarah; God hath
blessed—
God! who to Hagar grants not peace,
nor rest—
But wherefore should thy helpless
handmaid know
This fatal agony, this crushing woe?
Hath Ishmael mocked? Were Isaac in
his stead,
Say, had thine ire upon his youthful
head,
Such scorching, blasting fires of ven-
geance shed?

Or, hadst thou deemed it righteous
punishment,
If he and thou, outcasts from home
were sent,
In yon vast, howling wilderness to rove,
No eye to pity, and no heart to love?

I curse thee not, yet in thy sheltered
home,
Where hated Hagar never more may
come,
(If in thy breast there beats a human
heart,
O woman, loved and cherished as thou
art!)

Thine must be many a keen, remorseful
pang,
Sharp, stinging as a serpent's venom'd
fang,
As midnight dreams, or fancy's pictures
wild,
Show thee the friendless wanderer and
her child.

Look up, my child!
It is thy father's hand upon thy brow,
The hand, all powerless to protect thee
now,
That points thee to the wild.

Kneel at his feet once more.
While yet the shadow of his roof is
spread
O'er thy devoted and defenceless head,
His blessing, boy, implore!

And now, O Ishmael!
Let us depart. We have no dwelling
here;
Blighted in heart and life, the desert
sere
Befits us well.

Oh, Abraham, farewell!
The bitterness of death is almost over.
Farewell, kind master, faithful guide,
fond lover!
I know, O friend! thou wilt not dare
regret me;
But can the father of my child forget
me
Where'er I dwell?

Can he forget that in the desert dreary
There wanders one with footsteps weak
and weary,

Homeless, forlorn, a sad, heart-broken
stranger,
Exposed to want and fear and every
danger,

A mother, with her child?
Can he forget that, while within his
dwelling,
Plenty and joy and mirth their songs
are swelling,
Two whom he swore ever to love and
cherish
Are toiling on, ready to fall and perish
In the rough, tangled wild?

Thou wilt remember me!
I see it in the gaze upon me beaming;
I know it by the tears so swiftly
streaming,
And by the clasp of that dear hand
now pressing
Upon my head in voiceless, fervent
blessing,
We shall remembered be.

And for this harsh decree,
O best beloved! I will upbraid thee
never;
But through despair and want and
anguish ever
I will be true to thee.

I go, I go, the dream of hope is o'er!
Hagar shall pain thy heart and eyes no
more.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

HAGAR.

GO BACK! How dare you follow me
beyond
The door of my poor tent? Are you
afraid
That I have stolen something? See!
my hands
Are empty, like my heart. I am no thief!
The bracelets and the golden finger-
rings
And silver anklets that you gave to me,
I cast upon the mat before my door,
And trod upon them. I would scorn
to take
One trinket with me in my banishment.
That would recall a look or tone of
yours,
My lord, my generous lord, who sends
me forth,

A loving woman, with a loaf of bread
And jug of water on my shoulder laid,
To thirst and hunger in the wilderness!

Go back!

Go back to Sara! See! she stands
Watching us there, behind the flowering
date.

With jealous eyes, lest my poor hands
should steal

One farewell touch from yours. Go
back to her,

And say that Hagar has a heart as
proud,

If not so cold, as hers; and, though it
breaks,

It breaks without the sound of sobs,
without

The balm of tears to ease its pain. It
breaks—

It breaks, my lord, like iron: hard, but
clean;

And breaking, asks no pity. If my lips
Should let one plea for mercy slip
between

These words that lash you with a
woman's scorn,

My teeth should bite them off, and I
would spit

Them at you, laughing, though all red
and warm with blood.

"Cease!" do you say? No, by the gods
Of Egypt, I do swear that if my eyes

Should let one tear melt through their
burning lids,

My hands should pluck them out, and
if these hands,

Groping outstretched in blindness,
should by chance

Touch yours, and cling to them against
my will,

My Ishmael should cut them off, and
blind

And maimed, my little son should lead
me forth

Into the wilderness to die. Go back!

Does Sara love you as I did, my lord?
Does Sara clasp and kiss your feet, and
bend

Her haughty head in worship at your
knee?

Ah! Abraham, you were a god to me.
If you but touched my hand my foolish
heart

Ran down into the palm, and throbbed,
and thrilled,

Grew hot and cold, and trembled there;
and when

You spoke, though not to me, my heart
ran out

To listen through my eager ears and
catch

The music of your voice and prison it
In memory's murmuring shell. I saw
no fault

Nor blemish in you, and your flesh
to me

Was dearer than my own. There is no
vein

That branches from your heart, whose
azure course

I have not followed with my kissing lips.
I would have bared my bosom like a

shield

To any lance of pain that sought your
breast.

And once, when you lay ill within your
tent,

No taste of water, or of bread, or wine
Passed through my lips; and all night

long I lay

Upon the mat before your door to catch
The sound of your dear voice, and

scarcely dared

To breathe, lest she, my mistress,
should come forth

And drive me angrily away; and when
The stars looked down with eyes that

only stared

And hurt me with their lack of sym-
pathy,

Weeping, I threw my longing arms
around

Benammi's neck. Your good horse
understood

And gently rubbed his face against my
head,

To comfort me. But if you had one
kind,

One loving thought of me in all that
time,

That long, heart-breaking time, you
kept it shut

Close in your bosom as a tender bud
And did not let it blossom into words.

Your tenderness was all for Sara.
Through

The door, kept shut against my love,
there came

No message to poor Hagar, almost
crazed

With grief lest you should die. Ah!
You have been

So cruel and so cold to me, my lord;
And now you send me forth with
Ishmael,
Not on a journey through a pleasant
land

Upon a camel, as my mistress rides,
With kisses, and sweet words, and dates
and wine,

But cast me off, and sternly send me
forth

Into the wilderness with these poor
gifts—

A jug of water and—a loaf of bread—
That sound was not a sob; I only lost
My breath and caught it hard again.

Go back!

Why do you follow me? I am a poor
Bondswoman, but a woman still, and
these

Sad memories, so bitter and so sweet,
Weigh heavily upon my breaking heart
And make it hard, my lord—for me
to go.

“Your God commands it?” Then my
gods, the gods

Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.
Isis and good Osiris never gave

Command like this, that breaks a
woman's heart,

To any prince in Egypt. Come with me
And let us go and worship them, dear
lord.

Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara
loves

The touch of costly linen and the scent
Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind
Her brow with golden fillets, and per-
fume

Her hair with ointment. Sara loves
the sound

Of many cattle lowing on the hills;
And Sara loves the slow and stealthy
tread

Of many camels moving on the plains.
Hagar loves you. Oh! come with me,
dear lord.

Take but your staff and come with me;
your mouth

Shall drink my share of water from
this jug

And eat my share of bread with
Ishmael;

And from your lips I will refresh my-
self

With love's sweet wine from tender
kisses pressed.

Ah! come, dear lord. Oh! come, my
Abraham.

Nay, do not bend your cold, stern brows
on me

So frowningly; it was not Hagar's voice
That spoke those pleading words.

Go back! Go back!

And tell your god I hate him, and I hate,
The cruel, craven heart that worships
him

And dares not disobey. Ha! I believe
'Tis not your far-off, bloodless god you
fear,

But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow
me!

Go back to Sara. See! she beckons
now,

Hagar loves not a coward; you do well
To send me forth into the wilderness,
Where hatred hath no weapon keen
enough

That held within a woman's slender
hand

Could stab a coward to the heart.

I go!

I go, my lord; proud that I take with
me

Of all your countless herds by Hebron's
brook,

Of all your Canaan riches, naught but
this—

A jug of water and a loaf of bread.

And now, by all of Egypt's gods, I
swear

If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake
My feet would tread upon this bitter
bread,

My hands would pour this water on the
sands;

And leave this jug as empty as my heart
Is empty now of all the reverence

And overflowing love it held for you.

I go!

But I will teach my little Ishmael
To hate his father for his mother's sake.
His bow shall be the truest bow that
flies

Its arrows through the desert air. His
feet

The fleetest on the desert's burning
sands;

Aye! Hagar's son a desert prince shall
 be,
 Whose hand shall be against all other
 men;
 And he shall rule a fierce and mighty
 tribe,
 Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs
 will scorn
 The chafing curb of bondage, like the
 fleet
 Wild horses of Arabia.

I go!

But like this loaf that you have given
 me,
 So shall your bread taste bitter with
 my hate;
 And like the water in this jug, my lord,
 So shall the sweetest water that you
 draw
 From Canaan's wells, taste salty with
 my tears.
 Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty
 gods
 Will go with me, and my avengers be.
 And in whatever distant land your god,
 Your cruel god of Israel, is known,
 There, too, the wrongs that you have
 done this day
 To Hagar and your first-born, Ishmael,
 Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and
 hiss
 Like adders at the name of Abraham.

ELIZA POITEVENT NICHOLSON.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon
 the clouds
 With a strange beauty. Earth received
 again
 Its garment of a thousand dyes; and
 leaves,
 And delicate blossoms, and the painted
 flowers,
 And everything that bendeth to the dew
 And stirreth with the daylight, lifted
 up
 Its beauty to the breath of that sweet
 morn.
 All things are dark to sorrow; and the
 light
 And loveliness and fragrant air were
 sad
 To the dejected Hagar. The moist
 earth
 Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,

And the young birds were singing as if
 life
 Were a new thing to them; but music
 came
 Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
 That pang of the unreasonable heart,
 That, bleeding amid things it loved so
 well,
 Would have some sign of sadness as
 they pass.
 She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips
 were pressed
 Till the blood started; and the wan-
 dering veins
 Of her transparent forehead were
 swelled out,
 As if her pride would burst them. Her
 dark eye
 Was clear and fearless, and the light of
 heaven,
 Which made its language legible, shot
 back
 From her long lashes as it had been
 flame.
 Her noble boy stood by her, with his
 hand
 Clapsed in her own, and his round, deli-
 cate feet,
 Scarce trained to balance on the tented
 floor,
 Sandalled for journeying. He had
 looked up
 Into his mother's face, until he caught
 The spirit there, and his young heart
 was swelling
 Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his
 form
 Straightened up proudly in his tiny
 wrath,
 As if his light proportions would have
 swelled.
 Had they but matched his spirit, to the
 man.
 Why bends the patriarch as he cometh
 now
 Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
 Is low upon his breast, and high his
 brow.
 So written with the converse of his
 God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
 His lip is quivering, and his wonted
 step
 Of vigor is not there; and, though the
 morn

Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
 He gave to her the water and the bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not
 himself
 To look upon her face, but laid his
 hand,
 In silent blessing, on the fair-haired
 boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted
 woman turn,
 And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
 Oh, no! by all her loveliness—by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
 Make her a slave; steal from her cheek
 the rose
 By needless jealousies; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of
 pain;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness—yet
 give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not
 how—
 By wrong or silence—anything that tells
 A change has come upon your tender-
 ness—
 And there is not a feeling out of
 heaven
 Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step
 and slow—
 Her pressed lip arched, and her clear
 eye undimmed
 As if it were a diamond, and her form
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart
 breathed through.
 Her child kept on in silence, though
 she pressed
 His hand till it was pained; for he had
 read
 The dark look of his mother, and the
 seed
 Of a stern nature had been breathed
 upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun
 rode up
 In the clear heaven, and every beam
 was heat.

The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
 And the bright plumage of the Orient
 lay
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
 It was an hour of rest! but Hagar
 found
 No shelter in the wilderness, and on
 She kept her weary way, until the boy
 Hung down his head, and opened his
 parched lips
 For water; but she could not give it
 him.

She laid him down beneath the sultry
 sky—
 For it was better than the close, hot
 breath
 Of the thick pines—and tried to com-
 fort him;
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue
 eyes
 Were dim and blood-shot, and he could
 not know
 Why God denied him water in the wild.

She sat a little longer, and he grew
 Ghastly and faint, as if he would have
 died.
 It was too much for her. She lifted
 him,
 And bore him farther on, and laid his
 head
 Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
 And, shrouding up her face, she went
 away,
 And sat to watch, where he could see
 her not,
 Till he should die; and, watching him,
 she mourned:

"God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
 I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
 And see death settle on my cradle joy.
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue
 eye!
 And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this when thou wast
 straying,
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the
 flowers;
 Or wiling the soft hours,
 By the rich gush of water-sources play-
 ing,
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,

So beautiful and deep.
 "Oh, no! and when I watched by thee
 the while,
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy
 dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
 How prayed I that my father's land
 might be
 An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast
 hath won thee!
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth
 will press;
 And, oh! my last caress
 Must feel thee cold; for a chill hand
 is on thee.
 How can I leave my boy, so pillowed
 there
 Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had
 given
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and
 bathed
 The forehead of her child until he
 laughed
 In his reviving happiness, and lisped
 His infant thought of gladness at the
 sight
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's
 hand.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

HAGAR DEPARTED.

A MOTHER drives a mother from her
 home!
 With tears the patriarch sees that
 dawning day;
 With tears the child receives an out-
 cast's doom;
 With tears his mother leads him from
 away!
 The desert welcomes those by men out-
 cast;
 The desert sees her want and hears
 her cry,
 "Beneath this parchèd shade, rest, child,
 thy last!
 Let not thy mother see her darling
 die!"

Tears are but dew-drops at gray morn-
 ing-tide,
 And God has beams of love to dry
 them all;
 Deserts are wide, but His reign far more
 wide
 Who from the rock can bid the foun-
 tain fall.

"Hagar, arise! and bid thy boy arise!
 The orphan's God, the widow's helper,
 know!
 Tears flow not vainly from a mother's
 eyes;
 See at thy feet the living waters
 flow!
 The desert echoes not in vain his cries;
 God hears him in the agony of woe,—
 God shall be with him whereso'er he
 go!"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909).

HAGAR.

LONE in the wilderness, her child and
 she,
 Sits the dark beauty, and her fierce-
 eyed boy;
 A heavy burden, and no winsome toy
 To such as she, a hanging babe must be.
 A slave without a master—wild, nor
 free,
 With anger in her heart! and in her
 face
 Shame for foul wrong and undeserved
 disgrace,
 Poor Hagar mourns her lost virginity!
 Poor woman, fear not—God is every-
 where;
 The silent tears, thy thirsty infant's
 moan,
 Are known to Him whose never-absent
 care
 Still wakes to make all hearts and souls
 his own;
 He sends an angel from beneath his
 throne
 To cheer the outcast in the desert bare.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849).

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

INTURED, hopeless, faint, and weary,
 Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
 Through the desert wild and dreary,
 Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,
Languish unrelieved, and die?

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies,
Death with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the Angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake
thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction
God hath seen and pitied thee;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee, in thy abject state,

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning
'Mid the desert in the world;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain,
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo! The well of life he shows,
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

MARY TIGHE (1773-1810).

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"Get ye up from the wrath of God's
terrible day!
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!
'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the full-
ness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest
of crime!"

The warning was spoken—the righteous
had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were
feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet—the revel was
long,
With the pouring of wine and the
breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air
was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees
were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes
of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in
the dance,
With the magic of motion and sun-
shine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and
tresses fell free,
As the plumage of birds in some trop-
ical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were
lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of
the eye;

'Midst rites of obsceneness, strange,
loathsome, abhorred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of
the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—the
quaking of earth!

Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to
the mirth!

The black sky has opened; there's flame
in the air;

The red arm of vengeance is lifted and
bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild
where the song

And the low tone of love had been
whispered along:

For the fierce flames went lightly o'er
palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to blast
and devour.

Down, down on the fallen the red ruin
rained,

And the reveller sank with his wine-
cup undrained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's
loved thrill,

And the shout and the laughter grew
suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully
given;

The last eye glared forth in its mad-
ness on Heaven!

The last groan of horror rose wildly
and vain,

And death brooded over the pride of
the Plain.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the east. The pur-
ple clouds

Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright
coming.

Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And nature, from the wavy forest-leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet
There is no mist upon the deep blue
skv,

And the clear dew is on the blushing
bosoms

Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallow'd is the hour of morning!
meet—

Ay, beautifully meet—for the pure
prayer.

The patriarch standeth at his tented
door

With his white locks uncover'd. 'Tis
his wont

To gaze upon that gorgeous Orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,
Is wont to come again, and clothe his
brow

As at his fourscore strength. But now,
he seemeth

To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff as at the hour
Of moonlight sultriness. And that
bright sun—

He looketh at its pencill'd messengers,
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved
son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah
stands

Watching the steps of Abraham and
her child

Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint
not.

Would she have watch'd their path so
silently,

If she had known that he was going up,
E'en in his fair-haired beauty, to be
slain

As a white lamb for sacrifice? They
trod

Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old
man's shade

In straight and fair proportions, as of
one

Whose years were freshly number'd.
He stood up,

Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like
a tree

Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the
wind,

And left his brow uncover'd; and his
face,

Impress'd with the stern majesty of
grief

Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
 Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
 But the young boy—he of the laughing eye
 And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him.
 He seem'd to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
 And the aroma of the spicy trees,
 And all that giveth the delicious East
 Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
 Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
 With love and beauty. Every thing he met,
 Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
 Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
 Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path;
 And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
 As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
 Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
 To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
 And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place;
 And he would crouch till the old man came by,
 Then bound before him with his childish laugh,
 Stealing a look behind him playfully,
 To see if he had made his father smile.
 The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
 From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
 Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
 And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.
 Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
 Firm and unflinching; turning not aside
 To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
 In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
 Whose gush hath so much music.
 Weariness
 Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
 To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,
 And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings

As in the early morning; but he kept
 Close by his father's side, and bent his head
 Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,
 Lifting it not, save now and then, to steal
 A look up to the face whose sternness awed
 His childishness to silence.

It was noon—
 And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,
 And buried up his face, and pray'd for strength.
 He could not look upon his son, and pray;
 But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
 Of the fair, kneeling boy, he pray'd that God
 Would nerve him for that hour. * * *

* * * * * He rose up, and laid
 The wood upon the altar. All was done.
 He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush
 Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerved
 His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
 "Isaac! my only son!"—The boy look'd up:
 "Where is the lamb, my father?"—Oh the tones,
 The sweet, familiar voice of a loved child!—
 What would its music seem at such an hour!—
 It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
 His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
 And lifted up his arm, and call'd on God—
 And lo! God's angel stay'd him—and he fell
 Upon his face, and wept.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

ABRAHAM AT MACHPELAH.

DENSELY wrapp'd in shades,
 Olive and terebinth, its vaulted door
 Fleck'd with the untrain'd vine and matted grass,

Behold Machpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not
A voice of weeping? Lo, yon aged man
Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after
wave

Of memory rises, till his lonely heart
Sees all its treasures floating on the
flood,

Like moorless weeds.

The earliest dawn of love
Is present with him, and a form of
grace

Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall:
And then the morn of marriage, gorge-
geous robes,

And dulcet music, and the rites that
bless

The Eastern bride. Full many a glow-
ing scene,

Made happy by her tenderness, returns
To mock his solitude.

Again their home
Gleams through the oaks of Mamre.

There he sat,
Rendering due rites of hospitality
To guests who bore the folded wing of
heaven

Beneath their vestments. And her smile
was there

Among the angels.

When her clustering curls
Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what
glad surprise,

What holy triumph of exulting faith,
He saw fresh blooming in her wither'd
arms,

A fair young babe; the heir of all his
wealth.

Forever blending with that speechless
joy

Which thrill'd his soul when first a
father's name

Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid
brow

O'er which he weeps.

Yet had he seen it wear
Another semblance, tinged with hues of
thought,

Perchance, unlovely, in that trial-hour
When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful
eye

He answer'd nought, but on her shoul-
der bound

The cruse of water and the loaf, and
sent

Her and her son unfriended wanderers
forth

Into the wilderness.

Say, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain
would blot,

Troubling the tear? If there were no
kind deed

Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
Expected, yet unspoken; no sharp tone,
meditating there.

That jarr'd discordant on the quivering
nerve,

For which the weeper fain would rend
the tomb

To cry, "Forgive!" Oh! let him kneel
and praise

God amid all his grief.

We may not say
If aught of penitence was in the pang
That wrung his labouring breast, while
o'er the dust

Of Sarah, at Machpelah's waiting tomb,
The proud and princely Abraham bow'd
him down,

A mourning stranger, mid the sons of
Heth.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

(1791-1865).

GENESIS XXIV.

Who is this man
that walketh in the field,

O Eleazer,
steward to my lord?

And Eleazer
answered her and said,

Daughter of Bethuel,
it is other none

But my lord Isaac,
son unto my lord.

Who, as his wont is,
walketh in the field,

In the hour of evening,
meditating there.

Therefore Rebekah
hasted where she sat,

And from her camel
lighting to the earth,

Sought for a veil
and put it on her face.

But Isaac also,
 walking in the field,
 Saw from afar
 a company that came,
 Camels, and a seat
 as where a woman sat;
 Wherefore he came
 and met them on the way.

Whom, when Rebekah
 saw, she came before,
 Saying, Behold
 the handmaid of my lord,
 Who, for my lord's sake,
 travel from my land.

But he said, O
 thou blessed of our God,
 Come, for the tent
 is eager for thy face.
 Shall not thy husband
 be unto thee more than
 Hundreds of kinsmen
 living in thy land?

And Eleazer answered,
 Thus and thus,
 Even according
 as thy father bade,
 Did we; and thus and
 thus it came to pass:
 Lo! is not this
 Rebekah, Bethuel's child?
 And, as he ended,
 Isaac spoke and said,
 Surely my heart
 went with you on the way,
 When with the beasts
 ye came unto the place.

Truly, O child
 of Nahor, I was there,
 When to thy mother
 and thy mother's son
 Thou madest answer,
 saying, I will go.
 And Isaac brought her
 to her mother's tent.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861).

JACOB.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain-
 zone
 That guards thy vales of beauty, Pales-
 tine!

And lovely from the desert rose the
 moon,
 Yet lingering on the horizon's purple
 line,
 Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
 Up Padan-Aram's height, abrupt and
 bare,
 A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's de-
 cline
 Look'd pale, then paused for eve's de-
 licious air;
 The summit gain'd, he knelt and
 breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—
 darkness fell
 Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
 Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to
 swell;
 Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd
 round,
 Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns
 bound;
 Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on
 high,
 Gigantic volume upon volume wound—
 Above, a pillar shooting to the sky:
 Below, a mighty sea, that spreads in-
 cessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden
 strings;
 Low winds, whose breath is loaded with
 the rose;
 Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of
 wings;
 Pale lightning round the dark pavilion
 glows:
 It thunders—the resplendent gates un-
 close.
 Far as the eye can glance, on height
 o'er height
 Rise fiery waving wings, and star-
 crown'd brows,
 Millions on millions, brighter and more
 bright,
 Till all is lost in one supreme, unmin-
 gled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim
 stand,
 Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty
 plume,
 Fixed, sun-bright eyes, and looks of
 high command:
 They tell the patriarch of his glorious
 doom;

Father of countless myriads that shall
 come,
 Sweeping the land like billows of the
 sea,
 Bright as the stars of heaven from twi-
 light's gloom,
 Till He is given whom angels long to
 see,
 And Israel's splendid line is crown'd
 with Deity.

GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860).

JACOB'S DREAM.

(Genesis xxviii:10-12.)

OH, pilgrim, halting on the rock-strewn
 sod,
 To thee this Bethel vision still ap-
 pears!
 The golden ladder of the love of God
 Shines on the weary eyes, all wet
 with tears.

He leads thee on by ways thou hast not
 known,
 He bids thee rest in desert stillness
 deep,
 He gives thee pillows of the barren
 stone;
 And lo! His angels dawn upon thy
 sleep.

He shows thee how Eternal Love unites
 Thy sin-marred earth with His own
 sphere of bliss,
 And sends His bright ones from their
 radiant heights,
 Laden with blessings from that world
 to this.

Thy darkness is no darkness unto Him,
 The solitudes are peopled with His
 host;

Close the dim eye, and rest the way-
 worn limb—

The Lord is near when thou dost
 need Him most. S. D.

AS JACOB SERVED FOR RACHEL.

'Twas the love that lightened service!
 The old, old story sweet
 That yearning lips and waiting hearts
 In melody repeat.
 As Jacob served for Rachel
 Beneath the Syrian sky,

Like golden sands that swiftly drop,
 The toiling years went by.

Chill fell the dews upon him,
 Fierce smote the sultry sun;
 But what were cold or heat to him,
 Till that dear wife was won!
 The angels whispered in his ear,
 "Be patient and be strong!"
 And the thought of her he waited for
 Was ever like a song.

Sweet Rachel, with the secret
 To hold a brave man leal;
 To keep him through the changeful
 years,
 Her own in woe and weal;
 So that in age and exile,
 The death damp on his face,
 Her name to the dark valley lent
 Its own peculiar grace.

And "There I buried Rachel,"
 He said of that lone spot
 In Ephrath, near to Bethlehem,
 Where the wife he loved was not;
 For God had taken from him
 The brightness and the zest,
 And the heaven above thenceforward
 kept
 In fee his very best.

Of the love that lightens service,
 Dear God, how much we see,
 When the father toils the livelong day
 For the children at his knee;
 When all night long the mother wakes,
 Nor deems the vigil hard,
 The rose of health on the sick one's
 cheek
 Her happy heart's reward.

Of the love that lightens service
 The fisherman can tell,
 When he wrests the bread his dear ones
 eat
 Where the bitter surges swell;
 And the farmer in the furrow,
 The merchant in the mart,
 Count little worth their weary toil
 For the treasures of the heart.

* * * * *

As Jacob served for Rachel
 Beneath the Syrian sky;

And the golden sands of toiling years
 Went swiftly slipping by:
 The thought of her was music
 To cheer his weary feet;
 'Twas love that lightened service,
 The old, old story sweet.

ANONYMOUS.

JACOB AND RACHEL.

WHEN Jacob with his Rachel fed
 The flock from year to year,
 To him how sweet the Seasons fled;
 And so it seem'd to her.

But wretched was the Shepherd's fate,
 And sorely was he tried,
 When he beheld, in sober state,
 That Leah was his Bride.

But Leah, who to Jacob seem'd
 A Wife he could not prize,
 Had yet the Virtues that redeem'd
 The weakness of her Eyes.

But Jacob's love, and Laban's flock,
 And Labours for their Sake,
 Took all the Terror from the Shock
 That Care and Time could take.

It was poor Rachel's harder part
 Her love, her Lord to lose,
 And in an Instant rob her Heart
 Of Life's delicious Views.

She oft-times up the mountain went,
 With bitter thoughts oppress'd,
 And weeping saw the Shepherd's Tent
 Her Sister now possessed.

Leah, she knew, would faithful prove,
 And Jacob would give Truth ap-
 plause;
 And, when he once had vow'd to love,
 He for his vow would find a Cause.

Thou too art wed to Duty stern,
 And to thy Vow wilt prove sincere;
 And I, like Rachel, doomed to yearn,
 Victim to Virtues I revere.

But she had Hope the Time would come,
 And Jacob would for her be free;
 Mine is an ever-during Doom,
 And not a Hope remains for me.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832).

RACHEL.

(From "Joseph and His Brethren.")

RACHEL, the beautiful (as she was
 called),
 Despised our mother Leah, for that she
 Was 'tender-ey'd, lean-favor'd, and did
 lack
 The pulpy ripeness swelling the white
 skin
 To sleek proportions beautiful and
 round,
 With wrinkled joints so fruitful to the
 eye.
 All this is fair: and yet we know it true
 That 'neath a pomane breast and snowy
 side
 A heart of guile and falsehood may be
 hid,
 As well as where the soil is deeper
 tinct.
 So here with this same Rachel was it
 found:
 The dim blue-lacèd veins on either
 brow,
 'Neath the transparent skin meandering,
 That with the silver-leavèd lily vied;
 Her full dark eye, whose brightness
 glisten'd through
 The sable lashes soft as camel-hair;
 Her slanting head curv'd like the maiden
 moon
 And hung with hair luxuriant as a vine
 And blacker than a storm; her rounded
 ear
 Turn'd like a shell upon some golden
 shore;
 Her whispering foot that carried all her
 weight,
 Nor left its little pressure on the sand;
 Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and
 red,
 Gathering a dew from her escaping
 breath;
 Her voice melodious, mellow, deep, and
 dear,
 Lingering like sweet music in the ear;
 Her neck o'ersoften'd like to unsunn'd
 curd;
 Her tapering fingers rounded to a point;
 The silken softness of her veinèd hand;
 Her dimpled knuckles answering to her
 chin;
 And teeth like honeycombs o' the wil-
 derness:

All these did tend to a bad proof in her.
 For armed thus in beauty she did steal
 The eye of Jacob to her proper self,
 Engross'd his time, and kept him by
 her side,
 Casting on Leah indifference and neglect;
 Whereat great Heaven took our
 mother's part
 And struck young Rachel with a barrenness
 While she bore children: thus the matter went;
 Till Rachel, feeling guilty of her fault,
 Turn'd to some penitence, which Heaven
 heard;
 And then she bore this Joseph, who
 must and does,
 Inherit toward the children all the pride
 And scorn his mother had towards our
 mother:
 Wherefore he suffers in our just rebuke.

CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS (1800-1879).

JACOB'S WIVES.

THESE are the words of Jacob's wives,
 the words
 Which Leah spake and Rachel to his
 ears,
 When, in the shade at eventide, he sat
 By the tent door, a palm tree overhead,
 A spring beside him, and the sheep
 around.

And Rachel spake and said, The night-
 fall comes—
 Night, which all day I wait for, and
 for thee.

And Leah also spake, The day is done;
 My loath with toil is weary and would
 rest.

And Rachel said, Come, O my Jacob,
 come;
 And we will think we sit beside the
 well,
 As in that day, the long, long years
 ago,
 When first I met thee with my father's
 flock.
 And Leah said, Come, Israel, unto me;

And thou shalt reap an harvest of fair
 sons,
 E'en as before I bare thee goodly babes;
 For when was Leah fruitless to my
 lord?

And Rachel said, Ah come! as then thou
 cam'st,
 Come once again to set thy seal of love;
 As then, down bending, when the sheep
 had drunk,
 Thou settest it, my shepherd—O sweet
 seal!—
 Upon the unwitting, half-foretasting
 lips,
 Which, shy and trembling, thirsted yet
 for thine
 As cattle thirsted never for the spring.

And Leah answered, Are not these their
 names—
 As Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah—four?
 Like four young saplings by the water's
 brim,
 Where straining rivers through the
 great plain wind—
 Four saplings soon to rise to goodly
 trees—
 Four trees whose growth shall cast an
 huger shade
 Than ever yet on river-side was seen.

And Rachel said, And shall it be again
 As, when dissevered far, unheard, alone,
 Consumed in bitter anger all night long,
 I moaned and wept, while, silent and
 discreet,
 One reaped the fruit of love that Ra-
 chel's was
 Upon the breast of him that knew her
 not?

And Leah said, And was it then a wrong
 That, in submission to a father's word,
 Trembling yet hopeful, to that bond I
 crept,
 Which God hath greatly prospered, and
 my Lord,
 Content, in after-wisdom not disowned,
 Joyful, in after-thankfulness approved?

And Rachel said, But we will not com-
 plain,
 Though all life long, an alien, unsought
 third,
 She trouble our companionship of love,

And Leah answered, No, complain we not,
Though years on years she loiter in the tent,
A fretful, vain, unprofitable wife.

And Rachel answered, Ah! she little knows
What in old days to Jacob Rachel was.

And Leah said, And wilt thou dare to say,
Because my lord was gracious to thee then,
No deeper thought his riper cares hath claimed,
No stronger purpose passed into his life?
That, youth and maid once fondly, softly touched,
Time's years must still the casual dream repeat,
And all the river far, from source to sea,
One fitting moment's chance reflection bear?
Also she added, Who is she to judge
Of thoughts maternal, and a father's heart?

And Rachel said, But what to super-sede
The rights which choice bestowed hath Leah done?
What which my handmaid or which hers hath not?
Is Simeon more than Naphtali? is Dan
Less than his brother Levi in the house?
That part that Billah and that Zilpah have,
That, and no more, hath Leah in her lord;
And let her with the same be satisfied.

Leah asked then, And shall these things compare
(Font's wishes, and the pastime, and the play)
With serious aims and forward-working hopes—
Aims as far-reaching as to earth's last age,
And hopes far-traveling as from east to west?
Rachel replied, That love which in his youth,

Through trial proved, consoles his perfect age;
Shall this with project and with plan compare?

Is not forever shorter than all time,
And love more straightened than from east to west?

Leah spake further, Hath my lord not told

How, in the visions of the night, his God,
The God of Abraham and of Isaac, spake

And said, Increase, and multiply, and fill

With sons to serve Me this thy land and mine;

And I will surely do thee good, and make

Thy seed as is the sand beside the sea,
Which is not numbered for its multitude?

Shall Rachel bear this progeny to God?

But Rachel wept and answered, And if God

Hath closed the womb of Rachel until now,

Shall He not at His pleasure open it?
Hath Leah read the counsels of the Lord?

Was it not told her, in the ancient days,
How Sarah, mother of great Israel's sire,

Lived to long years, insulted of her slave,

Or e'er to light the Child of Promise came,

Whom Rachel too to Jacob yet may bear?

Moreover, Rachel said, Shall Leah mock,

Who stole the prime embraces of my love,

My first long-destined, long-withheld caress?

But not, she said, methought, but not for this,

In the old days, did Jacob seek his bride;—

Where art thou now, O thou that sought'st me then?

Where is thy loving tenderness of old?
And where that fervency of faith to which

Seven weary years were even as a few days?

And Rachel wept and ended, Ah, my life!
Though Leah bare thee sons on sons,
methought
The child of love, late-born, were worth them all.

And Leah groaned and answered, It is well:
She that hath kept from me my husband's heart
Will set their father's soul against my sons.
Yet, also, not, she said, I thought for this,
Not for the feverish nor the doting love,
Doth Israel, father of a nation, seek;
Nor the light dalliance, as of boy and girl,
Incline the thoughts of matron and of man,
Or lapse the wisdom of maturer mind.

And Leah ended, Father of my sons,
Come, thou shalt dream of Rachel if thou wilt,
So Leah fold thee in a wife's embrace.

These are the words of Jacob's wives,
who sat
In the tent door, and listened to their speech,
The spring beside him, and above the palm.
While all the sheep were gathered for the night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUH (1819-1861).

A BIBLE-STORY FOR MOTHERS.

'Twas sunset in the land where Eden was—
Haran, the fertile in the times of old.
And now the flocks, from far-off field and hill,
Home followed to the fold at Laban's well;
And, when for them the stone was rolled away,
They drank, and Jacob numbered them.
For such
As of its life had well fulfilled a day,

The sunset seemed the giving of it joy—
Joy for the hornèd cattle with their calves,
Joy for the goats with kids, the sheep with lambs;
Joy for the birds, that tilted on their nests,
Singing till twilight should enfold their young;
And, from the lowly hut beyond the well,
Rose the sweet laughter of the shepherd's babe;
And Zilpah's son, and Billah's, on the clean
Smooth floor between the household's circling tents
Play'd with the children of the unloved Leah.

But, in the shadow of the tallest palm,
There stood a tent, apart. The untrampled grass
Told of no frolic feet familiar there;
And silence reigned within its guarded room;
And, by the half-drawn curtain of the door,
Sat one who felt her life too sorrowful
To let the greeting of the sunset in.
For, on the herds that watered at the well,
And on the children that played joyous by,
And on the flowers, and birds, and laden trees—
Each lacking naught of life that was its own—
How could *she* look and feel she was of them?
RACHEL—the *childless*? * * *

* * * * 'Twas another eve;
And other summers had on Haran smiled—
An eve of golden glory, that, again,
Found Jacob with his flocks at Laban's well.
And now—uncovered, as, at prayer—he stood,
And look'd where glowed the Bethel of his dream;
For, in the glory of that western sky,
He saw again the ladder rise to Heaven,

And the ascending and descending troop
That ministered to him who stood
above—

The place none other than the house of
God—

There, where he poured the oil upon the
stone,

As he came East from Canaan. And,
as wont,

In the devoutness of that evening hour,
He recognized the COVENANT fulfilled:
For he had food, and raiment to put
on—

His cattle and his flocks in peace were
there—

A God still with him, who increased
his store,

And kept him in the way that he should
go,

And who the holy promise would fulfill,
Dearest to Jacob in that stranger land,
To bring him to his father's house once
more.

Thus prayed he, with the setting of
the sun.

But, oh! there was another gift from
God,

And far more precious, though un-
named with these;

Whose joy had waited not the sunset's
glow

To kindle it to prayer, but whose fond
fire

Burned a thanksgiving incense all the
day—

*She whom he loved had borne to him
a child.*

And, to the tent that stood beneath the
palm—

The tent apart, that was so shut and
lone—

The glory of the evening entered now;
The silken cord drawn eagerly and far,
That the sun's greeting should be all
let in—

The rosy record of a day fulfilled
Being the mirror of a mother's joy—

For, on the floor, rejoicing in its light,
Lay the boy babe of RACHEL. She, of all

The daughters of the land most fair to
see—

Most loved, and so most needing to
bestow

A jewel from her heart on him she
loved—

She who of women was reproached
to be

Barren though beautiful—and thus un-
blest,

Refusing to be comforted—behold!

God had remembered her!

O mother loved—

You who have taken to your breast the
child

New-given from your beauty unto him
Whose soul is mingled in its life, the
link

Of an immortal spirit welded now

Betwixt you twain forever, read you
here

How in the Scripture is your story writ!
The sands of gold, from nature's run-
ning brook,

Were mingled truly in the olden time.

That which was holiest in our daily life,
Was, in inspired words, all wondrously

First written—as the stars are set to
burn—

Small though they seem, of an undying
brightness.

Jacob's for Rachel was a human love—
A heart won by the beauty of a maid

Met, with her flocks, beside her father's
well.

How beautiful was Laban's daughter
there,

'Tis written; and, how tenderly he
loved,

Is of his lifetime made the golden
thread;

And, of her sorrow that she bare no
child,

And of the taking that reproach away,
'Tis lessoned for the world to learn by
heart—

Sweet as a song—"GOD HEARKENED UNTO
HER."

And oh, the bliss of Rachel in her
child—

Its hallowed fountain was twice Scrip-
ture-told!

Look thou, oh mother, how again 'twas
writ—

The story of thy babe as told in
Heaven—

"AND GOD REMEMBERED HER."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

(1866-1867).

ISRAEL.

WHEN by Jabbok the patriarch waited
To learn on the morrow his doom,
And his dubious spirit debated
In darkness and silence and gloom,
There descended a Being with whom
He wrestled in agony sore,
With striving of heart and of brawn,
And not for an instant forbore
Till the east gave a threat of the dawn;
And then, the Awful One blessed him,
To his lips and his spirit there came,
Compelled by the doubts that oppressed
him,

The cry that through questioning ages
Has been wrung from the hinds and
the sages,
"Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy name!"
Most fatal, most futile, of questions!
Wherever the heart of man beats,
In the spirit's most sacred retreats,
It comes with its sombre suggestions,
Unanswered forever and aye.
The blessing may come and may stay,
For the wrestler's heroic endeavor;
But the question, unheeded forever,
Dies out in the broadening day.

In the ages before our traditions,
By the altars of dark superstitions,
The imperious question has come;
When the death-stricken victim lay
sobbing

At the feet of his slayer and priest,
And his heart was laid smoking and
throbbing

To the sound of the cymbal and drum
On the steps of the high Teocallis;
When the delicate Greek at his feast
Poured forth the red wine from his
chalice

With mocking and cynical prayer;
When by Nile Egypt worshipping lay,
And afar, through the rosy, flushed air
The Memnon called out to the day;
Where the Muezzin's cry floats from
his spire;

In the vaulted Cathedral's dim shades,
Where the crushed hearts of thousands
aspire

Through art's highest miracles higher,
This question of questions invades
Each heart bowed in worship or shame;
In the air where the censers are swing-
ing,

A voice, going up with the singing,
Cries, "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy
name!"

No answer came back, not a word,
To the patriarch there by the ford;
No answer has come through the ages
To the poets, the seers, and the sages
Who have sought in the secrets of
science

The name and the nature of God,
Whether cursing in desperate defiance
Or kissing his absolute rod;

But the answer which was and shall be,
"My name! Nay, what is it to thee?"

The search and the question are vain.
By use of the strength that is in you,
By wrestling of soul and of sinew
The blessing of God you may gain.

There are lights in the far-gleaming
Heaven

That never will shine on our eyes;
To mortals it may not be given
To range those inviolate skies.
The mind, whether praying or scorning,
That tempts those dread secrets shall
fail;

But strive through the night till the
morning,

And mightily shalt thou prevail.

JOHN HAY (1838-1905).

WRESTLING JACOB.

COME, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare.
Thyself hast called me by my name:
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy Love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go;
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?

Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
 Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
 Though every sinew be unstrung,
 Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,

And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, then I am strong:
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

My strength is gone, my nature dies;
 I sink beneath Thy weighty hand;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise:—
 I fall, and yet by faith, I stand.
 I stand, and will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquered by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou diedst
 for me;

I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, Universal Love Thou art:
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the
 grace

Unspeaking I now receive;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face;
 I see Thee face to face, and live.
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in His wings;
 Withered my nature's strength; from
 Thee

My soul its life and succor brings.
 My help is all laid up above:
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move:
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'er-
 come;

I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788).

PENIEL.

In a place of the mountains of Edom,
 And a waste of the midnight shore,
 When the evil winds of the desolate
 hills

Beat with an iron roar,
 With the pitiless black of the desert
 behind,
 And the wrath of a brother before:—

In a place of the ancient mountains,
 And the time of the midnight dead,
 Where the great wide skies of his
 father's land

Loomed vastly overhead,
 Jacob, the son of the ancient days,
 Stood out alone with his dread.

And there in that place of darkness,
 When the murk of the night grew
 dim,

Under the wide roof-tree of the world
 An unknown stood with him,—
 Whether a devil or angel of God,—
 With presence hidden and grim,

And spake—"Thou Son of Isaac,
 On mountain and stream and tree,
 And this wide ruined world of night,
 Take thy last look with me:
 For out of the darkness have I come,
 To die, or conquer thee."

Then Jacob made stern answer,—
 "Until thy face I see,
 Though I strive with life or wrestle
 with death,

Yet will I strive with thee:
 For better it were to die this hour
 Than from my fate to flee.

"Yea, speak thy name or show thy face,
Else shall I conquer thy will."
But the other closed with an iron shock,
Till it seemed the stars so still,
With the lonely night, in a wheeling
mist,
Went round by river and hill.

And Jacob strove as the dying strive,
In the woe of that awful place.
Yea, he fought with the desperate soul
of one
Who fights in evil case:
And he called aloud in the pauses dread,
"O give me sight of thy face.

"Yea, speak thy name, what art thou,
spirit,
Or man, or devil, or God?
Yea, speak thy name!" But no voice
came,
From heaven or deep or sod:
And the spirit of Jacob clave to his
flesh
As the dew in a dried-up clod.

Then they rocked and swayed as
Autumn storms
Do rock the centuried trees:
Yea, swayed and rocked: that other
strove,
And drave him to his knees,
And Jacob felt the wide world's gleam
And the roar of unknown seas.

Like to a mighty storm it seemed,
There thundered in his ears:
Then a mighty rushing water teemed
Like brooks of human tears,
And opened the channels of his spent
heart,
And washed away his fears.

And he rose with the last despairing
strength
Of life's tenacity,
And he swore by the blood of man in
him,
And God's eternity,
"Tis my life, my very soul he wants;
That he shall not have of me."

Then his heart grew strong and he felt
the earth
Grow iron beneath his feet,
And he drank the balmy airs of night

Like rose-blooms rare and sweet:
And his soul rose up as a welling brook,
His life or death to meet.

And he spake to that unknown enemy
there,—

"By yon white stars I vow,
That be thou devil or angel or man,
Thou canst not conquer me now;
For I feel new lease of life and strength
In this sweat that beads my brow."

They locked once more; the stars, it
seemed

Went round in dances dim,
Where the great white watchers over
each hill,

With the black night, seemed to
swim;

But Jacob knew his enemy now,
Could nevermore conquer him.

Yea, still with grip of death they strove,
In iron might, until,
Planet by planet, the great stars dropped
Down over the westward hill:
And Jacob stood like one who stands
In the strength of a mighty will.

Then at that late, last midnight hour,
When the little birds rejoice,
And out of the lands of sleep life looms
With the rustle of day's annoys,
That other spake as one who speaks
With a sad despairing voice,

And cried aloud, "I have met my fate,
Loosen, and let me go;
For I have striven with thee in vain,
Till my heart is water and woe."
"Nay, nay," cried Jacob, "we strive, we
twain,
Till the mists of dawning blow."

Then spake that other, "I hate thee not,
My spirit is spent, alas,
Thou art a very lion of men;
Release, and let me pass;
For thou hast my heart and sinews
ground
As ocean grinds his grass."

Then answered Jacob, "Nay, nay, thou
liar,
This is the lock of death:
For thee or me it must be thus,

The will of my being saith;
Thou man or devil, I hold thee here
Unto thy latest breath;

"For I do feel in thee I hold
My life's supremest hour:
I would as lief let all life slip
As thee from out my power,
Until I gaze on thy hid face,
And read my spirit's dower.

"Yea, show thy face or who thou art,
Or, man or angel or fiend,
I rend thy being fold from fold,
And scatter thee to the wind."
Then they twain rocked as passions
rock,
When madness wrecks the mind.

For each now knew this was the end,
And one of them must die,
Then Jacob heaved a mighty breath,
With a last great sobbing cry,
And gripped that other in a grip,
Like the grip of those who die.

For he felt once more his spirit faint,
And his strong knees quake beneath,
And it seemed the mountains flamed
all red
At the coming of his breath;
And he prayed if he were conquered
now,
That this might be his death.

The tight grip eased, the huge form
slipped
Back earthward with a moan,
And Jacob stood there 'neath the dawn,
Like one new-changed to stone;
For in the face of the prone man there
He read his very own.

Not as man sees who reads his fellows
In the dim crowds that pass:
Nor as a soul may know himself,
Who looks within a glass:—
But as God sees, who kneads the clay,
And parts it from the mass.

And over his head the great day rose
And gloried leaf and wing,
And the little boughs began to tremble,
And the little birds to sing;
But on his face there shone a strength

Like the Power of a New-crowned
king.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL (1861-).

THE CRY OF RACHEL.

I STAND in the dark; I beat on the door:
Let me in, Death.
Through the storm am I come; I find
you before:

Let me in, Death.
For him that is sweet, and for him that
is small,
I beat on the door, I cry, and I call:
Let me in, Death.

For he was my bow of the almond-tree
fair:

Let me in, Death.
You brake it; it whitens no more by the
stair:

Let me in, Death.
For he was my lamp in the house of the
Lord;
You quenched it, and left me this dark
and the sword:

Let me in, Death.
I that was rich do ask you for alms:
Let me in, Death.
I that was full uplift you stripped
palms:

Let me in, Death.
Back to me now give the child that I
had;
Cast into mine arms my little sweet lad:
Let me in, Death.

Are you grown so deaf that you cannot
hear?

Let me in, Death.
Unclose the dim eye, and unstop the
ear:

Let me in, Death.
I will call so loud, I will call so sore,
You must for shame's sake come open
the door:

Let me in, Death.
LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE (186-).

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering
hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are
springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are
treading;

But Rachel, on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around
her;

But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound
her.

WILLIAM KNOX (1789-1825).

JACOB AND PHARAOH.

PHARAOH upon a gorgeous throne of
state

Was seated; while around him stood
submissive

His servants, watchful of his lofty
looks.

The Patriarch enters, leaning on the
arm

Of Benjamin. Unmoved by all the
glare

Of royalty, he scarcely throws a glance
Upon the pageant show; for from his
youth

A shepherd's life he led, and view'd
each night

The starry host; and still, where'er he
went,

He felt himself in presence of the Lord.
His eye is bent on Joseph, him pursues.
Sudden the king descends; and, bend-
ing, kneels

Before the aged man, and supplicates
A blessing from his lips! The aged man
Lays on the ground his staff, and
stretching forth

His tremulous hand o'er Pharaoh's
uncrown'd head,

Prays that the Lord would bless him
and his land.

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

JACOB.

My sons, and ye the children of my
sons,

Jacob your father goes upon his way,
His pilgrimage is being accomplished.
Come near and hear him ere his words
are o'er.

Not as my father's or his father's days,
As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have
been mine;

Not as the days of those that in the
field

Walked at the eventide to meditate,
And haply, to the tent returning, found
Angels at nightfall waiting at their
door.

They communed, Israel wrestled with
the Lord.

No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,
My sons, have been Jacob your father's
days,

Evil and few, attaining not to theirs
In number, and in worth inferior much.
As a man with his friend, walked they
with God,

In His abiding presence they abode,
And all their acts were open to His
face.

But I have had to force mine eyes away,
To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I
loved,

To bend down to the work, to bare the
breast,

And struggle, feet and hands, with
enemies;

To buffet and to battle with hard men,
With men of selfishness and violence;

To watch by day, and calculate by night,
To plot and think of plots, and through
a land,

Ambushed with guile, and with strong
foes beset,

To win with art safe wisdom's peaceful
way.

Alas! I know, and from the onset knew.
The first-born faith, the singleness of
soul,

The antique pure simplicity with which
God and good angels communed undis-
pleased,

Is not; it shall not any more be said,
That of a blameless and a holy kind,
The chosen race, the seed of promise,
comes.

The royal, high prerogatives, the dower

Of innocence and perfectness of life,
Pass not unto my children from their
sire,

As unto me they came of mine; they fit
Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.
Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old
age

And in this failing breath, that I forget
How on the day when from my father's
door,

In bitterness and ruefulness of heart,
I from my parents set my face, and felt
I nevermore again should look on
theirs,

How on that day I seemed unto myself
Another Adam from his home cast out,
And driven abroad unto a barren land.
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still
with thorns

And briers that labour and that sweat
of brow

He still must spend to live? Sick of
my days,

I wished not life, but cried out, Let me
die;

But at Luz God came to me; in my
heart

He put a better mind, and showed me
how,

While we discern it not, and least
believe,

On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth
Celestial messengers of loftiest good
Upward and downward pass continu-
ally.

Many, since I upon the field of Luz
Set up the stone I slept on, unto God,
Many have been the troubles of my life;
Sins in the field and sorrows in the tent,
In mine own household anguish and
despair,

And gall and wormwood mingled with
my love.

The time would fail me should I seek
to tell

Of a child wronged and cruelly re-
venged

(Accursed was that anger, it was fierce,
That wrath, for it was cruel); or of
strife

And jealousy and cowardice, with lies
Mocking a father's misery; deeds of
blood,

Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden
deaths.

These many things against me many
times,

The ploughers have ploughed deep upon
my back,

And made deep furrows; blessed be His
name

Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,
And left within his spirit hope of good.

Come near to me, my sons: your father
goes,

The hour of his departure draweth
nigh.

Ah me! this eager rivalry of life,
This cruel conflict for pre-eminence,
This keen supplanting of the dearest
kin,

Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold
Of vantage-place; the stony hard re-
solve,

The chase, the competition, and the
craft,

Which seems to be the poison of our
life,

And yet is the condition of our life!
To have done things on which the eye
with shame

Looks back, the closed hand clutching
still the prize!—

Alas! what of all these things shall I
say?

Take me away unto Thy sleep, O God!
I thank Thee it is over, yet I think

It was a work appointed me of Thee.
How is it? I have striven all my days

To do my duty to my house and hearth,
And to the purpose of my father's race,

Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861).

THE DEATH OF JACOB.

HOARY with age, upon his dying couch
The patriarch lay and gently welcomed
death;

His withered hands had clasped them-
selves in prayer,

Feeble and falt'ring came his weary
breath.

Silent, with heads bowed reverently
low,

Stood the twelve tribesmen near to
where he lay;

Though the last blessing had been giv'n
to each,

Yet the old man had something more
to say.

"Joseph, my son, though these be
radiant fields,
And the Egyptian breezes bring the
scents
Of lotus-blossoms and the breath of
flowers,
Yet lay me with my fathers far from
hence.

For I am but a simple man of tents;
I could not sleep where the grim
Pharaohs lie,
Where gaunt, hawk-eyed figures on the
wall
Leer at me with a vulture's hungry
eye;

Where strange devices in an unknown
tongue
Flaunt their quaint scrolls upon the
storied urn,
And dim-seen statues stand like solemn
ghosts,
While perfumes float from where
sweet spices burn.

Within the land of Canaan is a field
That Abraham bought him for a
burial-place;
There did they lay the old man, years
ago,
And Isaac, and the mothers of our
race.

Bury me with my kindred, in that land
Dear to my memory, where my hopes
and loves
Have found their full fruition, where
my thoughts
In this last hour return like wand'ring
doves.

Within the land of Canaan, at Luz,
Before these fading eyes were dim
and old,
I saw God's holy angels, in my dreams,
Treading a shining ladder made of
gold.

'Twas there Heav'n's blessing fell on
me and mine;
I talked with God and met him face
to face,

And there still stands the pillar that I
reared
In adoration on that hallowed place.

'Twas in the land of Canaan Rachel
died,
The fair-faced, sweet-voiced charmer
of my life;
There did I leave her buried by the
way,
The dearest and the best beloved wife.

Bury me not in Egypt, take me hence
From these strange scenes, when life
away has passed;
Bury me not in Egypt, bear me there,
Where, with my fathers, I may rest
at last."

MARY L. CLOUGH.

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

WHEN Joseph, by his Brethren sold,
Was with his Masters on their Way,
Prest by sad thoughts and dreading to
behold
The rising Light of each succeeding
Day:
A Night there came when, burdened
with his Woes,
His Fears and Wrongs, he felt in-
clined to rest;
When Sleeping Visions on his Fancy
rose,
And Wonders on his troubled Spirit
Prest.

At first his Thoughts were all confused:
A fair Slave was in his dream,
Who like himself did seem,
But whom he saw, now trusted, then
accused—

One often tried and ever faithful
found;
But still in Prison bound.
Anon, a City to his View arose;
Then a fair Dame, and then a Clank
of Chains;
Alternate Smiles and Frowns of
Friends and Foes;
Temptations, Trials, Favours, Perils,
Pains;

But in each shifting Scene
Was he, that self-same Youth, still
virtuous, still serene.

All else past off like Summer Clouds;
 And that fair Youth, a Slave no
 more,
 Was now attended by applauding
 Crowds,
 And Robes of royal State he wore;
 And ever, as this Youth the Dreamer
 viewed,
 He seemed his very Self to see;
 Save that this other Self was new
 indued
 With Power that his must never be;
 For how could one be great, who felt
 he was not free!

He saw that other self beside a Throne,
 Ennobled and admired of noble Men;
 He saw him, too, retired, alone,
 Virtuous, and still more happy, then.
 He seemed as fitted for his State,
 And not by Love of Greatness led;
 But as a Man advanced by Fate
 To be a mighty People's Head;
 For, though, so high, so near a Throne,
 He served his God aright and wor-
 shipped Him alone.

Then he again beheld that Youth
 With Wonder and increased delight!
 For the young Dreamer saw the inward
 Truth,
 And saw that all he did was just and
 right,
 Acting as ever in his Mother's sight;
 And much he loved, but knew not why,
 As Hearts are drawn by secret Chain;
 When soon he heard a Voice that said,
 "Draw nigh,
 And see what Truth and Piety ob-
 tain!"

While yet the Voice was heard, behold,
 there came
 A Princess fair, or one in princely
 Guise;
 The sleeping Shepherd feels a sudden
 flame,
 And in his Slumber sighs.
 Yet, when he saw that noble Youth
 address
 The royal Maiden in a lover's Style,
 He felt no jealous Pangs his Heart
 oppress,
 But joyful saw the soft, assenting
 Smile.

Scenes Change.—The Pair are wedded
 and are blest;
 He ruled the Land, but sterile was
 the Earth—
 Dry as the parched Rock, yet not dis-
 tressed—
 An unseen Plenty came upon the
 Dearth,
 Like a full Stream; and lo! as Mer-
 chants came,
 A mingled race, to buy their House-
 holds food,
 All praise his foresight; all revere his
 Name—
 The Great, the Wise, the Bountiful and
 Good!
 Then by that noble Youth, behold,
 there stood—
 Strange Fate!—his Brothers, trembling
 at their Lot.
 The Lordly Man them questioned;
 they replied:
 "Our Father lives; One Brother, and
 beside
 That one"—they looked abashed—"one
 more, my Lord, is not."

He then beheld his Father and his Race,
 Who found Protection from that
 bounteous hand.
 Jacob had Honour, and his Brethren
 Grace,
 And Joseph saw them in that Pres-
 ence stand.
 Strange joy he felt; for in his Dream
 He as that princely Youth did seem;
 And felt that Glory new of all the
 Scene.
 But, as the Tidings of that Glory rose,
 The gorgeous Scene appeared about to
 close;
 For all the People shout, and all the
 Host
 Of Egypt joined, along the Red-Sea
 Coast,
 In one loud peal of Praise; and was it
 joy?
 Oh, no! it was the call his Masters
 gave,
 That from his Vision drew the Hebrew
 Boy
 To know himself a Slave!
 While on his Ear that Shout of Triumph
 broke,
 Joseph unwilling to the Call awoke;

He saw far off the Egyptian Turrets
gleam,
And wept his cruel Fate, and longed
again to dream.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832).

THE PATRIARCHAL HOME.

(From "Joseph and His Brethren.")

Joseph. Still I am patient, tho' you're
merciless.

Yet to speak out my mind, I do avouch
There is no city feast, nor city show,
The encampment of the king and
soldiery,

Rejoicings, revelries, and victories,
Can equal the remembrance of my home
In visible imagination.

Even as he was I see my father now,
His grave and graceful head's be-
nignity

Musing beyond the confines of this
world,

His world within with all its mysteries.
What pompless majesty was in his mien,
An image of integrity creates,
Pattern of nature, in perfection.

Lo! in the morning when we issued
forth,

The patriarch surrounded by his sons.
Girt round with looks of sweet obedi-
ence,

Each struggling who should honor him
the most;

While from the wrinkles deep of many
years,

Enfurrow'd smiles, like violets in snow,
Touch'd us with heat and melancholy
cold,

Mingling our joy with sorrow for his
age;

There were my brothers, habited in
skins;

Ten goodly men, myself, and a sweet
youth

Too young to mix in anything but joy;
And in his hands each led a milk-white
steer,

Hung o'er with roses, garlanded with
flowers,

Laden with fragrant panniers of green
boughs

Of bays and myrtle interleav'd with
herbs,

Wherein was stor'd our country wine
and fruit,

And bread with honey sweeten'd, and
dried figs,
And press'd curds, and choicest rari-
ties,

Stores of the cheerless season of the
year;

While at our sides the women of our
tribe,

With pitchers on their heads, fill'd to
the brim

With wine, and honey, and with smok-
ing milk,

Made proud the black-ey'd heifers with
the swell

Of the sweet anthem sung in plenty's
praise.

Thus would we journey to the wilder-
ness,

And fixing on some peak that did o'er-
look

The spacious plains that lay display'd
beneath,

Where we could see our cattle, like to
specks

In the warm meads, browsing the juicy
grass,

There pitch our tent, and feast, and
revel out,—

The minutes flying faster than our feet
That vaulted nimbly to the pipe and
voice.

Making fatigue more sweet by appetite.
There stood the graceful Reuben by my
sire,

Piping a ditty, ardent as the sun,
And, like him, stealing renovation

Into the darkest corner of the soul,
And filling it with light. There, women
group'd,

My sisters and their maids, with ears
subdued,

With bosoms panting from the eager
dance,

Against each other lean'd; as I have
seen

A graceful tuft of lilies of the vale
Oppress'd with rain, upon each other
bend,

While freshness has stolen o'er them.
Some way off

My brothers pitch'd the bar or ploughed
for fame.

Each two with their two heifers har-
ness'd fast

Unto the shaft, and labor'd till the
sweat

Had crept about them like a sudden
thaw.

Anon they tied an eagle to a tree,
And strove at archery; or with a bear
Struggled for strength of limb. These
were no slaves—

No villain's sons to rifle passengers.
The sports being done, the winners
claim'd the spoil:

Or hide, or feather, or renowned bow,
Or spotted cow, or fleet and pamper'd
horse.

And then my father bless'd us, and we
sang

Our sweet way home again. Oft I have
ach'd

In memory of these so precious hours,
And wept upon those keys that were my
pride,

And soak'd my pillow thro' the heavy
night.

Alas! God willing, I'll be patient yet.

CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS (1800-1879).

THE TRIUMPH OF JOSEPH.

(From "Joseph and His Brethren.")

IN the royal path
Came maidens rob'd in white, enchain'd
in flowers,
Sweeping the ground with incense-
scented palms:

Then came the sweetest voices of the
land,

And cried, "Bow ye the knee!"—and
then aloud

Clarions and trumpets brake forth in
the air:

After a multitude of men-at-arms.
Of priests, of officers, and hors'd chiefs,
Came the benignant Pharaoh, whose
great pride

Was buried in his smile. I did but
glimpse

His car, for 'twas of burnish'd gold.
No eye

Save that of eagles could confront the
blaze

That seemed to burn the air, unless it
fell

Either on sapphire or carbuncle huge
That riveted the weight. This car was
drawn

By twelve jet horses, being four abreast.
And pied in their own foam. Within
the car

Sat Pharaoh, whose bare head was girt
around

By a crown of iron; and his sable hair
Like strakey as a mane, fell where it
would,

And somewhat hid his glossy sun-brent
neck

And carcanet of precious sardonix.
His jewell'd armlets, weighty as a
sword,

Clasp'd his brown naked arms—a crim-
son robe,

Deep edged with silver, and with golden
thread,

Upon a bear-skin kirtle deeply blush'd,
Whose broad resplendent braid and
shield-like clasps

Were bossed with diamonds large, by
rubies fir'd,

Like beauty's eye in rage, or roses
white

Lit by the glowing red. Beside him lay
A bunch of poppi'd corn; and at his
feet

A tamed lion as his footstool crouch'd.
Cas'd o'er in burnish'd plates I, hors'd,"

did bear

A snow-white eagle on a silver shaft,
From whence great Pharaoh's royal
banner stream'd,

An emblem of his might and dignity;
And as the minstrelsy burst clanging
forth

With shouts that brake like thunder
from the host,

The royal bird with kindred pride of
power

Flew up the measure of his silken cord,
And arch'd his cloud-like wings, as he
would mount,

And babble of his glory to the sun.
Then followed Joseph in a silver car,

Drawn by eight horses, white as evening
clouds:

His feet were resting upon Pharaoh's
sword;

And on his head a crown of drooping
corn

Mock'd that of Ceres in high holiday.
His robes were simple, but were full of
grace,

And (out of love and truth I speak
him thus)

I never did behold a man less proud,
More dignified or grateful to admire.

His honors nothing teas'd him from himself;
And he but fill'd his fortunes like a man
Who did intend to honor them as much
As they could honor him.

CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS (1800-1879).

FROM THE PERSIAN.

To each his country dearer far
Than the throne of Solomon:
Thorns from home, too, dearer are
Than myrtle or than cinnamon.
Joseph, in the pride of State,
Ruling over Egypt's strand,
Sighed, and would have changed his
fate,
For poverty in Canaan's Land.

Translated by ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Slow glides the Nile; amid the margin
flags,
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is
left,—
Left by a mother's hand. His sister
waits
Far off; and pale, 'tween hope and fear,
beholds
The royal maid, surrounded by her train,
Approach the river bank,—approach the
spot
Where sleeps the innocent: She sees
them stoop
With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is
oped,
And wakes the infant, smiling in his
tears,
As when along a little mountain lake
The summer south-wind breathes, with
gentle sigh,
And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they
bend,
A water-lily floating on the wave.

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

MOSES CONCEALED ON THE NILE.

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent
flight;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her
folded vest,

And clasped the treasure to her throbbing
breast;
With soothing whispers hushed its
feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the
secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the wind-
ing shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering tor-
rents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradle
weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus
leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk
he sips;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with
pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the
Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet
trod;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud
oppression's hands,
And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron
bands.
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the
sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western
shores,
Weeps pale despair, and writhing an-
guish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous
yell.
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs
of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries
rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage
sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind
obeys;
Who right the injured, and reward the
brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have
power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread
resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt
alarms,

Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand
disarms;
But wrapped in night with terrors all
his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is
done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth
sublime,
"He who allows oppression, shares the
crime!"

ERASMUS DARWIN (1731-1802).

MOSES ON THE NILE.

(*A fragment.*)

"My sisters, come away,
The wave is freshest in the brightening
morn;
The harvesters are silently at rest,
No stir of life from river bank is borne;
Confused sounds murmuring Memphis
on her quest;—
So let us chastely play
By grove where naught shall stray
But light of new-born day.

"One sees all arts to shine
Within my sire's palace. Yet thy fair
shore
Decked with sweet flowers—more mine
eyes it charms
Than gold or porphyry in priceless
store;
The carol of song-birds my heart e'er
warms;—
To perfumes that are mine
Burned at my altar shrine,
Is zephyr's breath divine!

"So, sisters, let us go—
The sparkling stream is calm, the sky
is blue;
Ungird your zones, your azure robes
cast down;
Joyous I wish to be this day with you—
Take off mine jealous veil and sapphire
crown;
To lave your limbs, then go
Into the waves that flow
Murmuring past so low.

"Hasten! But what see I
Through fleecy mists of dawn? Look
ye afar!
Nay, timid maidens—there is naught to
fear!

Borne toward the sea from desert
'neath North star
It seems to me an ancient palm comes
near;
When it has floated by,
To Pyramids 'twill hie.
But hold! No tree draws nigh!

"If I may believe mine eyes
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Isis, wafted gently by light breeze,
But no: a skiff of reeds rides rippling
swell
And bears an infant slumbering in
sweet ease.
Wave-rocked beneath the skies,
As peacefully it lies
As on breast whence it flies.

"It sleeps; to see its bed,
Afloat, there on the restless river's flow,
Could make one believe it was a white
dove's nest.
To and fro, at the will of the winds
that blow,
The cot comes down upon the water's
breast.
A wet grave it has fled,
For 'neath the infant's head
The gulf moves deep and dread.

"He opes his eyes! O haste,
Ye maids of Memphis! Look! Alas,
he cries!
What mother cruel could thus her child
confide
To these rude waves? With arms out-
stretched he lies,
A few frail reeds 'twixt him and the
threatening tide:
Heartless was she who placed
Thee on this water-waste
By death to be effaced!"

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

(Translated by WALTER HART BLUMEN-
THAL.)

ON A PICTURE OF THE FINDING OF MOSES BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

THIS picture does the story express
Of Moses in the bulrushes,
How lively the painter's hand
By colors makes us understand!

Moses that little infant is.
 This figure is his sister. This
 Fine stately lady is no less
 A personage than a princess,
 Daughter of Pharaoh, Egypt's king;
 Whom Providence did hither bring
 This little Hebrew child to save.
 See how near the perilous wave
 He lies exposed in the ark,
 His rushy cradle, his frail bark!
 Pharaoh, king of Egypt land,
 In his greatness gave command
 To his slaves, they should destroy
 Every new-born Hebrew boy.
 This Moses was an Hebrew's son;
 When he was born, his birth to none
 His mother told, to none revealed,
 But kept her goodly child concealed.
 Three months she hid him; then she
 wrought

With bulrushes this ark, and brought
 Him in it to this river's side,
 Carefully looking far and wide
 To see that no Egyptian eye
 Her ark-hid treasure should espy.
 Among the river-flags she lays
 The child. Near him his sister stays.
 We may imagine her affright,
 When the king's daughter is in sight.
 Soon the princess will perceive
 The ark among the flags, and give
 Command to her attendant maid
 That its contents shall be displayed.
 Within the ark the child is found,
 And now he utters mournful sound.
 Behold he weeps, as if he were
 Afraid of cruel Egypt's heir!
 She speaks, she says, "This little one
 I will protect, though he the son
 Be of an Hebrew." Every word
 She speaks is by the sister heard.—
 And now observe, this is the part
 The painter chose to show his art.
 Look at the sister's eager eye,
 As here she seems advancing nigh.
 Lowly she bends, says, "Shall I go
 And call a nurse to thee? I know
 A Hebrew woman lieth near.
 Great lady, shall I bring her here?"
 See! Pharaoh's daughter answers,
 "Go."

No more the painter's art can show;
 He cannot make his figures move.—
 On the light wings of swiftest love
 The girl will fly to bring the mother
 To be the nurse, she'll bring no other.

To her will Pharaoh's daughter say,
 "Take this child from me away:
 For wages nurse him. To my home
 At proper age this child may come.
 When to our palace he is brought,
 Wise masters shall for him be sought
 To train him up, befitting one
 I would protect as my own son.
 And Moses be a name unto him
 Because I from the waters drew him."

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.
 (1775-1834) (1765-1847)

MOSES IN THE DESERT.

Go where a foot hath never trod,
 Through unfrequented forests flee:
 The wilderness is full of God,
 His presence dwells in every tree.

To Israel and to Egypt dead,
 Moses the fugitive appears;
 Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
 Had fallen the snow of fourscore
 years.

But God the wandering exile found,
 In his appointed time and place;
 The desert sand grew holy ground,
 And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

The lonely bush a tree became,
 A tree of beauty and of light,
 Involved with unconsuming flame,
 That made the moon around it night.

Then came the Eternal voice that spake
 Salvation to the chosen seed;
 Thence went the Almighty arm that
 brake
 Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel
 freed.

By Moses, old and slow of speech,
 These mighty miracles were shown;
 Jehovah's messenger! to teach
 That power belongs to God alone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

MOSES AND JETHRO.

WHEN Moses once on Horeb's rocky
 steep,
 A banished man, was keeping Jethro's
 sheep,

What time his flocks along the hills
 and dells
 Made music with their bleatings and
 their bells,
 He, by the thoughts that stirred within
 him drawn
 Deep in the mountain, heard at early
 dawn
 One who in prayer did all his soul out-
 pour,
 With deep heart-earnestness, but noth-
 ing more;
 For strange his words were, savage
 and uncouth,
 And little did he know in very sooth
 Of that great Lord to whom his vows
 were made.
 The other for a moment listening
 stayed,
 'Until—his patience altogether spent—
 "Good friend, for whom are these
 same noises meant?
 For Him who dwells on high? This
 babbling vain,
 Which vexes even a mortal ear with
 pain?
 Oh, peace! this is not God to praise,
 but blame;
 Unmannerly applause brings only
 shame:
 Oh, stop thy mouth; thou dost but heap
 up sin,
 Such prayer as this can no acceptance
 win,
 But were enough to make God's bless-
 ings cease."
 Rebuked, the simple herdsman held his
 peace,
 And only crying, "Thou hast rent my
 heart."
 He fled into the desert far apart;
 While with himself and with his zeal
 content,
 His steps the son of Amram homeward
 bent,
 And ever to himself applauses lent—
 Much wondering that he did not find
 the same
 From his adopted sire, but rather
 blame,
 Who, having heard, replied:
 "Was this well done?
 What wouldst thou have to answer, O
 my son,
 If God should say in anger unto thee—

'Why hast thou driven My worshipper
 from Me?
 Why hast thou robbed Me of My dues
 of prayer?
 Well-pleasing offering in My sight they
 were,
 And music in Mine ears, if not in
 thine.'
 He doth its bound to every soul assign,
 Its voice, its language—using which to
 tell
 His praise, He counts that it doth
 praise Him well;
 And when there is a knocking at
 heav'n's gate,
 And at its threshold many suppliants
 wait,
 Then simple Love will often enter in,
 Where haughty Science may no en-
 trance win.
 That poor man's words were rougher
 husks than thine,
 Which yet might hold a kernel more
 divine,
 Rude vessels guarding a more precious
 wine.
 All prayer is childlike; falls as short
 of *Him*
 The wisdom of the wisest Seraphim,
 As the child's small conceit of heavenly
 things;
 A line of sound His depths no creature
 brings.
 Before the Infinite, the One, the All,
 Must every difference disappear and
 fall,
 There is no wise nor simple, great nor
 small.
 For Him the little clod of common
 earth
 Has to the diamond no inferior worth;
 Nor doth the Ocean, world-encompass-
 ing.
 Unto His thoughts more sense of vast-
 ness bring
 Than tiny dew-drop; atoms in His eye,
 A sun and a sun-mote dance equally;
 Not that the great (here understand
 aright)
 Is worthless as the little in His sight,
 Rather the little precious as the great,
 And, pondered in His scales, of equal
 weight;
 So that herein lies comfort, not de-
 spair,

As though we were too little for His care.
 God is so great, there can be nothing small
 To Him—so loving He embraces all.—
 So wise, the wisdom and simplicity
 Of man for Him must on a level be:
 But being this, more prompt to feel the wrong,
 And to resent it with displeasure strong,
 When from Him there is rudely, proudly turned
 The meanest soul that loved Him, and that yearned
 After His grace. Oh, haste then and begone,
 Rebuild the altar thou hast overthrown;
 Replace the offering which on that did stand,
 Till rudely scattered by thy hasty hand—
 Removing, if thou canst, what made it rise
 A faulty and imperfect sacrifice:
 And, henceforth, in this gloomy world and dark,
 Prize every taper yielding faintest spark,
 And if perchance it burn not clear and bright,
 Trim, if thou canst, but do not quench it quite."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (1807-1886).

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Twas morn,—the rising splendor rolled
 On marble towers and roofs of gold:
 Hall, court, and gallery, below,
 Were crowded with a living flow;
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
 The bearers of the bow and spear,
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
 The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—
 Helm, turban and tiara, shown,
 A dazzling ring, round Pharaoh's Throne.

There came a man,—the human tide
 Shrank backward from his stately stride:

His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
 A shepherd's staff was in his hand.
 A shudder of instinctive fear
 Told the dark King what step was near;
 On through the host the stranger came,
 It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,
 He clasped not sandal, kissed not Throne;
 Erect he stood amid the ring,
 His only words,—“Be just, O King!”
 On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
 A fire was in his sullen eye;
 Yet on the Chief of Israel
 No arrow of his thousands fell:
 All mute and moveless as the grave,
 Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

“Thou’rt come,” at length the Monarch spoke;
 Haughty and high the words outbroke:
 “Is Israel weary of its lair,
 The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
 Take back the answer to your band;
 Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
 Go, vilest of the living vile,
 To build the never-ending pile,
 Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
 The vulture on their flesh is fed!
 What better asks the howling slave
 Than the base life our bounty gave?”

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
 Up clashed to Heaven the golden spears.
 “King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold!”
 The prophet spoke,—the thunder rolled!
 Along the pathway of the sun
 Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
 “Yet there is time,” the prophet said,—
 He raised his staff,—the storm was stayed.
 “King! be the word of freedom given;
 What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?”

There came no word.—The thunder broke
 Like a huge city's final smoke,

Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame
Through court and hall the vapors
came.

Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and
slave:

Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering
ground.

"Speak, King!—the wrath is but be-
gun—

Still dumb?—Then, Heaven, thy will be
done."

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore;
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust stand roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The Monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague,—the flame
grew pale

Burst from the clouds the charge of
hail;

With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague,—uprose the
blast,

The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave.
Where are they?—ask that foaming
grave!

Down go the hope, the pride of years;
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore.
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn King,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To Heaven the sage upraised his wand;
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun;—
The hour of wrath and death was done.

GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860).

THE PLAGUE OF HAILSTONES.

*"And Moses stretched forth his rod
toward heaven; and the Lord sent
thunder and hail, and the fire ran
along upon the ground."—Exodus ix:23.*

THE impious Monarch sat upon his
throne,

Defying still the God of Israel.—

The sixth foul plague tormented yet
the land,

Corroding boils and blains; age, sex,
nor rank

Escaped. The hungry infant from the
breast

Turn'd, sickening; and the mother from
her child.

On the new bride the bridegroom
stared aghast;

She upon him, and lifted up her hands,
As at a serpent. Israel's sons alone—

So was the hand of God made man-
ifest—

Walk'd through the tainted air, and
knew no spot.

But Pharaoh still was hardened in his
pride

And would not let the oppress'd peo-
ple go.—

Then the seventh time the chosen
leader came,

And spake unto the king:—"O hard of
heart!

And blind in unbelief! not yet seest
thou

That Israel's God is Lord of all the
earth?

Six plagues have come on thee, and
all the land:

Yea, do ye strive with very loathsom-
ness—

Wilt thou yet strive against the living
God?

And wilt thou yet his chosen nation
vex

With stripes, and bondage, and task-
masters hard?
Or wilt thou let them go from out the
land,

That they may sacrifice unto their God;
Even to Jehovah in the wilderness?"

The awful prophet ceased; and thus
the king,

With brow like night, and eye-balls
flashing fire,

Upstarting from his golden throne, re-
plied:

"Slave and magician! no, they shall
not go!—

Who is your God, that I should be
afraid

And hearken to his voice?—I know him
not!—

Neither shall Israel go. The things thou
didst,

Did not our sorcerers also—or in part—
Even in thy sight?—yet prate they of
their God?

What art thou but a blacker sorcerer?
Or who thy God but him they also
serve?

When from thy rod a living serpent
came,

Cast they not also every man his rod
That turn'd into a serpent?—When to
blood

Thy spells had changed the waters,
played not they

The cunning trick as well?—And for
thy frogs,

Brought they not forth the loathsome
reptiles too?—

And comest thou here to boast of Is-
rael's God—

Their God alone?—and say unto the
King,

'Let go thy bondsmen now from out
the land

That they may sacrifice unto the
Lord?'—

Who then is Israel's God? I know him
not!—

And Israel shall not go.—And who art
thou

That I should hearken to thee, and lift
not up

My hand to punish? Tell me whence
thou art,

And show a sign that I may truly
know

If your Jehovah be the God indeed,
Israel his people, and his prophet
thou."—

Then Moses lifted up his hands and
spake:

"O! harder than the millstone! askest
thou

A sign that God is God, and Israel
His chosen people? Six signs hast thou
had,

Yet not believed; and the seventh will
see,

And harden yet thy heart, and heavier
task

The groaning people, and not let them
go;

But, at the last, thyself shall send them
forth,

And own, in tears, that Israel's God
is God.

But hearken to me now, and I will tell
Both whence I come, and by what sign

I know
That I indeed the prophet of the Lord

Am chosen to this work. On Horeb's
mount,

The holy hill, my father Jethro's flocks
I led to pasture. Suddenly, behold!

A bush, and in the midst a flame of
fire;

A fierce flame, yet the bush was uncon-
sumed:

And in the fire the angel of the Lord
Appeared unto me! Trembling I went

back,
And turned aside, that I this wondrous

sight
Might see, and why the bush was un-

consumed;
But, from the fire, I heard the voice

of God,
That called my name; and, fearing, I

replied—
'Hear am I!'—Then He spake again,

and said,
'Draw not nigh hither; put thy shoes

aside
From off thy feet, for where thou

standest now
Is holy ground. I am thy father's God,

The God of Abraham, and Isaac's God,
The God of Jacob.'—Then I hid my

eyes,
Lest I should look upon the face of

God.

And the Lord said, 'I surely have beheld
Th' afflictions of my people, and have heard
Their cry, by reason of their task-masters;
For I do know their sorrows, and am come
From the Egyptians to deliver them,
And bring them from that land unto a land
Flowing with milk and honey. Therefore come,
And I will send thee unto Pharaoh now,
That thou my chosen people may'st bring forth.
The children of Israel, from Egyptian bonds.'

"Then I bow'd down, and said unto the Lord,
'Who am I that to Pharaoh I should go?—
And to the men of Israel when I come,
And say unto them "Lo! your fathers' God
Hath sent me to you," if perchance they ask
"What is his name?" how shall I answer them?'
Then spake the Almighty. 'I AM THAT I AM!—
Thus to the children of Israel shalt thou say,
"I AM hath sent me to you, the Lord God,
Your father's God, the God of Abraham,
The God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob,
Even he hath sent me to you;" this my name
Forever, my memorial to all nations.
Go, gather now the elders of Israel,
And say to them, "The God of Abraham,
The God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.
Appeared unto me saying:—Surely I
Have seen that which is done to you in Egypt;
And I will bring you out from your affliction
Unto a land, a good land, and a large
Flowing with milk and honey." Then go ye—

Thou and the elders—to the king, and say,
"The Lord God of the Hebrews hath appeared
Unto us: we beseech thee let us go
A three days' journey in the wilderness,
That we may sacrifice unto the Lord."
But I am sure he will not let you go.
And I will stretch out then my hand,
and smite
Egypt with all my wonders in the midst
Whereof which I will do; and after that
The king shall let you go.' Then to the Lord
I answered, 'Surely they will not believe,
Nor hearken to my voice; for they will say—
Thou hast not seen the Lord.' Then unto me
God spake: 'Cast now thy rod upon the ground.'
And, when I cast it, lo! it was a serpent!
And I fled from it. But he spake again:
'Put forth thy hand and take it.' Then I stooped,
And caught the serpent, and it was a rod!
Then said the Lord again: 'Put now thy hand
Into thy bosom.' Then I put my hand
Into my bosom: when I, took it out,
Behold! my hand was leperous as snow!
Then said the Lord: 'Put now again thine hand
Into thy bosom.' Then I put my hand
Again into my bosom, and behold!
When I pluck'd forth my hand, it had become
Even as my other flesh! Then said the Lord,
'Surely they may believe their fathers' God,
The God of Abraham, and Isaac's God,
The God of Jacob hath appeared unto thee!
And if they will not hearken to the voice
Of the first sign, yet in the second sign
They will believe: but if they still are deaf,

Then shalt thou take this rod into thy hand,
Wherewith thou shalt do signs before the king.

"And have I not done signs and wonders then?—

Yet art thou hardened still in unbelief,

And wilt not let the oppressed people go?—

Have I not turned your waters into blood?

Covered the land with frogs? and changed to lice

The dust? and filled the air with swarms of flies?

All save the land of Goshen, where abide

The chosen race, the children of Israel?—

And didst thou not, O king! say: 'Ye shall go;

Only entreat for me unto your God That he may stay his hand?' And, after that,

Didst thou not harden still thy heart and say:

'The people shall not go?' Then sent I not

A murrain on your cattle, that they died?

Horses, and asses, camels, oxen, sheep? But in the land of Goshen died there one?—

Last, sent I not this plague upon you all,

Boils, blains, and blotches, upon man and beast,

That the land stinketh with your loathsomeness?—

And art thou hardened still, and proud of heart,

And wilt not let the oppressed people go?"

Then with a stern, hoarse voice the king replied:

"Wily imposter! hence!—out of my sight!

Think not with cunning lies to blind the king!

Thee and thy boasted God of Israel I do defy! haste, sorcerer! from my sight!

I will not let the accursed people go;

But will oppress them with a heavier hand,

And they shall cry unto their God in vain."

He said, and started from his glittering throne,

And hurl'd his scepter down.

Then Moses spake:

"Hardened and proud! the God of Israel

Again shall stretch his rod upon the land,

And thou shalt let the afflicted people go,

Behold, to-morrow, even about this time,

The Lord shall send a very grievous hail,

Such as in Egypt never hath been seen.

Send therefore now, and gather from the fields

Thy cattle, and thy sheep, and all thou hast:

For upon every man and beast found there

The hail shall come, that they shall surely die.

So shalt thou know that Israel's God is God,

And shalt repent, and bid the people go."

But yet the king was hardened in his heart,

And mock'd at Moses and at Israel's God.

Then on the morrow unto Moses spake The Lord, and said: "Stretch forth

thine hands towards heaven, That upon every man, and beast, and herb,

Throughout the land of Egypt, may come hail."

Then Moses stretched forth his rod towards the heaven,

And o'er the sky came darkness, that the sun,

As with a furnace-smoke, quench'd utterly.

Blackness and death-like silence all the land

Made like a tomb: astonished, every tongue

Was mute, and every limb with terror shook.

But soon a sound far off was heard in heaven,

A sound as of a coming multitude,
Horses and chariots, rushing furiously;
Then, like a trumpet opening on the ear
Came down a terrible and mighty wind.
Wide scattering, fell anon, with heavy stroke,

As of a stone from a strong slinger's arm,

The solitary hail; dark fires at length
Amid the black clouds wandered to and fro;

Earth shook, and heaven with terror seem'd to quake—

And all the plague was loosed.—The voice of God

Spake in ten thousand thunders; fire and hail

Shot howling down, and lightning in a flood,

Mixed with the hail, and ran upon the ground;

And with the hail, and thunder, and the fire,

A mighty wind, that the huge hail-stones smote

Like rocks the quivering ground—like shattering rocks,

Hurl'd from the mountain to the groaning plain—

Smoking and whirling, rushed the awful hail,

Hailstones and fires, tempests and thunders mixed,

Fell to the land, that all the people cried,

And trembled at the anger of the Lord,
And every man and every beast that stood

Within the fields, the hailstones smote and slew;

And every herb and every tree brake down

In all the land of Egypt.—But the sun
Shone in the fields of Goshen pleasantly:

Thunder, nor wind, nor fire, nor hail-stones fell

For there the sons of Israel abode,
The favoured people, chosen of the Lord.

Then Pharaoh, trembling, unto Moses sent,

And Aaron, and besought them bitterly:

"Oh! I have sinned! righteous is the Lord,

I and my people wicked. Haste ye now
And pray unto your God, that he will hold

His mighty thunderings, and his dreadful hail

And I will let the chosen people go,
And ye shall stay no longer."

Then to him
Spake Moses, saying: "When I shall be gone

Out of the city, I will spread my hands
Abroad unto the Lord, and he will stay
The thunder and the hail, and they shall cease

So mayst thou know that all the earth is his;

And that Jehovah is the God of Gods.
But as for thee, and thine, I know that still

Ye will not fear the Lord, nor let us go."

Then Moses went from out the city straight,

And spread abroad his hands unto the Lord:

The thunders, and the fire, and hail-stones ceased.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1788-1872).

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

HE stopped at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent

To inflict the tardy punishment.

"Ah! yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king, repent,

Whilst thus armed I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand;

Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live:
Who would, alas! believe

That it for man," said he,

"So hard to be forgiven should be,

And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,

And as he marched, the sacred, first-born strook

90. DEATH OF FIRST-BORN—PASSAGE OF RED SEA.

Of every womb; none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Pharaoh's purple heir.

Whilst health and strength and gladness doth possess
The festal Hebrew cottages;
The blest destroyer comes not there
To interrupt the sacred cheer:
Upon their doors he read, and understood
God's protection writ in blood;
Well was he skilled in the character divine;
And though he passed by it in haste,
He bowed and worshipped, as he passed,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667).

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

'Tis midnight—'tis midnight o'er
Egypt's dark sky,
And in whirlwind and storm the sirocco
sweeps by;
All arid and hot is its death-breathing
blast,—
Each sleeper breathes thick, and each
bosom beats fast.

And the young mother wakes, and
arouses from rest,
And presses more closely her babe to
her breast;
But the heart that she presses is death-
like and still,
And the lips that she kisses are breath-
less and chill.
And the young brother clings to the
elder in fear,
As the gust falls so dirge-like and sad
on his ear;
But that brother returns not the
trembling embrace:
He speaks not—he breathes not—death
lies in his place.

And the first-born of Egypt are dying
around;
'Tis a sigh—'tis a moan—and then
slumber more sound:
They but wake from their sleep, and
their spirits have fled—

They but wake into life, to repose with
the dead.

And there lay the infant still smiling in
death,
And scarce heaved its breast as it
yielded its breath;
And there lay the boy, yet in youth's
budding bloom,
With the calmness of sleep—but the hue
of the tomb!

And there fell the youth in the pride
of his prime,
In the morning of life—in the spring-
tide of crime;
And unnerved is that arm, and fast
closed is that eye,
And cold is that bosom which once
beat so high.

And the fond mother's hope, and the
fond father's trust,
And the widow's sole stay, are return-
ing to dust;
Egypt has not a place where there is
not one dead,
From the proud monarch's palace to
penury's shed.

And the hearths of that country are
desolate now.
And the crown of her glory is struck
from her brow:
But while proud Egypt trembles, all
Israel is free—
Unfettered—unbound, as the wave of
the sea.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855).

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlaboured and the length
of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel
lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands
along,
Save where the locust trilled her feeble
song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's
bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter
fly

Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
 Or where from far the flattering vapours make
 The noontide semblance of a misty lake;
 While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
 With arms enfolded and dejected head,
 Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
 And, late revealed, his children's destiny.
 For not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
 Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
 Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
 Could lure the locust from her airy way,
 With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
 And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
 O helpless gods! Who nought availed to shield
 From fiery rain your Zoan's favoured field!—
 O helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood
 Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
 And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
 While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
 Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
 With milder influence on their temples prest;
 And that portentous cloud, which, all the day,
 Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way
 (A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
 Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light!
 Soft fell the eve;—but, ere the day was done,
 Tall waving banners streaked the level sun;
 And wide and dark along the horizon red
 In sandy surge the rising desert spread.

"Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,
 In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
 And busy faction's fast-increasing hum
 And female voices shriek, "They come, they come!"
 They come, they come! in scintillating show
 O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow,
 And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
 As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
 And fancy's keener glance even now may trace
 The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
 For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
 The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
 From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
 Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain;
 On either wing their fiery coursers check
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek;
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
 Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
 'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
 Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?
 Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
 Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates,
 Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glowed,
 Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
 And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
 Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
 The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory!
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?

Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?—

These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—

Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?—

God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!

Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!

North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,

The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.

On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:

Their cloudy guide moves on.—“And must we swim the main?”

’Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,

Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood;

He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God

O’er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,

And onward treads.—The circling waves retreat,

In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;

And the chased surges, inly roaring, show

The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With lambs that falter and with hearts that swell,

Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—

Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,

The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;

And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,

And caves, the sea-calves’ low-roofed haunt, are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread:

The beetling waters storm above their head,

While far behind retires the sinking day,

And fades on Edom’s hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,

Or dark to them, or cheerless, came the night.

Still in their van, along that dreadful road,

Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave

On the long mirror of the rosy wave,

While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,

Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye:

To them alone—for Misraim’s wizard train

Invoke for light their monster gods in vain:

Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,

And tenfold darkness broods above their line.

Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,

And range unconscious through the ocean’s bed;

Till midway now—that strange and fiery form

Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;

With withering splendour blasted all their might,

And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers’ flight.

“Fly, Misraim, fly!”—The ravenous floods they see,

And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

“Fly, Misraim, fly!”—From Edom’s coral strand

Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:—

With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,

And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep;

Yet o’er those lonely waves such murmurs past,

As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast;

And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore

The groans of Egypt to Arabia’s shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood

In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!

Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show

The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride
below:

The mangled limbs of men—the broken
car—

A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's
well,

The precious tears of new-born free-
dom fell.

And he, whose hardened heart alike had
borne

The house of bondage and the oppres-
sor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new
beams subdued,

In faltering accents sobbed his grati-
tude;

Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver
sound;

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt
supprest,

The struggling spirit throbbed in Mir-
iam's breast.

She, with bare arms, and fixing on the
sky

The dark transporence of her lucid eye,
Poured on the wings of heaven her
wild sweet harmony.

"Where now," she sang, "the tall
Egyptian spear?

On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot,
where?

Above their ranks the whelming waters
spread.

Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath tri-
umphèd!"

And every pause between, as Miriam
sang,

From tribe to tribe the martial thunder
rang,

And loud and far their stormy chorus
spread,—

"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath tri-
umphèd!"—

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826.)

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

NIGHT fell on Migdol's plain: God's
chosen host

Had spread their camp between it and
the sea,

Whose waves were laving Baal-zephon's
shores.

High in the heavens the fiery pillar
glowed,

As if God's mighty eye were downward
cast

To view and guard his much loved
children's sleep.

Its mystic light revealed the countless
tents,

Stretched o'er the plain, and glittering
in its rays

Like sea-foam curling on a moon-lit
beach.

Hushed was that camp; no sign of life
was seen

Save where the awe-struck sentries
gazed on high,

Where unseen angel hands still fed the
pile

Which rose columnar, crowned with
glowing light,

As it were heaven's own portal, whence
the blaze,

The beauty, and the grandeur of God's
court

Streamed out in ever living brilliancy.
All still, all hushed below, all bright
above!

When life is hushed, may that same
radiant sign,

Heaven's second bow of promise, greet
our soul

And guide its upward flight to endless
day!

Within the central camp, a guard was
set

To watch and honor the old patriarch's
bones,

Where Joseph lay embalmed, and keep
the oath

Their fathers swore—that Shechem's
hallowed ground

Should be their final resting-place.

But hark!

As night was waning, from the outward
tents

A low, but hurried murmur makes its
way

Throughout the host to where the lead-
ers lay,

All Israel started from their dreams in
fear—

The trumpet brayed is horrid, warning
note—

The clang of arms re-echoed o'er the
plain!

To Moses' tent Gamaliel panting
 rushed,
 And cried, "The foe! The foe!" great
 Pharaoh's host
 Are now upon us! From the distant
 wood
 I saw the flash of armor—heard the
 peal
 Of timbrels, and the neigh of war-clad
 steeds!
 King Pharaoh and his legions hem
 us in;
 Their chariots numberless as are the
 palms
 Of Migdol's grove, their horsemen
 countless seem
 As are the stars in heaven! Up, up
 and arm!
 We are begirt. On one side come our
 foes,
 While on our front the Red Sea yawn-
 ing stands
 As ready to engulf us!"

Then arose
 A wail of women, who with out-
 stretched hands,
 Or clasping infants in wild fear caught
 up,
 Dishevelled hair, and bosoms bared in
 haste
 As from their couches sprung in panic
 dread—
 Rushed from their tents, and, horror-
 stricken, gazed
 To where the might of Egypt marched
 upon them!
 And harnessed manhood, youth, and
 hoary age
 Gathered appalled around the leader's
 tent,
 And sore afraid cried out unto the
 Lord,
 And beat their breasts in terror! Then
 they turned
 To Moses, who, with Aaron by his
 side,
 Stood with his eye on heaven, as he
 would read
 God's mandate in his fiery pillar's light,
 And with one voice exclaimed, "Why
 came we out!
 Were there no graves in Egypt for our
 rest,
 That ye have taken us away to die
 Here in this wilderness? Wherefore
 hast thou

Thus dealt with us, to bring us forth
 from thence
 That unclean birds may batten on our
 bones?
 Said we not this in Egypt, 'Let us stay
 And serve our tyrant taskers'? Bet-
 ter far
 To serve with Egypt, though in evil
 case,
 And groaning 'neath our burden's heavy
 load,
 Than we should die here in this wil-
 derness!
 Why came we out? oh, why?"

Then Moses spake:
 And as Heaven's chosen agent rose, a
 hush
 Subdued that vast assembly, as the sea
 Lulls into silence when night's shadows
 fall,
 Though yet its heart is panting: "Fear
 ye not!
 Stand still and see the glory of the
 Lord,
 Which he to you this day will show!
 Fear not!
 For Egypt's host, whom ye have seen
 to-day,
 Ye shall again no more forever see.
 The Lord shall fight for you, and ye
 Shall hold your peace."

Sudden there flashed a light
 Like blazing meteors from the fiery
 cloud,
 And pealing thunders from its center
 broke.
 Jehovah spake: "Children of Israel, on!
 Why criest thou to me? why faint or
 halt?
 Moses, lift up thy rod, and stretch
 thy hand
 Over the sea, its waters shall divide
 And all of Israel's children shall ad-
 vance
 On dry ground through the midst. I
 am the Lord,
 And I will harden Egypt's heart of
 pride;
 And they shall follow. I will honor get
 On Pharaoh and on all his regal host,
 His chariots, and his horsemen. They
 shall know
 I am the Lord!"

All Israel bent in prayer,
 As God's own angel, which had gone
 before

His chosen people's camp to lead the
 way,
 Removed and went behind them. Thus
 the cloud
 Which shone to Israel as a light by
 night
 Stood 'twixt their camp and the Egyptian host,
 And locked in darkness Pharaoh's
 mighty power,
 Shielding loved Israel from their foes'
 advance.
 Then Moses stretched his hand out o'er
 the sea,
 And from the east a strong wind blew
 all night
 Which made the sea dry land. The
 waters fled;
 The floods stood upright in a heap; like
 walls
 On right and left the sea's depths were
 congealed,
 As Israel's children went into their
 midst
 And passed on dry ground to the other
 shore.
 Day broke, and Pharaoh's stubborn
 heart of pride
 Still turned against God's people. When
 he saw
 The mighty chasm of waters harmless
 spread;
 The sea's depths parted; heard, too,
 from afar,
 The song of Israel's triumph swell on
 high
 The loud peal for deliverance from
 their foes,
 He raised his voice and gave his stern
 command
 To follow them into the sea! At once
 The deafening roll of chariots shook
 the earth;
 Horsemen and horses rushed to the
 pursuit
 The chosen captains of that mighty
 host,
 Zealous to shine before their monarch's
 eye,
 Spurred to the onset, swift as lightning
 flash,
 With spears advanced, and falchions
 gleaming bright;
 Around the king his courtiers thronging
 crowd,

And fire his soul to carnage and re-
 venge.
 The Red Sea's beach beneath the heavy
 tread
 Of hoofs and wheels gave back a
 moaning sound
 As if some unseen spirit wailed the
 fate
 Which hung o'er Egypt's might! On,
 on they marched
 Between the walls of water which up-
 rose
 In emerald brightness, till they seemed
 to meet
 The blue expanse of heaven. On! still
 on
 With stubborn spirit the pursuers
 dashed,
 Nor heeded how the angry eye of God
 Looked frowning on them from the
 cloud of smoke
 Which still preceded them. Israel's last
 son
 Had gained the eastern bank, with foot-
 sole dry,
 When Moses, at God's mandate,
 stretched again
 His hand out o'er the sea.
 Wail, Egypt, wail!
 Not on that night the dismal cry went
 forth
 That all the first-born of your land
 were slain,
 From kingly Pharaoh on his regal
 throne
 Unto the captive in the dungeon's
 gloom
 Had ye such cause for woe! Jehovah
 frowned,
 And nature shrunk before him. Then
 arose
 A shriek of terror, as the surging flood
 Upreared its horrid crest and whelmed
 the host
 Of Egypt's pride! Relentless surge on
 surge
 Swelled like the angry pulse of Deity,
 And drowned the gurgling cry of mail-
 clad men,
 The stifed neigh of terror-stricken
 steeds,
 And the loud scream of mortal agony
 Which shrieked the dirge of all that
 stubborn host
 Whose pride had dared the might of
 Israel's Lord;

96 DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH—FIRST SONG OF MOSES.

The gilded chariot and the charioteer,
The horseman and the horse, the king
and slave,
High mettled youth, stout manhood, and
old age
Found there a common grave beneath
the wave.

Of all who followed Israel in its flight,
All felt the judgment of offended God,
And not so much as one of them re-
mained!

Thus has the Christian hope. On life's
last shore

By foes beset, with death's dark waves
before,

The hand of God can part the angry
flood

And lead him safely through the fear-
ful chasm

Unto a promised land of peace. Till
then,

Through all his journeyings, he will see
The Book of Truth before him as a
guide

Pointing the way where all his trou-
bles cease,

And angel hosts forever hymn the
praise

Of Him, man's rock, man's fortress,
and man's strength.

JAMES S. WALLACE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH.

MOURN, Mizraim, mourn! The welter-
ing wave

Wails loudly o'er Egyptia's brave

Where lowly laid they sleep;

The salt sea rusts the helmet's crest;

The warrior takes his ocean-rest,

Full far below the deep.

The deep, the deep, the dreary deep!

Wail, wail, Egyptia, mourn and weep!

For many a mighty legion fell

Before the God of Israel.

Wake, Israel, wake the harp. The roar
Of ocean's wave on Mizraim's shore

Rolls now o'er many a crest.

Where, now, the iron chariot's sweep?

Where Pharaoh's host? Beneath the
deep

His armies take their rest.

Shout, Israel! Let the joyful cry

Pour forth the notes of victory;
High let it swell across the sea,
For Jacob's weary tribes are free!

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900).

THE FIRST SONG OF MOSES.

Exod. xv.

I.

Now shall the praises of the Lord be
sung;

For he a most renownèd Triumph won;
Both horse and man into the sea he
flung.

And them together there hath over-
thrown.

The Lord is he whose strength doth
make me strong,

And he is my salvation and my song;
My God, for whom I will a house pre-
pare,

My father's God, whose praise I will
declare.

2.

Well knows the Lord to war what doth
pertain,

The Lord Almighty is his glorious
name:

He Pharaoh's chariots, and his armèd
train,

Amid the sea o'erwhelming, overcame:
Those of his army that are most re-
nown'd,

He hath together in the Red Sea
drown'd;

The deeps a covering over them were
thrown,

And to the bottom sunk they like a
stone.

3.

Lord, by thy power thy right hand
famous grows;

Thy right hand, Lord, thy foe destroyèd
hath;

Thy glory thy opposers overthrows,
And stubble-like consumes them in thy
wrath.

A blast but from thy nostrils forth
did go,

And up together did the waters flow:
Yea, rolled up on heaps, the liquid flood
Amid the sea, as if congealèd, stood.

4.

I will pursue them (their pursuer
cried),
I will o'ertake them, and the spoil en-
joy;
My lust upon them shall be satisfied:
With sword unsheath'd my hand shall
them destroy.
Then from thy breath a gale of wind
was sent;
The billows of the sea quite o'er them
went:
And they the mighty waters sunk into,
E'en as a weighty piece of lead will do.

5.

Lord, who like thee among the Gods is
there!
In holiness so glorious who may be!
Whose praises so exceeding dreadful
are!
In doing wonders, who can equal thee!
Thy glorious right hand thou on high
didst rear,
And in the earth they quickly swallowed
were.
But thou in mercy onward hast con-
veyed
Thy people, whose redemption thou hast
paid.

6.

Them by thy strength thou hast been
pleased to bear
Unto a holy dwelling-place of thine;
The nations at report thereof shall fear,
And grieve shall they that dwell in
Palestine.
On Edom's princes shall amazement
fall;
The mighty men of Moab tremble
shall;
And such as in the land of Canaan
dwell,
Shall pine away, of this when they hear
tell.

7.

They shall be seized with a horrid fear.
Stone-quiet thy right hand shall make
them be,
Till passèd over, Lord, thy people are;
Till those pass over, that were bought
by thee.

For thou shalt make them to thy hill
repair,
And plant them there (O Lord) where
thou art heir;
E'en there, where thou thy dwelling
hast prepared,
That holy place, which thine own hands
have rear'd.

8.

The Lord shall ever and forever reign,
His sovereignty shall never have an
end:
For when as Pharaoh did into the main,
With chariots and with horsemen, down
descend,
The Lord did back again the sea recall,
And with those waters overwhelm'd
them all.
But through the very inmost of the
same
The seed of Israel safe and dry-shod
came.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1567).

MOSES' SONG.

(EXODUS XV:1-19.)

THE Lord's triumphant Name let all
rehearse,
Praise the dread Maker of the Uni-
verse!

The Horse, whom rich Caparisons
adorn,
Proud Riders by the generous Coursers
borne,
At once have slept their everlasting
Sleep,
At once lie bury'd in th' Arabian Deep.

Great God of War! We will thy Works
proclaim,
Thy wondrous Works! Jehovah is thy
Name.
Our Saviour Thou, our Strength, our
Song, our Praise,
Our Father's God, thy glorious Name
we'll raise.

For Thee a stately Temple we'll pre-
pare,
Deep as the Centre, tow'ring as the Air.

Thus said th' insulting Foe—I will
pursue,

My Sword, my thirsty Sword in Blood
 imbrue:
 The Winds of God blew terrible and
 loud,
 The Sea the Signal takes, and over-
 whelms the Proud.
 Like Stones, like Lead they sink, they
 all expire
 Like Stubble in thy Wrath's consuming
 Fire.
 The Waters saw, thy Voice the waters
 hear,
 Forget their Nature, and in heaps con-
 geal with Fear.
 Convulsions cleave the Seas int' horrid
 Caves,
 And show a new Abyss beneath the
 Waves.
 Great God of Israel! What vain Idol
 dare
 With Thee th' Eternal Lord of Hosts
 compare?
 Thy Glory shall thy ransom'd Saints
 express,
 Obedient Nature does thy Pow'r con-
 fess,
 And Thee with Faces veiled the daz-
 zled Angels bless.

LAURENCE HOWEL (1688-1720).

MIRIAM.

OH for that day, that day of bliss en-
 trancing,
 When Israel stood, her night of bond-
 age o'er,
 And leaped in heart to see no more
 advancing
 Egypt's dark host along the desert
 shore;
 For scarce a ripple now proclaimed
 where lay
 The boasting Pharaoh and his fierce
 array.
 Miriam! She silent stood, that sight be-
 holding,
 And bowed with sacred awe her won-
 dering head;
 Till lo! No more their hideous spoils
 withholding.
 The depths, indignant, spurned their
 buried dead;
 And all along that sad and vengeful
 coast
 Pale corpses lay,—a monumental host.

Miriam! She saw; then all to life awak-
 ing,—

"Sing to the Lord," with a great voice
 she cried:

"Sing to the Lord," their many timbrels
 shaking,

Ten thousand ransomed hearts and
 tongues replied;

While, leading on the dance in triumph
 long,

Thus the great prophetess broke forth
 in song:

"Oh, sing to the Lord,
 Sing his triumph right glorious;
 O'er horse and o'er rider,
 Sing his right arm victorious;
 Pharaoh's horsemen and chariots
 And captains so brave,
 The Lord hath thrown down
 In the bottomless wave.

"Man of war is the Lord,
 And Jehovah is his name;
 We trusted his pillar
 Of cloud and of flame,
 Proud boasters, ye followed,
 But where are ye gone?
 Down, down in the waters,
 Ye sank like a stone.

"O Lord, thou didst blow
 With thy nostrils a blast,
 And, upheaved, the huge billows
 Like mountains stood fast.
 Egypt shuddered with wonder,
 That pathway to see,—
 Those depths all congealed
 In the heart of the sea.

"I too will march onward
 (The enemy cried)
 I shall soon overtake;
 I the spoil will divide;
 I will kill!—O my God!
 The depths fell at thy breath,
 And like lead they went down
 In those waters of death.

"But o'er us the soft wings
 Of thy mercy outspread,
 To thine own chosen dwelling
 Our feet thou hast led.
 Palestrina, affrighted,
 The tidings shall hear,
 And your hearts, O ye nations,
 Shall wither with fear.

"Thus brought in with triumph,
Safe planted and blest,
On thy own holy mountain
Thy people shall rest.
Shout! Pharaoh is fallen
To rise again never,
Sing! The Lord, he shall reign
Forever and ever."

E. DUDLEY JACKSON.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

A SONG for Israel's God!—Spear, crest,
and helm,
Lay by the billows of the old Red
Sea,

When Miriam's voice o'er that sepul-
chral realm

Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee;
With her lit eye, and long hair floating
free,

Queen-like she stood, and glorious
was the strain,

E'en as instinct with the tempestuous
glee

Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the
slain.

A song for God's own victory!—O, thy
lays,

Bright Poesy! were holy in their
birth;—

How hath it died, their seraph note of
praise,

In the bewildering melodies of earth!
Return from troubling bitter founts—
return,

Back to the life-springs of thy na-
tive urn!

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

*"And Miriam the prophetess, the sis-
ter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her
hand; and all the women went out after
her with timbrels and with dances."*—
Exod. xv: 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea!

Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are
free.

Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is
broken,

His chariots, his horsemen all splen-
did and brave,—

How vain was their boast for the Lord
hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk
in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea;

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are
free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the
Lord!

His word was our arrow, His breath
was our sword—

Who shall return to tell Egypt the
story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of
her pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from His
pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are
dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea;

Jehovah has triumphed—his people are
free!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

SACRED MELODY.

*"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath tri-
umphed gloriously; the horse and his
rider hath he thrown into the sea."*—
Exod. xv: 21.

Ye daughters and soldiers of Israel,
look back!

Where—where are the thousands who
shadowed your track—

The chariots that shook the deep earth
as they rolled—

The banners of silk and the helmets of
gold?

Where are they—the vultures, whose
beaks would have fed

On the tide of your hearts ere the
pulses had fled?

Give glory to God, who in mercy arose,
And strewed 'mid the waters the
strength of our foes!

When we traveled the waste of the
desert by day,

With his banner-cloud's motion he mar-
shalled our way;

When we saw the tired sun in his glory
 expire,
 Before us he walked, in a pillar of fire!
 But this morn, and the Israelites'
 strength was a reed,
 That shook with the thunder of chariot
 and steed:
 Where now are the swords and their
 far-flashing sweep?
 Their lightnings are quenched in the
 depths of the deep.

O thou, who redeemest the weak one at
 length,
 And scourgest the strong in the pride
 of their strength—
 Who holdest the earth and the sea in
 thine hand,
 And rulest Eternity's shadowy land—
 To thee let our thoughts and our of-
 ferings tend,
 Of virtue the Hope, and of sorrow the
 Friend;
 Let the incense of prayer still ascend
 to thy throne,
 Omnipotent—glorious—eternal—alone!

ANONYMOUS.

THE PALM-TREE.

—*"And they came to Elim, where were
 twelve wells of water, and threescore
 and ten palm-trees, and they encamped
 there by the waters."*—Exodus xv: 27.

MAJESTIC palm, tow'ring on Lebanon!
 On Sinai's hallow'd mount abiding
 still,
 And beautiful as when upon thee shone
 The lightening gleam that mark'd
 the sacred hill.

Thy graceful branches fall o'er lonely
 streams,
 Far in the sunny vales of Palestine,
 Where one of Judah's race, in musing
 dreams,
 Perchance recalls the glories of his
 line;
 Once more the temple's splendors round
 him shine,
 And kings, and gifted seers, and
 priests, again
 On sad remembrance rise, a shadowy
 train!

All holy thoughts and memories dwell
 with thee,
 When Angels veil'd awhile their lus-
 tre fair,
 And sat beneath thy shade, fair eastern
 tree!
 In mercy visiting a world of care;—
 Oh, who may tell the awe and reverence
 there,
 Felt by the sacred few, before whose
 sight
 Celestial guests appear'd in radiance
 bright!

Beside the water's brim, so lone and
 deep,
 In the wild desert's heart, high palm-
 trees rose;
 On the parch'd ground their graceful
 shadows sleep,
 And there the heaven-directed host
 repose.
 Beside the fountains cool their camels
 stray,
 And silence reigns throughout the sul-
 try day.

Enchanted land, in far off elder days,
 A light divine did on thy deserts
 gleam;
 Now, o'er thy fallen pride, the pilgrim
 strays,
 To gaze and weep by Jordan's hal-
 lowed stream.
 To sit beneath the palm-tree, spreading
 fair,
 To muse on what has been—what now
 is there!

ANNA R—.

JEHOVAH-NISSI, THE LORD MY BANNER.

Exod. xvii: 15.

By whom was David taught
 To aim the deadly blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
 'Twas Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.

Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known
And all the host was overthrown.

Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul hath quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

THE MURMURING FLOCK.

"AND they murmured again." Could
the chosen of God

Be so weak in their faith and so cold
in their love,
After all that had passed since the ser-
pent made rod

First hissed at the monarch the
plagues could not move?

Forgot were the wonders Jehovah had
wrought;

The bush unconsuming on Midian's
plain,

The dust turned to lice, and the million
frogs brought,

And the river of blood rolling red to
the main.

When the sun set at noon in a heaven
full of flies;

When the murrain and blain smote
the beasts in the stall;

When the lightning and hail showered
doom from the skies;

And the locusts drew over all Egypt a
pall;

When the sun and the stars shut their
light from the earth,

And the tangible darkness held abso-
lute sway;

When the Angel of Death claimed the
eldest of birth,
And ravished the young hope of Mis-
raim away.

Forgot the red pillar that shone all the
night,

Like an altar of flame on the verge of
the sky;

The cloud that by day led their journey
aright,

And frowned on the foeman whose
chariots were nigh;

Forgot the vexed waters that threat-
ened in vain,

As they trod the dry caves of the
God-riven sea,

And the doom when the rod was
stretched backward again,

And the death wail of Egypt sang
Israel free.

"And they murmured again." Scarce
the echo had died

Of the song of the Prophetess prais-
ing the Lord,

And Shur's lonely wilderness, dreary
and wide,

Caught faintly the timbrel's harmoni-
ous accord,

When, thirsting, to Marah's dark water
they came,

And eagerly quaffed, but as eagerly
spurned,

Its bitterness served but as oil to a
flame,

Till the tree to cool sweetness the
bitterness turned.

"And they murmured again," in the
Desert of Sin;

"Would to God we had died by the
fleshpots of yore,

For the famine is with us, all ghastly
and grim,

And the Lord we have followed will
hear us no more."

Then the glory of God, flashing out
from the cloud,

Brought the quail, and bade manna
from heaven to fall,

And the murmurs at mid-day so fre-
quent and loud.

In the morning were praises and
thankfulness all.

"And they murmured again," though
the manna and quail

At daybreak and nightfall forgot not
to come;

"No water! No water!" was Rephidim's
wail,

And the voice of thanksgiving grew
suddenly dumb

But the Patient, Long-suffering, Often-
condemned,

Who led by his presence the murmur-
ing flock,

Still kind and forbearing where justice
condemned,

Led them thirsting and weary to
Horeb's high rock.

"Strike! Prophet of mine!" The all-
powerful rod,

Like a bolt of red lightning tore open
the stone,

And, glittering bright in the splendor
of God,

A river of life murmured joyfully
down.

So from Hope's Horeb rock may the
rod of our faith

Draw forth, in these days, the bright
river of love,

As we toil through the desert dominion
of Death

To our home in the Canaan of Glory
above.

F. J. OTTARSON.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Exodus xx.

THE Great Almighty spake, and thus
said he:

I am the Lord thy God; and I alone
From cruel Egypt's thralldom set thee
free:

And other Gods but me thou shalt
have none.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,*

*That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

Thou shalt not make an image, to
adore,

Of aught on earth, above it, or below:

A carved work thou shalt not bow be-
fore;

Nor any worship on the same be-
stow.

For I, thy God, a jealous God am
known,

And on their seed the fathers' sins
correct,

Until the third and fourth descent be
gone:

But them I always love, that me
affect.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,*

*That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

The Name of God thou never shalt
abuse,

By swearing, or repeating it in vain:

For him that doth his Name profanely
use,

The Lord will as a guilty-one arraign.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,*

*That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

To keep the Sabbath holy, bear in mind;

Six days thine own affairs apply thou
to;

The seventh is God's own day, for rest
assign'd,

And thou no kind of work therein
shalt do.

Thou, nor thy child, thy servants, nor
thy beast;

Nor he that guest-wise with thee doth
abide;

For after six days labour God did
rest,

And therefore he that day hath sanc-
tify'd.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,*

*That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

See that unto thy parents thou do give
Such honour, as the child by duty

owes;

That thou a long and blessed life may'st
live,
Within the land the Lord thy God
bestows.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,
That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

Thou shalt be wary, that thou no man
slay:

Thou shalt from all adultery be clear:
Thou shalt not steal another's goods
away:

Nor witness false against thy neigh-
bour bear.

*Have mercy, Lord, and so our hearts
incline,
That we may keep this blessed Law
of thine.*

With what is thine remaining well
apaid,

Thou shalt not covet what thy neigh-
bour's is;

His house, nor wife, his servant, man
nor maid,

His ox, nor ass, nor any thing of his.

*Thy mercy, Lord, thy mercy let us
have,*

*And in our hearts these Laws of thine
engrave.*

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

AARON'S BREASTPLATE.

*"Aaron shall bear their names before
the Lord upon his two shoulders for a
memorial. . . . Aaron shall bear the
names of the children of Israel in the
breastplate of judgment upon his heart.
when he goeth in unto the holy place,
for a memorial before the Lord con-
tinually."—Exodus xxviii. 12, 29.*

In the wondrous breastplate golden,
Safely on His bosom holden,

See the jewels from the mine!
Amethyst and onyx wearing
Mystic marks, and each one bearing
Traces of the hand divine.

Sapphires 'mid the gorgeous cluster
Sparkle with celestial luster,

Like the crystal dome above;
Ruby rare and topaz blending
In that glory never-ending,
Safe upon the breast of love.

Emerald and beryl throwing
Chastened hues, the fairer growing
As the jasper blends the rays;
Chrysoprase, like king's attire,
Glowing like a star of fire,
Or a soul that loves to praise.

Who the love and pain can measure,
Ere revealed this hidden treasure,
One by one in dazzling light?
On His breast our High Priest wears
them,
On His shoulder, see, He bears them,
Ever in our Father's sight.

.

ANNA SHIPTON.

HOPES IN THE WILDERNESS.

(From "The Song of the Manna
Gatherers.")

WE beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright cloud and outstretched
hand:

In Thy shadow,
We shall rest on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold adorning
Many a tufted mountain side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to play their part.
Oft we hear them

In our dreams with thirsty heart.

Deeps of blessing are before us:
Only while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us
Morn by morn obediently,
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866).

MOUNT SINAI.

FROM Sinai's top the lightnings flashed;
 The thunders rolled around—around—
 As if the heavenly orbs had clashed
 Together with destructive bound,
 And down their shattered fragments
 hurled
 Upon a desolated world.

And on the mount there hung a cloud,
 Dark as the midnight's darkest
 gloom;
 And blew a trumpet long and loud,
 Like that which shall awake the tomb;
 And terror, like a sudden frost,
 Fell on the Israelitish host.

In radiant fire, the mighty God
 Descended from His heavenly throne;
 And on the mountain where He trod,
 A pavement as of sapphire-stone,
 Appeared like glittering stars of even,
 When storms have left the deep-blue
 heaven.

And as the wondering people turned
 To see the glory of the Lord,
 The smoke—as if a furnace burned
 Within the mountain, swelled and
 roared,
 And all its lofty summits shook
 Like sedge leaves by a summer brook.

And Moses from the trembling crowd
 Went up to God's dark secret place,
 And heard, from the surrounding
 cloud,

His message to the Hebrew race,
 Who vowed with fervor and accord
 To keep the covenant of the Lord.

For they had marked the trump that
 blew,

The fires that gleamed, the peals that
 roared—

In shadowed glory shine to view
 The presence of the eternal Lord,
 Bright as His mercy chose to give—
 For none can see His face and live.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

MOSES ON MOUNT SINAI.

UP a rough peak, that toward the
 stormy sky
 From Sinai's sandy ridges rose aloft,

Osarsiph, priest of Hieropolis,
 Now Moses named, ascending rever-
 ently

To meet and hear the bidding of the
 Lord.

But, though he knew that all his
 ancient lore

Traditionary from the birth of Time,
 And all that power which waited on his
 hand,

Even from the day his just instinctive
 wrath

Had smote th' Egyptian ravisher, and
 all

The wisdom of his calm and ordered
 mind

Were nothing in the presence of his
 God;

Yet was there left a certain seed of
 pride,

Vague consciousness of some self-
 centred strength,

That made him cry, "Why, Lord, com'st
 Thou to me,

Only a voice, a motion of the air,

A thing invisible, impalpable,

Leaving a void, an unreality,

Within my heart? I would, with every
 sense,

Know Thou wert there—I would be
 all in Thee!

Let me at least behold Thee as Thou
 art;

Disperse this corporal darkness by Thy
 light;

Hallow my vision by Thy glorious form,
 So that my sense be blest for ever-
 more!"

Thus spoke the Prophet, and the Voice
 replied,

As in low thunders over distant seas:

"Beneath the height to which thy feet
 have striven.

A hollow trench divides the cliffs of
 sand,

Widen'd by rains and deepened every
 year.

Gaze straight across it, for there oppo-
 site

To where thou standest, I will place
 Myself,

And then, if such remain thy fixed
 desire,

I will descend to side by side with thee."

So Moses gazed across the rocky vale;

And the air darkened, and a lordly bird

Poised in the midst of its long-journey-
ing flight,
And touched his feet with limp and
fluttering wings
And all the air around, above, below,
Was metamorphosed into sound—such
sound,
That separate tones were undistinguish-
able,
And Moses fell upon his face, as dead.
Yet life and consciousness of life re-
turned;
And, when he raised his head, he saw
no more
The deep ravine and mountain opposite,
But one large level of distracted rocks,
With the wide desert quaking all
around.
Then Moses fell upon his face again,
And prayed—"O pardon the presump-
tuous thought,
That I could look upon Thy face and
live:
Wonder of wonders! that mine ear has
heard
Thy voice unpalsied, and let such great
grace
Excuse the audacious blindness that
o'erleaps
Nature's just bounds and Thy discern-
ing will!"

LORD HOUGHTON (1809-1885).
(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.)

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SINAI.

I SEEK the mountain cleft; alone
I seem in this sequester'd place:—
Not so: I meet, unseen, yet known,
My Maker, face to face.
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

Love is that name—for "God is Love."
Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands—
Mountains below, and heaven above—
His awful temple stands,
I worship—Lord, though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength; in thee I trust—
Be thou my light.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came:
Clouds were his car, his steeds the
wind;

Before him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind.
At his approach the mountains reel'd,
Like vessels, to and fro;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd, in power alone, a God;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod.
He smote the rock, and, as he pass'd,
Forth gush'd a living stream;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast,
Fled as a dream.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

MOSES.

HE said unto the Lord:—"Shall I ne'er
be done?
Where wilt thou still that I my foot-
steps turn?
Am I to live for aye, great, powerful,
and alone?
Give me, ah, give me leave to sleep the
sleep of earth!
What did I to thee to be chosen thine
elect?
Let now some other stand 'twixt thee
and thine!
Some other curb thy wild steed, Israel!
I gladly make him heir to book and
brazen rod.
Why needest thou have dried up all my
hopes?
Why not have left me man in all my
ignorance?
Alas! thou madest me wise among the
wise:
My finger showed thy wandering race
its path,
I called down fire upon the heads of
kings,
And future time will kneel before my
laws.

I am the Great: my feet tread nations'
necks.
My hand holds generations in its will.
Alas, my Lord! I am great—I am alone:
Give me—ah, give me leave to sleep the
sleep of earth!"

ALFRED DE VIGNY (1799-1863).

THE PLEDGES GIVEN AT SINAI.

THICK darkness shrouds the "Mount of
God"

Save when the lightning's blinding
glare
Reveals Divinity's abode
The Lord of Hosts sojourning there.

See! Israel tremble at its base
Sore troubled hear Jehovah's voice,
While glories glow on Moses' face
As Israel's weal his thought employs.

Thus speaks Jehovah from his throne,
"Obey and live; my covenant's sure,
My law to Israel I make known;
It shall unchanged, for aye endure.

"But how shall Israel hostage give
That he obedient will remain?
That he in faith with me will live
My favor always to retain?"

That Prince of Prophets then replied,
"Thou know'st a father's fervent love,
How careful he his child will guide
And from his path offense remove.

So do thou Israel's footsteps guard
As we our children's straying feet,
Yea! to our weakness have regard
And day by day thy grace repeat.

Then shall this people serve their God
When they thy fatherhood shall prove,
Thy land Jehovah's blest abode
They bound to thee in filial love."

WILLIAM DEARNESS.

MOSES.

I WILL sing high-hearted Moses,
By the Nile's sweet-watered stream,
In a land of strange taskmasters,
Brooding o'er the patriot theme;

Brooding o'er the bright-green valleys
Of his dear-loved Hebrew home,
Whence the eager pinch of Famine
Forced the Patriarch to roam;

Brooding o'er his people's burdens,
Lifting vengeful arm to smite
When he saw the harsh Egyptian
Stint the Hebrew of his right;

Brooding far in lonely places,
Where on holy ground unshod,
He beheld the bush that burned
With unconsuming flame from God.

Saw, and heard, and owned the mission,
With his outstretched prophet-rod
To stir plagues upon the Pharaoh,
Scorner of the most high God;

God who brought His folk triumphant
From the strange taskmaster free,
And merged the Memphians, horse and
rider,
In the deep throat of the sea.

Then uprose the song of triumph,
Harp and timbrel, song and dance;
And with firm set will the hero
Led the perilous advance.

And he led them through the desert
As a shepherd leads his flock,
Breaking spears with cursed Amalek,
Striking water from the rock.

And he led them to Mount Sinai's
High-embattled rock; and there,
'Mid thick clouds of smoke and thunder
That like trumpet clave the air,

To the topmost peak he mounted.
And with reverent awe unshod,
As a man with men discourseth,
So he there communed with God.

Not in wild ecstatic plunges,
Not in visions of the night,
Not in flashes of quick fancy,
Darkness sown with gleams of light,

But with calm untroubled survey,
As a builder knows his plan,
Face to face he knew Jehovah
And His wondrous ways with man;

Ways of gentleness and mercy,
Ways of vengeance strong to smite,
Ways of large unchartered giving,
Ever tending to the right.

In the presence of the Glory,
What no mortal sees he saw,
And from hand that no man touches
Brought the tables of the Law,

Law that bound them with observance,
Lest untutored wit might stray,
Each man where his private fancy
Led him in a wanton way,

Law that from the life redeemed them
Of loose Arabs wandering wild,
And to fruitful acres bound them
Where ancestral virtue toiled;

Law that dowered the chosen people
With a creed divinely true,
Which subtle Greek and lordly Roman
Stooped to borrow from the Jew.
JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809-1895).

MOSES AND THE ANGEL.

*Praise Him, Al-Mutâhâli! Whose decree
Is wiser than the wit of man can see.*

'Tis written in the chapter "of the
Cave,"

An Angel of the Lord, a minister,
Had errands upon earth, and Moses
said,

"Grant me to wend with thee, that I
may learn

God's ways with men." The Angel, an-
swering, said,

"Thou canst not bear with me; thou
wilt not have

Knowledge to judge; yet if thou fol-
lowest me,

Question me not, whatever I shall do,
Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship
On the sea-shore, wherefrom the Angel
struck

Her boards and brake them. Moses said,
"Wilt drown

The mariners? this is a strange thing
wrought?"

"Did I not say thou couldst not bear
with me?"

The Angel answered—"be thou silent
now!"

Yet farther, and they met an Arab
boy:

Upon his eyes with mouth invisible
The Angel breathed; and all his warm

blood froze,
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and
died.

Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the in-
nocent

Who did no wrong? this is a hard thing
seen!"

"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,
"Thou wouldst not bear with me? ques-
tion me not!"

Then came they to a village, where
there stood

A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof
Topped to fall: the Angel thrust it
down,

A ruin of gray stones, and lime, and
tiles,

Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron,
beans,

The little harvest of the cottage folk.

"What hire," asked Moses, "hadst thou
for this deed,

Seeming so evil?"

Then the Angel said,
"This is the parting betwixt me and
thee;

Yet will I first make manifest the
things

Thou couldst not bear, not knowing;
that my Lord—

'Exalted above all reproach'—be praised.
The ship I broke serveth poor fisher-
folk

Whose livelihood was lost, because there
came

A king that way seizing all boats found
whole;

Now have they peace. Touching the
Arab boy.

In two moons he had slain his mother's
son,

Being perverse; but now his brother
lives,

Whose life unto his tribe was more, and
he

Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden
wall:

Two goodly youths dwell there, off-
spring of one

That loved his Lord, and underneath
the stones

The father hid a treasure, which is
theirs.

This shall they find, building their ruin
up,

And joy will come upon their house!
But thou,

Journey no more with me, because I do
Nought of myself, but all by Allah's
will.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

MOSES AND THE DERVISH.

God, that heaven's seven climates hath
spread forth,
To every creature, even as is the worth,
The lot apportions, and the use of
things.

If to the creeping cat were given wings,
No sparrow's egg would ever be a bird.

Moses the Prophet, who with God conferred,
Beheld a Dervish, that, for dire distress
And lack of clothes to hide his naked-

ness,
Buried his body in the desert sand.
This Dervish cried:

"O Moses, whom the Hand
Of the Most High God favors! make
thy prayer
That he may grant me food and clothes
to wear

Who knows the misery of me, and the
need."

Then Moses prayed to God, that he
would feed

And clothe that Dervish.

Nine days after this,
Returning from Mount Sinai in bliss,
Having beheld God's face, the Prophet
met

The Dervish in the hands of Justice, set
Between two officers; and, all about,
The rabble followed him with hoot, and
shout,

And jeer.

The Prophet asked of those that cried,
"What hath befallen this man?"

And they replied,
"He hath drunk wine, and, having slain
a man,
Is going to the death."

Moses began
To praise the Maker of the Universe.
Seeing that his prayer, though granted,
proved perverse,

Since God to every living soul sets forth
The circumstance according to the
worth.

OWEN MEREDITH (1831-1891).

(ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON.)

MOSES AND THE WORM.

HOLY Moses, man of God, came to his
tent one day,

And called his wife Safurja, and his
children from their play:

"O sweetest orphaned children! O dear-
est widowed wife!

We meet, dear ones, no more on earth,
for this day ends my life.

Jehovah sent his angel down, and told
me to prepare—"

Then swooned Safurja on the ground;
the children, in despair,

Said, weeping, "Who will care for us
when you, dear father, go?"

And Moses wept and sobbed aloud to
see his children's woe.

But then Jehovah spake from heaven:
"And dost thou fear to die?

And dost thou love this world so well
that thus I hear thee cry?"

And Moses said, "I fear not death. I
leave this world with joy;

Yet cannot but compassionate this or-
phan girl and boy."

"In whom, then, did thy mother trust,
when, in thy basket-boat,

An infant on the Nile's broad stream,
all helpless thou didst float?

In whom didst thou thyself confide
when by the raging sea

The host of Pharaoh came in sight?"
Then Moses said: "In thee!

In thee, O Lord, I now confide, as I
confided then."

And God replied: "Go to the shore!
Lift up thy staff again."

Then Moses lifted up his rod. The sea
rolled wide away.

And in the midst a mighty rock, black
and uncovered, lay.

"Smite thou the rock!" said God again.
The rock was rent apart,

And then appeared a little worm, close
nestled in its heart.

The worm cried: "Praise to God on
high, who hears his creatures' moan,
Nor did forget the little worm concealed
within the stone!"

"If I remember," said the Lord, "the worm beneath the sea,
Shall I forget thy children, who love
and honor me?"

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER
(1744-1803).

THE JUBILEE.

(Leviticus xxv:8-13.)

THE trumpet's voice
The Sabbath of the jubilee announced;
The freedom-freighted blast, through all
the land,
At once, in every city, echoing rings,
From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
So loud, that, far within the desert's
verge,
The crouching lion starts, and glares
around.

Free is the bondman now; each one re-
turns
To his inheritance. The man, grown
old
In servitude far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way. No hills are
steep;
Smooth is each rough path. His little
ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother
chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-
side flowers.

At length, the hill from which a fare-
well look,
And still another parting look, he cast
On his parental vale, appears in view.
The summit gained, throbs hard his
heart, with joy
And sorrow blent, to see that vale once
more.
Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
Where first he saw the light. His young-
est born
He lifts, and, pointing to the much-
loved spot,
Says, "There my fathers lived, and
there they sleep."

Onward he wends: near and more near
he draws—
How sweet the tinkle of the palm-
bower'd brook!

The sunbeam, slanting through the cedar
grove,
How lovely, and how mild! but loveliest
still
The welcome in the eye of ancient
friends,
Scarce known at first;—and dear the
fig-tree shade,
In which, on Sabbath eve, his father
told
Of Israel, from the house of bondage
freed,
Led through the desert to the promised
land.
With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
And with his tears the furrow'd bark
bedews;
And still at midnight hour he thinks he
hears
The blissful sound that brake the bond-
man's chains.—
The glorious peal of freedom and of joy.
JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

THE summer-day declined o'er Edom's
vales,
As on, through rugged paths of lone
Mount Hor,
Three men went travelling slow.
One, whose white beard
O'erswept his reverend breast, moved
painful on,
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,
More wearily did lean on those who lent
Their kindly aid.

I see the mitred brow
Of the High Priest of Israel, and anon,
As the slant sun sends forth some
brighter beam
Through the sparse boughs and cones
of terebinth,
His dazzling breastplate like a rainbow
gleams.

He muses o'er the distant Past, and
calls
The buried years. Each, like unwilling
ghost,
Comes up with its dark scroll and glides
away.
Again the moan of Egypt meets his ear,
As when her first-born died; the sound-
ing surge
Of the divided sea, enforced to leave

Its ancient channels; the affrighted cry
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base;
Their murmurings and their mockings
and their strife;

The sin at Meribah; the desert-graves
Fed with a rebel race,—all rise anew,
And, like the imagery of troubled
dreams,

Enwrap the spirit.

With what earnest eye
And mournful, from the topmost cliff
he gazed.

There, stretching round its base, like
sprinkled snow

Were Israel's tents, where lay in brief
repose

The desert-wearied tribes.

Through distant haze
Gleam'd Edom's roofs, with shadowy
palm-trees bent;

While farther still, like a black Stygian
pool,

The lone Dead Sea its sullen waters
roll'd.

He turn'd, and lo! Mount Seir with
frowning brow

Confronted him. All solemn and se-
vere

Was its uncover'd forehead. Did it rise
Like witness stern, to stir with venge-
ful hand

The sleeping memories of forgotten
things,

That probe the conscience?

Once again he bent
To mark the tents of Jacob. Fair they
seem'd,

Amid lign-aloes and the cedars tall
That God had planted;—fairer than to
him,

That recreant prophet, who was yet to
spy

The chosen people, resting on their way,
And by fierce Balak's side, from Peor's
top

Take up his parable, changing the curse
Into a blessing.

But to Aaron's eye,
The haunts his feet must ne'er revisit
more

Put on new beauty. For the parting
hour

Unveils the love that like a stranger
hides

In the heart's depths.

Was that his own sweet home,
Its curtains floating, as the southern
breeze

Woo'd its white folds?

He pass'd his arm around
His brother's shoulder, leaning heavily,
And lower o'er his bosom droop'd his
head,

In that long, farewell look, which by no
sound

Reveal'd its import to the mortal ear.

Anon his features wear a brightening
tinge,

And o'er his high anointed brow breaks
forth

A gleam of joy. Caught he a glorious
view

Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,
And water'd by the river of his God,
Where was his heritage?

Or stolen a strain
From Miriam's timbrel, o'er the flood of
death

Urging him onward, through the last
faint steps

Of toil-worn life?

And now they reach the spot
Where he had come to die. Strange
heaviness

Settled around his spirit. Then he knew
That death's dark angel stretch'd a sable
wing

'Tween him and earth. The altar, and
the dark,

The unuttered mysteries seen within the
vail,

Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,
Grew dim and vanish'd.

So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble
voice,

He bless'd, and bade him keep his gar-
ments pure

From blood of souls. But then, as
Moses raised

The mystic breastplate, and that dying
eye

Caught the last radiance of those pre-
cious stones,

By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft his will reveal'd
Unto the chosen tribes, whom Aaron
loved,

In all their wanderings—but whose
promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy
breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapp'd in
stifed groans,
Gave up the ghost.

Steadfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to
heaven
The prophet Moses stood, as if by faith
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of
grief
Nor sign of earthly passion mark'd the
man
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with
God.
But the young priest knelt down, with
quivering lip,
And press'd his forehead on the pulse-
less breast,
And, mid the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity intrusted to his hand,
Remembering but the father that he
loved,
Long with his filial tears bedew'd the
clay.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

"THE ROCK" IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turns not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod;
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor of
God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates with deepest awe,

To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man,
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's
wells,

While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod:
We need the shadowing rock, as they,—
We need, like them, the guides of
God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

MOUNT HOR.

(Numbers xx: 23-29.)

THEY have left the camp, with its tents
outspreading,
Like a garden of lilies, on Edom's plain;
They are climbing the mountains, in si-
lence treading

A path which one may not tread again,
Two aged brothers the way are leading.
There follows a youth in the solemn
train.

O'er a sister's bier they have just been
bending;
The desert prophetess sleeps hard by;

With her toilsome sojourn nearly ending,
 With Judah's mountains before her eye,
 The echoes of Kadesh and Canaan
 blending,
 She has calmly turned her aside to die!

They come, not to gaze on the match-
 less glory,
 On grandeur the like of which earth has
 not,
 A billowy ocean of mountains hoary,
 A chaos of cliffs round this awful spot;
 A vision like that in some old-world
 story,
 Too terrible ever to be forgot.

The desert rainbow that gleams before
 ye,
 But leaves your solitude doubly bleak;
 The shadows of sunset fall ghastly o'er
 ye;
 Cliff frowns upon cliff, and peak on
 peak.
 O rocks of the desolate, lean and hoary,
 What lip of man can your grandeur
 speak!

Splinter'd and blasted and thunder-
 smitten,
 Not a smile above, nor a hope below;
 Shiver'd and scorch'd and hunger bitten,
 No earthly lightning has seam'd your
 brow;
 On each stone the Avenger's pen has
 written,
 Horror and ruin and death and woe.

The king and the priest move on un-
 speaking.
 The desert-priest and the desert-king;
 'Tis a grave, a mountain-grave they are
 seeking.
 Fit end of a great life-wandering!
 And here, till the day of the glory-
 streaking
 This desert eagle must fold his wing.

The fetters of age have but lightly
 bound him,
 This bold sharp steep he can bravely
 breast;
 With his six-score wondrous years
 around him
 He climbs like youth to the mountain's
 crest.

The mortal moment at last has found
 him,
 Willing to tarry, yet glad to rest.

Is that a tear-drop his dim eye leaving
 As he looks his last on yon desert sun?
 Is that a sigh his faint bosom heaving,
 As he lays his ephod in silence down?
 'Twas a passing mist, to his sky still
 cleaving;—
 But the sky has brightened—the cloud
 is gone!

In his shroud of rock they have gently
 wound him,
 'Tis a Bethel pillow that love has given;
 I see no gloom of the grave around
 him
 The death-bed fetters have all been
 riven:

'Tis the angel of life, not of death, that
 has found him,
 And this is to him the gate of heaven.
 He has seen the tombs of old Miz-
 raim's wonder,
 Where the haughty Pharaohs embalm'd
 recline;
 But no pyramid tomb, with its costly
 grandeur,
 Can once be compared with this moun-
 tain-shrine;
 No monarch of Memphis is swathed in
 splendor
 High Priest of the desert, like this of
 thine.

Not with thy nation thy bones are lying,
 Nor Israel's hills shall thy burial see;
 Yet with Edom's vultures around thee
 flying,
 Safe and unrifled thy dust shall be;—
 Oh who would not court so calm a dy-
 ing,
 And who would not rest by the side of
 thee?

Not with thy fathers thy slumber tast-
 ing;
 From sister and brother thou seem'st
 to flee.
 Not in Shechem's plains are thy ashes
 wasting,
 Not in Machpelah thy grave shall be:
 In the land of the stranger thy dust is
 resting
 Yet who would not sleep by the side of
 thee?

Alone and safe, in the happy keeping
Of rocks and sands, till the glorious
morn,
They have laid thee down for thy lone-
ly sleeping,
Waysore and weary and labor worn;
While faintly the sound of a nation's
weeping
From the vale beneath thee is upward
borne.

As one familiar with gentle sorrow,
With a dirge-like wailing the wind
goes by;
And echo lovingly seems to borrow
The plaintive note of the mourner's cry,
Which comes to-day, and is gone to-
morrow,
Leaving nought for thee but the
stranger's sigh.

Alone and safe, in the holy keeping,
Of Him who holdeth the grave's cold
key,
They have laid thee down for the
blessed sleeping,
The quiet rest which his dear ones see;—
And why o'er thee should we weep the
weeping,
For who would not rest by the side of
thee?

Three Hebrew cradles, the Nile-palms
under,
Rocked three sweet babes upon Egypt's
plain;
Three desert graves must these dear
ones sunder,
Three sorrowful links of a broken
chain;
Kadesh, and Hor, and Nebo yonder,
Three way-marks now for the pilgrim
train.

Are these my way-marks, these tombs
of ages?
Are these my guides to the land of rest?
Are these grim rock-tombs the stony
pages,
Which show how to follow the holy
blest?
And bid me rise, 'bove each storm that
rages,
Like a weary dove to its olive nest?

Is death my way to the home undying?
Is the desert my path to the Eden-plain?

Are these lone links, that are round me
lying,
To be gathered, and all re-knit again?
And is there beyond this land of sighing
A refuge for ever from death and pain?

On this rugged cliff, while the sun is
dying,
Behind yon majestic mountain wall,
I stand;—not a cloudlet above is fly-
ing,—
Not a foot is stirring, no voices call,—
A traveller lonely, a stranger, trying
To muse o'er the wondrous funeral.

In silence we stand, till the faint stars
cover—
This grave of ages. Yes, thus would we
Still look and linger, and gaze and hover
About this cave, where thy dust may be:
Great priest of the desert: thy toil is
over
And who would not rest by the side of
thee?

And night, the wan night is bending
over
The twilight couch of the dying day,
With dewy eyes, like a weeping lover,
That dotes on the beauty that will not
stay,
And sighs that the mould so soon must
cover
Each golden smile of the well-loved
day.

The night of ages bends softly o'er us,
Four thousand autumns have well nigh
flid,
Love watches still the old tomb before
us
Of sainted dust, in the mountain-bed;
Till the longed-for trump shall awake
the chorus,
From desert and field, of the blessed
dead.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING.

"HENCE, hie ye to the Eastern hills!
Where dwells the Syrian bard;
Nor may sweet rest, by shadowy rills,
Your hungry feet retard.

"Hence, hence, and bring the haughty
son

Of Beor to the plain!
Thus may the princely gift be won,
Of wealth a glittering rain.

"A people 'mid the desert sand
Spreads, like the stars of heaven,
Around on Heshbon's pleasant land—
For them the curse be given!"

"Hence, by the dark Abarim hills,
And through the vineyards fair!
Nor stay your speed till, o'er his sill,
My kingly word you bear."

Thus spake the Lord of Moab
To his followers, dark and bold,
Who homage paid him, kneeling low,
Ere where the Tigris rolled.
They hied them forth in eager haste,
To bear the high behest
To him who o'er his chamber paced
With wildly heaving breast.
"Back to your homes!" in trembling
voice,

The cowering prophet cried;
"I, in this thing, may dare no choice;
The royal boon's denied!"
But urged, his patient beast bestrode
Along the Syrian hill,
Among the belted heathen rode
The man whose curse could kill.
He passed along the cultured lines,
Where fragrant leaves were twining,
And where the sinuous Arnon shines,
The words of fate divining.
While Moab's princes, on the height,
To Baal their hearts are turning,
Amid his spirit's clouded night
A fire of heaven is burning.

"Lo! Balak the royal, in Aram hath
sought me,
And forth from the hills of the morn-
ing hath brought me,
Saying, 'Come, curse me Jacob!' but God
hath not cursed:

'Defy thou this Israel that strangers
have nursed.'

"Nay, how can I curse him whom God
hath not cursed?

Or how shall I mock that Jehovah hath
nursed?

Behold! from the top of the mountain
I see him,

Along all his borders the stranger doth
flee him.

"Among the rude nations he may not
be known:

Uncounted, his children are dwelling
alone;

No nation lived ever so wondrous as
this;

Oh, would when I die that my end were
like his!"

Then hotly spake the Moab king:

"A fruitless deed I've done;
For curse, not blessing did I bring
Of Beor the wayward son!"

And straight, with seer and priest, he
went

To Zophim's emerald brow;
"Curse me the foemen thence," he cried,
"That skirt yon plain below!"

The bullocks and the rams were burnt,
The altars there were seven;

But hard the task those princes learnt
To mock the Lord of Heaven.

"Rise, Balak, and listen, thou son of
Zippor!

God is not a mortal who ever can err;
His word, unrepented, stands sure as
'twas spoken,

His promise or threat'ning can never be
broken.

"In Jacob and Israel there dwells no
wrong thing;

God's strength is among them, the shout
of a king;

He saved them from Egypt; their fet-
ters and gyves

He burst off in anger; He hallows their
lives.

"There lives no enchantment, I know no
divining

Can light on the people where God is
outshining;

'Twill rise like a lion that seeks for the
prey,

The young fearless lion that turns him
at bay.

"The future shall speak of this wonder-
ful thing—

The strong-banded pilgrims with God
for their king."

Then spake again the royal lord,

And turned in wrathful mood,

Along the grassy mountain, toward

The salt sea's mystic flood.

Still dwelled the people in their tents,
According to their tribes;
In fervor new, with thought intense,
Despite the royal bribes.
The son of Beor took up his song,
The "man with open eyes,"
And turning to the desert throng,
He answered in this wise:—

"How goodly thy tents are, O Jacob!
How fair

Thy dwellings, O Israel! thy blessings,
how rare!

As rivers in valleys, as trees on the
plain,

As aloes, God-planted, your strength
shall remain.

"As gardens by waters, as cedars on
hills,

Your glory shall grow till earth's king-
dom it fills;

The unicorn's sinew shall strengthen his
limb,

Till all that oppose shall pay tribute to
him!

"He couched like a lion, that king of
the wild;

And who shall arouse him? Great good,
undefiled,

Distils in the accents of blessing o'er
him,

And accursed be their lot who his
brightness would dim!"

Then Balak's anger rose again,
His hands together pressing.

"Three times I bade thee curse those
men,

Three times 'tis turned to blessing.

"Now get thee to thine Eastern home,

Nor deem me graceless donor;

Small gift of mine, with thee may roam,

Nor wealth, nor place, nor honor."

But farther ran the parable

From Mesopotamia's mountains,
Through Beor's son, against his will,

Like pure, rock-guarded fountains;

"I shall see him from afar,

I shall see it, but not now;

There shall come a shining star,

And a sceptre, too, shall mar

Moab, from yon lofty brow.

"Out of Jacob there shall rise

One of valiant might and power;

Seir shall be his enemies,

All the rocky strongholds his—

Who of us may bide that hour?"

Then the seer returned to his mountain
home,

And the Moab king to his royal dome;
And the dust on their crumbling bones

was deep

When that star woke earth from her
midnight sleep.

ANONYMOUS.

BALAAM.

*"He hath said, which heard the words
of God, and knew the knowledge of the
most High, which saw the vision of the
Almighty, falling into a trance, but hav-
ing his eyes open: I shall see him, but
not now: I shall behold Him, but not
nigh: there shall come a Star out of
Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of
Israel, and shall smite the corners of
Moab, and destroy all the children of
Sheth."*—Numbers xxiv: 16, 17.

O FOR a sculptor's hand,

That thou might'st take thy stand,

Thy wild hair floating on the eastern
breeze,

Thy tranced yet open gaze

Fixed on the desert haze,

As one who deep in heaven some airy
pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast

Their fearful shadows cast

The giant forms of empires on their
way

To ruin: one by one

They tower and they are gone,

Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of
avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright

In all the world of light

That they should draw to Heaven his
downward eye:

He hears th' Almighty's word,

He sees the angel's sword,

Yet low upon the earth his heart and
treasure lie.

Lo! from yon argent field,

To him and us revealed,

One gentle Star glides down, on earth
to dwell.

Chained as they are below

Our eyes may see it glow,

And as it mounts again, may track its
brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious
wrath:

But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on
our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watched his
sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams, that silent
sweep
Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of
Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random
caught:
But true prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flashed once, and died away, and left
his darkened thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his
powerless tongue
In blessing only moves?—
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling
veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim
Thine own
More than Thy seers we know—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what
Thou hast sown.

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866).

SHEMA YISRAEL ADONAY
ELOHAINU ADONAY
ECHOD.

"SHEMA Yisrael," is the lesson we learn
In the earliest days of our youth.
"Adonay Elohainu," the Lord is our
God:

How precious and blessed this truth!
"It never can fail:
Shema Yisrael!"

"Adonay Elohainu," this is our God
And ours forever shall be.
Through life he will bless us, in death
be our guide,
Till "Shalom"—"Peace eternal"—we see.
Through Him we prevail:
"Shema Yisrael!"

"Shema Yisrael," 'tis our mission alone,
"Adonay Echod" to proclaim;
The Lord everlasting shall reign o'er
the earth,
And "One" be forever His name.
The future we hail:
"Shema Yisrael!"

IBBIE MCCOLM WILSON (1834-1908).

THE SECOND SONG OF MOSES.

(Deut. xxxii.)

1.

To what I speak, an ear, ye heavens,
lend,
And hear, thou earth, what words I
utter will:
Like drops of rain my speeches shall
descend,
And as the dew my doctrine shall distil,
Like to the smaller rain on tender
flowers,
And as upon the grass the greater show-
ers;
For I the Lord's great name will pub-
lish now,
That so our God may praised be of you.

2.

He is that Rock, whose works perfec-
tion are;
For all his ways with judgment guided
be:

A God of truth, from all wrong-doing
clear,
A truly just and righteous one is he.
Though they themselves defil'd, unlike
his sons,
And are a crooked race of froward ones.
Oh mad and foolish nation! why dost
thou
Thyself unto the Lord so thankless
show?

3.

Thy Father and Redeemer, is not he?
Hath he not made, and now confirm'd
thee fast?
Oh call to mind the days that older be,
And weigh the years of many ages
past!
For if thy father, he will tell,
Thy elders also can inform thee well,
How he (the High'st) did Adam's sons
divide,
And shares for every family did pro-
vide.

4.

And how the nation's bounds he did
prepare,
In number with the sons of Israel.
For in his people had the Lord his
share,
And Jacob for his part allotted fell:
Whom finding in a place possess'd of none,
(A desert vast, untill'd, and unknown)
He taught them there; he led them far
and nigh;
And kept them as the apple of his eye.

5.

E'en as an eagle, to provoke her young,
About her nest doth hover here and
there,
Spread forth her wings to train her
birds along,
And sometimes on her back her young-
lings bear:
Right so the Lord conducted them
alone,
When for his aid strange God with
him was none.
Them on the high lands of the earth he
set,
Where they the plenties of the field
might eat.

6.

For them he made the rock with honey
flow,
He drain'd oil from stones, and them
did feed
With milk of sheep, with butter of the
cow,
With goats, fat lambs, and rams of
Bashan breed.
The finest of the wheat he made their
food,
And of the grape they drank the purest
blood:
But, herewithal, unthankful Israel
So fat became, he kick'd with his heel.

7.

Grown fat, and with their grossness
covered o'er,
Their God, their Maker, they did soon
forsake:
Their Rock of health regarded was no
more,
But with strange Gods him jealous they
did make
To move his wrath they hateful things
devis'd;
To devils in his stead they sacrific'd;
To Gods unknown, that new invented
were,
And such as their forefathers did not
fear.

8.

They minded not the Rock who them
begat,
But quite forgot the God that form'd
them hath;
Which when the Lord perceiv'd, it made
him hate
His sons and daughters, moving him to
wrath.
To mark their end, said he, I'll hide my
face,
For they are faithless sons of froward
race;
My wrath, with what is not a God, they
move,
And my displeasure with their follies
prove.

9.

And I, by those that are no people, yet
Their wrathful jealousy will move for
this;

And by a foolish nation make them
fret;
For, in my wrath, a fire inflamèd is,
And down to hell the earth consume
it shall,
E'en to the mountains' bottoms, fruit
and all.
In heaps upon them mischiefs will I
throw,
And shoot mine arrows till I have no
mo'.*

10.

With hunger parched, and consum'd
with heat,
I will enforce them to a bitter end;
The teeth of beasts upon them will I
set,
And will the poisonous dust-fed serpent
send.
The sword without, and fear within,
shall slay;
Maids, young men, babes, and him
whose hair is gray;
Yea, I had vowed to spread them here,
and there
Men might forget that such a people
were.

11.

But this the foe compell'd me to delay,
Lest that their adversaries (prouder
grown)
Should (when they heard it) thus pre-
sume to say,
This, not the Lord, but our high hand
hath done.
For in this people no discretion is;
Nor can their dullness reach to judge
of this.
O had they wisdom this to comprehend,
That so they might bethink them of
their end.

12.

How should one make a thousand run
away,
Or two men put ten thousand to the
foil,†
Except their Rock had sold them for
a prey,
And that the Lord had clos'd them up
the while;

*More.

†Flight.

For though our foes themselves the
judges were,
Their God they cannot with our God
compare:
But they have vines like those that
Sodom yields,
And such as are within Gomorrha fields.

13.

They bear the grapes of gall upon their
vine;
Extremely bitter are their clusters all;
Yea, made of dragon's venom is their
wine,
And of the cruel asp's infectious gall.
And can this (ever) be forgot of me?
Or not be sealèd where my treasure be?
Sure, mine is vengeance; and I will re-
pay;
Their feet shall slide at their appointed
day.

14.

Their time of ruin near at hand is
come;
Those things that shall befall them
haste will make;
For then the Lord shall give his people
doom,
And on his servants kind compassion
take,
When he perceives their strength bereft
and gone,
And that in prison they are left alone.
Where are their gods become? he then
shall say;
Their rock, on whom affiance they did
lay?

15.

Who ate the fattest of their sacrifice?
Who of their drink-oblations drank the
wine?
Let those unto their succour now arise,
And under their protection them en-
shrine.
Behold, consider now that I am He,
And that there is no other God with
me.
I kill, and make alive; I wound, I cure;
And there is none can from my hand
assure.

16.

For up to heav'n on high my hand I
rear,
And (as I live for ever) this I say,

When I my shining sword to whet pre-
pare,
And shall my hand to acting vengeance
lay,
I will not cease till I my foes requite,
And am aveng'd on all that bear me
spite:
But in their blood, which I shall make
to flow,
Will steep mine arrows, till they drunk-
en grow.

17.

My sword shall eat the flesh and blood
of those,
Who shall be either slain or brought in
thrall,
When I begin this vengeance on my
foes.
Sing, therefore, with his people, nations
all!
For he his servants' blood with blood
will pay,
And due avengement on his foes will
lay.
But to his land compassion he will show,
And on his people mercy shall bestow.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

THE KISS OF GOD.

WHEN the great leader's task was done,
He stood on Pisgah's height,
And saw, far off, the westering sun
Drop down into the night;

Saw, too, the land in which, alas!
He might not hope to dwell
Spread fairly out; and then—for so
Talmudic legends tell—

Jehovah touched him, and he slept;
And smooth the mountain sod
Was levelled o'er him, and 'twas writ,
"Died by the kiss of God."

The kiss of God! We talk of death
In many learned ways,—
We know so much,—which of them all
So simple in its praise

As this which from the oldest days
Has treasured been apart,
To comfort in this heel of time
The mourner's aching heart?

We walk our bright or desert road,
And, when we reach the end,
Bends o'er us with gentle face
The Universal Friend.

Upon our lips his own are laid:
We do not strive nor cry.
The kiss of God! Upon that kiss
It is not hard to die.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (1840-1904).

MOSES ON PISGAH.

To HIS rest in the lonely hills,
To his rest, where no man knows,
By the secret birth of the rills,
And the secret death of the snows;

To the place of the silent rocks,
Where no voice from the earth can
come,
But the thunder leaps and shocks
The heart of the nations dumb;

To the long and desolate stand
On the brink of the ardent slope,
To the thought of the beautiful land,
And the woe of unanswered hope;

To the fallen fate from God
On the life yet young within;
To the sense of the smothering sod,
And the crush of remembered sin;

To the moments that gather the years,
Like clouds on the heaven afar;
To the tumult of terrible tears,
To the flush and the triumph of war;

To the plagues of the darkness and
dead,
And the cry of a conquered king,
To the joy of the onward tread,
And the beat of a cageless wing;

To the march of the pillar of cloud,
And the rest of the pillar of fire,
To the song of the jubilant crowd,
And the passionate praise of the lyre;

To the mountain, ascended alone,
And the law in its thunder given,
And the glimpse of the feet of the
throne,
And the light of the shadows of
heaven;

To Memory, beating her wings
 In the tremulous cage of the mind,
 And a harp of a myriad strings,
 That is swept by the hand of the
 wind;

To a grave, where no marble above
 Can be voiceful of peril and praise;
 Where no children can weep out their
 love,
 No widow recall the lost days;

To these—but his step is not weak,
 And he moves as one moves to a
 throne—
 Alone with the past on that peak,
 With his grief and his glory alone.
 J. S. W.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

HE climbed the mountain; and behold!
 The land before him lay:
 Here Jordan's bounding waters rolled,
 There Carmel stretched away.

From northern Lebanon, outspread,
 To Araby the wild,
 Where strangers' lives the Patriarchs
 led,
 Their promised Canaan smiled:

A land of fountains and of rills,
 Where milk and honey flowed;
 Whose stones were iron; from whose
 hills
 Brass in the furnace glowed:

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Whose trees with fruitage hung,
 While birds, to soothe the laborers' toil,
 Amid the branches sung.

Valleys stood thick with golden grain,
 Goats bounded on the rocks,
 And white and dark, on slope and plain,
 Roamed pasturing herds and flocks.

But all the soil with blood was stained,
 Revenge and rapine strove;
 Pagan abominations reigned
 In every haunted grove.

From cities populous and proud
 The shrieks of children came,

Where drums and cymbals led the crowd,
 Round Moloch's altar-flame.

The vision changed;—then Moses saw
 The Idols overthrown,
 God out of Zion giving law,
 God worshipped there alone.

And still the vision grew more bright;
 On humble Bethlehem shined
 The star of Jacob, and a light
 To lighten all mankind.

In silent trance the prophet gazed:
 "It is enough," he cried;

His spirit returned to God who gave;
 His body, nowhere found,
 Shall keep the secret of its grave
 Till the last trumpet sound.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LED by his God, on Pisgah's height,
 The pilgrim-prophet stood—
 When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,
 And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground
 His weary feet had trod;
 While Israel's host encamped around,
 Still guarded by their God.

With joy the aged Moses smiled
 On all his wanderings past,
 While thus he poured his accents mild
 Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now—
 The city and the plain,
 From where bright Jordan's waters
 flow,
 To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land
 With milk and honey flows;
 Now, now my weary murmuring band
 Shall find their sweet repose.

"There groves of palm and myrtle
 spread
 O'er valleys fair and wide;
 The lofty cedar rears its head
 On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale;
And there the golden lily springs,—
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs
Is heard the song of love,
For there doth build and breathe her
vows
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering
vine,
The fig tree shed her flowers,
The citron's golden treasures shine
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me—
Their fruits I may not eat;
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,
Since Israel's sons are blest:
Father, receive thy dying one
To thine eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,
To God his spirit fled.
Now, to your tents, O Israel,
And mourn your prophet dead!

JESSIE G. M'CARTEE.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

WEEP, weep for him, the Man of God—
In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

His doctrine fell like heaven's rain,
His words refreshed like heaven's
dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A chief, to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay:
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lightning, pass'd away.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

BURIAL OF MOSES.

*"And he buried him in a valley in the
land of Moab, over against Beth-peor;
but no man knoweth of his sepulchre
unto this day."*—Deut. xxxiv: 6.

By NEBO's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's
cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's
crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car:

They show the banners taken;
 They tell his battles won;
 And after him lead his masterless steed,
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
 Men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place,
 With costly marbles drest,
 In the great minster transept
 Where lights like glories fall,
 And the sweet choir sings, and the or-
 gan rings
 Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so
 sage
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
 The hillside for a pall!
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall!
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand, in that lonely
 land,
 To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
 Whence his uncoffined clay
 Shall break again—O wondrous
 thought!—
 Before the judgment-day,
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our
 life
 With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still:
 God hath his mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell,

He hides them deep, like the secret
 sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER
 (1830-1895).

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

MOSES, who spake with God as with his
 friend,
 And ruled his people with the twofold
 power
 Of wisdom that can dare and still be
 meek,
 Was writing his last word, the sacred
 name
 Unutterable of that Eternal Will
 Which was and is and evermore shall
 be.
 Yet was his task not finished, for the
 flock
 Needed its shepherd, and the life-taught
 sage
 Leaves no successor; but to chosen
 men,
 The rescuers and guides of Israel,
 A death was given called the Death of
 Grace,
 Which freed them from the burden of
 the flesh,
 But left them rulers of the multitude
 And loved companions of the lonely.
 This
 Was God's last gift to Moses, this the
 hour
 When soul must part from self and be
 but soul.

God spake to Gabriel, the messenger
 Of mildest death that draws the part-
 ing life
 Gently, as when a little rosy child
 Lifts up its lips from off the bowl of
 milk
 And so draws forth a curl that dipped
 its gold
 In the soft white—thus Gabriel draws
 the soul.
 "Go, bring the soul of Moses unto Me!"
 And the awe-stricken angel answered,
 "Lord,
 How shall I dare to take his life who
 lives
 Sole of his kind, not to be likened once
 In all the generations of the earth?"

Then God called Michael, him of pensive brow,
Snow-vest and flaming sword, who knows and acts:

"Go, bring the spirit of Moses unto Me!"

But Michael, with such grief as angels feel,

Loving the mortals whom they succor, plead:

"Almighty, spare me; it was I who taught

Thy servant Moses; he is part of me
As I of Thy deep secrets, knowing them."

Then God called Zamael, the terrible,
The angel of fierce death, of agony
That comes in battle and in pestilence
Remorseless, sudden or with lingering throes,

And Zamael, his raiment and broad wings

Blood-tinctured, the dark lustre of his eyes

Shrouding the red, fell like the gathering night

Before the prophet. But that radiance
Won from the heavenly presence in the mount

Gleamed on the prophet's brow, and daz-
zling pierced

Its conscious opposite: the angel turned
His murky gaze aloof and inly said:

"An angel this, deathless to angel's stroke."

But Moses felt the subtly nearing dark:—

"Who art thou? and what wilt thou?"
Zamael then:

"I am God's reaper; through the fields of life

I gather ripened and unripened souls,
Both willing and unwilling. And I come
Now to reap thee." But Moses cried
Firm as a seer who waits the trusted sign:

"Reap thou the fruitless plant and common herb—

Not him who from the womb was sanctified

To teach the law of purity and love."
And Zamael baffled from his errand fled.

But Moses, pausing, in the air serene
Heard now that mystic whisper, far yet near,

The all-penetrating Voice, that said to him,

"Moses, the hour is come and thou must die."

"Lord, I obey; but Thou rememberest
How Thou, Ineffable, didst take me

once
Within Thy orb of light untouched by death."

Then the Voice answered, "Be no more afraid:

With Me shall be thy death and burial."
So Moses waited, ready now to die.

And the Lord came, invisible as a thought,

Three angels gleaming on His secret track,

Prince Michael, Zamael, Gabriel, charged to guard

The soul-forsaken body as it fell,
And bear it to the hidden sepulchre

Denied forever to the search of man.
And the Voice said to Moses: "Close

thine eyes."

He closed them. "Lay thine hand upon thine heart,

And draw thy feet together." He obeyed.

And the Lord said, "O spirit! child of Mine!

A hundred years and twenty thou hast dwelt

Within this tabernacle wrought of clay.
This is the end: come forth and flee to

heaven."

But the grieved soul with plaintive pleading cried,

"I love this body with a clinging love:
The courage fails me, Lord, to part

from it."

"O child, come forth, for thou shalt dwell with Me

About the immortal throne where seraphs joy

In growing vision and in growing love."

Yet hesitating, fluttering, like the bird
With young wing weak and dubious, the

soul
Stayed. But behold! upon the death-dewed lips

A kiss descended, pure, unspeakable—
The bodiless Love, without embracing Love

That lingered in the body, drew it forth
With heavenly strength and carried it
to heaven.

But now beneath the sky the watchers
all,
Angels that keep the homes of Israel,
Or on high purpose wander o'er the
world

Leading the Gentiles, felt a dark eclipse:
The greatest ruler among men was
gone.

And from the westward sea was heard
a wail.

A dirge as from the isles of Javanim,
Crying, "Who now is left upon the
earth

Like him to teach the right and smite
the wrong?"

And from the East, far o'er the Syrian
waste,

Came slower, sadder, the answering
dirge:

"No prophet like him lives or shall
arise

In Israel or the world forevermore."

But Israel waited, looking towards the
mount,

Till with the deepening eve the elders
came

Saying, "His burial is hid with God.

We stood far off and saw the angels
lift

His corpse aloft until they seemed a
star

That burned itself away within the sky."

The people answered with mute or-
phaned gaze

Looking for what had vanished ever-
more.

Then through the gloom without them
and within

The spirits' shaping light, mysterious
speech,

Invisible Will wrought clear in sculp-
tured sound,

The thought-begotten daughter of the
Voice,

Thrilled on their listening sense: "He
has no tomb.

He dwells not with you dead, but lives
as Law."

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880).

MOUNT NEBO.

UPON the banks of Jordan
The host of Israel's name,
All Jacob's seed, encamped,
Who out of Egypt came.
There lay the tribes, wide-spreading,—
There rest the pilgrims found,
Weary, with long years treading
The sandy desert round.

There from their hands the wanderers
Their staves have laid aside,
And spread them woollen blankets,
Their girdles loosening wide!
And on their robes reclining
In picturesque array,
The brown and swarthy travellers,
With beards dark-curling, lay.

Their tent-staves there were pitched,
Their linen veils outspread,
And in the midst was raised
The tabernacle's head.
Between them and the sunbeams
Green foliage shadow flings:
They filled their leathern bottles
At fresh cool water-springs.

With oil their bodies laving,
They washed away the sand;
The driver there was stroking
The camel with his hand;
And in the pastures round them
The quiet cattle lay;
Wild horses stared and bounded
With flowing manes away.

The weary joined in praises,
With hands upraised to heaven,
That now to all their travels
The longed-for end was given.
But some were busy whetting
Their swords with eager hand,
To combat for the pastures
Of their rich green fatherland.

It seemed for them awaiting.—
A land of endless store,
Like God's own garden smiling
On Jordan's other shore.
Through many a desert-journey
In spirit they had seen
That land of milk and honey,
Now lying there so green!

They shouted in the valley,
 "Canaan!" with joyous tone,—
 Their leader up the pathway
 Of the mountains toiled alone.
 His snow-white locks were flowing
 About his shoulders spread,
 And golden beams were glowing
 Upon his reverend head.

To see the promised country,
 Before he died, intent,
 Rapt in the glorious vision,
 He, trembling, forwards bent.
 There glittered all the pastures,
 With thousand charms outspread,—
 The land he sees with longing,
 The land he ne'er must tread!

The plains, far out extending,
 All rich with corn and vines,
 And many a white stream, wending
 Through rich green meadows, shines.
 With milk and honey flowing
 As far as eye can span,
 All in the sunshine glowing
 From Beersheba to Dan.

"Canaan, mine eyes have seen thee!
 Let death undreaded come!
 In gentle whispers breathing,
 Lord, call thy servant home!"
 On light soft clouds descending
 Upon the mountain's brow
 He came;—the pilgrim people
 Have lost their leader now!

Upon the mountain brightening,
 'T is glorious there to die!
 When all the clouds are whitening
 In the radiant morning sky;
 Far down below beholding
 Wood, field, and winding stream,—
 And lo! above unfolding
 Heaven's golden portals gleam.
 FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (1810-1876).
Translated by J. GOSTICK.

"NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEPULCHRE."

WHEN he, who, from the scourge of
 wrong
 Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
 Saw the fair region, promised long,
 And bowed him on the hills to die;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
 Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
 And laid the aged seer alone
 To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
 Close the dim eye on life and pain,
 Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
 Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
 His servant's humble ashes lie,
 Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
 To call its inmate to the sky.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Now Moses knew his hour of death was
 nigh;

For the Most High commanded Sam-
 mael
 To fetch His servant's soul to Para-
 dise—

Sammael, who, clothed in anger, grasped
 his sword

To slay him, and would have slain
 but for the light

Wherewith his face shone, while his
 hand went on

Writing the Incommunicable Name.

"What ails thee, Moses? Why art thou
 so pale?

What evil hath befallen us?" Zipporah
 asked.

And Moses said: "My hour of death
 is come!"

"What! must a man who has spoken
 with God die thus?

Thou, like a common man?" "I must,
 all must,

The angels Michael, Gabriel, Israfel,
 God only is eternal, and dies not.

Where are my children?" "They are
 put to sleep."

"Wake them; for I must say farewell
 to them."

Beside the children's bed she wept and
 moaned:

"Wake, rise, and bid your father now
 farewell,

Orphans! for this is his last day on
 earth!"

They woke in terror. "Who will pity us
 When we are fatherless?" "Who will
 pity them

When they are fatherless?" And Moses wept.

Then God spake to him: "Dost thou fear to die?"

Or dost thou leave this earth reluctantly?"

And Moses said: "I do not fear to die, Nor do I leave this earth reluctantly:

But I lament these children of mine age,

Who have their grandsire and their uncle lost,

And who will lose their father, if I die."

"In whom did she, thy mother, then confide,

When thou by her wast in the bulrush ark

Committed to the Nile?" "In Thee, O Lord!"

"Who hardened Pharaoh's heart, and gave thee power

Before him and his gods, and to thy hand

A staff, to part the waters?" "Thou, O Lord!"

"And fearest to trust thy children unto Me,

Who am the Father of the fatherless? Go, take thy staff and over the sea once more

Extend it, and thou shalt behold a sign To strengthen thy weak faith," And he obeyed.

He took the rod of God, and, going down

To the desolate sea-beach, he stretched it there.

The sea divided, as when clouds are driven

Along the path of a whirlwind, and he saw

A black rock in it, whereunto he went; And reaching soon the rock, a voice

cried, "Smite!"

He smote; it clave asunder, and therein,

At its foundation, was a little cleft, And in that cleft, with a green leaf in

its mouth,

A worm, which, lifting up its voice, cried thrice,

"Praise be to God, who hath not forgotten me,

Worm that I am, in holy darkness here!

Praise be to Him, who cherishes even me!"

When the low voice was silent, heard of all

The angels in the pauses of their hymn, For they ceased singing to behold that sign

Of God's exceeding love, He spake again:

"Thou seest that I consider and provide

Not for man only, but for a little worm, In a rock whereof men know not, in

the waves,

Far in the dark depths of the barren sea.

Shall I forget thy children who know Me?"

Then Moses, so instructed of the Lord, Comforted his children, and his sor-

rowing wife;

And, leaning on his staff, went forth alone,

To climb the mountain where he was to die;

And where, when he had closed his weary eyes,

And pressed his hand upon his pulseless heart,

God kissed His servant, and he was with Him.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD (1825-1903).

JERICHO.

(Joshua, vi.)

I.

AROUND the walls of Jericho,
The Israelitish army go.

With steady tramp, their spears in hand,
They follow out the Lord's command.

Six days, six journeys, now are past;
The sun has risen upon the last.

Scarce had the first flush of the dawn
Announced that weary night had gone,

When, forth from every well-known tent,
The mighty hosts of Israel went.

Thus early start they on their way;
Seven rounds must be fulfilled to-day.

II.

Within the walls of Jericho
In stern indifference wait the foe.

What care they for these haggard men
Who have commenced their march again?

How can they hope to overthrow,
In such a way, proud Jericho?

And so with a laugh and a scornful
glance
They join the wild mazes of the dance.

And pass around the ruddy wine,
Rarest of all in Palestine.

The sounds of revelry rise high
Beneath the glare of the noonday sky.

III.

Outside the walls of Jericho
Steadily on the warriors go.

Six of the rounds are already past,
And they have now commenced the last.

Throughout those ranks no sound is
heard,
No merry jest, no cheering word.

There rises up no other sound
Than the steady foot-beat on the ground.

Now suddenly they turn about,
And with one voice the people shout.

Down fall the walls of Jericho,
The heathen's power lieth low.

IV.

Low lie the walls of Jericho,
And through her halls her foemen go.

All hope for the city proud hath fled,
For all her boasted host are dead;

And the ringing pavement of the street
Echoeth nought but the foeman's feet.

Thus did firm faith in God's commands
Prove mightier than human hands.

Thus did the strong right arm of God
Scatter the heathen hosts abroad.

Thus did He great honor lay
Upon the name of Joshua.

V.

In the long march of every life,
Where there is much of toil and strife,

Remaineth still some Jericho,
Some firm stronghold where lurks the
foe.

And as the Israelites, of old,
Trusted the promise, we are told,

And had the patience to fulfill
The unknown mysteries of God's will;

So we, if we with patience wait,
Unbought by love, unmoved by hate,

Shall see the walls of error go
As went the walls of Jericho.

FRANK FOXCROFT (1850-).

THE DYING SOLDIER OF
JOSHUA.

A VETERAN of Joshua was breathing out
his last,

The crimson tide was flowing out and
life was ebbing fast,

And yet upon his dying face a look
exultant shone

As he heard shouts of victory upon
the zephyrs blown;

For tho he lay all helpless there beneath
the tenting sky,

His soul was filled with thankful joy
suppressing every sigh.

An hour before in fierce assault his
strokes had counted well,

His weapon wielding to the last; yea,
fighting as he fell;

And now, as he lay dying there upon
the bloody field,

His right hand clutched his weapon
and the left his leathern shield.

But who approaches? Who bends o'er
the dying soldier's head?

Is it a vile idolator to mock and strip
the dead?

No, no; but his dear soldier friend!
 Ah, this indeed is joy!
 For they had come from Egypt's land,
 when each was but a boy,
 And through the sea together went and
 on the other side
 Beheld their foul pursuers sink be-
 neath the whelming tide;
 For God's winds swayed the Red Sea
 waves on that eventful morn,
 And Israel trod the causeway safe and
 Liberty was born!
 While Egypt's horse and rider sank,
 God's Israel passed o'er
 And sang their great deliverance upon
 the farther shore;
 And then the boys, through dreary
 lands, to Sinai trod the way
 Till reaching manhood's prime they
 fought, led on by Joshua.
 The boys had heard the wondrous
 tales of patriarchs of old,
 How Joseph down to Egypt's land was
 carried and there sold.
 And how he rose from slavery to stand
 before the king,
 Who robbed him ruler of his realm and
 gave his signet ring;
 How Joseph for his father sent and all
 his father's band,
 And gave them pastures rich and fair
 in Goshen's favored land;
 How Jacob's household, seventy, with
 riches vast then came,
 Ten thousand numbered Jacob's flocks,
 a thousand men his train;
 And how the Israelites became a nation
 strong and great
 Till Rameses, the mighty king, enslaved
 them to his state;
 For Israel's friends, the shepherd kings,
 had been in war o'erthrown
 By other line of kings to whom great
 Joseph was unknown;
 And then how Moses strangely saved
 by daughter of the king;
 How when he into power came all to
 him honors bring;
 How he was taught of Israel at his
 dear mother's knee,
 To visit his own people and from bond-
 age set them free;
 But, forced to flee to Midian, he dwelt
 there forty years
 And then returned to Egypt's land with
 many doubts and fears;

Yet he delivered Israel from sore op-
 pression's rod
 And safely led them through the sea
 and to the mount of God;
 He guided them full forty years till
 every rebel died,
 Until their sons, as warriors true, be-
 came the nation's pride.
 And now the dying soldier lay exultant
 in his death;
 For would he not a victor die with his
 expiring breath?
 "Tell me, my comrade," murmured he,
 "before my life be spent;
 Yea, tell me how the contest raged and
 how the battle went."
 His comrade kissed him 'mid his tears
 and then began his tale:
 "We chased them like a flock of goats,
 right over hill and dale;
 For tho the heathen faced our men to
 make a valiant stand,
 Yet at the voice of Joshua, as he gave
 us command,
 They fled like fearful, trembling sheep
 at sound of lion's roar,
 While we pursued and smote them hard
 until the fight was o'er;
 And when you fell with weapon broke
 to wield the sword no more,
 I smote the pagan to the dust and left
 him in his gore.
 Then how we scaled the city walls,
 and 'mid confusion dire,
 We smote the heathen on all sides and
 slew both son and sire!
 'Tis true these seemed like sinful deeds,
 to fill the heart with shame,
 To cut down boys like you and me
 when we from Egypt came;
 But 'twas like smiting pois'nous asps
 and then in vengeful mood
 But little mercy showed we as we
 crushed the serpent's brood!
 For what could we with Sodomites or
 worshippers of Baal
 But rid the land of such vile hordes
 with few to tell the tale?
 And what could we with Moloch's
 friends, who worship at his shrine,
 And roast to death their girls and boys
 and call such rites divine?
 Yea, what with Ashtaroth's vile harlots
 steeped in lep'rous crime?
 Why, as we struck the wantons down,
 the stroke seemed half divine!

The Lord of hosts was with us and the
 God of Jacob's aid
 Gave us the glorious victory and sharp-
 ened spear and blade!
 The land is ours! and nought can stay
 our march o'er the city wall!
 Nor bow, nor spear, nor pagan hordes
 prevent their utter fall!
 Yea, even those proud Jebusites shall
 fall beneath our rod,
 And strong Jerusalem become the city
 of our God!
 The splendor of our nation's sheen
 what prophet's tongue can tell?
 The glory of our people and the God
 of Israel?
 The stars above shall sparkle on, the
 pale moon shed her light,
 The sun shall rise in majesty, dispelling
 darkest night;
 Yea, earth and sky and all therein pro-
 claim our Maker's grace,
 And glory, honor, power and praise
 shall come to Israel's race!"
 A veteran of Joshua was breathing out
 his last,
 The crimson tide was flowing out and
 life was ebbing fast,
 And yet upon his dying face a look
 exultant shone;
 As shouts of victory arose upon the
 zephyrs borne;
 And as his comrade kissed him there
 and closed his warrior tale
 A glow of life's departing flame lit up
 the face so pale:
 'Twas like the candle's fitful glow, the
 last expiring gleam;
 The soldier raised his broken blade ere
 crossing death's cold stream:
 "Fight on!" he said, "my comrade true,
 the God of battles trust!
 The Lord of hosts be with you all,
 when I return to dust.
 The gates are lifted high." He ceased,
 his arm sank to his side.
 And with a ling'ring look of joy the
 Hebrew soldier died.

ALEXANDER S. ARNOLD.

WANTED: JOSHUA.

WHEN God, whose courtlier crowns did
 wait
 The forehead of our Moses, drew

His steps where Pisgah shot up straight
 As a Seer's thought into the blue
 Of the immaculate heavens, and fed
 The life-long hunger of his eyes
 With one swift vision that struck him
 dead

For awe of its sublimities:—

And we turned instant unto you,
 (Calling you Joshua), to complete
 The meanings of the paths which grew
 So sharp to our unsandaled feet,
 I swear we thought the living soul
 Of that great prophet wrought
 afresh
 In you, like thunder, to control
 To sovereign ends our drooping
 flesh.

Were not you with us when God clave
 The Red Sea, with a blow, in twain?
 Were you not of us when he gave
 Manna, and quails, and blessed rain?
 And those tall pillars which he yoked
 For service—did you see them not?
 And all the alien blood that soaked
 The paths he hewed—is that forgot?

When crested Sinai cracked in flame,
 And all the desert round about
 Shook with the dreadness of his Name
 Whose glory paled the sunlight out;
 Did not you tremble with the rest,
 When his imperatives blazed forth
 Along the tablets, to attest
 The Absolute unto the Earth?

Whence—when the Lord smote hip and
 thigh

The Hittite and the Amelekite—
 Did you draw warrant to deny
 To him the issues of the fight?
 By what prerogative do you
 Defraud the heavens of those results
 Which ripened when we overthrew
 Hell's battering rams and catapults?

I think you are not Joshua, but
 Aaron art—he whose atheist hands,
 Unclean as sin with worldly smut,
 Reared, when God lightened o'er the
 lands,

A poor vain idol, unto which,
 Reaching imploring arms, he caught
 A curse that burned like molten pitch,
 As symbol of his special Thought.

Are your hands lifted toward the sun,
 What time our onsets wax and wane?
 Do you see troops of angels run
 In shining armor o'er the plain?
 I know not; but I know, full sooth,
 No wrath of hell, nor rage of man,
 Nor recreant servant of the Truth,
 Can balk us of our Canaan.

RICHARD REALF (1834-1878).

THE BATTLE OF GIBEON.

FROM Gilgal's camp went forth, at
 dead of night,
 The host of Israel; with the rising
 sun

They stood arrayed against the Amor-
 ite,

Beneath the regal heights of Gibeon,
 Glorious in morning's splendor! Leb-
 anon,

Dim in the distance, reared its lofty
 head;

Light clouds o'erhung the vale of Aja-
 lon,

And the Five Armies, by their mon-
 archs led,

Not to mere mortal fight, but conflict
 far more dread.

Upon a jutting crag, below the height
 Where stands the royal city in its
 pride,

The ark is rested! in the people's sight
 The priests and Joshua standing by
 its side;

Awhile the chief the sea of battle eyed,
 Which heaved beneath—in accents
 undismayed,

"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon!" he
 cried,

"And thou, O Moon, o'er Ajalon be
 stayed."

And holiest records tell the mandate
 was obeyed.

Look on the horrid conflict; mark the
 stream

Of lurid and unnatural light that
 falls,

Like some wild meteor's bright, terrific
 gleam,

On Gibeon's steep and battlemented
 walls;

Her royal palace, and her pillared halls,
 Seeming more gorgeous in its vivid
 blaze!

While o'er proud Lebanon the storm
 appals,

In jagged lines the arrowy lightning
 plays,

Softened to Israel's sight by intervening
 haze.

But o'er the Amorithish camp the cloud
 Bursts in its fury! on the race ab-
 horred

The parting heavens, as from a pitchy
 shroud,

Their desolating hail-storm's wrath
 outpoured,

More vengeful in its ire than Israel's
 sword!

Thus was deliverance unto Gibeon
 shown,

And by the fearful battle of the Lord,
 The army of the Amorites o'er-
 thrown,

And the almighty power of Israel's
 God made known.

BERNARD BARTON (1784-1849).

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.

(Judges v.)

I.

SING praises, Israel, to the Lord,
 That thee avenged so,
 When to the fight with free accord,
 The people forth did go.

You Kings, give ear,
 You Princes, hear,
 While to the Lord I raise
 My voice aloud,
 And sing to God,
 The Lord of Israel, praise.

2.

When thou departedst, Lord, from Seir,
 When thou left'st Edom field,
 Earth shook, the heavens dropp'd there,
 The clouds did water yield.

Lord, at thy sight,
 A trembling fright,
 Upon the mountains fell:
 E'en at thy look
 Mount Sinai shook,
 Lord God of Israel.

3.

Not long ago, in Shamghar's days,
Old Anath's valiant son;
And late in Jael's time, the ways
Frequented were of none:

The passengers
Were wanderers
In crooked paths unknown;
And none durst dwell
Through Israel,
But in a walled town.

4.

Until I, Deborah, arose
(Who rose a mother there)
In Israel, when new Gods they chose,
That fill'd their gates with war;
And they had there
Nor shield nor spear
In their possession then,
To arm for fight,
One Israelite
'Mong forty thousand men.

5.

To those that Israel's Captains are
My heart doth much incline;
To those, I mean, that willing were;
O Lord! the praise be thine.
Sing ye for this,
Whose use it is
To ride on asses gray,
All ye that yet
In Middin set,
Or travel by the way.

6.

The place where they their waters drew,
From archers now is clear;
The Lord's uprightness they shall shew,
And his just dealing there.
The hamlets all
Through Israel shall
His righteousness record;
And down unto
The gates shall go
The people of the Lord.

7.

Arise, O Deborah, arise,
Rise, rise, and sing a song;
Abinoam's son, O Barak, rise;
Thy captives haste along:

Their princes all
By him made thrall,
To the survivor be,
To triumph on
The Mighty One,
The Lord vouchsafed me.

8.

A root, from out of Ephraim
'Gainst Amalek arose,
And (of the people) next to him
The Benjamites were those.
From Machir (where
Good leaders are)
Came well experienc'd men:
And they came down,
From Zabulon,
That handle well the pen.

9.

Along with Deborah did go
The Lords of Issachar;
With Issachar, e'en Barak too,
Was one among them there.
He forth was sent,
And marching went
On foot the lower way.
For Reuben (where
Divisions were)
Right thoughtful hearts had they.

10.

The bleating of the flocks to hear,
O wherefore didst thou stay?
For Reuben (where divisions were)
Right thoughtful hearts had they.
But why did they
Of Gilead stay
On Jordan's other side?
And wherefore then
Did'st thou, O Dan,
Within thy tents abide?

11.

Among his harbours, lurking by
The sea-side, Asher lay;
But Zabulon and Nephthali
Kept not themselves away.
They people are,
Who fearless dare
Their lives to death expose;
And did not yield
The hilly field,
Though Kings did them oppose.

12.

With them the Canaanitish kings
At Tana'ch fought that day,
Close by Megiddo's water-springs,
Yet bore no prize away.

For, lo! the stars
Fought in their spheres;
'Gainst Sisera fought they.
And some (by force)
The water-course
Of Kishon swept away.

13.

E'en Kishon river, which was long
A famous torrent known.
Oh, thou, my soul! oh, thou, the strong
Hast bravely trodden down.

Their horse (whose pace
So lofty was)
Their hoofs with prancing wound;
Those of the strong,
That kick'd and flung,
And fiercely beat the ground.

14.

A heavy curse on Meroz lay;
Curst be her dwellers all.
The Angel of the Lord did say,
That city curse you shall.

And, therefore, this
Accursing is:
They come not to the fight,
To help the Lord
(To help the Lord)
Against the men of might.

15.

But, blest be Jael, Heber's spouse,
The Kenite; blest be she,
More than all women are, of those
That use in tents to be.

To him did she
Give milk, when he
Did water only wish;
And butter set,
For him to eat,
Upon a lordly dish.

16.

She in her left hand took a nail,
And rais'd up in the right
A workman's hammer, wherewithal
She Sisera did smite;

His head she took,
When she had struck
His piercèd temples through;
He fell withal,
And in the fall
He at her feet did bow.

17.

He at her feet did bow his head,
Fell down, and life forsook.
Meanwhile his longing mother did
From out her window look;

Thus crying at
The latticed grate,
'Why stays his chariot so,
From hasting home?
Oh! wherefore come
His chariot wheels so slow?'

18.

As thus she spake, her ladies wise
To her an answer gave;
Yea, to herself, herself replies;
'Sure, sped (saith she) they have:
And all this while
They part the spoil;
A damsel, one or tway,*
Each homeward bears,
And Sisera shares
A party-coloured prey.

19.

Of needle-work, both sides of it
In divers colours are:
E'en such as doth his neck befit,
That useth spoils to wear,'

So, Lord, still so
Thy foes o'erthrow;
But who in thee delight
Oh let them be
Sun-like, when he
Ascendeth in his might.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

[DEBORAH'S TRIUMPHANT
SONG.]

[Judges v: 1-31.]

LET Israel their Avenger's Glory raise
In lofty Notes of everlasting Praise!
Hear, O ye Kings! Attentive Princes
hear
A wondrous Song that well deserves
your ear!

*Two.

When Israel's God from hostile EDOM
came,
With his own Thunder arm'd, array'd in
Flame,
Trembled the Earth, as o'er the Clouds
he rode,
The Clouds dissolve to Rain, and own
th' incumbent God.
The Mountain Tops at his Approach re-
tire,
Their molten Entrails run in Streams of
Fire.
O how unlike those Novel Gods, and
vain
Their Hopes, that Succour from them
entertain?
Weak, unavailing Names; no Help they
yield;
War, War the Gates resound, and War
the field!
Th' Alarm is giv'n, in vain are Spear
and Shield.
By their insulting jealous Lords bereft,
No Refuge, but inglorious Flight was
left:
When DEBORAH arose at Heav'n's
Command,
When I arose to save the orphan'd Land.
Bless'd be their Names, the gen'rous few
that join'd
To urge the happy Change by Heav'n
design'd!
By Counsel or by Action, Pen or Sword,
To save their Country, and to help the
Lord.
But 'curse ye Meroz; an uncommon
Weight
Of Vengeance seize 'em, and a Neuter's
Fate!
They would the Spoil, tho' not the
Danger share,
Now SISERA is fallen they'll declare.
His Boasts, his fruitless Hopes, his
Fears are o'er;
He bow'd, he fell, he sunk, to rise no
more.
So let thy Foes, O God! to dust de-
scend;
But those that love Thee brighter Stars
attend!
The Sun himself less glorious far than
they;
The Sun, when mounted on the blazing
Noon of Day.

LAURENCE HOWEL (1688-1720).

MEROZ.

(Judges v: 23.)

THE sullen waters of earth's strangest
sea
Roll o'er the plain where once Gomor-
rah's towers
Rose in the sunlight. Huge misshapen
mounds
Attest the dignity of Babylon.
One yet may muse upon the plains of
Troy:
"Here fought Achilles; here was Hector
slain."
And still the beautiful Palmyra shows
Her graceful shaft and broken colon-
nade.
But, of that city which the people cursed
In answer to the charge of Deborah
There is no sign remaining—not a stone.
No legendary voice is heard to say:
"Here Meroz stood, the pathless city
stood."
Her very name is blotted from the map;
And none would know that Meroz ever
was,
But from the song which tells us of her
sin
And of her doom. She dared not take
a part
In that dark day of peril and rebuke.
She feared the iron hand of Sisera
And Jabin's bloody vengeance; and she
stood
Halting and neuter in the hour of strife.
And so she fell. Her cattle drooped
and died;
Her fields of corn were blasted by the
wind;
Her people sickened at the Angel's
touch,
And slowly wasted into skeletons.
Houses were tenantless, and hearts were
cold
And silent as the grave; no man drew
near
To tender counsel, help, or sympathy.
So Meroz passed away. But not, it
seems,
In one dread moment, as when Korah
died;
But as the wife of Lot, a monument
Of warning for a while. In after days
Fathers would stand and point their
children's eyes

To Meroz, and her rafters, and her
tombs;
And say, "My child, that place refused
her help
When God and Jabin wrestled on the
field.
Within their houses all that day of
storm
Her children tarried, watching who
should win,
That she might hail the victor with her
songs.
And so she perished, as each lukewarm
soul
Who eyes two lords, and is to neither
true,
Shall die, unpitied and abhorred by all."

GEORGE S. OUTRAM (1805-1856).

JEPHTHAH, JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

[In Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act II., the hero of the play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps from this old ballad.

The banter of *Hamlet* is as follows :

Hamlet. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel,
what a treasure hadst thou!

Polonius. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,
'One faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Polon. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah?

Polon. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Polon. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,
'As by lot, God wot;'

And then you know,

'It came to passe,
As most like it was.'

The first row of the pious chanson
will shew you more.]

HAVE you not heard these many years
ago,

Jephthah was judge of Israel?
He had only one daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well:
And, as by lot,
God wot,
It so came to pass,
As God's will was,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge,
And chieftain of the company,
A solemn vow to God he made;
If he returned with victory,
At his return
To burn
The first live thing,

That should meet with him then,
Off his house, when he should return
agen.

It came to pass, the war was o'er,
And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter first of all
Came to meet her father foremostly:
And all the way,
She did play
On tabret and pipe,
Full many a stripe,
With note so high,
For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear
Coming on most foremostly,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And cried out most piteously;
Oh! it's thou, said he,
That have brought me
Low,
And troubled me so,
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he sed,
The which must be replenished:

"What thou hast spoke
Do not revoke:
What thou hast said,
Be not afraid;
Altho' it be I;
Keep promises to God on high.

"But, dear father, grant me one request,
That I may go to the wilderness,
Three months there with my friends to
stay;

There to bewail my virginity;
And let there be,"

Said she,

"Some two or three
Young maids with me."

So he sent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her
dying day.

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

FROM conquest Jephtha came, with
faltering step

And troubled eye: His home appears
in view;

He trembles at the sight. Sad he for-
bodes,—

His vow will meet a victim in his child:
For well he knows, that, from her
earliest years,

She still was first to meet his home-
ward steps:

Well he remembers, how, with tottering
gait,

She ran, and clasp'd his knees, and
lisp'd, and look'd

Her joy; and how, when garlanding
with flowers

His helm, fearful, her infant hand would
shrink

Back from the lion couch'd beneath the
crest.

What sound is that, which, from the
palm-tree grove,

Floats now with choral swell, now
fainter falls

Upon the ear? It is, it is the song

He loved to hear,—a song of thanks
and praise,

Sung by the patriarch for his ransom'd
son.

Hope from the omen springs: O blessed
hope!

It may not be her voice!—Fain would
he think

'Twas not his daughter's voice that still
approach'd,

Blent with the timbrel's note. Forth
from the grove

She foremost glides of all the minstrel
band:

Moveless he stands; then grasps his hilt,
still red

With hostile gore, but, shuddering, quits
the hold

And clasps in agony his hands, and
cries,

"Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought
me low."—

The timbrel at her rooted feet resounds.

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—oh, my
sire!

Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy

vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee
now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more.
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me
below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath
gush'd,

When the voice that thou lovest is
hush'd,

Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SHE stood before her father's gorgeous
tent,

To listen for his coming. Her loose
hair

Was resting on her shoulders, like a
cloud

Floating around a statue, and the wind,

Just swaying her light robe, revealed a
 shape
 Praxiteles might worship. She had
 clasped
 Her hands upon her bosom, and had
 raised
 Her beautiful, dark, Jewish eyes to
 heaven,
 Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
 Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
 Of a pomegranate blossom; and her
 neck,
 Just where the cheek was melting to its
 curve
 Was with the unearthly beauty sometimes
 there,
 Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
 Its surface was so polish'd. She was
 stilling
 Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the
 white rose
 Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it
 swell'd,
 Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
 To meet the arching of her queenly
 neck.
 Her countenance was radiant with love.
 She look'd like one to die for it—a be-
 ing
 Whose whole existence was the pouring
 out
 Of rich and deep affections.

Onward came

The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion
 notes
 Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
 And the low, mingled din of mighty
 hosts
 Returning from the battle, pour'd from
 far,
 Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
 They came, as earthly conquerors al-
 ways come,
 With blood and splendor, revelry and
 wo.
 The stately horse treads proudly—he
 hath trod
 The brow of death, as well. The chariot-
 wheels
 Of warriors roll magnificently on—
 Their weight hath crush'd the fallen.
Man is there—
 Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
 And elevated brow, and godlike frame;

Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel
 Hath trod the dying like a wine-press
 down!

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
 Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was
 proudly set
 And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if
 praise
 Were for the hero's scorn. His step
 was firm,
 But free as India's leopard; and his mail
 Whose shackles none in Israel might
 bear,
 Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
 His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the
 look
 Of his dark, lofty eye and bended brow,
 Might quell a lion. He led on, but
 thoughts
 Seem'd gathering round which troubled
 him. The veins
 Grew visible upon his swarthy brow.
 And his proud lip was pressed as if in
 pain.
 He trod less firmly, and his restless eye
 Glanced forward frequently, as if some
 ill
 He dared not meet were there. His
 home was near,
 And men were thronging, with that
 strange delight
 They have in human passions, to ob-
 serve
 The struggle of his feelings with his
 pride.
 He gazed intently forward. The tall
 fir before his door
 Were motionless. The leaves
 Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering
 vines
 Which half concealed his threshold, met
 his eye
 Unchanged and beautiful; and one by
 one,
 The balsam, with its sweet distilling
 stems
 And the Circassian rose, and all the
 crowd
 Of silent and familiar things stole up
 Like the recovered passages of dreams.
 He rode on rapidly. A moment more
 And he had reached his home; when lo!
 there sprang
 One with a bounding footstep, and a
 brow

Of light, to meet him. Oh, how beautiful!—
 Her proud eye flashing like a sunlit gem—
 And her luxuriant hair!—'twas like the sweep
 Of a dark wing in visions. He stood still
 As if the sight had withered him. She threw
 Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
 She called him "Father"—but he answered not.
 She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
 There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.
 Had sickness seized him? She unclasp'd his helm
 And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
 And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
 The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands
 And spoke the name of God in agony. She knew that he was stricken, then; and rushed
 Again into his arms; and, with a flood
 Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer
 That he would breathe his agony in words.
 He told her—and a momentary flush
 Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
 Of Jephthah's daughter waken'd; and she stood
 Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
 And she would die.

The sun had well nigh set.
 The fire was on the altar; and the priest
 Of the High God was there. A pallid man
 Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven
 As if he would have prayed, but had no words—
 And she who was to die, the calmest one
 In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
 And waited for the sun to set. Her face
 Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip

Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
 Was deeper; but her countenance was like
 The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
 And she was dead—but not by violence.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.

From the 11th Chapter of Judges.

THE battle had ceased and the victory
 was won,
 The wild cry of horror was o'er;
 Now arose in his glory the bright-beaming sun,
 And with him his journey the war-chief
 begun,
 With a soul breathing vengeance no
 more.
 The foes of his country lay strewed on
 the plain,
 A tear stole its course from his eye;
 The warrior disdained every semblance
 of pain;
 He thought of his child—of his country,
 again,
 And suppressed, while 'twas forming,
 a sigh.

"O Father of light!" said the conquering chief,
 "The vow that I made, I renew;
 'Twas thy powerful arm gave the welcome relief,
 When I called on thy name in the fulness of grief,
 When my hopes were but cheerless and few.

"An offering of love will I pay to thy name,—
 An offering thou wilt not despise:
 The first being I meet, when I welcome again
 The land of my fathers I left not in vain,
 With the flames on thine altar shall rise."

Now hushed were his words; through
 the far-spreading bands
 Naught was heard, save the footfall
 around,
 Till his lips in wild joy press his own
 native lands,
 And to heaven are lifted his trembling
 hands,
 While the silence is still and profound.

Oh, listen! at distance what wild music
 sounds?
 And at distance what maiden appears?
 See! forward she comes with a light-
 springing bound,
 And casts her mild eyes in fond ecstasy
 round,
 For a parent is seen through her tears.

Her harp's wildest strain gave a thrill of
 delight,

A moment—she springs to his arms:
 "My daughter!—O God!" Not the hor-
 ror of fight,

While legions on legions against him
 unite,
 Could bring on his soul such alarms.

In wild horror he starts as a fiend had
 appeared;

His eyes in mute agony close;
 His sword o'er his age-frosted visage is
 reared,

Which with scars from his many fought
 battles is seared,
 Nor his country nor daughter he
 knows.

But sudden conviction in quick flashes
 told

That his daughter was destined to die!
 Oh! no longer could nature the wild
 struggle hold;

His grief issued forth unconstrained,
 uncontrolled,

And the tears dimmed his time-with-
 ered eye.

His daughter was weeping, and clasping
 that form

She ne'er touched, but with transport,
 before;

His daughter was watching the thunder-
 ing storm,

Whose quick flashing lightnings so mad-
 ly deform

A face beaming sunshine before.

But how did that daughter, so gentle
 and fair,

Hear the sentence that doomed her to
 die?

For a moment her eye gave a heart-
 moving glare,

Almost like a maniac's, so fixed in its
 stare;

For a moment her bosom heaved high.

It was but a moment,—the frenzy was
 past,

She smilingly rushed to his arms;
 And there, as a flower, when chilled by
 the blast,

Reclines on the oak, till its fury be past,
 On his bosom she hushed her alarms.

Not an eye saw the scene, but was
 moistened with woe,

Not a voice could a sentence com-
 mand;

Down the soldier's rough cheek tears of
 agony flow,

While the sobs of the maiden heaved
 mournful and slow:

Sad pity wept over the land.

But fled was the hope in the maiden's
 sad breast;

From her fond father's bosom she
 rose;

Mild virtue appeared in her manner con-
 fest,

She looked like a saint from the realms
 of the blest,

Not a mortal encircled with woes.

She turned from the group—and can I
 declare

The hope and the fortitude given?

As she sank on her knees, with a soul-
 breathing prayer,

That her father might flourish, of vir-
 tue the care,

Till with glory he'd flourish in heaven.

"Oh! comfort him, Heaven, when low
 in the dust

My limbs are inactively laid;

Oh! comfort him, Heaven, and let him
 then trust

That, free and immortal, the souls of
 the just

Are in glory and beauty arrayed."

The maiden arose—and can I portray
The devotion that glowed in her eye?
Religion's sweet self in its light seemed
to stray

With the mildness of night, with the
glory of day,

But 'twas pity that prompted her sigh.

"My father!" the chief raised his dim,
weeping eye,

With a look of unspeakable woe:

"My father!" her voice seemed con-
vulsed with a sigh,

But the tears, as they gushed from her
grief-swollen eye,

Told more than her words could be-
stow.

The weakness was past, and the maiden
could say,

"My father! for thee I can die!"

The bands slowly moved on their sor-
rowful way,

But never again from that heart-break-
ing day

Was a tear known to force its enliven-
ing ray

On the old chieftain's grief-speaking
eye.

MISS HOWARD.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

*"And she said unto her father, Let
this thing be done for me: let me alone
two months, that I may go up and
down upon the mountains, and bewail
my virginity."—Judges xi: 37.*

ALONE, alone on the mountains, the
mountains wild and high,

Far below in midnight the sleeping
cities lie,

Strange and fearful silence! Is it life or
after-death

That folds me in its shadow, and crushes
out my breath?

Far above is heaven, far below is earth:
Heaven with stars of glory, the world
with songs of mirth,

And I alone between them, a spirit cold
and gray,

Lingering in the body, afraid to pass
away.

"Mourn!" says the wind-swept ether.
"Mourn!" the echoes cry.

"Weep for the hopes that perish; weep
for the dreams that die!"

Along the light horizon a troop of vi-
sions pass

Frail as wandering shadows the clouds
make on the grass.

Crowding wistful faces, their eyes as
dark as mine,

Over their loosened tresses the crowns
of Judah shine.

O my lost! my darlings! who never shall
be born,

Fading into glory as stars fade into
morn.

No soft baby fingers tinged like an
ocean shell,

No light baby footsteps within my tent
shall dwell;

The maidens of my kindred shall know
a mother's heart,

But Death and I together in the bridal
train depart.

The girls who loved my girlhood come
from the sleeping plain,

I hear their mingled voices that wail
my life in vain.

Lost in mountain caverns, to them the
echoes sigh,

My soul shall fall in darkness that mur-
murs no reply.

I have said my sorrow, I have mourned
my death:

Pride of Judah's princes, uphold my fail-
ing breath!

A woman's mortal weakness has had its
mortal sway.

Calm as the dawn that breaketh my soul
shall glide away.

ROSE TERRY COOKE (1827-1892).

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

"He comes! Oh, he comes!" she cried,

"In grand triumph from the war!"
And her young heart swelled with pride

As his helmet like a star
Blazed forth in the noontide sun.

"Quickly, haste, my maidens all,
And yourselves prepare to run

At his first loud bugle's call.

"But, no! Keep back a space,
 For I wish his eyes to rest
 First of all upon my face.
 When leaning upon his breast,
 Come thou then with song and dance,
 With timbrel and tambourine,
 That he may know at a glance
 How quickly his approach was seen."

The noise of the rattling car,
 As on and on it speeds,
 The clattering hoofs of war,
 The neigh of the prancing steeds,
 The bugle's clarion sound,
 Drown not the agonized cry,
 As, speeding over the ground,
 Jephthah's daughter first greets his
 eye.

"Alas! Oh, alas!" he cries,
 And rends his rich garments rare,
 As towards him she swiftly flies,
 Breathing forth a joyous prayer;
 But at length she hears him sigh,
 Bewailing too late his woe,
 And knows at last she must die,
 And seeing how he is brought low.

Oh, then she most sweetly said,
 "Do, my father, according
 To the vow which thou hast vowed
 Unto the Lord. Let this thing
 Be done for me. Let thou me
 Alone two months, that I may
 Bewail my virginity
 Upon the mountains far away."

WATIE W. SWANZY.

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

O THOU, the wonder of all days!
 O paragon, and pearl of praise!
 O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
 Above the rest
 Of all the maiden-train! We come,
 And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
 Thy harmless and unhaunted ground;
 And as we sing thy dirge, we will
 The daffodil,
 And other flowers, lay upon
 The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids, liest here,
 Of daughters all, the dearest dear;
 The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
 Of this smooth green,
 And all sweet meads, from whence we
 get
 The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
 By thy sad loss, our liberty;
 His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
 Thou paid'st the debt;
 Lamented Maid! he won the day:
 But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
 The olive branch and victor's song;
 He slew the Ammonites, we know,
 But to thy woe;

And in the purchase of our peace
 The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine,
 We offer here, before thy shrine,
 Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
 And to make fine
 And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will here
 Four times bestrew thee every year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;
 Receive this offering of our hairs;
 Receive these crystal vials, fill'd
 With tears, distill'd
 From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
 Each maid, her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls,
 These laces, ribbons, and these falls,
 These veils, wherewith we use to hide
 The bashful bride,
 When we conduct her to her groom;
 All, all we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
 Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
 No more, at yearly festivals,
 We, cowslip balls,
 Or chains of columbines shall make,
 For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no; our maiden pleasures be
 Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
 'Tis we are dead, though not i' th'
 grave;

Or if we have
 One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
 A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise;
May sweets grow here, and smoke from
hence

Fat frankincense;
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boisterous winds or storms come
hither,

To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with
flowers;

May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar; then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674).

THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall
The city towers rise black and tall,
Where Zorah, on its rocky height,
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain
Falls like a cloud the night amain,
And up the hillsides climbing slow
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's
head
The sunset light hath hallowèd,
Where at this olive's foot he lies,
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh, while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched with mingled joy and
dread,
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone
Whose morning hope like mine had
flown,

When to her bosom, over-blessed,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,
Which shapes our dear one to its will;
Forever in his large calm eyes,
I read a tale of sacrifice.

The same foreboding awe I felt
When at the altar's side we knelt,
And he, who as a pilgrim came,
Rose, winged and glorious, through the
flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of
flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast and bitter word,
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord;
I saw their hands His ark assail,
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,
No thunder from the still sky broke;
But in their midst, in power and awe,
Like God's waked wrath, our child I
saw!

A child no more!—harsh-browed and
strong,
He towered a giant in the throng,
And down his shoulders, broad and
bare,
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm—he smote again;
As round the reaper falls the grain,
So the dark host around him fell,
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone
The towers and domes of Askelon;
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and
blind,
His arms the massive pillars twined,—
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,—the trumpets
pealed:

He stooped,—the giant columns reeled;
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and
wall,

And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of him, who at our side
Sat through the golden eventide;
Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,
Rose fire-winged, with his song of
praise.

"Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,
Gray mother of the mighty slain!
Rejoice!" it cried, "he vanquisheth!
The strong in life is strong in death!

"To him shall Zorah's daughters raise
Through coming years their hymns of
praise,

And gray old men at evening tell
Of all he wrought for Israel.

"And they who sing and they who hear
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,
And pour their blessings on thy head,
O mother of the mighty dead!"

It ceased; and though a sound I heard
As if great wings the still air stirred,
I only saw the barley sheaves
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,
On the dear child who slumbered near;
"With me, as with my only son,
O God," I said, "Thy will be done!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(1807-1892).

THE YOUNG SAMSON.

IN ZORAH dwells no youth like him,
So fleet of step, so firm of limb.

His long gold hair is bright as dawn;
His throat is like a stag's for brawn.

He lets the winds blow east and west
On the brown thews of his bared breast.

With artless fancies, boyish hopes,
He roams the cool Judæan slopes.

At doors of tents, when he has passed
Where swarthy idlers moved or massed,

The murmured words his ears have won
That praised him as Manóah's son.

A babe whose birth, ere yet it fell,
The Lord of Israel did foretell,

By sending down, in mighty grace,
The angel with the star-like face!

Grim soldiers, that across their wine
Growl curses at the Philistine,

Will soften, if he come by chance,
The eyes where lurk the wolfish glance,

And mutter low, with smile or nod:
"Tis he—the Nazarite of God!"

But day by day the careless child
Will wander far, will wander wild.

He does not dream what webs of doom
Are weaving on the future's loom!

He only feels that life is fair
As heaven's unsullied arch of air;

He only knows the peace intense
That broods o'er boundless innocence!

Yet sometimes he will shrink and cower
With wonder at his own strange power.

For once a vast loose rock had rolled
Where grazed a shepherd's frightened
fold,

And he with one hand caught it up,
And tossed it like an acorn's cup!

And once, half tired, against an oak
He leaned, when lo! its huge frame
broke!

And gayly, once a stone he threw
That pierced the clouds, and died from
view!

EDGAR FAWCETT (1847-).

[SAMSON.]

(From "Samson Agonistes.")

O WHEREFORE was my birth from heaven
foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering
burned,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like presence, and from some
great act
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Destined for great exploits; if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of mine enemies the scorn and gaze:
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labor of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistine yoke.
JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

[SAMSON ON HIS BLINDNESS.]

(From "Samson Agonistes.")

O LOSS of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

SAMSON: CHAMPION AND JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

THE strength of Samson has become a proverb.

STRONG Samson, of the Tribe of Dan,
whose arm
Seemed wrought from finest of selected steel,
Whose love of country burned forever bright,
Whose bravery was never in dispute;
Yet whose sad weakness when by women tempted
Admirers of the man must e'er regret.
And yet whose weakness, tho' so marked at times,
Proved yet a blessing in his tragic death;
For from that wondrous, suicidal deed
Came to all Israel fifty years of peace,
Which sent to generations yet unborn
The friendly thought that Samson's great oblation
Showed plainly his unselfish bent within,
Had merely slept to wake in native strength,
Heroic manhood had but dormant lain.
And so the life of this strange man is told—
So weak at times; in peril always bold.
And through all time 'mong worthies stands his name;
His life was weak; his death a deathless fame.

Yet noble and how godlike are the men,
In whom the love of country, strength of will,
With hearts and souls staid on their Maker, God,
Are able to withstand temptations sore,

Defy the subtle wiles of tempting foes
And come off more than conquerors
through life
By strength imparted from Almighty
God!

Such are like Zion, never to be moved,
Like everlasting hills which towering
stand
Aye, lifting high their peaks so proud
and grand.

Yet let us not judge harshly any man
Who, in his love of country, counts not
dear
His very life, but sacrifices all
For her defense, in death does gladly
fall.

And Samson of the Tribe of Dan, and
son
Of blessed Manoah, who dwelt in Zorah,
Whose birth was heralded by angel fair,
Foretelling he a Nazarite should be;
No razor e'er should come upon his
head;
From birth should touch not wine, nor
even grapes.
Lest in them lurk a few fermented drops
Of some intoxicating liquid there con-
cealed,
Which would make void his consecrated
life,
And render him the slave of appetite,
And by and by, inflamed by mocking
wine,
Would wallow in the mire like filthy
swine.

Such was the famous Samson whose
great strength
Was heralded to other climes till myth
And legend into heathen god trans-
formed,
Was worshipped by Egyptians and in
Greece,
Because of his great deeds of wondrous
strength,
Till Hercules' great name has since be-
come
A synonym of strength like Samson's
self,
Aye, just as gold is oft the term of
wealth.
For feats of strength do people e'er ad-
mire,
With courage linked revered by son and
sire.

When Samson had to manhood's state
attained
He one day took a journey into Tam-
nath,
And feasted there his eyes on damsels
fair,
Of proud Philistia whose noted maids
Were wondrous lovely and with win-
ning ways;
Among them of surpassing beauty, one
To whom at sight his heart and soul
were drawn.
He told his parents that he wished the
maid
To be his wife and bring her to his
home;
For tho' a damsel of a heathen race,
Within his heart she had a welcome
place.

At this his parents made remonstrance
strong,
For slighting his own godly tribal maids,
Among whom virtue was a heritage.
His parents strongly plead, but all in
vain,
Their pleadings could not Samson's
bent restrain.

"My son," the mother said, "her steps
take hold
On sheol's pit; yea, in all other climes
Our stricter virtues are but sins and
crimes!
Our righteous laws forbid in strongest
terms
To worship at the idols of their priest;
For all their forms are cruelty and lust,
And e'er repellent to the pure and good,
Are all their worship and their precepts
too;
Yea, soon cajoled by heathen wife, wilt
thou
Become the slave of lust as pagans are.
There is no constant virtue by them
taught,
Their wanton worship colors all their
life,
A criminal is a virtuous wife.
She may betray thee on thy bridal night!
Beloved son cling thou to God and right!
Oh let them lead thee not in wanton
way
From Moses' God and virtue never
stray!"

But Samson, e'er impatient of restraint,
 Turned in his anger from his mother's
 plaint,
 Brought home the damsel who had won
 his love,
 And she, on their betrothal, festal day,
 Betrayed her lord and brought on him
 such shame
 He sought revenge and duly took the
 same.
 He realized the truth; tho' fair to view,
 Nor high nor low of Tamnath's maids
 were true.

The fair wife's falsity was on this
 wise:
 'Twas during the betrothal feast that he
 Propounded this his riddle to be guessed:
 "Out of the eater came forth meat;
 And out of the strong came forth
 sweet."
 Yet none could solve the riddle which
 he put,
 Tho thirty raiment changes offered he.
 But when the guests the riddle failed
 to solve,
 They asked his bride her husband to be-
 tray;
 And, without honor, loyalty and truth,
 She coaxed and pleaded until he re-
 vealed
 The full solution of his riddle hard,
 Straightway she told the secret to the
 guests
 And then of course the riddle was soon
 guessed
 And all his parents' wisdom stood con-
 fessed.

To Ashkelon went Samson in his rage,
 And slaying thirty men, their raiment
 took
 To pay the debt; and ever after knew
 Dependence on Philistia's fair maids
 Was foolishness itself. Bereft of truth
 And virtue by their priesthood false and
 lewd
 Well Samson knew; yet strangely
 caution slept
 And heeded not the truth that he beware
 Of lovely heathen damsels false and fair,
 But let us make the famous riddle bare:

One day as he was roaming far afield
 A bear assaulted him with savage bent,

And with an ease that seemed but manly
 sport,
 He slew the savage beast tho all un-
 armed.
 Again a lion sprang upon himself;
 But with his mighty power he caught
 the beast
 And grasping both his jaws, a hand on
 each,
 He rent the lion's mouth asunder, tore
 His head apart and left the dead to rot,
 And by and by the ravens and the
 jackals
 Devoured his hide and flesh and left
 his bones.
 But passing by the place did Samson
 pause
 To watch the bees who, buzzing in and
 out,
 He saw had chosen hive for honey store
 Within the lion's skeleton itself.
 Then home went Samson to his wife
 and guests,
 Propounded this his riddle to be
 guessed:
 "Out of the eater came forth meat,
 And out of the strong came forth
 sweet."

The untrue wife and husband lived
 apart;
 But when she wed the groom, then
 Samson's wrath
 Did savage burn, nor did his vengeance
 cease
 Till life he gave and gave his country
 peace.

One time three hundred jackals he
 secured
 And joined them two and two and to
 their tails
 Tied firebrands and let loose among the
 wheat,
 Belonging to Philistia. The harvest
 Was ruined, and Philistines sought re-
 venge
 And murdered Samson's former wife
 and father,
 Because of real justice they had not
 The first conception; but with all their
 skill
 In warfare and in building city walls,
 Their hearts and souls were brutish
 still;

Aye, all their learning led to greater crimes;
 Refinement made their cruelty more keen.
 Despising fear and number of the foe,
 Strong Samson ran the risk of death and torture,
 And sought revenge unto his dying breath,
 Appeased his vengeance not until his death.

His countrymen reproached him for his folly
 In stirring up Philistia's fierce wrath.
 He broke the cords which bound him seeming fast,
 So gave him to his foes bound hand and foot:
 But when his captors raised triumphant shouts
 He rushed upon them with a counter shout
 When panic seized the motley crowd of men,
 Who fled and trampled hundreds in the dust
 While Samson slaughtered score by score
 Until a thousand, heaps on heaps, lay dead,
 Then homeward went, his vengeance duly fed.

Again, surrounded by a host of foes
 While he defenseless seemed an easy prey,
 He saw at hand the skeleton of an ass,
 And, wrenching jawbone from the carcass' head,
 He slew and scattered all the vengeful host,
 As in their fear they fled the victor's wrath;
 Yet 'fore the slaughter ended he had wrought
 A wondrous victory; for heaps on heaps
 He slew again a thousand men that day,
 And thus in rage kept up the lifelong fray.

But was it inborn lust that ruled his life?
 Or mostly for revenge his acts were swayed?
 Or largely leading by his pagan wife?

Or surplus vital life which gave him strength
 And through abundant vital force caused him
 So easily to stray? What made him slave
 Of lust and passion? Who of us can say?
 His fatal weakness led him to his fate;
 When he repented it was all too late.

He loved at sight a lovely maid of Gaza,
 And she, like other heathen maids, knew naught
 Of honor, and at bidding of the lords
 Pretending ever that she loved him well,
 She formed a plan to trap and bind him fast.
 The damsel false, by winsome, charming ways
 And saying he was dear to her as life,
 Secured his faith in her: tho' oft deceived,
 He fell asleep lulled by her cooing tones;
 And she detained him till the gates were shut
 That he might thus be trapped and firmly bound.
 But just at midnight Samson woke and rose,
 And with a pow'r, which seemed impossible,
 He wrenched the massive gate and posts all free
 And carried them away as though in sport,
 And safely reached his home ere break of day
 And cheated heathen schemers of their prey.

A score of years had fled since his false wife
 Had gone to Tamnath and had joined her kin,
 And Samson had become the Judge of Dan
 And Benjamin and Judah, rend'ring less
 Intolerant the hateful rule of their harsh foes.
 For when Philistines made a robber raid
 Upon his tribes, instead of mere defense,
 He made a counter rush within their land

And havoc and destruction by his band
 Were swift and fearful as a whirlwind's
 track;
 Grim desolation left they at their back,
 Behind their flying feet left all forlorn;
 The reckless raiders held their foes in
 scorn,
 And ere pursuit began the band was
 gone.

More than before was Samson's cap-
 ture sought,
 Yet scores of times he foiled their well
 laid schemes.
 'Twas last of his amours that Samson
 met
 Delilah dazzling in her form and face,
 Embodiment of charms and witching
 grace
 And yet a harlot, merely a decoy
 To lure weak Samson in a new found
 joy;
 And soon she lured him by her winning
 charms
 To sleep confidingly within her arms.

Then she asked him of his secret
 strength,
 Why he was stronger than all other
 men,
 Upbraided him and coaxed him o'er and
 o'er
 That her he could not love while he
 withheld
 His secret from her when she loved
 him so!
 Three times he lied and kept his secret
 hid.
 "Then we must part," she said, "or you
 must tell,
 To prove your love, the secret of your
 strength."
 And like the weakling that he was in
 love,
 He told her all the source of his great
 strength.
 Then with false kisses and endearing
 words
 She cooed and lulled him his dear head
 to rest
 Upon her lap and whispered but of love.
 In love the hero is a lovesick boy,
 And Samson slumbered when the fair
 decoy

Lulled each suspicion by bewitching
 smile
 E'en as mother Eve did first beguile.

And Samson slept while his long
 raven locks
 Fell one by one from his poor, foolish
 head.
 "The Philistines be upon thee!" she
 cries,
 And Samson rises, shakes himself
 withal;
 Yet finds that languor and strange
 weakness reigns
 Through all his muscles; yea, his
 strength has fled.
 He vainly tries to overcome this state
 But naught could rid him of his leth-
 argy.
 His hands he carries to his head and
 learns
 That fair Delilah has proved false to
 him,
 That all her words and kisses were to
 trap him,
 That all her sweet caresses to deceive,
 That she were but a spy, a mere decoy
 To lure him to a capture worse than
 death;
 For mocked by his vile captors, made
 their sport,
 Subjected to indignities through spite
 And gloated o'er as tho' a beast of prey:
 "Too late! too late!" he murmured to
 himself,
 "Too late! too late to guard against the
 truth
 That heathen damsels, heathen nobles
 all
 Are destitute of honor and of worth!
 Had I but kept the laws by Moses given,
 And put my trust in Jacob's God alone,
 I ne'er had been subjected to this fate;
 But by the Lord of hosts been kept for-
 ever:
 Too late! too late to heed my parents'
 warning!
 Too late! too late! How bitter is the
 thought
 That I have brought these woes upon
 myself!
 Had I but chosen Israel's lowest maid
 The thought of base betrayal ne'er had
 found
 The slightest welcome in her loyal
 breast;

But aided my escape and peril braved;
To save her lover she had risked her
life:

But no! too late, too late; for ever late
To save me from this base degrading
fate!"

Then captors bound him fast in
leathern thongs,
All his resistance being childish
strength;

Within his face they spat and cuffed by
turns

In brutish exultation and in glee,
While fair Delilah smiled as she beheld
The royal captive through her wanton
arts,

And this the hardest trial of his life,
And deepest dregs of woe he drank and
prayed

For strength once more to break his
bands again,

Tho' without weapon, bravely battling
die.

But dancing, all around with impish
glee,

His captors shouted, "Dagon! Dagon
hail!

Now Royal Samson, where's thy mighty
God?

To rescue thee why comes he not in
might?

Behold how Dagon puts thee in our
power!

Behold how Dagon guards Philistia;
Thou hast long defied in pride; but at
length

Our Dagon hath deprived thee of thy
strength!"

And then they brought him bound to
Gaza's king,

Applying lashings to his naked back
To break his spirit proud and rend his
soul.

Respect for fallen greatness they had
none;

But at a signal from the cruel king,
Was Samson thrown upon his back and
held;

Tormentors burned out both his eyes,
and then

Thick darkness fell upon the world for-
ever!

So horrible the pain his groans were
deep;

Yet with his tortured soul could not
compare;

For nevermore could Samson do and
dare.

And then they set him grinding at the
mill

With cruel blows and lashings on his
back

Kept naked, raw and bleeding day by
day

To humble his proud spirit in the dust;
For was he not a tribal judge and prince
To whom a stripe was worse than death
itself?

But by and by his clipped locks grew
again;

Tho' slightly; yet he realized the truth,
And felt returning strength through all
his limbs.

A still small voice within him seemed to
say,

"Thou art not left alone; for I am with
thee:

Of all thy captors be not thou afraid;
Turn thou to me and I will give thee
aid!"

Then Samson's strength returned
with doubled might,

Yet still dissembled he to captors near,
And seemed to push and strain with
weakened pow'r,

Submitting to the lashings and the
blows,

Deceiving his vain captors to the last,
While waiting patiently perchance to
strike

And show Philistia his strength and
might

From Isr'el's mighty God of truth and
right.

And one great festal day at Dagon's
Temple,

When kings and nobles, warriors,
queens were there,

And full three thousand gathered on
the roof,

The cry burst forth, "Bring on! bring
Samson on!

That we may have the greatest sport
and joy!

Bring on the strong man! bring him
forth,

That we may see how weak and low
 this giant
 Has become beneath our sway. Let him
 come on,
 And tho' he cannot see our god, we'll
 shout
 The cry of Dagon, Dagon, Dagon! in
 his ears;
 For he hath him delivered unto us!
 Bring Samson on! bring on this feeble
 boy!
 That we may have the greater sport
 and joy!"

Then Samson was led forth and stood
 in wait
 While laugh and hoot and yell were
 aimed at him,
 Who stood as lion ready crouched to
 spring;
 Yet as insulting jests and epithets were
 hurled
 Upon the lion caged, he softly said,
 "I pray thee, good lad, lead me to the
 pillars
 That I may lean against them and find
 rest."
 His bidding did the lad, and Samson
 leaned
 'Gainst one of the two pillars holding
 roof.
 While thousands laughed to see him
 weak and faint,
 He breathed an agonizing prayer to
 God:—

"O God of Abraham, hear me, hear
 me!
 O thou God of Isaac, hear thou my
 prayer!
 O mighty God of Jacob, hear thou me!
 O God of Moses, who didst wondrous
 things,
 Hear thou my fervent prayer and help
 me now!
 Return my former strength, and over-
 throw
 This idol Dagon and its devotees,
 And silence their deriding, vaunting
 boasts!
 Lord, I have sinned and basely turned
 from thee;
 Yet have I suffered till my soul is sick
 That these vile heathen and their idol
 Dagon
 Now triumph o'er a judge of Israel.

O Lord of hosts, but give me strength
 once more,
 To bring this temple down and victor
 die,
 And my most grievous wrong wipe out
 in death,
 And bring to Israel peace from her
 proud foes,
 And end by this oblation all these woes!

"Praise, O my soul, the Lord of hosts
 who hears!
 I feel the rushing tide of strength re-
 turn
 Through all my muscles strong as
 brazen bands!
 Now, as I bow, be thou my strength,
 O Lord;
 Lord God of Sabaoth, thy pow'r af-
 ford!

Then, placing one hand each against
 a pillar,
 Strong Samson bowed himself with old-
 time strength.
 'Twas but a moment and the column
 blocks
 Did part asunder and the spreading roof
 And massive temple walls with deaf'ning
 noise
 Came tumbling, rushing, crashing to the
 earth
 Like roaring thunder when the storm
 cloud bursts;
 And Sheol's flag of darkness was un-
 furled;
 Death and destruction seemed to sway
 the world!

And yells, and howls, and shrieks of
 fell despair
 And dying wails and moans now filled
 the air,
 Then one long chorus of deep, dying
 groans
 Despairing rose from 'neath the massive
 stones;
 Kings, queens and nobles, warriors,
 leaders all
 Were buried in one grave by temple's
 fall.

And where lay Samson in this mighty
 tomb?
 His eyes were sightless; yet he knew
 no gloom;

He realized the havoc he had wrought;
He knew that through his death was
triumph bought.

When the great ruin came amid the
shock

He lay crushed, bleeding 'neath a pillar
block;

Yet raised his voice in one triumphant
cry;

"Lo, Jacob's God doth Dagon weak
defy!

Hallelujah! What joy, what bliss to
die!"

And thus, in Samson's last triumphant
day,

With eyes burned out by those vile
heathen beasts,

He wrecked their temple and did thou-
sands slay,

And gave to Israel fifty years of
peace;

With warriors, kings and nobles 'mong
the dead,

Philistia was left without a head.

My tale is told, the hero passed from
earth;

Regretting weakness, let us own his
worth;

A slave to evil thoughts can ne'er be
wise;

Yet one great deed, like Samson's, never
dies;

And while time's billows endlessly shall
roll

May peace and joy, O Samson, fill thy
soul!

And through all time 'mong worthies
stand thy name;

Thy life was weak, thy death a death-
less fame!

ALEXANDER S. ARNOLD.

[DEATH OF SAMSON.]

(From "Samson Agonistes.")

THE building was a spacious theater,
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted
high,

With seats where all the lords, and each
degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the
throng

On banks and scaffolds under sky might
stand:

I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and

sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high

cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Im-

mediately
Was Samson as a public servant

brought,
In their state livery clad: before him

pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed

guards;
Both horse and foot; before him and

behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and

spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout

Rifted the air, clamoring their god with
praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy
their thrall.

He, patient but undaunted, where they
led him,

Came to the place; and what was set
before him,

Which without help of eye might be
assayed,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still
performed

All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission sake, they
led him

Between the pillars; he his guide re-
quested

(For so from such as nearer stood we
heard),

As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy

pillars,
That to the archèd roof gave main sup-

port.
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when

Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile in-

clined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one

who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind re-

olved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried

aloud:—

"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld;
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
 This uttered, straining all his nerves he bowed;
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson, with these inmixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

SAMSON.

Noon glowed on the hills, and the temple of Dagon
 Now shook 'neath the joy-maddened revellers' tread;
 For the champion of Israel had bowed to the Pagan,
 And the blood of the crushed grape flowed sparkling and red.
 Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes bounded,
 Like roes of the mountain, Philistia's fair girls;
 Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded,
 There were wreathing of white arms, and waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds rolling up from the altar,
 The giant-like god of the proud nation stood;
 There the flesh did not fail, nor the scorching flames falter,
 And the still air was faint with the incense of blood.

And short prayers were muttered, and censers went swinging,
 In gorgeous piles matted, lay offerings of flowers;
 Wild harps were complaining, gay minstrels were singing,
 While agony noted the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock-mournful sound of condoling,
 And forth, in his darkness all haggard and wild,
 His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eye-balls rolling,
 The strong man was guided, as lead they a child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are ringing,
 As throng the gay revellers round the sad spot,
 Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars are clinging,
 And altar, and wine-cup, and dance are forgot.

His right arm is lifted: they laugh to behold it,
 So wasted, and yellow, and bony, and long,
 His forehead is bowed, and the black locks which fold it
 Seem stirring with agony, wordless and strong.

His right arm is lifted, but feebly it quivers,
 That arm which has singly with multitudes striven;
 Beneath the cold sweat-drops his mighty frame shivers,
 And now his pale lips move in pleadings to heaven.

"God of my sires, my foes are Thine;
 Oh, bend unto my last, faint cry!

The strength, the strength that once
was mine!

Then let me die.

"The course Thy finger marked I've
run,

And now I would no longer stay.—
They've shut me from the glorious sun,
In mine own clay.

"I stand, the heathen's jest and scorn,
A sightless, desolate old man;—
My country's blessing was I born,
Philistia's ban.

"I've been the terror of Thy foes,
I've ruled Thy people at Thy call,
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with
woes,

Thus must I fall?

"Oh, give me back my strength again!
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava-flood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

"My strength! my strength! Great God
of Heaven!

In agony I raise my cry;
One triumph o'er my foes be given!
Then let me die!"

A light from the darkened orbs stole
in quick flashes,

The crisp, matted locks to long sable
wreaths sprung,

The hot blood came purpling in foun-
tain-like dashes,

And to the carved pillars his long
fingers clung.

His brawny arm straightened, its muscle
displaying,

Like bars wrought of iron the tense
sinews stood,

Each thick, swollen vein o'er his swarthy
limbs straying,

Was knotted, and black with the
pressure of blood.

One jeer from the crowd, one long, loud
peal of laughter,—

The captive bowed low, and the huge
columns swayed,

The firm chaptrel quivered,—stooped
arch, beam, and rafter,

And the temple of Dagon a ruin was
laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the crash, and
rose circling to heaven,

Fierce, half-smothered cries, as the
gurgling life fled;—

Day passed,—and no sound broke the
silence of even,

Save the jackal's long howl, as he
crouched o'er the dead.

EMILY JUDSON (1817-1854).

RUTH.

THE plume-like swaying of the auburn
corn,

By soft winds to a dreamy motion
fann'd,

Still brings me back thine image—Oh!
forlorn,

Yet not forsaken, Ruth—I see thee
stand

Lone, 'midst the gladness of the har-
vest band—

Lone as a wood-bird on the ocean's
foam,

Fall'n in its weariness. Thy father-
land

Smiles far away! yet 'to the sense of
home,

That finest, purest, which can recog-
nize

Home in affection's glance, for ever
true

Beats thy calm heart; and if thy
gentle eyes

Gleam tremulous through tears, 'tis not
to rue

Those words, immortal in their deep
Love's tone,

"Thy people and thy God shall be
mine own!"

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845).

RUTH'S CHOICE.

"ENTREAT me not. Let Orpah go,
If Moab still has charms for her:
No more my native land I know,
Or love the paths which cause to err.
A hand she does not—cannot see,
Still waves me on to follow thee.

"Entreat me not. Whate'er the road
Thou choosest, there I too shall tread;
And wheresoe'er thou mak'st abode,
There also shall I rest my head.
For thee I henceforth all resign—
Thy people and thy God are mine.

"Entreat me not. When life shall fail,
And thou, my mother, com'st to die,
With thee I'll face the shadow'd vale,
And, where thou'rt buried, I shall lie.
My leading-stars—thy God and thou—
Not even death shall part us now!"

Daughter of Moab, nobly done!
On, onward to the promis'd land!
There shines of righteousness the sun;
There dwell of saints the chosen
band;
On milk and honey shalt thou fare,
And Israel's God adopt thee there.

No more the widow's moan shall rend
Thy bosom, wailing for the dead;
New joys shall on thy steps attend,
New virgins deck thy bridal-bed;
A num'rous offspring round thee bloom,
And monarchs issue from thy womb.

More favour'd still, the promis'd seed
Thy life-blood in His veins shall feel;

He, who for sinful man shall bleed,
And Satan crush beneath His heel.
Such honour on thy name shall rest,
And unborn millions call thee blest!

MRS. MACKAY.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

FAREWELL? Oh, no! It may not be;
My firm resolve is heard on high!
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not that I now could bear
Forever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
The treasured sadness of my heart.

I will not boast a martyr's might
To leave my home without a sigh,—
The dwelling of my past delight,
The shelter where I hoped to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid
brave;
For love puts on an angel's power,
And faith grows mightier than the
grave.

For rays of heaven serenely bright
Have gilt the caverns of the tomb;
And I can ponder with delight
On all its gathering thoughts of
gloom.
Then, mother, let us haste away
To that blest land to Israel given,
Where faith, unsaddened by decay,
Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

For where thou goest, I will go;
With thine my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and woe,
Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side,
And where thy grave is, mine shall
be:
Death can but for a time divide
My firm and faithful heart from
thee.

WILLIAM OLIVER BOURNE PEABODY
(1799-1847).

RUTH AND NAOMI.

THIS said, the aged mother shed
Tears for the living and the dead,

Her daughters, weeping at her side,
 Sat silent, nor a word replied;
 Grief for the dead heaved heavy throes,
 And for the living there arose
 Deep, deep regret that thus should part
 Friends so beloved and knit in heart;
 They lifted up their voices loud,
 And wept, till tears excessive flowed,
 Till sad Naomi rose from where
 She sat, and kissed the sister-pair;
 Then, with kind look addressed to each,
 She chid them home with gentle speech;
 "Turn ye, my daughters, turn again
 To your sweet homes in Moab's plain!"

Then Ruth arose—then Orpah rose,
 And, as their flood of sorrow flows,
 They kissed their aged mother's face,
 With many a long and fond embrace,
 Till passion forth in utterance broke,
 And thus the younger sister spoke:

"O mother! ask me not to part
 From thee, so lorn and sick of heart;
 Entreat me not that I should be
 Estrang'd from following after thee!
 When I receiv'd from thy glad hand
 My husband in my father's land,
 His I became; now thou to me
 As husband art—and dear as he!
 Then do not press me to betray
 That love, and turn from thee away.
 Two sisters are we, lone and sad;
 Two mothers have we to make glad;
 My sister shall return to find
 And comfort her I left behind!
 For me! Wherever thou shalt go,
 I too will follow thee not slow;
 Where'er thou shalt thy dwelling make,
 I too will mine abode uptake;
 Attendant ever, I will be
 Thy comforter, to cherish thee;
 At morn, to rear thy pillow'd head
 Gently from slumber on thy bed;
 At noon, sweet solace to prepare,
 And tend thy tottering steps with care;
 At eve, fresh service to employ,
 And lead thee to thy couch in joy.
 Thy couch, thy cottage, shall be mine,
 One joy, one grief, our souls shall join!
 Thy God shall be my God; to me
 Thy people shall my people be;
 And where thou diest I will die,
 And there beside thee buried lie;
 O mother! ask me not to part
 From thee, thus lorn and sick of heart!"

She spoke; her mother then forbore
 T' entreat her from her purpose more;

The elder sister took her way
 To Moab's land, her place of stay;
 The younger with her mother went,
 With gentle footsteps westward bent,
 Till reach'd they Bethlehem's green
 ascent.

WILLIAM TENNANT (1785-1848).

THE SONG OF HANNAH.

(1 SAM. ii. 1.)

1.

Now in the Lord my heart doth pleasure take;
 My horn is in the Lord advanced high;
 And to my foes an answer I will make,
 Because in his salvation joy'd am I.
 Like him there is not any Holy One;
 And other Lord beside him there is none.

2.

Nor like our God another God is there;
 So proudly vaunt not, then, as heretofore;
 But let your tongues from henceforth now forbear
 All vain presuming words for evermore.
 For why? the Lord is God, who all things knows,
 And doth each purpose to his end dispose.

3.

Now broken is their bow that once were stout;
 And girt with vigour they that stumbled are.
 The full themselves for bread have hired out,
 Which now they need not do, that hungry were.
 The barren womb doth seven children own,
 And she that once had many, weak is grown.

4.

The Lord doth slay; and he revives the slain;
 He to the grave doth bring, and back he bears,
 The Lord makes poor, and rich he makes again:

He throweth down, and up on high he rears.

He from the dust and from the dung-hill brings

The beggar and the poor, to sit with Kings.

5.

He rears them to inherit glory's throne;
For why? the Lord's the earth's upholders are:

The world hath he erected thereupon;
He to the footing of his saints hath care;

But dumb in darkness sinners shall remain,

For in their strength shall men be strong in vain.

6.

The Lord will to destruction bring them all;

(E'en every one) that shall with him contend.

From out of heav'n he thunder on them shall,

And judge the world unto the farthest end.

With strength and power his king he will supply,

And raise the horn of his Anointed high.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

HANNAH AND SAMUEL;

OR,

CONSECRATION OF A CHILD TO GOD.

(Book of Samuel.)

DAY dawned, and HANNAH look'd upon her boy.

She had arisen while the morning star
Shone through the parted curtain of the tent,

And wak'd the fair young sleeper; and, once more

—That fondest of a mother's tasks to be

Her blessed happiness but this once more—

Had washed the slight limbs of her perfect child,

And, combing the soft ringlets that her vow

Would keep unshorn till death, had strained him close

In his unblemish'd beauty to her breast;

And now she girded the new vestments on,

Which, to his frolic infancy, were strange;

Smoothing the knots of the uneven threads,

And half caressing him as to his form
Of symmetry she shap'd each spotless fold;

Smiling her sweet assurances the while,
In answer to his lisp of wondering words;

Until, as rose the sun, her fair boy stood
Brave in his new apparel at her knee—
Only the little feet as yet left bare
That press'd their rosy dimples to the ground.

This, and no more, of mother's tasks to do!

But, as she stoop'd to bind the sandals on—

Her face a moment hidden from her child,

And the o'erburdened eyelids giving way
With the lost balance of the cup too full—

The tears rain'd on her hands! Of three sweet years

Lone tending of the offspring ask'd of God—

Offspring, as if her heart's pulse, brought to light,

Had proved to be an angel, hidden there
To take her bitterest reproach away—

This was the last fond office!

Brightly shone

The sun upon the Tabernacle now;
And, from the holy altar in the midst

Rose the white smoke into the cloudless air,

While the wayfarers with their bullocks slain,

Gather'd from tents without. They had come up

From Ramah, a day's journey, to the courts

Of Shiloh—ELKANAH and all his house—

To pay unto the LORD their yearly vows,
The incense, the burnt-offerings, oil and wine;

And HANNAH, who, in answer to the prayer
 Here utter'd, when her barrenness she mourn'd,
 Had borne unto her husband "a man child"—
 Thus numbered among women well-belov'd—
 And who had tarried till the infant boy,
 Wean'd from her breast and nurtured by her care,
 Could from his mother's hands be let to go,
 Had come, in the fulfillment of her vow,
 To consecrate her first-born unto God.
 It was the hour of prayer. And ELI came
 Forth where the Tabernacle's vail, of blue,
 Purple and scarlet, hung beneath the sky,
 With hooks of silver on its brazen posts,
 Girding the altar in. The cleansing priests
 Laid the slain bullocks on the burning coals;
 The wine and oil were brought; and spices rare
 Were swung in golden censers, to and fro,
 While blood was sprinkled on the hallow'd ground.
 And tow'rd the ark—(holding the Aaron's rod,
 The golden pot of manna, and the Book
 Of Moses' law—that Ark of many vails;
 Its ten of fine-twin'd linen loop'd with gold,
 Its ten of goats'-hair with the loops of brass,
 Its guarding leather of the hide of beasts,
 Its rams'-skins scarlet-dyed, and, round them all,
 The many-colored vail of outer work)—
 Toward this Ark, made fearful by the cloud
 That floated high betwixt the cherubim,
 Whose wings, miraculously still, reveal'd
 The place where dwelt the presence of the Lord—
 Turn'd ELI with his prayer.

The blessing sought,
 Uprose the High Priest in his sacred robe;

And took the boy, who, by his mother's hand,
 Was led before the altar; and, with oil
 From out the brazen laver and with blood
 From the burnt-offering, he anointed there
 The tiny fingers of the chosen child—
 The fingers that should trim the sacred lamps
 And lay the show-bread on the golden stands,
 And in the temple minister with oil—
 Thus hallowing for God those infant hands!
 But lo! as o'er his beautiful young head
 The "linen ephod" sacredly was thrown—
 The garment in whose spotless folds there lay
 The symbol of his service for the LORD—
 The HOLY SPIRIT enter'd to the child!
 As ELI's blessing died upon the lip,
 Lo! with the uplifted hands, the child
 at prayer!
 'Twas to be told, that *such are heard in Heaven*.
 'Twas to be written in the Holy Book,
 And read by mothers till the world
 should end,
 That, on the day when consecrated first,
 AN INFANT "WORSHIP'D GOD!"

And HANNAH look'd
 On her lov'd child, as, in his prayer, he knelt,
 ACCEPTED OF THE LORD. The morrow's sun
 Would see her on her journey to the home
 Which his bright playfulness would light no more—
 The silken curls, so dear to her awaking,
 Missed from the pressure of her cheek at morn—
 His tiny footfall listened for in vain—
 His voice, his laugh, his murmur, silent all.
 And for her lord—who loved her, before ev'n
 Her womanhood's reproach had passed away,
 But who, in happier days, she knew so well,
 Loved more to see the mother of his boy—

Her lonely chamber would be silent
now!
Childless in Ramah she would once
more be.
But, mourned the mother?

Of the joy of one
Whose son can thus be "lent unto the
Lord"—
Joy in His strength, who thus, in
SAMUEL,
Proclaimed, by miracle, the child His
care—
Of joy for mothers, while the world
should last—
Sang HANNAH, then, the Heaven-in-
spired first song—
And Revelation took those mother's
words;
And by their hymning, now divinely
writ,
In Holy Scripture, as with pen of fire—
An anthem for eternity—WE KNOW
THAT JOY IS FOR THE CHILD THAT'S "LENT
TO GOD!"

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
(1806-1867).

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's
plain,
When a young mother with her first-
born thence
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed
Unto the Temple-service;—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the
while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced
to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was
hers,
To bring before her God. So passed
they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the
leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at
noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-
boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the
sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he
might rest;

Yet from her own meek eyelids chased
the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down,
to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's
repose,
As at a red flower's heart.—And where
a fount
Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy
shades,
Making its banks green gems along the
wild,
There too she lingered, from the dia-
mond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane
was reached—
The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rap-
ture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the
day
It rose, a mountain of white marble,
steeped
In light, like floating gold. But when
that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when
the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears,
his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turned from the white-robed priest, and
round her arm
Clung as the ivy clings—the deep spring-
tide
Of Nature then swelled high, and o'er
her child
Bending, her soul broke forth; in
mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas," she
cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on
me,
The bright tears quiver in thy plead-
ing eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have
won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full
heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou
wert playing

So late, along the mountains, at my side?
 And I, in joyous pride,
 By every place of flowers my course
 delaying
 Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round
 thy hair,
 Beholding thee so fair!

"And oh! the home whence thy bright
 smile hath parted,
 Will it not seem as if the sunny day
 Turned from its door away?
 While through its chambers wandering,
 weary-hearted,
 I languish for thy voice, which past
 me still
 Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more
 shalt meet me,
 When from the fount at evening I
 return,
 With the full water-urn;
 Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like
 breathings greet me,
 As 'midst the silence of the stars I
 wake,
 And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud
 fall round thee,
 Without thy mother's hand to smooth
 thy bed?
 Wilt thou not vainly spread
 Thine arms, when darkness as a veil
 hath wound thee,
 To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy
 fear,
 A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child?—Will He
 not hear thee,
 Who the young ravens heareth from
 their nest?
 Shall He not guard thy rest,
 And, in the hush of holy midnight near
 thee,
 Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its
 dreams with joy?
 Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God—the God that
 gave thee,
 A wellspring of deep gladness to my
 heart!

And precious as thou art,
 And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall
 have thee,
 My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
 And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go—my soul
 may fail me,
 As the hart panteth for the water-
 brooks,
 Yearning for thy sweet looks—
 But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor
 bewail me;
 Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt
 dwell—
 The Rock of Strength.—Farewell!"
 FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

ELI AND SAMUEL.

THE open vision ceases from the land,
 God's word becomes more rare, and
 yet more rare;
 Eli, thine eyes wax dim! although thou
 stand
 In God's own house, thou dost not see
 him there!
 He speaks! list, Eli, to the precious
 word!
 Alas, that word is not for such as
 thee;
 Thy sealed ears no voice of God have
 heard,—
 Thy sluggard eyes no open vision see.
 Wherefore should not the lamp of God
 burn out?
 The seer of God is blind, and nothing
 sees!
 Who shall light Israel through her
 clouds of doubt?
 Whom shall God call upon in nights
 like these?
 The priest dreams still of earth. Lo!
 God has smiled,
 And called on one like heaven,—a min-
 istering child.
 EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909).

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."

HUSH'D was the evening hymn,
 The temple courts were dark;
 The lamp was burning dim
 Before the sacred ark;

When suddenly a Voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite kept,
And what from Eli's sense was seal'd
The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord.
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And so obey Thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lovely heart, that waits.
Where in thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd,
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BORTHWICK.
[Also attributed to several other
authors.]

SAMUEL.

WHY that look of wondering awe?
Why that posture of surprise?
What the glory that he saw?
Whose the form that filled his eyes?
Nearer through the dark it came,
And it called him by his name.

On the child's attentive ear,
Through the stillness slowly fell
Accents musical and clear,
Twice repeated—Samuel!
And the color left his cheek
As he answered, "Speak, Lord, speak!"

See him, innocent as fair,
Sitting on his lowly bed,
Gazing on God's glory there,
Drinking in the words He said,
As the Lord, in mercy mild,
Communed with a little child;

Who about the holy place,
In a linen coat arrayed,
Year by year had grown in grace,
"Ministered," and watched, and
prayed.
Far removed from mother dear,
But to God his Father near.

Thus, a living sacrifice,
He upon God's altar lay;
Prayer and praise by night arise,
Works of love are done by day;
Till the Lord from heaven called down,
A child's piety to crown!

RICHARD WILTON (1827-).

THE CALL OF DAVID.

*And the Lord said, "Arise, anoint him.
for this is he."*—I. Sam. xvi. 12.

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy angels circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near,
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Twofold praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle-plain:
Then come heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness,
Wounds from friend, and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood.
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form,
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—

But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing Fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother in the skies.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890).

DAVID.

It is not always to the strong
Victorious battle shall belong.
This fount Goliath huge and tall:
Mightiest giant of them all,
Who in the proud Philistine host
Defied Israel with boast.

With loud voice Goliath said:
"Here, armed Israel, gathered,
And in array against us set:
Ye shall alone by me be met.
For am not I a Philistine?
What strength may be compared to
mine?"

"Choose ye a man of mightiest might:
And if he conquer me in fight,
Then we will all servants be,
King of Israel, unto thee.
But if I the victor, then
Shall Saul and all his armed men
Bend low beneath Philistine yoke."

Day by day these words he spoke,
Singly traversing the ground.
But not an Israelite was found
To combat man to man with him,
Who such prodigious force of limb
Displayed. Like to a weaver's beam
The ponderous spear he held did seem.
In height six cubits he did pass,
And he was armed all o'er in brass.

Him we will leave awhile, and speak
Of one, the soft down of whose cheek
Of tender youth the tokens bare.
Ruddy he was and very fair.
David, the son of Jesse he,
Small sized, yet beautiful to see.
Three brothers had he in the band
Of warriors under Saul's command;
Himself at home did private keep
In Bethlem's plains his father's sheep.

Jesse said to this his son:
"David, to thy brothers run,
Where in the camp they now abide,

And learn what of them may betide.
These presents for their captains take,
And of their fare inquiries make."

With joy the youth his sire obeyed.—
David was no whit dismayed
When he arrived at the place
Where he beheld the strength and face
Of dread Goliath, and could hear
The challenge. Of the people near
Unmoved he asked, what should be done
To him who slew that boasting one,
Whose words such mischiefs did fore-
bode

To the armies of the living God?
"The king," they unto David say,
"Most amply will that man repay;
He and his father's house shall be
Evermore in Israel free.
With mighty wealth Saul will endow
That man: and he has made a vow,
Whoever takes Goliath's life,
Shall have Saul's daughter for his wife."

His eldest brother, who had heard
His question, was to anger stirred
Against the youth: for (as he thought)
Things out of his young reach he sought.
Said he, "What moved thee to come
here,

To question warlike men? say, where
And in whose care are those few sheep,
That in the wilderness you keep?
I know thy thoughts, how proud thou
art:

In the haughtiness of thy heart,
Hoping a battle thou mayst see,
Thou comest hither down to me."

Then answered Jesse's youngest son
In these words: "What have I done?
Is there not cause?" Some there which
heard,

And at the manner of his word
Admired, report this to the king.
By his command they David bring
Into his presence. Fearless, then,
Before the king and his chief men,
He shows his confident design
To combat with the Philistine.
Saul with wonder heard the youth,
And thus addressed him: "Of a truth,
No power thy untried sinew hath
To cope with this great man of Gath."

Lowly David bowed his head,
And with firm voice the stripling said:

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep;
Rushing from a mountain steep
There came a lion, and a bear,
The firstlings of my flock to tear.
Thy servant hath that lion killed,
And killed that bear, when from the
field

Two young lambs by force they seized.
The Lord was mercifully pleased
Me to deliver from the paw
Of the fierce bear, and cruel jaw
Of the strong lion. I shall slay
The unrighteous Philistine this day,
If God deliver him also
To me." He ceased. The king said,
"Go!

Thy God, the God of Israel, be
In the battle still with thee."

David departs unarmed, save
A staff in hand he chanced to have.
Nothing to the fight he took,
Save five smooth stones from out a
brook;

These in his shepherd's scrip he placed,
That was fastened round his waist.
With staff and sling alone he meets
The armed giant, who him greets
With nought but scorn. Looking
askance

On the fair ruddy countenance
Of his young enemy—"Am I
A dog, that thou comest here to try?
Thy strength upon me with a staff?"
Goliath said with scornful laugh.

"Thou comest with sword, with spear,
with shield,
Yet thou to me this day must yield.
The Lord of Hosts is on my side,
Whose armies boastful thou'st defied.
All nations of the earth shall hear
He saveth not with shield and spear."

Thus David spake, and nigher went,
Then choosing from his scrip, he sent
Out of his slender sling a stone.—
The giant uttered fearful moan.
The stone though small had pierced deep
Into his forehead, endless sleep
Giving Goliath—and thus died
Of Philistines the strength and pride.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.
(1775-1834) (1765-1847)

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

AND now before young David could
come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest
tree,

And some the tops of tents, whence they
might see
How this unarmed youth himself would
bear

Against the all-armed giant (which
they fear):

Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighboring valleys, that the enemy
thought

Something would by the Israelites be
wrought

They had not heard of, and they longed
to see

What strange and warlike stratagem
't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth
descend,

Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him
supply,

As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncovered, and his locks of
hair

As he came on being played with by the
air,

Tossed to and fro, did with such pleas-
ure move,

As they had been provocatives for love:
His sleeves stript up above his elbows
were,

And in his hand a stiff short staff did
bear,

Which by the leather to it, and the
string,

They easily might discern to be a sling.
Suiting to these he wore a shepherd's
scrip,

Which from his side hung down upon
his hip.

Those for a champion that did him dis-
dain,

Cast with themselves what such a thing
should mean;

Some seeing him so wonderously fair
(As in their eyes he stood beyond com-
pare),

Their verdict gave that they had sent
him sure

As a choice bait their champion to allure;
 Others again, of judgment more precise,
 Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
 And though he seemed thus to be very young,
 Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
 And with a comely and undaunted grace,
 Holding a steady and most even pace,
 This way nor that way, never stood to gaze;
 But like a man that death could not amaze,
 Came close up to Goliah, and so near
 As he might easily reach him with his spear.
 Which when Goliah saw, "Why, boy," quoth he,
 "Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
 Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
 That thou art come to beat me with a wand:
 The kites and ravens are not far away,
 Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
 Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,
 And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave."
 "Uncircumcised slave," quoth David then,
 "That for thy shape, the monster art of men;
 Thou thus in brass comest arm'd into the field,
 And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield:—
 I in the name of Israel's God alone,
 That more than mighty, that eternal One,
 Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
 Nor once respect the arms that thou dost stand,
 I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
 As thou liest grov'ling, and within this hour
 The birds and beasts thy carcass shall devour."
 In meantime David, looking in his face,
 Between his temples, saw how large a space

He was to hit, steps back a yard or two,
 The giant wond'ring what the youth would do:
 Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
 A pebble-stone, and puts it in his sling;
 At which the giant openly doth jeer,
 And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
 Which gives young David much content to see,
 And to himself thus secretly saith he:
 "Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
 And have at all Philistia at a cast."
 Then with such sleight the shot away he sent,
 That from his sling as 't had been lightning went;
 And him so full upon the forehead smit,
 Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit
 As 't had been thrown against some rock or post,
 That the shrill clap was heard through either host.
 Staggering awhile upon his spear he leant,
 Till on a sudden he began to faint;
 When down he came, like an old o'er-grown oak,
 His huge root hewn up by the labourers' stroke,
 That with his very weight he shook the ground;
 His brazen armour gave a jarring sound
 Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanced to fall
 From some high place, which did like death appal
 The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain),
 To see their champion, great Goliah, slain:
 When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
 As cleft the clouds; and like to men that rave
 (O'ercome with comfort) cry, "The boy, the boy!
 O the brave David, Israel's only joy!
 God's chosen champion! O most wondrous thing!
 The great Goliah slain with a poor sling!

Themselves encompass, nor can they contain;
 Now are they silent, then they shout again.
 Of which no notice David seems to take,
 But towards the body of the dead doth make,
 With a fair comely gait; nor doth he run,
 As though he gloried in what he had done;
 But treading on the uncircumcised dead,
 With his foot strikes the helmet from his head;
 Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's side,
 He from the body quickly doth divide.
 Now the Philistines, at this fearful sight,
 Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight,
 Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay;
 Time wants to carry any thing away,
 Being strongly routed with a general fear;
 Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
 To Ekron's walls, and slew them as they fled,
 That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead;
 And having put the Philistines to foil,
 Back to the tents retire, and take the spoil
 Of what they left; and ransacking, they cry,
 "A David, David, and the victory!"
 When straightway Saul his general, Abner, sent
 For valiant David, that incontinent
 He should repair to court; at whose command
 He comes along, and beareth in his hand
 The giant's head, by the long hair of his crown,
 Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
 And through the army as he comes along,
 To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng:
 Some do instyle him Israel's only light,
 And other some the valiant Bethlehemite,
 With congees all salute him as he past,

And upon him their gracious glances cast:
 He was thought base of him that did not boast,
 Nothing but David, David, through the host.
 The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays
 Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praise.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

PREPARE! your festal rites prepare!
 Let your triumphs rend the air!
 Idol gods shall reign no more;
 We the living God adore!
 Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,
 Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.
 Let remotest nations know
 Proud Goliath's overthrow.
 Fallen, Philistia, is thy trust;
 Dagon mingles with the dust!
 Who fears the Lord of glory, need not fear
 The brazen armor or the lifted spear.
 See, the routed squadrons fly!
 Hark! their clamors rend the sky!
 Blood and carnage stain the field!
 See, the vanquished nations yield!
 Dismay and terror fill the frightened land,
 While conquering David routs the trembling band.
 Lo, upon the tented field
 Royal Saul has thousands killed!
 Lo, upon the ensanguined plain
 David has ten thousand slain!
 Let mighty Saul his vanquished thousands tell,
 While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell!

HANNAH MORE (1745-1833).

[KING DAVID.]

OF Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
 His holy style and happy victories;
 Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
 Archangels 'still'd from the breath of Jove,

Decking her temples with the glorious
flowers

Heaven rained on tops of Sion and
Mount Sinai.

Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their
breasts;

And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarm to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the
clouds, and cast

Their crystal armour at his conquering
feet.

Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to
sing;

Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd
verse,

The hearers' minds above the towers of
heaven

And guide them so in this thrice haughty
flight,

Their mounting feathers scorch not with
the fire

That none can temper but thy holy
hand:

To thee for succour flies my feeble
muse,

And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

GEORGE PEELE [1553 (?) - 1598 (?)]

THE SONG OF DAVID.

18 He sang of God, the mighty source
Of all things,—that stupendous force,
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose
eyes,

All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres he
made,

21 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss;
And wisdom hides her skill.

40 Tell them *I am*, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,

All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord, *Thou art*."

CHRISTOPHER SHARP (1722-1771)

SAUL.

ABSTRACTED and alone sat Saul the king,
The mighty king of warlike Israel;
Dark shadows o'er his spirit went and
came,

And fearful thoughts of dread futurity.
His lofty eye scowled indignation round,
And furious passion wrinkled up his
brow;

Anon a gleam of peace shot through his
soul,

And he was calm; but soon more solemn
thoughts,

Like thunder-laden clouds, enshroud his
mind,

And troubled looks denote no love of
God.

The minstrel now is called—a fair-
haired boy,

Who oft had soothed, by his entrancing
notes,

The soul of mighty Saul. A noble boy
In look and mien, whom God had early
blessed,

And brought from Bethlem's plains, a
shepherd-boy,

To reign, the future king of Israel.

At bidding of proud Saul he struck his
harp,

And sung with joy of God's unceasing
love,

Who saved him from the bear and lion's
paw,

And from the spear of giant Philistine;
Who victory to Israel gave, and sent
Confusion and defeat on all her foes.

He sang of Judah's bondage, and the
way

God led them through the desert's path-
less waste,—

Of Egypt's plagues, and sad discom-
fiture.

But deep and louder grew the thrilling
strain,

When of the patriarchal chief he sang,
whence should arise

The promised Lord of glory,—Sion's
King,—

Saul heard entranced, till mention of a
king

Stirred in his soul most hideous jealousy.
 The prophet's words, "God hath rejected thee,
 And hath thy kingdom to thy neighbor given,"
 Rose like some dismal spectre on his sight.
 The plaudits of the crowd, "Saul hath thousands
 But David tens of thousands nobly slain,"
 Inflamed his mind with horrible revenge.
 He saw the words inscribed on every side,
 And heard the acclamations loud arise,
 Re-echoed by innumerable crowds.
 His wild imagination figures up
 A regal throne, on which the youth is placed,
 The shepherd-boy transformed a lordly king!
 Upon his fair and sunny brow a crown
 Is set, refulgent with the brightest gems;
 Thousands in his presence wait obsequious,
 And tens of thousands cry, exulting,
 "King David, live for ever!" Starting up,
 Alarmed, incensed, and full of deadly hate,
 The jealous Saul a javelin seized and flung,
 With murder's aim, at God's anointed one;
 But mercy interposed, and turned its point
 'Gainst the insensate wall. The youth escaped
 Like bird from fowler's snare, uninjured but amazed,
 And praising God Most High, while Saul alone
 Stood, stung with disappointment and despair.

G. M. BELL.

SAUL AND DAVID.

DEEP was the furrow in the royal brow
 When David's hand, lightly as vernal gales
 Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimm'd
 the lyre;

He sung of Jacob's youngest born,—the child
 Of his old age,—sold to the Ishmaelite;
 His exaltation to the second power
 In Pharaoh's realm; his brethren thither sent;
 Suppliant they stood before his face,
 well known,
 Unknowing,—till Joseph fell upon the neck
 Of Benjamin, his mother's son, and wept.
 Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused;
 But when he saw, down the yet quivering string,
 The tear-drop, trembling glide, abash'd,
 he check'd,
 Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,
 And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords:
 From side to side his hands transversely glance,
 Like lightning 'thwart a stormy sea; his voice
 Arises 'mid the clang, and straightway calms
 Th' harmonious tempest, to a solemn swell
 Majestical, triumphant; for he sings
 Of Arad's mighty host by Israel's arm
 Subdued; of Israel through the desert led
 He sings; of him who was their leader, call'd
 By God himself, from keeping Jethro's flock,
 To be a ruler o'er the chosen race.
 Kindles the eye of Saul; his arm is poised,—
 Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

DAVID AND SAUL.

WHEN David fled from Saul oppressed.
 Who should have held the Shepherd dear,
 He carried Patience in his breast,
 And Conscience light, a heavenly Guest;
 He feared not, nor had Cause of fear.
 But, when he fled the holy Place
 In horror from his rebel Son,

He carried Terror and Disgrace;
Nor could a gleam of Comfort trace
In all the battles he had won.

But, as upon his Throne he shook,
With present Love and Glory crowned,
The one stern word the Prophet spoke
At once into his Bosom broke
To fright, alarm him, and confound.

Thus injured, I my peace retain
And feel from Guilt and Terror free;
But, should I injure Man again,
I should in fear and Dread remain,
Tho' cheered with wealth and blest by
thee. GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832).

FILIAL PIETY OF DAVID.

ADULLAM's sheltering cavern bent
O'er many an exile's head,
Who from the tyrant sway of Saul
In discontent had fled;
And he, the leader of that band,
Came forth in sadden'd thought,
And to a foreign monarch's court
His suit a suppliant brought:

"Oh, King of Moab!" bowing down
With trembling lip he said
Who oft to victory's crimson field
Had Israel's thousands led,
"I pray thee, let mine aged sire,
And she beside whose knee
My earliest, lisping prayer was learn'd,
In safety dwell with thee.

"Lest, while the adverse torrent's force
With struggling breast I stem,
My hands grow weak, my spirits faint,
In anxious care for them;
For with an outlaw's ceaseless pain,
I wander to and fro,
And wait Jehovah's righteous will
More perfectly to know."

Then forth to Moab's pitying prince
His aged sire he led,
The cavern dampness on the locks
That silver'd o'er his head;
And, leaning on his vigorous arm,
A wrinkled woman came,
The mother of the many sons
Who honour'd Jesse's name.

The youngest and the dearest one
Now woke her parting tear,

And sorrow shook his manly breast
That ne'er had quail'd with fear;
While drawing near the monarch's side,
In low and earnest tone
He press'd upon his soften'd heart
The treasures of his own.

Low kneeling at his parents' side,
That blessing he besought,
Which ever in his childish years
Had calm'd each troubled thought;
While they with fond and feeble hand
His clustering curls among,
Jehovah's majesty and might
Invoked with faltering tongue.

With tearful thanks to Moab's king,
The exile left the place,
For filial duty well discharged
Shed sunshine o'er his face;
And sweet as when on Bethlehem's
vales
He fed his fleecy flock,
The dew of holy song distill'd
Like honey from the rock.

"God is my light! Why should I fear,
Though earth be dark with shade?
God is the portion of my soul,
Why should I be afraid?
Unless his arm had been my stay
When snares were round me spread,
My strength had fainted and gone down
To silence and the dead.

"Father and mother, dear and true,
The homeless one forsake,
While like the hunted deer, my course
From cliff to cliff I take.
Though kings against my life conspire,
And hosts in hate array'd,
God is the portion of my soul;
Why should I be afraid?"

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

DAVID AND ABIGAIL.

Now Samuel was dead, beloved priest,
And all the Israelites did mourn for
him,
And gathered them together at his house
In Ramah, where they buried Samuel.
Then rose the Lord's anointed, Jesse's
son,
And from Engedi's rocky hold led down
His men of war to Paran's wilderness,

Eluding jealous Saul, whose rancor sought
 To compass his destruction. David mused,
 Heart-burdened by the big solicitude
 Of leadership in peril; to his cause
 Clung guerdonless the twice two hundred men
 Who joined his exile in Adullam's cave,
 And chose him captain. These he would reward,
 But bony famine, stalking from forlorn,
 Unfruitful wastes, forbade. As in a lake
 The fleeting clouds are pictured, so the glass
 Of clear remembrance mirrored back the scenes
 Of David's varied life. Himself he saw,
 A shepherd lad among Judea's hills;
 Then standing with his harp before a king,
 Or feasting prince-like, at the royal board,
 Saul's favorite, and dear to Jonathan,
 To whom his soul was knit; flashed next to view
 Heroic days, and valiant deeds of arms;
 He smote Goliath with the fatal stone,
 And slew Philistia's thousands; then the land
 Rang with his triumphs, and the women came
 From Israel's cities, dancing to the sound
 Of joyous tabrets as they sang his praise,
 Till Saul was wroth, and David fled the court,
 To hide in fields and caves. Now Hareth's wild.
 Now Ziph's bleak mountains fend his gathered host;
 Now Saul pursues to Maon, where the peal
 Of trumps that summon havoc to the plain,
 Made pity ruthless. In that dreadful time,
 One whose possessions lay in war's red path,
 Did David's warriors guard; his fields were saved
 From ravage, and his flocks were spared.
 His house,

His wives and little ones, his maids and men—
 Not one was hurt.

This man remembering,
 'Twas David's thought to seek by messengers
 From Paran, and to ask of him as boon
 Of his rich plenty some poor dole of flesh
 Or corn, to cheer a soldier in the wilderness.
 The man was famed in Maon for his wealth;
 Three thousand sheep were his, a thousand goats,
 That cropped the flowery grass in Carmel's vales;
 His garners treasured golden store of corn,
 His vats with wine, his oil press streamed with oil;
 He feasted at his table, like a king,
 Attended by a train of serving men,
 Cup-bearing youths and lissome Hebrew girls,
 Who danced to him and sang angelical;
 Yet he, the master, Nabal was his name,
 A churlish fool, and very Belial's son,
 Wrapped up in selfishness as in a robe
 Stained through and through with every sensual vice,
 The more his fortune swelled his withered soul
 Shrank like a blasted grain of Autumn corn.

'Twas shearing time, and Nabal now did shear
 His sheep in Carmel. Thither David sent
 Ten of his young men, saying: "Get you up
 To Carmel yonder; in my name salute
 Nabal the son of Caleb; say to him
 Peace be to thee, and to thy household peace,
 To thee be peace and unto all thou hast;
 God prosper thee in thine abundant day,
 Here in the wilderness, where I abide
 By danger girt, report is blown that thou
 Hast great possession. I aforesaid
 saved
 Thy shepherds and thy flocks from
 prowling foes,

No man of thine was hurt; ask thy young men.

We were a wall to thee by day and night
When wolfish war howled round thy helplessness;

Wherefore, I pray, let my young men,
sore pressed

By hard necessity, find favor in thine eyes,

Bestow on them whatever comes to hand
Of food or water; of thy plenty give
To these thy servants, and to me thy son."

Such words delivered David's messengers,

To whom rude Nabal, swelling in his pride

Like some vexed toad, made answer insolent.

"Who is this David? Who is Jesse's son?

This begging outcast from the court of Saul?

What men are ye? Shall I withhold my bread,

My water and my flesh which I have slain

From my own shearers, giving it to you?

I know not who ye be or whence ye come;

There oft are servants nowadays who break

From their true masters. All the land is filled

With tramping thieves. Begone! I give you naught."

Their soldier patience bruised by this rebuff,

Returned the ten to him who waited them.

Wrath blazed on David's cheek and in his heart

Hot fury crimsoned like a glowing coal.
"Gird on your swords!" Impetuous

every man,

Four hundred men, each girded on his sword;

First David girded on his vengeful sword;

"This fellow hath returned me ill for good,

Before to-morrow's sun shall gild the Sea

Of Arabah both he and his, and whatsoever pertains

To him will we destroy, as liveth God, I swear."

Now one who served her told to Nabal's wife

How Nabal railed at David's messengers,

Returning their salute with foul reproach,

Ungrateful churl, and sent them empty back.

Yea, said the menial, did our master rail
At those good men who were so good

to us

While we were with them keeping off the herds.

Think, mistress, therefore, now what thou wilt do,

For David's anger surely will not sleep.

As one in terror reads on rising clouds
The fearful portent of a swift cyclone,

So Abigail saw writ as on the sky of fate

The dark presage of ruin. She arose,
Made haste and took two hundred

loaves of bread,

Five measures of parched corn, and, ready dressed,

Five fatling sheep; two hundred cakes of figs,

Raisins a hundred clusters, flasks of wine

Of Edom's choicest vintage; these she laid

On asses, charging her attendants "Go before,

To southward, I will follow." Naught she told

To Nabal, wisely holding her intent,
For she was wise, though bounden to a fool;

His mind, near-sighted, failed to catch the shape

Of coming danger, and it was too dull
To cut a way to safety from surprise.

From his own folly Nabal's self to shield
Forth to the wilderness rode Abigail.

Her form was queenly, and her countenance—

Of all fair faces under Carmel's sky

Deemed fairest, when a joyous maid she
laughed,
Like Cedron's brook that sparkles to
the sea—
Had won exceeding beauty from the
touch
Of womanhood's emotions, and the deep
Inmolding of great passions, noble
thoughts,
Love, grief, and tribulation. Born she
seemed
For some high destiny of regal sway.
With anxious meditations sadly veiled,
Rode she behind the little caravan
That toiled, gift-laden, till a westward
bend,
Down by the covert of an arid hill,
Revealed to vision and to startled ear
The gleaming armor and the clamorous
noise
Of David's warriors on the dusty plain
Advancing, flushed with fierce expect-
ancy
Of spoil from rapine. When their
hungry sight
Fell on the convoy, like a hissing flame
The savage instinct scorched along the
veins
To plunder and to slay; short parley
brutal Sense
With pale Compassion makes, but like a
hound,
Tears guilt and innocence with equal
rage.
Heard Abigail the clamor, then she saw
The armed host so near that from her
cheek
The frightened color hurried to her
heart.
Down from her beast she lighted,
hastened then
To meet stern David; on her knees she
fell,
Bowing her stately beauty to his feet,
Bending her comely face to humble dust,
So I have seen a splendid rose bowed
down
By rude compulsion of a sudden storm.
"Upon myself, my lord, fall thy just
wrath,
But let thy handmaid speak: O hear
my words!
Forgive, I pray thee, Nabal's blind
offense;
Regard not what he does, for he, alas,

Is folly's thrall, and very Belial's son.
Regard him not, and pardon me, for I
Saw not thy young men whom my lord
did send;
Forgive my trespass, and accept for
them
The gifts we bring, though late, and
pity us;
Have mercy, Prince!"

She faltered, lifting up
Imploring eyes to aid her pleading
tongue.
How eloquent in every age and land
Is beauty's potent and persuasive spell,
To stay or hasten, madden or subdue
Men's passions! David felt the soften-
ing charm
Of that fair pleading face, and, while
his hand,
Forgetful of the purpose of his sword,
Paused on its hilt, his countenance grew
mild.
Not so the mood of those his followers,
Who, held by his authority in leash,
Impatient for the onset, chafed and
growled.
His gesture awed them, and the sup-
pliant,
Her features beaming with a new-lit
hope,
Rose from her knees, inspired and sus-
tained
By courage sent from God, and uttered
this:
"Forbear, O son of Jesse, Israel's king
That art to be, forbear from shedding
blood
In such a paltry cause, nor stain thy
hand
By personal revenge, for art not thou
The Lord's anointed, chosen to redress
Thy people's ills and right a nation's
wrongs?
'Tis thine to right the battles of the
Lord;
And though a man is risen to pursue,
And though the hosts of evil seek thy
soul,
Thy soul is safely in the bundle bound
Of life with God thy Lord. He shall
outsling,
As from the middle of a sling, thy
foes.
Because no evil has been found in thee,

Thy house is sure and surely thou shalt reign.

When that which God hath spoken comes to pass

'Twill be no grief to thee that thou hast held

Thy sword this day from shedding guiltless blood.

Remember, in that day, thy handmaid's words."

Then David answered Abigail: "Thy prayer

Hath kept me back from hurting thee, though I

Had sworn to smite the house of Nabal. Blessed be

The God of Israel which did send thee here this day,

And blessed thou and thine advice which held

My hand from causeless shedding blood. Return

In peace to thine own house."

So saying, he Received of Abigail that she had brought,

Then back to Paran led his men of arms.

Came Abigail to Nabal, whom she found

Sunk in the wallow of voluptuous lust, Feasting and drunken. When the morrow dawned,

And his unsteady reason staggered home,

She told him of his hazard and the oath

That David made and her own intercession.

Pale trembling fell upon him, and his heart

Died in his bosom, so that he became Even as a stone. The Lord had stricken him,

And, ere ten times the moon had crossed the heavens,

He yielded up the ghost. When David knew

How Nabal died, being stricken of the Lord,

To whom belongeth vengeance, not to man,

His heart was humbled and he blest his God

Who by the voice of Abigail had plead The cause of his reproach, and kept his hand from evil.

Summer drank the rills That feed the Sea of Arabah; the groves

Of citron yielded up their fruit; the vine,

The fig, the olive, the pomegranate bush Renewed their fragrant blossoms as they drank

The early and the latter rains; nor from

The memory of David passed away the voice,

The form, the face, the queen-like stateliness

Of that fair Carmelite who knelt to him

Down by the covert of an arid hill, And turned his soul from wrath to gentleness.

It came to pass, as Hebrew Scriptures tell,

That David loved the woman Abigail, And did commune with her out of his love,

To take her for his wife. His servants went

To Carmel, bearing gifts and messages. So Abigail was won, and she arose

And rode from Carmel with the messengers,

Five of her damsels riding after her. And she became the wife of Jesse's son,

David, the Lord's anointed, Israel's King.

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE (1836-).

SAUL.

I.

SAID Abner, "At last thou art comel Ere I tell, ere thou speak,

Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.

And he, "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,

Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent

Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,

Shall our lip with the honey be bright,
 with the water be wet.
 For out of the black mid-tent's silence,
 a space of three days,
 Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants,
 of prayer nor of praise,
 To betoken that Saul and the Spirit
 have ended their strife,
 And that, faint in his triumph, the
 monarch sinks back upon life.

II.

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved!
 God's child with his dew
 On thy gracious gold hair, and those
 lilies still living and blue
 Just broken to twine round thy harp-
 strings, as if no wild heat
 Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III.

Then I, as was meet,
 Knelt down to the God of my fathers,
 and rose on my feet,
 And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder.
 The tent was unlooped;
 I pulled up the spear that obstructed,
 and under I stooped;
 Hands and knees on the slippery grass-
 patch, all withered and gone,
 That extends to the second enclosure,
 I groped my way on
 Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open.
 Then once more I prayed,
 And opened the foldskirts and entered,
 and was not afraid
 But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!"
 And no voice replied.
 At first I saw naught but the blackness;
 but soon I descried
 A something more black than the black-
 ness—the vast, the upright
 Main prop which sustains the pavilion:
 and slow into sight
 Grew a figure against it, gigantic and
 blackest of all.
 Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the
 tent roof, showed Saul.

IV.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both
 arms stretched out wide
 On the great cross-support in the cen-
 tre, that goes to each side;

He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there
 as, caught in his pangs
 And waiting his change, the king ser-
 pent all heavily hangs,
 Far away from his kind, in the pine,
 till deliverance come
 With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul,
 drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the
 lilies we twine round its chords
 Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the
 noontide—those sunbeams like
 swords!
 And I first played the tune all our
 sheep know, as, one after one,
 So docile they come to the pen-door
 till folding be done.
 They are white and untorn by the
 bushes, for lo, they have fed
 Where the long grasses stifle the water
 within the stream's bed;
 And now one after one seeks its lodg-
 ing, as star follow star
 Into eve and the blue far above us,—
 so blue and so far!

VI.

—Then the tune, for which quails on the
 cornland will each leave his mate
 To fly after the player; then, what
 makes the crickets elate
 Till for boldness they fight one another:
 and then, what has weight
 To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside
 his sand house—
 There are none such as he for a won-
 der, half bird and half mouse!
 God made all the creatures and gave
 them our love and our fear,
 To give sign, we and they are his
 children, one family here.

VII.

Then I played the help-tune of our
 reapers, their wine-song, when hand
 Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good
 friendship, and great hearts expand
 And grow one in the sense of this
 world's life.—And then, the last
 song
 When the dead man is praised on his
 journey—"Bear, bear him along

With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm-seeds not here To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.

"Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!"—And then, the glad chaunt

Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next she whom we vaunt As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.

—And then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch

Naught can break; who shall harm them, our friends?—Then, the chorus intoned

As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.

But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

VIII.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart;

And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles 'gan dart From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start

All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.

So the head: but the body still moved not, still hung there erect.

And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked,

As I sang,—

IX.

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,

The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,

And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.

And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,

And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell

That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ

All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard

When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?

Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung

The low song of the nearly departed, and hear her faint tongue

Joining in while it could to the witness, 'Let one more attest,

I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and all was for best!

Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph, not much, but the rest.

And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working whence grew

Such results as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit strained true:

And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder and hope,

Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,—

Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine:

And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!

On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe

That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour and lets the gold go)

High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them—all

Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

X.

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart, hand, harp and voice,

Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice

Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as when, dare I say,

The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains thro' its array,

And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—"Saul!" cried I, and stopped,

And waited the thing that should follow.

Then Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the centre,
was struck by his name.

Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy
summons goes right to the aim,

And some mountain, the last to with-
stand her, that held (he alone,

While the vale laughed in freedom and
flowers) on a broad bust of stone

A year's snow bound about for a breast-
plate,—leaves grasp of the sheet?

Fold on fold all at once it crowds
thunderously down to his feet,

And there fronts you, stark, black, but
alive yet, your mountain of old,

With his rents, the successive bequeath-
ings of ages untold:

Yea, each harm got in fighting your bat-
tles, each furrow and scar

Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the
tempest—all hail, there they are!

—Now again to be softened with ver-
dure, again hold the nest

Of the dove, tempt the goat and its
young to the green on his crest

For their food in the ardours of sum-
mer. One long shudder thrilled

All the tent till the very air tingled,
then sank and was stilled

At the King's self left standing before
me, released and aware.

What was gone, what remained? All
to traverse 'twixt hope and despair.

Death was past, life not come: so he
waited. Awhile his right hand

Held the brow, helped the eyes left too
vacant, forthwith to remand

To their place what new objects should
enter: 't was Saul as before.

I looked up, and dared gaze at those
eyes, nor was hurt any more

Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn,
ye watch from the shore,

At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—
a sun's slow decline

Over the hills which, resolved in stern
silence, o'erlap and entwine

Base with base to knit strength more
intensely: so, arm folded arm

O'er the chest whose slow heavings sub-
sided.

XI.

What spell or what charm,
(For, awhile there was trouble within
me) what next should I urge

To sustain him where song had restored
him? Song filled to the verge

His cup with the wine of this life, press-
ing all that it yields

Of mere fruitage, the strength and the
beauty: beyond, on what fields,

Glean a vintage more potent and perfect
to brighten the eye,

And bring blood to the lip, and com-
mend them the cup they put by?

He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks
not: he lets me praise life,

Gives assent, yet would die for his own
part.

XII.

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pas-
ture, when round me the sheep

Fed in silence—above, the one eagle—
wheeled slow as in sleep;

And I lay in my hollow and mused on
the world that might lie

'Neath his ken, tho' I saw but the
strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:

And I laughed—"Since my days are or-
dained to be passed with my flocks,

Let me people at least, with my fancies,
the plains and the rocks,

Dream the life I am never to mix
with, and image the show

Of mankind as they live in those fash-
ions I hardly shall know!

Schemes of life, its best rules and—
right uses, the courage that gains,

And the prudence that keeps what men
strive for!" And now these

old trains

Of vague thought came again; I grew
surer; so, once more the string

Of my harp made response to my spirit,
as thus—

XIII.

"Yea, my King,"
I began—"thou dost well in rejecting
mere comforts that spring

From the mere mortal life held in com-
mon by man and by brute:

In our flesh grows the branch of this
life, in our soul it bears fruit.

Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree,—how its stem trembled first
 Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler; then safely outburst
 The fan-branches all round; and thou mindest when these too, in turn
 Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed perfect; yet more was to learn,
 E'en the good that comes in with the palm-fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
 When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow? or care for the plight
 Of the palm's self whose slow growth produced them? Not so! stem and branch
 Shall decay, nor be known in their place, while the palm-wine shall staunch
 Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I pour thee such wine.
 Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!
 By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
 More indeed, than at first when, unconscious, the life of a boy.
 Crush that life, and behold its wine running! Each deed thou hast done
 Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun
 Looking down on the earth, tho' clouds spoil him, tho' tempests efface,
 Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
 The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each ray of thy will,
 Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
 Thy whole people, the countless, with ardour, till they too give forth
 A like cheer to their sons: who in turn fill the South and the North
 With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. 'Carouse in the past!
 But the license of age has its limit; thou diest at last.
 As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose at her height,
 So with man—so his power and his beauty for ever take flight.
 No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine! Look forth o'er the years!

Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual; begin with the seer's!
 Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make his tomb—bid arise
 A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square, till, built to the skies,
 Let it mark where the great First King slumbers: whose fame would ye know?
 Up above see the rock's naked face, where the record shall go
 In great characters cut by the scribe,—Such was Saul, so he did;
 With the sages directing the work, by the populace chid,—
 For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised there! Which fault to amend,
 In the grove with his kind grows the cedar, whereon they shall spend
 (See, in tablets 't is level before them) their praise, and record
 With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,—the statesman's great word
 Side by side with the poet's sweet comment. The river's a-wave
 With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other when prophet-winds rave:
 So the pen gives unborn generations their due and their part
 In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art!"

XIV.

And behold while I sang . . . but
 O Thou who didst grant me that day,
 And before it not seldom has granted thy help to essay,
 Carry on and complete an adventure,—my shield and my sword
 In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was my word,—
 Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavour
 And scaling the highest, man's thought could, gazed hopeless as ever
 On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,
 Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne from man's grave!
 Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart
 Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels last night I took part,

As this morning I gather the fragments,
 alone with my sheep,
 And still fear lest the terrible glory
 vanish like sleep!
 For I wake in the gray dewy covert,
 while Hebron upheaves
 The dawn struggling with night on his
 shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
 Slow the damage of yesterday's sun-
 shine.

xv.

I say then,—my song
 While I sang thus, assuring the monarch,
 and, ever more strong,
 Made a proffer of good to console him—
 he slowly resumed
 His old motions and habitudes kingly.
 The right hand replumed
 His black locks to their wonted com-
 posure, adjusted the swathes
 Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat
 that his countenance bathes,
 He wipes off with the robe; and he
 girds now his loins as of yore,
 And feels slow for the armlets of price,
 with the clasp set before.
 He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere
 error had bent
 The broad brow from the daily com-
 munion; and still, tho' much spent
 Be the life and the bearing that front
 you, the same, God did choose,
 To receive what a man may waste,
 desecrate, never quite lose.
 So sank he along by the tent-prop, till,
 stayed by the pile
 Of his armour and war-cloak and gar-
 ments, he leaned there awhile,
 And sat out my singing,—one arm round
 the tent-prop, to raise
 His bent head, and the other hung slack
 —till I touched on the praise
 I foresaw from all men in all time,
 to the man patient there;
 And thus ended, the harp falling for-
 ward. Then first I was 'ware
 That he sat, as I say, with my head
 just above his vast knees
 Which were thrust out on each side
 around me, like oak roots which
 please
 To encircle a lamb when it slumbers.
 I looked up to know

If the best I could do had brought
 solace: he spoke not, but slow
 Lifted up the hand slack at his side,
 till he laid it with care
 Soft and grave, but in mild settled will,
 on my brow: thro' my hair
 The large fingers were pushed, and he
 bent back my head, with kind
 power—
 All my face back, intent to peruse it,
 as men do a flower.
 Thus held he me there with his great
 eyes that scrutinized mine—
 And oh, all my heart how it loved him!
 but where was the sign?
 I yearned—"Could I help thee, my
 father, inventing a bliss,
 I would add, to that life of the past,
 both the future and this;
 I would give thee new life altogether,
 as good, ages hence,
 As this moment,—had love but the war-
 rant, love's heart to dispense!"

xvi.

Then the truth came upon me. No harp
 more—no song more! outbroke—

xvii.

"I have gone the whole round of crea-
 tion: I saw and I spoke;
 I, a work of God's hand for that pur-
 pose, received in my brain
 And pronounced on the rest of his han-
 diwork—returned him again
 His creation's approval or censure: I
 spoke as I saw,
 I report, as a man may of God's work—
 all's love, yet all's law.
 Now I lay down the judgeship he lent
 me. Each faculty tasked
 To perceive him, has gained an abyss,
 where a dewdrop was asked.
 Have I knowledge? confounded it
 shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
 Have I forethought? how purblind, how
 blank, to the Infinite Care!
 Do I task any faculty highest, to image
 success?
 I but open my eyes,—and perfection,
 no more and no less,
 In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me,
 and God is seen God
 In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,
 in the soul and the clod.

And thus looking within and around
 me, I ever renew
 (With that stoop of the soul which in
 bending upraises it too)
 The submission of man's nothing-perfect
 to God's all-complete,
 As by each new obeisance in spirit, I
 climb to his feet.
 Yet with all this abounding experience,
 this deity known,
 I shall dare to discover some province,
 some gift of my own.
 There's a faculty pleasant to exercise,
 hard to hoodwink,
 I am fain to keep still in abeyance,
 (I laugh as I think)
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in
 it, wot ye, I worst
 E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I
 could love if I durst!
 But I sink the pretension as fearing a
 man may o'ertake
 God's own speed in the one way of
 love: I abstain for love's sake.
 —What, my soul? see thus far and no
 farther? when doors great and small,
 Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch,
 should the hundredth anpall?
 In the least things have faith, yet dis-
 trust in the greatest of all?
 Do I find love so full in my nature,
 God's ultimate gift,
 That I doubt his own love can com-
 pete with it? Here, the parts shift?
 Here, the creature surpass the Creator,
 —the end, what Began?
 Would I fain in my impotent yearning
 do all for this man,
 And dare doubt he alone shall not
 help him, who yet alone can?
 Would it ever have entered my mind,
 the bare will, much less power,
 To bestow on this Saul what I sang of,
 the marvellous dower
 Of the life he was gifted and filled
 with? to make such a soul,
 Such a body, and then such an earth
 for insphering the whole?
 And doth it not enter my mind (as my
 warm tears attest),
 These good things being given, to go
 on, and give one more, the best?
 Ay, to save and redeem and restore him,
 maintain at the height

This perfection,—succeed with life's
 dayspring, death's minute of night?
 Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch
 Saul the mistake,
 Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,
 —and bid him awake
 From the dream, the probation, the pre-
 lude, to find himself set
 Clear and safe in new light and new
 life,—a new harmony yet
 To be run and continued, and ended—
 who knows?—or endure!
 The man taught enough by life's dream,
 of the rest to make sure;
 By the pain-throb, triumphantly win-
 ning intensified bliss,
 And the next world's reward and re-
 pose, by the struggles in this.

XVIII.

"I believe it! 'T is thou, God, that givest,
 't is I who receive:
 In the first is the last, in thy will is
 my power to believe.
 All's one gift: thou canst grant it more-
 over, as prompt to my prayer,
 As I breathe out this breath, as I open
 these arms to the air.
 From thy will, stream the worlds, life
 and nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
 I will?—the mere atoms despise me!
 Why am I not loth
 To look that, even that in the face too?
 Why is it I dare
 Think but lightly of such impuissance?
 What stops my despair?
 This;—'t is not what man Does which
 exalts him, but what man Would
 do!
 See the King—I would help him, but
 cannot, the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sor-
 row, grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life, starve my own out,
 I would—knowing which,
 I know that my service is perfect. Oh,
 speak thro' me now!
 Would I suffer for him that I love?
 So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
 So shall crown thee the topmost, in-
 effablest, uttermost crown—
 And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor
 leave up nor down
 One spot for the creature to stand in!
 It is by no breath,

Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
 As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
 Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
 He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
 'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.
 O Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee;
 A Man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: A Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

XIX.

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
 There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
 Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
 I repressed, I got thro' them as hardly, as strugglingly there,
 As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
 Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with her crews;
 And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
 Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted not,
 For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
 All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
 Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
 Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
 Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
 In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
 In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind thrills;
 In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still,
 Tho' averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill

That rose heavily as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
 E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new law.
 The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
 The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers;
 And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
 With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is so!"

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

SAUL.

*"Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
 Bid the prophet's form appear.
 'Samuel, raise thy buried head!
 King, behold the phantom seer!"*

EARTH yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
 Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.
 Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;
 His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
 His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,
 Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
 From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
 Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.
 Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
 At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?
 Who is he that calls the dead?
 Is it thou, O King? Behold,
 Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
 Such are mine; and such shall be
 Thine to-morrow, when with me:
 Ere the coming day is done,
 Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
 Fare thee well, but for a day,
 Then we mix our mouldering clay.
 Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
 Pierced by shafts of many a bow;

And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,
Son and sire, the house of Saul!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft
or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the
Lord,
Heed not the corpse, though a king's,
in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and
bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away
from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy
feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared
not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the
sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us
to-day.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

THE sun of the morning looked forth
from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead
and the dying;
For the yell and the strife, like the
thunder, had flown,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was
lying.

And there lay the husband that lately
was prest
To the beautiful cheek that was tear-
less and ruddy;
But the claws of the eagle were fixed
in his breast,
And the beak of the vulture was
busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widowed
and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwell-
ing for ever;
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet car-
nival had
On the delicate limbs that had ceased
not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the deli-
cate child,
To hold up the head that was breath-
less and hoary;
And there came the maiden, all fran-
tic and wild,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasp-
ing and gory.

And there came the consort that strug-
gled in vain
To stem the red tide of a spouse that
bereft her;
And there came the mother that sunk
'mid the slain,
To weep o'er the last human stay
that was left her.

Oh! bloody Gilboa, a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were
slaughtered together,
May the dew and the rain leave thy
herbage to die,
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests
to wither!

WILLIAM KNOX (1789-1825).

GILBOA.

I.

So life is ending, and its visions pass
Before the inward eye,
Like soft dew falling on the tender
grass,
When all around is dry.

Through the dark night I see the ruby
flush
Of childhood's earliest day;
Through war's wild din, and battle's
torrent rush,
I hear the children play.

Yet once again I live that time of
might,
When I, and one with me

Who bore my shield, were conquerors
in the fight,
And made the aliens flee.

From crag to crag we clambered, hand
in hand,
And leapt from rock to rock;
Till from the height we looked on all
the land,
And dared the battle's shock.

I feel the faintness of that noontide
heat,
The thirst that fired the brain;
I taste the golden stream that trickled
sweet,
And brought life back again:

The fear of death is on me as of old,
When Saul in sternness strove
An iron mantle round his heart to fold,
And crush a father's love;

I stood as one condemned to shameful
death,
And offered up my life,
As Isaac bowed of old, with calmest
breath,
To meet the glittering knife:

When shrill and loud from warriors
old and young
There rose the awe-struck cry;
Their strong resolve through hill and
forest rung,
"This day shall no man die!"

So with my father many a month passed
on,
I smote the craven foe;
And year by year the crown of victory
won,
Requiting blow for blow.

So grew my soul to manhood's kingly
noon,
And all men sang my praise;
Yet darker far than night without a
moon
Was fame's full daylight blaze.

I craved for one whose heart should
beat as mine,
My hopes and thoughts to share;
A soul to live with me the life divine,
And half grief's burden bear.

I sought for one to be my friend and
guide,
My glory and my joy;
When lo! there stood in brightness by
my side
The minstrel shepherd-boy.

II.

Yes, there he stood, and life's deep-
hidden fountains
Welled from my soul in one abound-
ing flood;
The sun shone brighter on the hoary
mountains,
A sweeter music murmured through
the wood.

It was not for the flush of youthful
beauty,
The golden locks that flowed like sun-
light down;
Through eye's wild flash there gleamed
the star of duty,
And on his brow Truth set her kingly
crown.

Strong arm was his to smite the tyrant
stranger,
Voice soft as maiden's, stirring men to
tears,
A soul that knew no fear of death or
danger,
Wide thoughts of wisdom ripening
with the years:

Forth from his lips there flowed the
song of gladness,
His hand brought music from the
soulless lyre;
And lo, the spell chased all the clouds
of madness,
Wrath passed away as wax before
the fire.

Of warriors old he sang, our fathers'
glory,
The wonders of the nobler days of
old;
And strong, deep music thrilled through
all the story,
Stirring all hearts to deeds of prowess
bold.

He sang the marvels of the earth and
 heaven,
 The starry night, the cloud-built tent
 of God,
 The wild, dark storm on wings of
 tempest driven,
 The snow-clad heights where never
 man has trod :

And new light streamed o'er mountain
 and o'er river,
 New voices mingled with the stream-
 let's song;
 Men's hearts rose up to meet the Eternal
 Giver,
 The slave found freedom, and the
 weak grew strong.

And oh! my heart clave to him as he
 chanted
 The hymns that made the brain and
 spirit thrill;
 I found the prize for which my soul
 had panted,
 The friend and guide of thought, and
 heart, and will.

I track that love throughout life's varied
 chances;
 And still my heart is with him to the
 last,
 Though all our glory wane as his ad-
 vances,
 His the bright future, ours the fail-
 ing past.

III.

I gave him, in that first bright hour of
 meeting,
 My robe, and sword, and shield;
 And oftimes since in every secret greet-
 ing,
 In forest or in field,

That sacrifice of self on true love's
 altar,
 I of free choice renewed;
 Nor shall my spirit fail or purpose
 falter,
 With woman's varying mood.

I trust he loves me still, but love's
 requiting . . .
 What need for that to bless?

Though he should stand a foe against
 me fighting,
 I should not love him less;

Though from his hand should dart the
 spear to slay me,
 I could not him deny;
 No other love have I whereon to stay
 me,
 And when that fails I die:

I dream that he will give a little weep-
 ing
 Above my fameless grave;
 I trust my orphan child to his true
 keeping
 From shame and death to save:

So, though my lineage from the earth
 shall perish,
 Yet faithful to the end,
 He still, through kingly state and strife,
 may cherish
 The memory of his friend.

IV.

That music soft, of tender touch and
 tone,
 That drew the living fount from heart
 of stone,
 Is hushed and passed away;
 Now falls the darkness thicker, and
 mine eye
 Looks out upon the starless, moonless
 sky,
 The dreary, lonely way.

The king, my father, turned in wild
 despair
 To priest and seer, with unregarded
 prayer,
 Seeking for truth and light;
 They answered not, the Urim hid its
 gleams,
 No vision of the future came in dreams,
 But all was dreariest night.

And so with frenzy, as of one who feels
 The curse of God fall on him while he
 kneels,
 He in his maddened moods
 To Endor turned, where still in cavern
 drear

Dwelt one, whose name had been a word
of fear,
In sullen solitudes.

I shudder yet at what I saw and heard,
The spectral form, the whispered, mut-
tering word,
The spells that raise the dead,
The low wild chaunt that came like
mourner's wail,
When o'er the grave sweeps fast the
northern gale,
The lurid light and red.

The kingly face with terror wan and
white,
The tall form stretched upon the earth
all night,
The weariness and woe;
The dreary hours between the mid-
night black
And day's first gloaming, pale and faint
and slack,
The minutes moving slow;

The fixed despair, the wild and vacant
eye
Of one who hates his life, yet cannot
die,
Though even hope is gone.
Dark end, my father, this of all thy
fame,
The songs and shouts that heralded thy
name
The cry of battle won;

Dark end of all the loftier hours of
life
When, raised awhile above its little
strife,
Thy soul rose up to heaven,
And Saul the prophet, bursting into
praise,
Sang the great hymns of earlier, holier
days,
Forgiving and forgiven.

Ah! even yet I dream there lingers still,
Through wildest storms, and wander-
ings of the will,
The man that God will own;
That loftiest hour thou canst not all
forget,
That glory of the past is with thee
yet,
That music from the Throne.

Yes, he shall own it in whose minstrel
notes
A higher strain than priest's or
prophet's floats,
The Spirit from on high;
His voice shall sing of father and of
son,
Who, still unsevered, soul and heart
still one,
In death's dark chamber lie.

Lovely and pleasant yet our names shall
be;
The guilt, the shame, the woe, the
pain, shall flee;
And, as the shadows fall,
Amid the surging storm, and battle's
roar,
We with calm steps approach the eternal
shore,
Where peace reigns over all.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE
(1821-1851).

KYNGE DAVID, HYS LAMENTE
OVER THE BODYES OF KYNGE
SAUL OF ISRAEL AND HIS
SONNE JONATHAN.

THE beautye of the lande ys slayne,
Howe lowlye are the myghte laynel

I.

Now lette us shede the brinie teare,
And lette us heave the pitynge
moane!—
But whyle we strowe the willowe biere
For Ysrael's pryde to lye upon;
Oh! lette not Gath the tidynge heare
Oh, tell yt not yn Askalon,
Let every waylinge sounde of ours
Rayse triumph-shoutes in heathen
bowers!

II.

May raine or dew droppe neuer lyghte
Upon thy mountaynes, Gilboa!
May offerynge flame ne'er crowne thine
heighte
In deepe of nyght or noon of daye!
Where worsted yn unholie fyghte
The myghtie flung hys shielde away;
Caste meanlie on the foulded greene,
As he had ne'er anyonted beene!

III.

From battel fælde they turned them
ne'er
With bowe unstrunge, or blade un-
tryede—

*Pleasant they were yn life, and fayre
Nor yette did deathe theyre lounes
divide—*

Theyre nervous armes myghte scathe-
lesse dare
To bearde the lyon yn hys pryde;
Yette theyre lygte limbs made fleeter
speede
Than eagles stoopynge o'er the meade.

IV.

Ye daughteres of the lande, deplore
For Saule the bounteous and the
bolde,
Whose kynglie hande hath founde you
store

Of crymson geare and clothe of golde:
Alack! that hande can giue noe more,
That worthie harte ys stille and colde;
Unknown amongst the deade and dyinge;
The mightie with the mean are ly-
inge!—

V.

Ah! Jonathan! my brother! lorne
And friendlesse I must looke to be!—
That harte whose woe thou ofte hast
borne

Is sore and strickene nowe for thee!
*Younge brydegroome's loue on brydal
morne,*

Oh! yt was lyghte to thyne for me;
Thy tymelesse lotte I now must playne,
Even on thyne owne highe places slayne!

Howe lowlie now the mightie are!
How still the weapons of the war!

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY (?)
(1554-1586).

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID
OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN
HIS SON.

II. Sam. i:17.

I.

Thy beauty, Israel, is gone
Slain in the places high is he;
The mighty now are overthrown;
O thus how cometh it to be!

Let not this news their streets through-
out,
In Gath or Askalon, be told;
For fear Philistia's daughters flout,*
Lest vaunt the uncircumcised should.

II.

On you, hereafter, let no dew,
You mountains of Gilboa, fall:
Let there be neither showers on you,
Nor fields that breed an offering shall.
For there with shame away was thrown
The target of the strong (alas),
The shield of Saul, e'en as of one,
That ne'er with oil anointed was.

III.

Nor from their blood that slaughter'd
lay,
Nor from the fat of strong men slain,
Came Jonathan his bow away,
Nor drew forth Saul his sword in
vain.
In lifetime they were lovely fair,
In death they undivided are.
More swift than eagles of the air,
And stronger they than lions were.

IV.

Weep, Israel's daughters, weep for Saul,
Who you with scarlet hath array'd;
Who clothed you with pleasures all,
And on your garments gold hath laid.
How comes it he, that mighty was,
The foil in battle doth sustain!
Thou, Jonathan, oh thou (alas)
Upon thy places high wert slain!

V.

And much distressed is my heart,
My brother Jonathan, for thee;
My very dear delight thou wert,
And wondrous was thy love to me:
So wondrous, it surpass'd far
The love of women (every way).
Oh, how the mighty fallen are!
How warlike instruments decay!

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

*Rejoice.

LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER
SAUL AND JONATHAN.

PARAPHRASE OF II. SAM. 1:19-27.

THY beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead;
How are the valiant fallen! The slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh, let it not in Gath be known,
Nor in the streets of Ascalon!

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight;
Lest in the torrent of our woe
Their pleasure flow;
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and their pacons sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay;
No mornig dew, nor fruitful showers,
Clothe you with flowers:
Saul and his arms there made a spoil,
As if untoucht with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won;
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain,
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely, oh, how pleasant, when
They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
Than lions are;
Whom love in life so strangely tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
Lament his fall,
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crowned with peace;
With robes of Tyrian purple deckt,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devoured!
O Jonathan! the better part
Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! oh, how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; oh, nevermore
To man, man bore!

No woman when most passionate
Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fallen in fight!
They and their glory set in night!

GEORGE SANDYS (1577-1644).

DAVID ENAMOURED OF BETH-
SABE.

WHAT tunes, what words, what looks,
what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring,
what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal
heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels'
tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her hus-
band's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes
to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her
pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd
flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest
gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to main-
tain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brim let be embraced with golden
curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the
waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their
recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her
bower
Bear manna every morn, instead of
dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than
that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Her-
mon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's
beard.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdued to me,
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,

Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn
cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed
myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that
dance
On zephyr's wings before the King of
Heaven.

Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's
bower
In water mix'd with purest almond
flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of
kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my de-
sires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure
flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours
wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of
kings.

Now comes my lover tripping like the
roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her
hair;
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign
joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their
nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble
waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful
sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.
GEORGE PEELE [1553 (?) - 1598 (?)].

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

II. Sam. xviii: 33.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe

From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is nor far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,
(1807-1882).

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.

'Twas daybreak, and the fingers of the
dawn
Drew the night's curtain, and touch'd
silently

The eyelids of the king. And David
 woke,
 And robbed himself, and pray'd. The
 inmates, now,
 Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
 Glided along the tessellated floors
 With a pervading murmur, and the
 fount
 Whose music had been all the night
 unheard,
 Play'd as if light had made it audible;
 And each one, waking, bless'd it un-
 aware.

The fragrant strife of sunshine with
 the morn

Sweeten'd the air to ecstasy! and now
 The king's wont was to lie upon his
 couch

Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
 And, shut in from the world, but not
 from heav'n,

Play with his loved son by the fountain's
 lip;

For, with idolatry confess'd alone
 To the rapt wires of his reproofless
 harp,

He loved the child of Bathsheba. And
 when

The golden selvedge of his robe was
 heard

Sweeping the marble pavement, from
 within

Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly,
 and words—

Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only—
 Pleading to come to him. They brought
 the boy—

An infant cherub, leaping as if used
 To hover with that motion upon wings,
 And marvellously beautiful! His brow
 Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,
 And kingly was his infantine regard;
 But his ripe mouth was of the ravishing
 mould

Of Bathsheba's—the hue and type of
 love,

Rosy and passionate—and oh, the moist
 Unfathomable blue of his large eyes
 Gave out its light as twilight shows a
 star,

And drew the heart of the beholder
 in!—

And this was like his mother.

David's lips

Moved with unutter'd blessings, and
 awhile

He closed the lids upon his moisten'd
 eyes,

And, with the round cheek of the nest-
 ling boy

Press'd to his bosom, sat as if afraid
 That but the lifting of his lids might
 jar

The heart-cup's over-fulness. Un-
 observed,

A servant of the outer court had knelt
 Waiting before him; and a cloud the
 while

Had rapidly spread o'er the summer
 heaven;

And, as the chill of the withdrawing
 sun

Fell on the king, he lifted up his eyes
 And frown'd upon the servant—for that
 hour

Was hallow'd to his heart and his fair
 child,

And none might seek him. And the
 king arose,

And with a troubled countenance look'd
 up

To the fast-gathering darkness; and,
 behold,

The servant bowed himself to earth, and
 said,

"Nathan the prophet cometh from the
 Lord!"

And David's lip grew white, and with a
 clasp

Which wrung a murmur from the
 frightened child,

He drew him to his breast and covered
 him

With the long foldings of his robe,
 and said,

"I will come forth. Go now!" And
 lingeringly

With kisses on the fair uplifted brow,
 And mingled words of tenderness and
 prayer

Breaking in tremulous accents from his
 lips,

He gave to them the child, and bowed
 his head

Upon his breast with agony. And so,
 To hear the errand of the man of God,
 He fearfully went forth.

It was the morning of the seventh day.
 A hush was in the palace, for all eyes
 Had woke before the morn; and they
 who drew

The curtains to let in the welcome light,
 Moved in their chambers with unslip-
 per'd feet,
 And listen'd breathlessly. And still no
 stir!
 The servants who kept watch without
 the door
 Sat motionless; the purple casement-
 shades
 From the low windows had been rolled
 away,
 To give the child air; and the flicker-
 ing light
 That, all the night, within the spacious
 court,
 Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one
 spot only,
 Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hush'd

With more than stillness was the room
 where lay
 The king's son on his father's breast.
 His locks
 Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirr'd—
 So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept
 down,
 She watched his breathless slumber. The
 low moan
 That from his lips all night broke fit-
 fully,
 Had silenced with the daybreak; and a
 smile—
 Or something that would fain have been
 a smile—
 Play'd in his parted mouth; and though
 his lids
 Hid not the blue of his unconscious
 eyes,
 His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,
 And Bathsheba in silence bless'd the
 morn—
 That brought back hope to her! But
 when the king
 Heard not the voice of the complain-
 ing child,
 Nor breath from out the room, nor
 foot astir—

But morning there—so welcomeless and
 still—
 He groan'd and turn'd upon his face.
 The nights
 Had wasted; and the mornings come;
 and days

Crept through the sky, unnumber'd by
 the king,
 Since the child sicken'd; and, without
 the door,
 Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had
 lain—
 Listening only to the moans that brought
 Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
 Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
 In loving utterance all broke with tears,
 Spoke as his heart would speak if he
 were there,
 And fill'd his prayer with agony. O
 God!
 To thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!
 How fail the weak words while the
 heart keeps on!
 And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,
 Kneels at thy throne, how cold, how dis-
 tantly
 The comforting of friends falls on the
 ear—
 The anguish they would speak to, gone
 to Thee.

But suddenly the watchers at the door
 Rose up, and they who ministered within
 Crept to the threshold and look'd earn-
 estly
 Where the king lay. And still, while
 Bathsheba
 Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
 The curtains were let down, and all
 came forth,
 And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
 Whispered together.

And the king arose

And gazed on them a moment, and with
 voice
 Of quick, uncertain utterance, he ask'd,
 "Is the child dead?" They answer'd,
 "He is dead!"
 But when they look'd to see him fall
 again
 Upon his face, and rend himself and
 weep—
 For, while the child was sick, his agony
 Would bear no comforters, and they had
 thought
 His heartstrings with the tidings must
 give way—
 Behold! his face grew calm, and, with
 his robe
 Gather'd together like his kingly wont,
 He silently went in.

And David came,
 Robed and anointed, forth, and to the
 house
 Of God went up to pray. And he re-
 turn'd,
 And they set bread before him, and he
 ate—
 And when they marvell'd, he said,
*"Wherefore mourn?
 The child is dead, and I shall go to
 him—
 But he will not return to me."*

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil
 hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the
 still,
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream; the
 willow leaves
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds; and the long
 stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle
 nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature
 tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashion'd for a happier
 world!
 King David's limbs were weary. He
 had fled
 From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
 With his faint people, for a little rest
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light
 wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his
 brow
 To its refreshing breath; for he had
 worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not
 felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gather'd round him on the fresh
 green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words; and, as
 the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among
 them there,

And bow'd his head upon his hands to
 pray.
 Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter
 thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of
 courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in
 prayer!
 He pray'd for Israel—and his voice
 went up
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for
 those
 Whose love had been his shield—and his
 deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being, who had burst
 away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him
 he pour'd,
 In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him
 there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.
 * * * * *
 The pall was settled. He who slept
 beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as
 the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they be-
 tray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken
 curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they
 sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance,
 bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet: his banner,
 soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was
 laid,
 Reversed, behind him: and the jewell'd
 hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his
 blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd
 brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their
 chief,

The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd
his blade

As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king
stood still

Till the last echo died; then, throwing
off

The sackcloth from his brow, and laying
back

The pall from the still features of his
child,

He bow'd his head upon him, and broke
forth

In the resistless eloquence of wo:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst
die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully
fair!

That death should settle in thy glorious
eye,

And leave his stillness in this cluster-
ing hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent
tomb!

My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am
chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press
thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to

caress thee,

And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from
these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the
gush

Of music, and the voices of the
young;

And life will pass me in the mantling
blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft winds
flung;—

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice,
shalt come

To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my
heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be
broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last
deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gather-
ing gloom,

To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give
thee up,

With death so like a gentle slumber
on thee;—

And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink
the cup,

If from this wo its bitterness had won
thee.

May God have call'd thee, like a wan-
derer, home,

My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bowed him-
self

A moment on his child: then, giving
him

A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;

And, as if strength were given him of
God,

He rose up calmly, and composed the
pall

Firmly and decently—and left him
there—

As if his rest had been a breathing
sleep.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

(1806-1867).

THE TOMB OF ABSALOM.

Is this thy tomb, amid the mournful
shades

Of the deep valley of Jehoshaphat,
Thou son of David? Kidron's gentle

brook

Is murmuring near, as if it fain would
tell

Thy varied history. Methinks I see
Thy graceful form, thy smile, thy spark-
ling eye,

The glorious beauty of thy flowing hair,
And that bright eloquent lip, whose cun-
ning stole

The hearts of all the people. Didst thou waste
The untold treasures of integrity,
The gold of conscience for their light applause,
Thou fair dissembler?

Say, rememberest thou
When o'er yon flinty steep of Olivet
A sorrowing train went up? Dark frowning seers

Denouncing judgment on a rebel prince,
Past sadly on; and next a crownless king

Walking in sad and humbled majesty,
While hoary statesmen bent upon his brow

Indignant looks of tearful sympathy,
What caused the weeping there?

Thou heardest it not;
For thou within the city's walls didst hold

Thy revel brief and base. So thou could'st set

The embattled host against thy father's life,

The king of Israel, and the loved of God!

He 'mid the evils of his changeful lot,
Saul's moody hatred, stern Philistia's spear,

His alien wanderings, and his warrior toil,

Found nought so bitter as the rankling thorn

Set, by thy madness of ingratitude,
Deep in his yearning soul.

What were thy thoughts
When in the mesh of thy own tresses snared

Amid the oak, whose quiet verdure mocked

Thy misery, forsook by all who shared
Thy meteor-greatness, and constrained to learn

There, in that solitude of agony,
A traitor hath no friends!—What were thy thoughts

When death, careering on the triple dart
Of vengeful Joab, found thee? To thy God

Rose there one cry of penitence, one prayer

For that unmeasured mercy which can cleanse

Unbounded guilt? Or turned thy stricken heart

Toward him who o'er thy infant graces watched

With tender pride, and all thy sins of youth

In blindfold fondness pardoned? All thy crimes

Were cancelled in that plenitude of love

Which laves with fresh and everlasting tide

A parent's heart.

I see that form, which awed
The foes of Israel with its victor might,
Bowed low in grief, and hear upon the breeze

That sweeps the palm-groves of Jerusalem,

The wild continuous wail,—“Oh Absalom!

My son! my son!”

We turn us from thy tomb,
Usurping prince! Thy beauty and thy grace

Have perished with thee, but thy fame survives—

The ingrate son that pierced a father's heart.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

[JOAB'S ADDRESS TO DAVID ON DEATH OF ABSALOM.]

WHAT! irks it David, that he victor breathes,

That Juda, and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?

What! art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,

And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,

That thou must curse his servant for his sake?

Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,

The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,

And not as flowers, by the brightest rain,

Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade?

Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,

That cannot be preserved with the hand;
 And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd
 With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
 Or with the shaft of a defencèd spear?
 And art thou angry he is now cut off,
 That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
 And was more wicked than an host of men?
 Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
 And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
 Or, by the Lord that sways the Heaven,
 I swear,
 I'll lead thine armies to another king,
 Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;
 And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
 When his fair looks with oil and wine refresh'd,
 Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
 And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
 That, when elsewhere stern War shall sound his trump,
 And call another battle to the field,
 Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
 And for their service happily confess
 She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
 Take thou this course and live: refuse and die.

GEORGE PEELE [1553 (?) - 1598 (?)].

[JOAB'S DESCRIPTION OF DAVID.]

BEAUTEOUS and bright is he among the tribes;
 As when the sun, attired in glistering robe,
 Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
 And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
 His radiant beams: such doth King David show,
 Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
 Shining in riches like the firmament,

The starry vault that overhangs the earth;
 So looketh David, King of Israel.
 GEORGE PEELE [1553 (?) - 1598 (?)].

JOAB AT THE BATTLE OF MEDEBA:

ON Medeba's fair plain and waving meads
 Three mighty armies moved like some deep flood,
 Expecting signal triumph through brave deeds,
 While drenching fields and vales with human blood:
 And flashing spears and crests reflect the light
 But none might tell how many fall ere night.

On Israel's right in ranks on ranks, appear
 The boasted Syrian host in purple gay,
 With chariot and horseman, bow and spear,
 Nor doubting issue of the coming fray;
 Their champion steeds, bedecked with trappings bright,
 Necks clothed with thunder, ready for the fight.

And marshalled on the left a countless host
 That seemed to rob all Ammon of her men
 Whose sounding war cries rose in vaunting boast
 To strew the field with Israelites, and when,
 Amid the awful carnage, triumphs shout
 And chase the fleeing Israelites' wild rout.

Yet Joab's men were marshalled on the plain
 With waving banners in the morning sun,
 And nodding plumes were scattered through the train
 O'er veterans well scarred through vic-tories won:
 But right and left confronting hordes so vast
 That even Joab's soldiers well might stand agast.

But chief among his warriors Joab
stood
All Israel's hope and pride, whose iron
will
Unyielding e'en as when in lustihood
He led against the Jebusites' strong hill
His forlorn hope in all his manhood
powers,
And stormed and took Jerusalem's high
towers.

He lifted up his head with kingly glance,
And confident his gaze that all might
see;
While warriors firmer grasped the
sword and lance,
With faith that o'er them hovered vic-
tory;
Their chief, the hero of a hundred
fights;
Aye, but for Joab, where were Israel's
might?

Then Joab waved his blade and raised
his voice:
"Stand like a massive rock 'gainst
Syria's host!
And warriors with Abishai rejoice!
Let not vain Ammon make one future
boast!"
And as the chieftain spake his voice
rang out
With ringing vigor and exultant
shout:—

"Trust in the Lord of hosts! Quit ye
like men!
Yea, battle for the cities of our God;
For he shall give us victory again
And chariots and horsemen feel his rod;
Lift up your towering heads, ye lofty
gates!
The Lord of hosts, the King of glory
waits.

"Fear not vile worshippers of wood and
stone;
Fear not their numbers tho they seem
a deluge;
But teach these heathen, God is God
alone;
The mighty God of Jacob is our refuge!
Dread sheol widely yawns for their
doomed host;
For none this day save Israel shall
boast!

Philistia's lords were once in mail at-
tired;
Yet now are they as tho they had not
been;
O'erthrown the idols are which once in-
spired
The Jebusites and all their hordes of
sin;
Altho defended by their lofty rock,
To rise no more they fell 'neath Israel's
shock!

"God counts not numbers! Yea, in
Samson's day,
With eyes plucked out by those vile
heathen beasts,
He wrecked their temple and did thou-
sands slay,
And gave to Israel fifty years of peace:
Hcr warrior kings, and nobles 'mong
her dead,
Philistia was left without a head!

"Behold, the fairy forms of Israel's
daughters;
With dance and rolling timbrels soon
shall meet us,
And wives and children join like rip-
pling waters,
And throngs and clashing cymbal then
shall greet us;
For on our banners victory shall rest,
And joy and gladness fill each loyal
breast!

Then in two bands he marched his men
between
The two vast hordes of twice out-
numb'ring foe,
And faced his bands of foes, with faith
serene
That God would all their enemies o'er-
throw,
Opposing forces would the contest yield,
And Israel in glory sweep the field.

Then fierce and fast the rush and clash
of steel,
The neighing war-horse, the swift
chariot's rattle,
The javelins, spears, arrows, thousands
reel,
And fall as fall the brave in raging bat-
tle;

192 JOAB AT THE BATTLE OF MEDEBA—BARZILLAI.

The captains and the shoutings! Hark!
One shout,
Exultant, fearless, Joab's voice rings
out:—

"Smite for the Lord of hosts! Stand
for our King!
Smite for our children, for our wives
and homes!
Yea, battle for our God! Let triumphs
ring!
Fight on till horse and rider are o'er-
thrown!
Smite Israel, smite like hurricane's
fierce breath
Until each foe shall flee or sink in
death!

Play ye the warrior! God is on our
side!
He fights for us in battle's fiercest hour;
And gives the victory! Behold the tide
Of war and triumph flows from his
dread power.
Wave banners, wave 'gainst gods of
wood and of stone.
The battle is the Lord's and His alone!"

Like ocean billows rolling up the shore,
Assaulting in mad fury wave on wave,
So Syria and Ammon, 'mid the roar
Of battling thousands, fronting dan-
gers brave:
Yet e'en as mountain waves, by massive
rock,
The Israelites repel their fiercest shock.

"The sword of God and Joab!" Israel
cries;
"Down with the heathen to the very
dust!"
O'er Medeba's wide plain the war-cry
flies,
And heathens flee as leaves 'fore
autumn's gust:
Like frightened sheep and goats from
lion's roar
The foes of Israel flee or sink in gore.

And then the shouts of victory arise;
Israel's loud rejoicings fill the air;
The voice of joy and gladness rend the
skies
And drown the sighs and groans of fell
despair,

While Joab, as though crowned by some
bright star,
Moves in his glory like the god of war.

And yet, shall widows, maidens, chil-
dren mourn,
Weep for their husbands, lovers,
fathers, slain;
How many awful burdens must be
borne!
And tears and tears shall fall and fall
in vain:
Ten thousand friends and foes sleep
sound together,
To wake again to deeds of valor never.

O Israel, Israel, ne'er again
May some great chieftain thy brave
warriors lead,
To strow with foes some famous battle
plain;
But soon may joy and gladness come
indeed!
Foul persecution tomb with other dead,
And the Lord God of Jacob lift thy
head!

ALEXANDER S. ARNOLD.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

*"Let me be buried by the grave of
my father and of my mother."*—II. Sam.
xix: 37.

SON of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honours stay
me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;—
Where my parent's ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly
trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God:—
Oh! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise,
To yonder blissful skies,

Where angel-hosts resplendent shine,
Jehovah!—Lord of Hosts, the glory
shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death,
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still a sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace,—the form of sym-
metry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile that soothed my
sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread
Methinks, doth steal away
Treasures that the mind had laid
Up for a wintry day:—
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir,
Good and evil like a dream
Half obscured and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul re-
membereth her,
Yea,—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side, make ye my
sepulchre.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

*"And Rizpah the daughter of 'Aiah
took sackcloth, and spread it for her
upon the rock, from the beginning of
harvest until water dropped upon them
out of heaven, and suffered neither the
birds of the air to rest on them by day,
nor the beasts of the field by night."*—
II. Sam. xxi: 10.

Who watches on the mountain with the
dead,
Alone before the awfulness of night?—
A seer awaiting the deep spirit's might?
A warrior guarding some dark pass of
dread?

No, a lorn woman!—On her drooping
head,
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats the
rain:
She recks not—living for the unburied
slain,
Only to scare the vulture from their
bed.
So, night by night, her vigil hath she
kept
With the pale stars, and with the dews
hath wept;—
Oh! surely some bright Presence from
above
On those wild rocks the lonely one must
aid!—
E'en so; a strengthener through all
storm and shade,
Th' unconquerable Angel, mightiest
Love!

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

RIZPAH WITH HER SONS

*(The Day Before They Were Hanged
on Gibeah).*

"BREAD for my mother!" said the voice
of one
Darkening the door of Rizpah. She
look'd up—
And lo! the princely countenance and
mien
Of dark-brow'd Armoni. The eye of
Saul—
The very voice and presence of the
king—
Limb, port, and majesty,—were present
there,
Mock'd like an apparition in her son.
Yet, as he stoop'd his forehead to her
hand
With a kind smile, a something of his
mother
Unbent the haughty arching of his lip,
And, through the darkness of the
widow's heart
Trembled a nerve of tenderness that
shook
Her thought of pride all suddenly to
tears.

"Whence comest thou?" said Rizpah.

"From the house

Of David. In his gate there stood a soldier—
This in his hand. I pluck'd it, and I said,
'A king's son takes it for his hungry mother!'
God stay the famine!

* * * * * As he spoke, a step,
Light as an antelope's, the threshold
press'd,
And like a beam of light into the room
Enter'd Mephibosheth. What bird of
heaven
Or creature of the wild—what flower of
earth—
Was like this fairest of the sons of
Saul!
The violet's cup was harsh to his blue
eye.
Less agile was the fierce barb's fiery
step.
His voice drew hearts to him. His
smile was like
The incarnation of some blessèd dream—
Its joyousness so sunn'd the gazer's eye!
Fair were his locks. His snowy teeth
divided
A bow of Love, drawn with a scarlet
thread.
His cheek was like the moist heart of
the rose;
And, but for nostrils of that breathing
fire
That turns the lion back, and limbs as
lithe
As is the velvet muscle of the pard,
Mephibosheth had been too fair for
man.

As if he were a vision that would fade,
Rizpah gazed on him. Never, to her
eye,
Grew his bright form familiar; but,
like stars,
That seem'd each night new lit in a
new heaven,
He was each morn's sweet gift to her.
She loved
Her firstborn, as a mother loves her
child,
Tenderly, fondly. But for him—the
last—
What had she done for heaven to be
his mother!

Her heart rose in her throat to hear
his voice;
She look'd at him forever through her
tears;
Her utterance, when she spoke to him,
sank down,
As if the lightest thought of him had
lain
In an unfathom'd cavern of her soul.
The morning light was part of him, to
her—
What broke the day for, but to show
his beauty?
The hours but measured time till he
should come;

Too tardy sang the bird when he was
gone;
She would have shut the flowers—and
call'd the star
Back to the mountain-top—and bade the
sun
Pause at eve's golden door—to wait for
him!
Was this a heart gone wild?—or is the
love
Of mothers like a madness? Such as
this
Is many a poor one in her humble home,
Who silently and sweetly sits alone,
Pouring her life all out upon her child.
What cares she that he does not feel
how close
Her heart beats after his—that all un-
seen
Are the fond thoughts that follow him
by day,
And watch his sleep like angels? And,
when moved
By some sore needed Providence, he
stops
In his wild path and lifts a thought to
heaven,
What cares the mother that he does not
see
The link between the blessing and her
prayer!

He who once wept with Mary—angels
keeping
Their unthank'd watch—are a fore-
shadowing
Of what love is in heaven. We may be-
lieve

That we shall know each other's forms
 hereafter,
 And, in the bright fields of the better
 land,
 Call the lost dead to us. Oh conscious
 heart!
 That in the lone paths of this shadowy
 world
 Hast bless'd all light, however dimly
 shining,
 That broke upon the darkness of thy
 way—
 Number thy lamps of love, and tell me,
 now,
 How many canst thou re-light at the
 stars
 And blush not at their burning? One—
 one only—
 Lit while your pulses by one heart kept
 time,
 And fed with faithful fondness to your
 grave—
 (Tho' sometimes with a hand stretch'd
 back from heaven)
 Steadfast thro' all things—near, when
 most forgot—
 And with its finger of unerring truth
 Pointing the lost way in thy darkest
 hour—
 One lamp—*thy mother's love*—amid the
 stars
 Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and,
 before
 The throne of God, burn through eter-
 nity—
 Holy—as it was lit and lent thee here.

The hand in salutation gently raised
 To the bow'd forehead of the princely
 boy,
 Linger'd amid his locks. "I sold," he
 said,
 "My Lybian barb for but a cake of
 meal—
 Lo! this—my mother! As I pass'd the
 street,
 I hid it in my mantle, for there stand
 Famishing mothers, with their starving
 babes,
 At every threshold; and wild, desperate
 men
 Prowl, with the eyes of tigers, up and
 down,
 Watching to rob those who, from house
 to house,

Beg for the dying. Fear not thou, my
 mother!
 Thy sons will be Elijah's ravens to
 thee!"

[UNFINISHED.]

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

RIZPAH.

HEAR what the desolate Rizpah said,
 As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the
 dead.
 The sons of Michal before her lay,
 And her own fair children, dearer than
 they:
 By a death of shame they had all died,
 And were stretched on the bare rock,
 side by side.
 And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
 That bloomed and smiled in the court
 of Saul,
 All wasted with watching and famine
 now,
 And scorched by the sun her haggard
 brow,
 Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses
 there,
 And murmured a strange and solemn
 air:
 The low, heart-broken and wailing strain
 Of a mother that mourns her children
 slain:

"I have made the crags my home, and
 spread
 On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
 I have eaten the bitter herb of the
 rocks,
 And drunk the midnight dew in my
 locks;
 I have wept till I could not weep, and
 the pain
 Of my burning eyeballs went to my
 brain.
 Seven blackened corpses before me lie
 In the blaze of the sun and the winds
 of the sky.
 I have watched them through the burn-
 ing day,
 And driven the vulture and raven away;
 And the cormorant wheeled in circles
 round,
 Yet feared to alight on the guarded
 ground;

And, when the shadows of twilight
came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled;
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the
night.

Ye were foully murdered, my hapless
sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming
prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned—but he paid the price of his
guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand
was spilt;
When he strove with the heathen host
in vain,
And fell with the flower of his people
slain;
And the sceptre his children's hands
should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

But I hoped that the cottage roof
would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me;
And that while they ripened to man-
hood fast,
They should wean my thoughts from
the woes of the past.
And my bosom swelled with a mother's
pride,
As they stood in their beauty and
strength by my side.
Tall, like their sire, with the princely
grace
Of his stately form and the bloom of
his face.
Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
When I clasped their knees and wept
and prayed,
And struggled and shrieked to Heaven
for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate
strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at
length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children
died.

They died—and the mother that gave
them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with
earth.

The barley harvest was nodding white
When my children died on the rocky
height,
And the reapers were singing on hill
and plain
When I came to my task of sorrow and
pain.
And now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors
of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long, drear storm on its heavy
wings;
But the howling wind and the driving
rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to
scare
The beasts of the desert and fowls of
air."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

RIZPAH.

II. Samuel xxi: 1-11.

NIGHT came at last. The noisy throng
had gone;
And where the sun so late, like alchemist,
Turned spear and shield and chariot to
gold
No sound was heard.
The awful deed was done;
And vengeance sated to the full had
turned
Away. The Amorites had drunk the
blood
Of Saul* and were content. The last
armed guard
Had gone, and stillness dwelt upon the
scene.
The rocky mount slept fast in solitude;
The dry, dead shrubs stood weird and
grim, and marked
The narrow, heated road that sloped
and wound
To join the King's highway. No living
thing

*His children's blood.

Was seen; nor insect, bird nor beast
 was heard;
 The very air came noiselessly across
 The blighted barley fields below, yet
 stirred
 No leaflet with its sultry breath.

Above,

A mist half hid the vaulted firmament,
 And stars shone dimly as though
 through a veil;
 Still was their light full adequate to
 show
 Those rigid shapes that seeming stood
 erect,
 Yet bleeding hung, each from its up-
 right cross,
 A mute companion to its ghastly kin.

The middle watch was come, yet silence
 still
 Oppressed the night; the twigs stood
 motionless
 Like listening phantoms, when, from out
 The shadow of a jutting rock there
 came
 A moving thing of life, a wolf-like
 form,—
 With slow and stealthy tread it came,
 then stopped.
 To sniff the air, then nearer moved to
 where
 The seven gibbets stood.

Then came a shriek,

A cry of mortal fear that pierced the
 soul
 Of night; then up from earth a figure
 sprang,
 The frightened jackal leaped away, and
 once
 More Rizpah crouched beneath her dead.
 So night
 And day she watched; beneath the burn-
 ing sun
 By day, beneath the stars and moon by
 night;
 All through the long passover feast she
 watched.
 Oft in the lonely vigil back through
 years
 She went; in fancy she was young again,
 The favored one of mighty Saul the
 King;
 Again she mingled with the courtly
 throng,

And led her laughing boys before her
 lord,
 Their father. Starting then, with up-
 turned face,
 And gazing from her hollow, tearless
 eyes,
 Her blackened lips would move, but
 make no sound.

Then sinking to the ground she caught
 once more
 The thread of thought, and thought
 brought other scenes;
 She saw the stripling warrior David,
 son
 Of Jesse, whom the populace adored
 And Saul despised; then Merab came,
 and then
 Her sweet-faced sister, Michal, whose
 quick wit
 And love saved David's life.

Then Rizpah rose,

Yea, like a tigress sprang unto her feet.
 "Thou David, curst be thou and thine!"
 she shrieked,
 "Thou ingrate murderer! Had Saul
 but lived,
 And hadst thou fallen upon thy sword
 instead,
 My sons, my children, still would live!"
 'Twas in
 The morning watch, and Rizpah's last,
 that bright,
 Clear, glowed The Milky Way. The
 Pleiades
 Like molten gold shone forth; e'en Sisy-
 phus
 Peeped timidly, and with her sisters
 gazed
 Upon the seven crucified below.
 Such cause for woman's pity ne'er was
 seen,
 And stars, e'en stones, might weep for
 Rizpah's woe,
 Whose mother love was deathless as her
 soul.

The gray dawn came. The sky was
 overcast;
 The wind had changed, and sobbed a
 requiem.
 Still Rizpah slept, and dreamed. She
 heard the sound
 Of harps and timbrels in her girlhood
 home—
 When rush of wings awakened her.
 She rose,

Her chilled form shaking unto death.
 She looked,
 And saw the loathsome vultures at their
 work.
 But bolder were they as she weaker
 grew,
 Till one huge bird swooped at her
 fierce,
 And sunk its talons in her wasted arm.
 She threw it off; the hideous monster
 fled,
 And Rizpah fell. It then began to rain.
 The famine ceased, and Rizpah's watch
 was done.

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

RIZPAH.

THE long, bright day of harvest toil is
 past,
 The fragrant sheaves are bound, the
 reapers gone,
 Slowly from out the west the yellow
 rays
 Of ripening sunshine die, hushed song
 and jest;
 And from the sacrifice by priestly hands
 Sweet, spicy incense, like a voiceless
 prayer,
 Floats upon perfumed wings to Mercy's
 throne.
 Down cloudy pathway walks the com-
 ing night,
 Casting mysterious shadows in her way,
 Shadows that fill each sense with vague
 alarm,
 More frightful for their very nothing-
 ness.
 Look! how the shrinking moon creeps
 up the skies,
 Holding with trembling hand her silver
 lamp,
 Hiding her face behind a filmy veil,
 As if she dared not look upon the sight
 Of the dread something which her light
 reveals.
 See! See! On Gibeah's Hill, what
 phantoms rise,
 Swinging and swaying idly to and fro,
 Against the mantle of the startled night,
 Like nameless terrors creeping through
 a dream.
 Great God! these shapes are men! See
 how they hang
 Within the shadows of the shivering
 trees,

Like haunting ghosts, between fair earth
 and heaven,
 Men—with stony eye-balls looking down
 Soulless and lifeless into other eyes—
 Eyes full of mother-love gone mad with
 woe.
 Sure earth below, or pitying Heaven
 above,
 Saw never sight so strangely pitiful:
 Rizpah, her poor, gray tresses all un-
 bound,
 Each nerve and muscle held by mighty
 will,
 Fearless in all her agony of love,
 Guarding her precious dead against the
 vultures.
 Tossing her thin, bare arms with ges-
 tures wild,
 To fright them as they whirl and circle
 low,
 With flapping wings and harsh, discord-
 ant cries,
 Eager to taste the horrid feast of death.
 Hark! how the frenzied voice disturbs
 the night,
 And look how grief and dread have
 marked her face
 With awful lines of passionate despair.
 "Back! back! ye shall not touch one
 shining hair,
 Or fan the poor, dead cheeks with
 poisonous wings;
 What can ye do with aught so fair?
 Go find your prey amid unholy things.
 Back! let your sickening greed else-
 where be fed,
 A mother watches o'er this precious
 child;
 Mine own, mine only! why, alas! do I,
 I, in whose sluggish veins the life moves
 slow,
 Still cumber earth's fair ways, while ye
 must die
 In all the strength of manhood's lusty
 glow?
 Why might not I for broken vows atone,
 And give this life for thine, mine own,
 mine own?
 Heavens! how their nerveless bodies in
 the breeze
 Float ever to and fro and to and fro,
 Swaying in silence through the trem-
 bling trees,
 Like pendulums, to count my hours of
 woe,

Hours crowding up like horror's dark abyss.
 O patient God! was ever sight like this?
 My sons! My sons! are those the love-lit eyes
 Whose merry glances warmed my heart like wine?
 Are those the cheeks once bright with life's rich dyes?
 Those the red lips whose sweetness clung to mine?
 Is it a dream? Still I wake, ere while
 Wake to their living glance, and touch, and smile.
 They were my babes once; they used to lie
 With soft lips murmuring at my love-warm breast,
 Cooing sweet answers to the lullaby
 I sang to put them to their cradle rest.
 Listen! upon the night-winds, clear and low,
 Come fragments of that song of long ago.
 'Twas thus I sung—a foolish little strain—
 Yet babes and mothers love such music well,
 E'en now its cadence soothes my restless brain;
 I think I hear the angels sing it—who can tell?
 My children loved it so in twilight gray.
 'Tis twilight now. Alas! and where are they?
 Listen—"Sleep, Sleep—the south wind blows,
 Rocking the bee in the thornless rose,
 The baby birds have gone to bed,
 The drowsy blue-bell hangs its head;
 Blue-bell and baby, bee and rose,
 Sleep! the south-wind softly blows,
 The tide ebbs, the tide flows,
 Night comes, but night goes,
 Sleep! Sleep!"
 Thus night and day her wild, sad watch went on,
 And none could win her from her loving task.
 At length the barley-sheaves were gathered home,
 And once again the dry skies rained soft tears,
 As if in sorrow for her tearless woe,

And pitying Heaven made man more pitiful.
 King David's heart grew tender at the sight,
 And, filled with wonder at her mighty love,
 He took her precious dead with reverent hands,
 Enfolded them with costly cerements,
 Wet with the baptism of her grateful tears,
 More fragrant than all balms and spices fine,
 And gave them sepulchre with kindred dust.
 Then Rizpah's work was finished. She arose,
 Folded her sack-cloth tent and went her way,
 Down through the valley to her childless home,
 Poor, waiting Rizpah. After many days
 Death came to her. (How slowly does he come
 When hearts are breaking—and are waiting to break—
 As if he grudged the comfort of a grave).
 'Twas twilight in the harvest-time again,
 She seemed to slumber. When she clasped her arms
 As if she held a baby at her breast
 And sung this fragment of a cradle-song:
 "Sleep! the south wind softly blows,
 The tide ebbs, the tide flows,
 Night comes, but night goes,
 Sleep! Sleep!"
 Then Rizpah slept.

LUCY BLINS.

DAVID'S THREE MIGHTY ONES.

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehém, which is by the gate!"—II. Sam. xxiii:15.

FAINT on Rephaim's sultry side
 Sat Israel's warrior-king;
 "Oh for one draught," the hero cried,
 "From Bethlehém's cooling spring!
 From Bethlehém's spring, upon whose brink
 My youthful knee bent down to drink!

"I know the spot, by yonder gate,
Beside my father's home,
Where pilgrims love at eve to wait,
And girls for water come.
Oh for that healing water now,
To quench my lip, to cool my brow!

"But round that gate, and in that home,
And by that sacred well,
Now hostile feet insulting roam,
And impious voices swell.
The Philistine holds Bethlehem's halls,
While we pine here beneath its walls."

Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard
The wish their king expressed;
Exchanged a glance, but not a word,
And dashed from midst the rest.
And strong in zeal, with ardor flushed,
They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

The foe fast mustering to attack,
Their fierceness could not rein;
No friendly voice could call them back.
"Shall David long in vain?
Long for a cup from Bethlehem's spring,
And none attempt the boon to bring?"

And now the city gate they gain,
And now in conflict close;
Unequal odds! three dauntless men
Against unnumbered foes.
Yet through their ranks they plough
their way
Like galleys through the ocean spray.

The gate is forced, the crowd is passed;
They scour the open street;
While hosts are gathering fierce and fast
To block up their retreat.
Haste back! haste back, ye desperate
three!
Or Bethlehem soon your grave must be!

They come again; and with them bring
Nor gems nor golden prey;
A single cup from Bethlehem's spring
Is all they bear away;
And through the densest of the train
Fight back their glorious way again.

O'er broken shields and prostrate foes
They urge their conquering course.
Go, try the tempest to oppose,
Arrest the lightning's force;
But hope not, Pagans, to withstand
The shock of Israel's chosen band!

Hurrah! hurrah! again they're free;
And 'neath the open sky,
On the green turf they bend the knee,
And lift the prize on high;
Then onward through the shouting
throng
To David bear their spoil along.

All in their blood and dust they sink
Full low before their king.
"Again," they cry, "let David drink
Of his own silver spring;
And if the draught our lord delight,
His servants' toil 't will well requite."

With deep emotion David took
From their red hands the cup;
Cast on its stains a shuddering look,
And held it heavenward up.
"I prize your boon," exclaimed the king,
"But dare not taste the draught you
bring.

"I prize the zeal that perilled life
A wish of mine to crown;
I prize the might that in the strife
Bore foes by thousands down:
But dare not please myself with aught
By Israel's blood and peril bought.

"To Heaven the glorious spoil is due;
And His the offering be,
Whose arm has borne you safely
through,
My brave, but reckless three!"
Then on the earth the cup he poured,
A free libation to the Lord.

.
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793-1847).

DAVID IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

DAVID and his three captains bold
Kept ambush once within a hold.
It was in Adullam's cave,
Nigh which, no water they could have.
Nor spring nor running brook was near
To quench the thirst that parched them
there.

Then David king of Israel
Straight bethought him of a well
Which stood beside the city gate
At Bethlem: Where, before his state
Of kingly dignity, he had
Oft drunk his fill, a shepherd lad.

But now his fierce Philistian foe
Encamped before it he does know.
Yet ne'er the less with heat oppress,
Those three bold captains he address,
And wished that one to him would
bring

Some water from his native spring.
His valiant captains instantly
To execute his will did fly,
Those three brave men the ranks broke
through

Of armed foes, and water drew
For David, their beloved king,
At his own sweet native spring.
Back through their enemies they haste,
With the hard-earned treasure graded.
What with such danger they had sought,
With joy unto their king they brought.
But when the good king David found
What they had done, he on the ground
The water poured, "Because," said he,
"That it was at the jeopardy
Of your three lives this thing ye did,
That I should drink it God forbid."

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.
(1775-1834) (1765-1847).

THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

THERE is sound of war in Judah, and
over Ephrath's plain,
Though the fields are ripe for harvest,
no Hebrew reaps the grain;
For the armies of the heathen have
come with flame and sword
To waste the pleasant dwellings of the
people of the Lord.
In the valley of the giants Philistine
tents are spread,
And their warriors are marshalled with-
in the house of bread.
No chief goes forth against them, and
no champion comes to save;
For Israel's hope, an exile, is pent with-
in a cave.
Around him still are gathered a chosen
faithful few,
Tried in full many a battle, and to his
banner true.
Upon the cliffs of limestone rock the
autumn sunbeams beat,
And glare upon the hunted band with
all their parching heat,
Till David, faint and thirsty, in his long-
ing speaks to them,—

Would that I had but water from the
well of Bethlehem!

Then up arose three chieftains from the
places where they sate,
To bring their master water from the
fount beside the gate.

They reck not of the thousand swords
which fain would bar their way,
But calm in strength and valor straight
address them to the fray.

Three men against an army vast, they
have no thought of flight,
For each against a host of men hath
stood alone in fight.

Too well Philistine widows have learnt
those three names in woe,—
Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerless
Adino.

Those mighty men have broken through
all that opposing ring,
And have borne the cooling water in
triumph to their king.

But David hath the chalice out before
Jehovah poured,
Saying, "This is blood, not water; I
may not drink it, Lord!"

RICHARD FREDERICK LITLEDAL
(1833-1890).

THE WATER OF BETHLEHEM GATE.

(From "Three Cups of Cold Water.")

THE princely David, with his outlaw
band,
Lodged in the cave Adullam. Wild and
fierce,
With lion-like faces, and with eagle
eyes,
They followed where he led. The
danger pressed,
For over all the land the Philistines
Had spread their armies. Through
Rephaim's vale
Their dark tents mustered thick, and
David's home,
His father's city, Bethlehem, owned
them lords.
'Twas harvest, and the crops of ripening
corn
They ravaged, and with rude feet
trampled down
The tender vines. Men hid themselves
for fear

In wood or caves. The brave undaunted
 few,
 Gathering round David, sought the
 mountain hold.
 The sun was hot, and all day long they
 watched
 With spear in hand and never-resting
 eye,
 As those who wait for battle. But at
 eve
 The eye grew dim, the lips were parched
 with thirst,
 And from that arid rock no trickling
 stream
 Of living water gushed. From time-
 worn skins
 The tainted drops were poured, and
 fevered lips
 Half-loathing drank them up. And
 David's soul
 Was weary; the hot simoon scorched
 his veins;
 The strong sun smote on him, and, faint
 and sick,
 He sat beneath the shadow of the rock.
 And then before his eyes a vision came,
 Cool evening, meadows green, and
 pleasant sounds
 Of murmuring fountains. Oft in days
 of youth,
 When leading home his flocks as sunset
 fell,
 That fount had quenched his thirst, and
 dark-eyed girls,
 The pride and joy of Bethlehem, meet-
 ing there,
 Greeted the shepherd boy, their chief-
 tain's son
 (As, bright and fair with waving locks
 of gold
 Exulting in the flush of youth's full
 glow,
 He mingled with their throng), and
 gazing, rapt
 With wonder at his beauty, gave him
 drink.
 And now the word came feebly from
 his lips,
 A murmur half in silence, which the ear
 Of faithful followers caught: "Oh!
 who will bring
 From that fair stream, which flowing by
 the gate
 Of Bethlehem's wall makes music in the
 ear,
 One drop to cool this tongue?" They
 heard, the three,

The mightiest of the thirty, swift of foot
 As are the harts upon the mountains,
 strong
 As are the lions down by Jordan's
 banks;
 They heard and darted forth; down
 rock and crag
 They leapt, as leaps the torrent on its
 course,
 Through plain and vale they sped, and
 never stayed,
 Until the wide encampment of the foe
 Warned them of danger nigh. But not
 for fear
 Abandoned they their task. When even-
 ing fell,
 And all the Philistines were hushed in
 sleep,
 And over all the plain the full bright
 moon
 Poured its rich lustre, onward still they
 stole,
 By tent fires creeping with hushed
 breath, and feet
 That feared to wake the echoes, till at
 last
 They heard the babbling music, and the
 gleam
 Of rippling moonlight caught their
 eager eye,
 And o'er them fell the shade of Bethle-
 hem's gate.
 They tarried not. One full delicious
 draught
 Slaked their fierce thirst, and then with
 anxious haste
 They filled their water-urn, and full of
 joy,
 They bore it back in triumph to their
 lord.
 With quickened steps they tracked their
 path again
 O'er plain and valley, up o'er rock and
 crag,
 And as the early sunlight kissed the hills
 They stood before him. He had won
 their hearts
 By brave deeds, gentle words, and stain-
 less life,
 And now they came to give him proof
 of love,
 And pouring out the water bade him
 drink.
 But lo! he would not taste. He heard
 their tale
 (In few words told, as brave men tell
 their deeds),

And lifting up his hands with solemn
 prayer,
 As though he stood, a priest before the
 shrine,
 He poured it on the earth before the
 Lord.
 "Far be it from me, God, that I should
 drink,
 The slave of selfish lust, forgetting
 Thee,
 Forgetting these my brothers. In Thine
 eyes
 This water fresh and cool is as the
 blood
 Of hero-souls who jeopardied their lives.
 That blood I may not taste. . . To
 Thee, O Lord,
 To Thee I pour it. Thou wilt pardon me
 For mine unkingly weakness, pardon
 them
 For all rough deeds of war. Their
 noble love
 Shall cover all their sins; for Thou hast
 claimed,
 More than all blood of bulls and goats,
 the will
 That, self-forgetting, lives in deeds like
 this."
 So spake the hero-king, and all the host
 Looked on and wondered; and those
 noble three,
 The mightiest of the thirty, felt their
 souls
 Knit closer to King David and to God.
 EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821-1891).

THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

I.

THE King was faint with battle; and he
 stood
 With weary face and garments rolled
 in blood
 An exile from the city of his God.
 The heat and burden of the day were
 sore;
 And he must see, with hope deferred,
 once more
 The sunshine fade from every hill and
 dale,
 And twilight fold his land of Israel.
 His captains stood around him; but the
 king
 Forgot the clangour and the glittering
 Of sword and spear, and all the pomp
 of war:

Towards the sunset stood the low gray
 hill
 Of Bethlehem afar.
 He saw a vision of the old sweet days
 When, as the custom is in Israel,
 His mother went along the shady ways
 By moonlight to the well:
 Even in the desert hot and desolate
 He felt again the touch of that sweet
 breeze—
 He heard the murmur of the olive-trees
 That wave beside the gate.

Fair vision this for warrior of might,
 Athirst and weary from the headlong
 fight!
 Above him fiery heavens, and beneath
 The bitter waters of the Sea of Death:
 And, "Oh, that one would bring to me,"
 he said,
 "Or e'er it be too late,
 Of the water from the Well of Bethle-
 hem,
 Which is beside the gate!"

Three mighty men, full armed for the
 fight,
 Burst through the foemen with resist-
 less might,
 And brought unto the king,
 What time the night fell late,
 Of the water from the Well of Beth-
 lehem,
 Which is beside the gate.

The king once more beside his captains
 stood,
 And to the mighty men he bent his head.
 "My warriors do great things for me,"
 he said;
 "But this cup I do hold for these men's
 blood:
 I may not drink—I pour it out to God."

II.

The Earth was faint with battle; and
 she lay
 With weary face and garments rolled
 in blood,
 An exile from the presence of her
 God,
 Through all the heat and burden of
 the day.
 The noise confused of her great cap-
 tains, shouting

Hoarsely against each other in the
fight,
And the deep voice of all creation
groaning,
Gave her no rest by either day or
night:
And all her pleasant seas were turned
now
To seas of death, and could not cool her
brow.
And as she lay, and fevered with the
pain
Of her long anguish, in a dream she
turned again
To that sweet home which God had laid
upon her breast
In the far spring-time for her children's
rest;
And His own presence in the garden,
and His Word,
Which, mingled with the breeze, her
soft trees stirred,
Had given her a fountain ever sweet,
And ever springing round His blessed
feet,
Where Earth might drink, and smile,
and praise her Lord
And in her dream she lifted up her
voice,
And, "Oh, that one would bring to me,"
she said,
"While I in anguish wait,
Of the water from the Well of Paradise,
Which is beside the gate!"
A mighty Man, full armed for the fight,
Burst through the foemen with resist-
less might—
Not heeding that the angel of the gate
Did pierce Him sorely with his sword
of light—
And brought unto the Earth,
What time the night fell late,
Of the water from the Well of Para-
dise,
Which is beside the gate.

Meekly, with covered face and bended
head,
"He hath done matchless things for
me," she said;
"This water I do hold for this Man's
blood;
I take the cup and drink—and live to
God."

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

DAVID.

I WILL sing the son of Jesse,
Whom the prophet's voice did call,
Not by haughty-hearted bearing,
Lofty looks, and stature tall;
But by eyes of arrowy brightness,
And by locks of golden hue,
And by limbs of agile lightness,
Fair and comely to the view;
And by earnest, wise demeanour,
And by heart that knew no fear,
And a quick-discerning spirit
When a danger might be near.
Him from watching of the sheepfold,
And from tending of the ewes,
To be ruler of the people,
Samuel's prophet-eye did choose.
From the softly-swelling pasture,
Grassy mead, and rocky scars;
From lone converse with the mild-
faced
Moon and silent-marching stars;
From the lion and the she-bear,
When they leapt the wattled pen,
To a fight with worse than lions,
Tiger-hearted, bloody men.
To the struggle for a kingdom,
To confusion of his foes,
To the splendid cares of reigning,
Him the God-sent prophet chose;
Chose, nor waited long. A kingship
Reigned in bosom of the boy,
And his hand with kingly instinct
Leapt to find a king's employ.
And he found it when the giant
Philistine of haughty Gath,
With a boastful, proud defiance,
Mailed in insolence, crossed his path.
Quailed the armies of the people,
Quailed King Saul upon his throne,
Quailed the marshalled heads of battle;
Strength in DAVID lived alone.
And he took nor spear nor harness,
But with calm, composed look,
In his hand he took a sling,
And five smooth pebbles from the
brook;

And he prayed the God of battles,
And in 'mid the host alone
Prostrate laid the boastful champion
With a sling and with a stone.

Now his road was paved to greatness :
On the right hand of the throne
High he sate; but mighty monarchs
Love to reign and rule alone.

Saul pursued the people's darling
With keen hatred's heavy stress,
From rock to rock, from cave to cave,
Of the houseless wilderness,

Like a hunted thing. He wandered,
From all bonds of fealty free,
Till the hour to honour DAVID
Came in God's foreknown decree.

Judah claimed him; Israel followed
Judah's trumpet-note; and all,
From Hermon's mount to well of Sheba,
Streamed to royal DAVID's call.

And he stormed the hill of Zion,
Where the rock-perched Jebusite
From his stiff ancestral fastness
Vainly strove to prove his might.

And he smote the men of Moab,
And the fierce Philistian crew,
And o'er the ruddy cliffs of Edom
Passed, and proudly cast his shoe.

From Damascus' garden'd beauty
Home he brought the golden spoil,
And Phœnician Hiram sent him
Greeting from his sea-girt isle.

And he brought the ark that shrined
The God-hewn tables of the Law,
Safely on the rock of Zion
To be kept with reverent awe;

Brought it with a pomp of people,
With a sounding march of glee,
Harp and hymn, and shouts of holy
Triumph, billowing like the sea!

Not in mail of forceful warrior,
Not with spear, and not with sword,
With a linen ephod girded,
Danced the king before the Lord;

Danced with lusty beat, not recking,
In the stoutness of his cheer,

How solemn fools and dainty maids
Might curve their lofty lips and jeer.

What remained?—Jehovah honoured,
From all foes a proud release,
What remained to top his fulness?
DAVID now might die in peace.

Only one fair hope was stinted,
To the God of DAVID's line
On the summit of Moriah
High to pile a costly shrine!

Not all things to all are granted;
To his son, the wisest man,
DAVID left with templed state
To crown his life's high-reaching plan,

Then died. No kinglier king was ever
Seated on a kingly seat,
Shepherd, soldier, minstrel, monarch,
In all sorts a man complete.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809-1895).

THE END OF DAVID.

(A Legend of the Talmud.)

"LORD, let me know mine end, and of my days
The number, that I may be certified
How long I have to live!" So prayed,
in heat,
The monarch after God's own heart,
whose son
Was wiser than himself. The Voice
Divine
Made answer: "I have set behind a veil
From man the knowledge of his time of
death.
That he must die, he knows, and knows
enough."
But David wrestled with the Lord in
prayer:
"Let me but know the measure of my
days!"
And God said: "Of the measure of his
days
May no man know." Yet David urged
again
The Lord: "I do beseech Thee, let me
know
When I shall cease to be?" "Thy time,"
said God,

"Shall come upon a Sabbath; ask no more."

"Nay; not upon Thy Sabbath day, O Lord!"

Cried David, "let Thy servant meet his end;

Upon the morrow following let me die!"

And God once more made answer: "I have said!

The reigns of Kings are preordained, nor may

By so much as the breadth of one thin hair

Be lengthened or diminished. Solomon, Thy son, upon the Sabbath mounts thy throne;

I may not take from him to add to thee."

"Nay, then," said David, "let me die, O Lord,

The day before; for in Thy courts, one day

Is better than a thousand spent elsewhere!"

And God made final answer: "Nor from thee

To add to him. But know thou this, one day

Spent by thee in the study of My law, Shall find more favor in My sight than steam

And savor of burnt offerings thousand-fold

That Solomon, thy son, shall sacrifice." And the Lord ceased; and David held his peace.

But ever after, when the Sabbath dawned,

Till sunset followed sunrise, sat the King—

The volume of the Book upon his knees—

Absorbed in meditation and in prayer. So to be found what time his hour shall come

And many a week the Sabbath came and went.

About the rearward of the palace grew An orchard trimly planted—to the sense Pleasant with sight and smell and grateful shade

In summer moons—and beyond this again,

Such lodging as the King should give the steeds

That draw his royal chariot, and the hounds

That, for his pastime, in the forest rouse The lion from its lair. And lo! it

chanced One Sabbath morn, the slave whose of-

fice 'twas To tend King David's kennels, in his

task Had made default, and left the unfed

hounds Howling for hunger. So their cry dis-

turbed The King who knew it not. And David

rose, And put aside the volume, and in haste,

Passed through the postern to the orchard plot,

Seeking the uproar's cause. And, as his foot

O'erstepped the threshold, there he fell down—dead!

Then straightway in hot haste the news was brought

To Solomon, and all the Rabbis called To sudden council. "Tell me," said the

King,

"Ye sages of the law; my father lies Dead in his orchard, and the Sabbath

yet Lacks many hours of ending; were it

well To raise and bear the body now at once

To the corpse chamber, or to let it lie There until the set of sun? And lo! his

hounds Howl for the food; may I cut meat for

them Upon the Sabbath day?" And with one

voice The Rabbis answered: "Let the Sabbath

close Ere thou lift up the King, thy father's

corpse; But thou may'st carve their portion for

the hounds."

So till the sunset, in the orchard lay The King untended; but the hounds

were fed, And Solomon said only, "Yea! a dog

Alive is worthier than a lion dead!"

ANONYMOUS.

EPILOGUE.

FIRST SPEAKER, *as David.*

I.

ON the first of the Feast of Feasts,
The Dedication Day,
When the Levites joined the Priests
At the Altar in robed array,
Gave signal to sound and say,—

II.

When the thousands, rear and van,
Swarming with one accord,
Became as a single man
(Look, gesture, thought and word)
In praising and thanking the Lord,—

III.

When the singers lift up their voice,
And the trumpets made endeavour,
Sounding, "In God rejoice!"
Saying, "In Him rejoice
Whose mercy endureth for ever!"—

IV.

Then the Temple filled with a cloud,
Even the House of the Lord:
Porch bent and pillar bowed:
For the presence of the Lord,
In the glory of His cloud,
Had filled the House of the Lord.

SECOND SPEAKER, *as Renan.*

Gone now! All gone across the dark so far,
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever,
shutting still,
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star
Which came, stood, opened once! We
gazed our fill
With upturned faces on as real a Face
That, stooping from grave music and
mild fire,
Took in our homage, made a visible
place
Thro' many a depth of glory, gyre on
gyre,
For the dim human tribute. Was this
true?
Could man indeed avail, mere praise
of his,
To help by rapture God's own rapture
too,
Thrill with a heart's red tinge that
pure pale bliss?

Why did it end? Who failed to beat the
breast,
And shriek, and throw the arms protesting wide,
When a first shadow showed the star
addressed
Itself to motion, and on either side
The rims contracted as the rays retired;
The music, like a fountain's sickening
pulse,
Subsided on itself; awhile transpired
Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,
No prayers retard; then even this was
gone,
Lost in the night at last. We, lone
and left
Silent thro' centuries, ever and anon
Venture to probe again the vault be-
reft
Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist
Of multitudinous points, yet suns,
men say—
And this leaps ruby, this lurks amethyst,
But where may hide what came and
loved our clay?
How shall the sage detect in yon ex-
panse
The star which chose to stoop and
stay for us?
Unroll the records! Hailed ye such ad-
vance
Indeed, and did your hope vanish
thus?
Watchers of twilight, is the worst
averred?
We shall not look up, know ourselves
are seen,
Speak, and be sure that we again are
heard,
Acting or suffering, have the disk's
serene
Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame,
Nor doubt that, were mankind inert
and numb,
Its core had never crimsoned all the
same,
Nor, missing ours, its music fallen
dumb?
Oh, dread succession to a dizzy post,
Sad sway of sceptre whose mere touch
appals,
Ghastly dethronement, cursed by those
the most
On whose repugnant brow the crown
next falls!

THIRD SPEAKER.

I.

Witless alike of will and way divine,
How heaven's high with earth's low
should intertwine!
Friends, I have seen thro' your eyes:
now use mine!

II.

Take the least man of all mankind,
as I;
Look at his head and heart, find how
and why
He differs from his fellows utterly:

III.

Then, like me, watch when nature by
degrees
Grows alive round him, as in Arctic
seas.
(They said of old) the instinctive water
flees

IV.

Toward some elected point of central
rock,
As tho', for its sake only, roamed the
flock
Of waves about the waste: awhile they
mock

V.

With radiance caught for the occasion,—
hues
Of blackest hell now, now such reds and
blues
As only heaven could fitly interfuse,—

VI.

The mimic monarch of the whirlpool,
king
O' the current for a minute: then they
wring
Up by the roots and oversweep the
thing,

VII.

And hasten off, to play again elsewhere
The same part, choose another peak as
bare,
They find and flatter, feast and finish
there.

VIII.

When you see what I tell you,—nature
dance

About each man of us, retire, advance,
As tho' the pageant's end were to enhance

IX.

His worth, and—once the life, his product, gained—
Roll away elsewhere, keep the strife sustained,
And show thus real, a thing the North
but feigned,—

X.

When you acknowledge that one world
could do
All the diverse work, old yet ever new,
Divide us, each from other, me from
you,—

XI.

Why, where's the need of Temple, when
the walls
O' the world are that? What use of
swells and falls
From Levites' choir, Priests' cries, and
trumpet-calls?

XII.

That one Face, far from vanish, rather
grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and
knows!

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

THE VISION OF SOLOMON.

'Twas night, and sleep with gentle-wav-
ing wand

Sat softly brooding o'er that mon-
arch's brow,
Whose waking nod could Judah's realms
command,

Or deal destruction to the frightened
foe,
Great David's son—but at this tranquil
hour

No dreams of state disturbed his
peaceful bed;
To nobler heights his thoughts unfet-
ter'd soar,

And brighter visions hover round his
head:

Let meaner kings by mortals guard their
state,
Around his sacred couch aerial legates
wait.

"Hail, best belov'd! superior to the rest."
 One bending angel cried with heavenly voice,
 "Earth, seas, and air, stand to thy view
 confess'd,
 And God's own mandate ratifies thy
 choice.
 Choose then from these—say, shall thy
 pow'r extend
 Where suns scarce warm this earth's
 remotest shore,
 Shall India's lords beneath thy sceptre
 bend,
 Whilst their black troops stand silent
 and adore?
 To thee, sole lord, shall earth her stores
 unfold,
 Pour all her gems to thee, and mines
 that flame with gold?
 Shall ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
 As erst to Moses, rang'd in order
 stand;
 Whilst crowds once more admire the
 floating wall,
 And treasures open on the glittering
 sand?
 Or shall Fame's breath inspire each
 softer air,
 Thee just and good, to distant worlds
 resound,
 Whilst Peace, fair goddess, leads the
 smiling year,
 Swells the glad grain, and spreads the
 harvest round,
 Bids Jordan's stream extend its azure
 pride,
 Pleas'd with reflected fruits that trem-
 ble in the tide?"
 The cherub spoke when Power majestic
 rose;
 A Tyrian-tinctur'd robe she dragg'd
 behind,
 Whose artful folds at every turn dis-
 close
 Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in
 the wind.
 Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
 Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal
 eyes.
 Aw'd and amaz'd her very smiles we
 fear'd,
 As though storms lurk'd beneath the
 smooth disguise;
 But when she frowns, tremendous thun-
 ders roar,

Stern desolation reigns, and kingdoms
 float in gore.
 Her, Wealth succeeds, and scarce his
 tottering head
 Sustains the glittering ore's incum-
 bent weight;
 O'er his old limbs were tatter'd gar-
 ments spread;
 A well-fix'd staff directs his feeble
 feet.
 Thus mean himself appear'd; but all
 around
 What crowds unnumber'd hail the
 passing seer!
 Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the
 ground,
 And own'd with reverence a superior
 there.
 "Rise, David's son, thy utmost wish ex-
 tend,
 See to thy sceptre Wealth, the world's
 great monarch, bend."
 Fame next approach'd, whose clarion's
 martial sound
 Bids conquer'ng laurels flourish ever
 green;
 And gentle Peace, with olive chaplets
 crown'd,
 And Plenty, goddess of the sylvan
 scene.
 These Pleasure join'd; loose flow'd her
 radiant hair;
 Her flying fingers touch'd the trem-
 bling lyre.
 "Come, Mirth," she sung, "your bloom-
 ing wreaths prepare;
 Come, gay Delight, and ever young
 Desire:
 Let days, let years in downy circles
 move,
 Sacred to sprightly Joy, and all-sub-
 duing Love."
 The mingled train advanc'd; to close
 the rear,
 As lost in thought, appear'd a pensive
 maid;
 Bright was her aspect, lovely, yet se-
 vere,
 In virgin white her decent limbs ar-
 ray'd:
 She moved in sober state; on either
 side
 A beauteous handmaid friendly aid
 bestow'd:

Fair Virtue here, her view from earth
to guide,
• There Contemplation rais'd her golden
rod.
Hail, Wisdom, hail! I see and bless the
sight,
First-born of Heav'n, pure source of in-
tellectual light.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardless of the crowd:
"Let vulgar souls," he cried, "yon trifles
prize,

Mortals that dare of misery to be
proud,
Hence, then: I burn for more ingenu-
ous charms;

Nature's true beauties with more lus-
tre shine.
Then, take me, Wisdom, take me to thy
arms;

O snatch me from myself, and make
me thine.
All Heav'n calls good, or man felicity,
Peace, plenty, health, content, are all
comprised in thee."

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD (1715-1785).

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.

Not only for high uses which belong
To kings, or private solace of his
mind,

Or deflection of all human kind
With thoughtful proverb and with holy
song,

Was wisdom giv'n; but that the goodly
throng

Of creatures might a royal scholar
find—

Beasts, reptiles, fish, birds borne on
wave or wind,

And plants from hyssop frail to cedar
strong.

May I in God's least works high pur-
pose see

And with intelligent observance greet
Each careless bird that flits from tree
to tree,

Each thriftless flower that sheds its
incense sweet

About my path. Thus be it given to
me

To find true wisdom scattered at my
feet.

RICHARD WILTON (1827—).

THE TWO TEMPLES.

I. Kings vii.

THROUGH the mist of the years in the
long, long ago,
I saw in a vision a Temple, aglow—
Aglow with the beams of the orient sun,
Whose splendor and vastness concep-
tion outrun.

No sound of the hammer or trowel was
there,
In silence that Temple uprose in the air,
Like some gorgeous castle in fairy tale
told,
All covered with silver and inlaid with
gold.

The walls of that Temple in marble
were laid,
Its roof-trees and coverings of cedar
were made;
They laid its foundation deep down in
the mold,
That this Temple might last through
the ages untold.

The tribe of Naphtali to Solomon bore
A man who was skilled in mechanical
lore—
That cunning artificer, Hiram of Tyre,
Wrought vessels in gold that the world
might admire.

He wrought them in brass, and in sil-
ver as well,
Their number and fashion would fail
me to tell,
The tables, and altars, and candlesticks
bore
An impress of genius man saw not be-
fore.

The pillars called Jachin and Boaz he
made,
With lily-work and with pomegranates
o'erlaid,
Twelve cubits about them and eighteen
in length,
The former for beauty, the latter for
strength.

When seven long years had in silence
rolled on,
The capstone was laid and the Temple
was done;

The craft were assembled and paid for
their hire,
From the humblest apprentice to Hiram
of Tyre.

That Temple of Solomon, where is it
now?
The priest and the miter he wore on
his brow?
The king and the subject, the master
and slave,
Together they sleep in the night of the
grave!

They builded with marble that Temple
of old,
It has faded and gone like a tale that it
told!
They builded with cedar, gold, silver
and brass,
It has vanished like dew when exhaled
from the grass.

But we have a Temple not builded with
hands,
Eternal as truth, in its glory it stands;
Age dims not its luster, grand, glorious,
sublime,
Unmarred by the tempests, untarnished
by time.

Its porch is as wide as the east from
the west,
Its altar the heart in each true Mason's
breast,
Its coverings of charity richer than gold,
Its jewels are good deeds of value un-
told.

Here all nations meet in one language
and tongue,
The anthems of praise to Jehovah are
sung;
No jarring of sects, neither clashing of
creeds,
This Temple's as wide as the world and
its needs.

All schisms are banished, no Christian
or Jew;
Mohammedan, Pagan, nor Buddhist, nor
Foo;
For these are all lost in the brother-
hood—where
They meet on the level and work by the
square.

C. T. CORLIS.

CONSECRATION OF THE TEMPLE.

I. Kings viii; II. Chron. vi.

THE King bowed low on his brazen
throne
Where bright on Moriah's fair summit
shone,
In the dazzling light of an eastern sun,
The glorious house of the Holy One;
And the countless myriads breathless
knelt,
Around the cloud where Jehovah dwelt,
While ascended the monarch's prayer:—

"O Lord, God of Israel, who reignest
above,
Peerless in justice and perfect in love,
God of my fathers, who walked in Thy
ways,
Look on the house I have built for Thy
praise;
And when prayer from this temple is
borne toward the sky,
Then hear Thou from Heaven, Thy
dwelling-place high,
And hearing, oh Father, forgive!

If man, to whom evil and weakness
belong,
His friend or his neighbour shall wil-
fully wrong,
Yet repent of his sin toward his brother
and Thee,
And hoping for grace to Thy footstool
shall flee,
If his prayer from this temple is borne
toward the sky,
Then hear Thou from Heaven, Thy
dwelling-place high,
And hearing, oh Father, forgive!

If Israel (whose fountain of power
Thou art)
Her dependence forget in the pride of
her heart:
And fighting should fall 'neath the en-
emy's sword;
Yet humbly repentant should return to
her Lord,
If her prayer from this temple be
borne toward the sky,
Then hear Thou from Heaven, Thy
dwelling-place high,
And hearing, oh Father, forgive!

If Thy people be chastened with dearth
in their land,
Or pestilence spreadeth his withering
hand,
Whatever the sickness or sorrow may
be,
If they turn from their sin and seek
pardon of Thee,
And their prayer from this temple be
borne toward the sky
Then hear Thou from Heaven, Thy
dwelling-place high,
And hearing, oh Father, forgive!

If we sin (and Thou knowest we are
but as dust),
And kindle Thine anger eternally just,
The Jew or the Stranger, the bound or
the free,
Who e'er may seek blessing and par-
don of Thee,
If their prayer from this temple be
borne toward the sky,
Then hear Thou from Heaven, Thy
dwelling-place high,
And hearing, oh Father, forgive!

And now, oh Thou God of Salvation,
appear!
With the beautiful Ark of Thy Cove-
nant here;
Oh! hallow this temple and make it Thy
rest,
Let its priests in the robe of Thy glory
be drest,
Let the saints Thou hast saved in Thy
fathomless love
Behold Thee descending in light from
above,
And shout—That their joy is in Thee.”

So Solomon spoke, and his prayer be-
ing ended,
On his offering fire from Heaven de-
scended,
And loud through the temple high glory-
ing rang,
While the people in one mighty utter-
ance sang—
“Oh praise ye Jehovah! eternally praise,
For good are His purposes, great are
His ways,
And his mercy abideth for aye.”

GULIELMA A. WHEELER BAKER.

HIRAM'S TOMB.

I STAND on Hiram's tomb,
And Tyre before me lies;
Of Life's fitful fortunes
What memories arise!

King, of all thy greatness
What now remains behind?
E'en thy stored-up ashes
Are scattered to the wind.

Here thou revelled greatly
Amidst thy sons and wives;
Here played the kingly game
With thy poor subjects' lives.

Wafted th' obedient sea
Rich argosies for you;
For you Sidonian damsels
Weaved webs of Tyrian hue.

And when the time came near,
That you, e'en you, must die,
To keep your name for ever
You raised this tomb on high.

But one sole act unnoticed
Thy memory hangs upon;
Thou wast King David's friend,
Ally of Solomon.

Thy hills lofty cedars
For God's own house did send;
Thy cunning workmen built
The palace of thy friend.

Thus thy name was written
In characters of gold,
And gratefully thy help
In that great work is told.

Tyre, cry from thy ashes,
“Great are God's prophecies!”
Thou, Queen, that hast fallen
In the dust from the skies!

Bethsaida and Chorazin
Have perished from the view;
The judgment day is still
More tolerable for you.

Still your name is sounding
On many a foreign lyre,
And eager pilgrims seek
The remnants of old Tyre.

Still the classic story
To youthful ears is told,
How Dido fled her brother
And lade her ships with gold.

Tyre, held'st thou in this guise
Thy ocean-girted shore,
When Philip's mighty son
Thundered at thy door?

Granite columns lying
Baseless on the strand;
Walls covered with sea-weed;
Harbours choked with sand.

No ships hastening homeward
With spices in their hold:
No sons clothed with purple,
No dames tired in gold,

But the wild waves splashing
And the sea birds crying:
"In the dust, in the dust,
The great Tyre is lying!"

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

OUT from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them;

Comely, but black withal,
To whom, perchance, belongs
That wondrous Song of songs,
Sensuous and mystical.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The king's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

"O King!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!"

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hills's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low;
"O King!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(1807-1892).

A LEGEND OF THE WISE KING.

ONCE, (So tells an ancient story)
Sheba's queen in all her glory
With King Solomon went riding
From the great Jerusalem;
Then, Jerusalem the golden
In the dear God's arms enfolden
Now, in peace Her place abiding
In His starry diadem!

Rode the Queen in all her splendor,
Looking lovable and tender

On the King whose wide dominions
Seemed to be so boundless then;—
With a majesty transcendent
And a power so resplendent
Swept He, as on eagles' pinions
Out of sight of wondering men.

Israel's diamond still glistening
Who had stood in rapture listening,
And beheld the radiant features
Of the Lord of Life and Death;—
Found a scroll of myriad pages,
And a multitude of sages,
'Midst the meanest of God's creatures!
Even so, the legend saith.

Came a greeting from the lowly,
Like an anthem high and holy,
As they passed the city's portal,
With their banners all unfurled;
Joy, and joyful hearts to show it
To the Queen and Royal poet
Of the canticles immortal
As the wish that made the world!

Yet before an ant-hill halted
He, the King so much exalted,
Mused a moment, then in pity
To the Queen He whispered thus:
"Lady, hear their admonition—
Hear their pitiful petition—
Lord, the wise king dooms our city,
Is this justice, Lord, to us?"

"Stay His ruthless desolation
Lord, He hath no compensation,
For thy children, nigh despairing.
In our trembling city's trust;
Yet, His parasites shall flatter
In the idle jests they scatter,
And the wide world little caring
Shall proclaim him great and just."

Laughed the Queen: "My Sovereign's
merry?"

Then—these manikins are very
Insolent and He is cooler
Far than I should be with such!
And methinks my sterner sentence
Would be sure of swift repentance,
If it were not, gracious ruler
We should honor them too much!"

"Ah! fair queen, in jest thou speakest,
From the lowliest and the weakest

We should be most meek in learning,
For, all wisdom is of God!"
Turned aside the pageant stately;
While the lady marveled greatly
At a wisdom so discerning;
Yea, her very soul was awed!

And she bowed with wonder meek, yet,
Said: "Wise king I've learned the secret
Of the wisdom that hath made thee
Greater than thy lofty state;
For the humblest of complainers
Hath the power to make both gainers,
And thy pride hath not betrayed thee
To the flatteries of the Great!"

JAMES A. MCCREEDY.

SOLOMON AND THE ANT.

*Say Ar-Raheem! call Him "Compassionate,"
For He is pitiful to small and great.*

'Tis written that the serving-angels
stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on
each hand,
Waiting, with wings outstretched and
watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embas-
sies.
Quicker than thought His high com-
mands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them
speed;
Bearing the word of power from star
to star
Some hither and some thither, near and
far.
And unto these nought is too high or
low,
Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond His pity, which embraceth all,
Because His eye beholdeth all which
are;
Sees without search, and counteth with-
out care,
Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing-
place
Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's
grace;
Nor any ocean roll so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless
sea.

Thus it is written; and moreover told
How Gabriel, watching by the Gates of
gold,
Heard from the Voice Ineffable this
word
Of two-fold mandate uttered by the
Lord:

"Go earthward! pass where Solomon
hath made
His pleasure-house, and sitteth there ar-
rayed,
Goodly and splendid—whom I crowned
the king—

For at this hour My servant doth a
thing

Unfitting: out of Nisibis there came
A thousand steeds with nostrils all
a-flame

And limbs of swiftness, prizes of the
fight;

Lo! these are led, for Solomon's delight,
Before the palace, where he gazeth now
Filling his heart with pride at that brave
show;

So taken with the snorting and the
tramp

Of his war-horses, that Our silver lamp
Of eve is swung in vain, Our warning
Sun

Will sink before his sunset-prayer's be-
gun;

So shall the people say, 'This king, our
lord,

Loves more the long-maned trophies of
his sword

Than the remembrance of his God?'
Go in!

Save thou My faithful servant from
such sin."

"Also, upon the slope of Arafat,
Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat,
Toileth a yellow ant who carrieth home
Food for her nest, but so far hath she
come

Her worn feet fail, and she will perish,
caught

In the falling rain; but thou, make the
way naught,

And help her to her people in the cleft
Of the black rock."

Silently Gabriel left
The Presence, and prevented the king's
sin,

And help the little ant at entering in.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

Of all the Kings of fallen earth,
The sun has never shone
On one to match in power and worth
With ancient Solomon.

Master of Genii and of Men,
He ruled o'er sea and land;
Nor bird in nest, nor beast in den,
Was safe from his command.

So past he, gloriously arrayed,
One morning to review
The creatures God on earth has made,
And give Him homage due.

Well busied in a valley near,
A troop of Ants perceived
The coming pomp—and struck with
fear
Death close at hand believed.

They cried: "What care the kings and
Priests
That here in splendour meet,
What care the Genii, birds, or beasts,
For us beneath their feet?"

For what are we to them, and who
Shall check their mighty way?
Fly to your inmost homes or rue
The glory of to-day."

The son of David's wondrous ear
No haughty mood beguiled;
He, bent the Ant's small voice to hear,
Beneficently smiled;

And prayed: "Oh God! the great, the
good,
Of kings Almighty King!
Preserve my progress free from blood,
Or hurt to living thing!

Comfort these humble creatures' fear;
Let all thy servants know,
That I thy servant, too, am here,
Thy power, not mine, to show.

That, 'mid the tumult and the tread
Of myriads, I will guard
Secure from hurt each little head,
As thou wilt me reward."

And thus the Ants that marvellous
scene

Beheld, as glad a throng,
As if their tiny forms had been
The strongest of the strong.

LORD HOUGHTON (1809-1885).
(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.)

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

(A Tale of the Talmud.)

I.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his
glory,

Unto his throne the queen of Sheba
came,
(So in the Talmud you may read the
story)

Drawn by the magic of the monarch's
fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and
bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

II.

Nor this alone; much had her highness
heard

What flowers of learning graced the
royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with
every word;

What wholesome lessons he was wont
to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished,
in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple
truth.

III.

Besides, the queen had heard (which
piqued her most)

How through the deepest riddles he
could spy;
How all the curious arts that women
boast

Were quite transparent to his piercing
eye;
And so the queen had come—a royal
guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

IV.

And straight she held before the mon-
arch's view

In either hand a radiant wreath of
flowers;

The one, bedecked with every charming
hue,

Was newly culled from Nature's
choicest bowers.

The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

V.

"Which is the true, and which the
false?" she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All
amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puz-
zled head,

While at the garlands long the mon-
arch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak
again.

VI.

"Which is the true?" once more the
woman asked,

Pleased at the fond amazement of the
king,
"So wise a head should not be hardly
taxed,

Most learned Liege, with such a
trivial thing!"
And still the sage was silent; it was
plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal
brain.

VII.

While thus he pondered, presently he
sees,

Hard by the casement—so the story
goes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,

Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled and raised his royal
head:

"Open the window!"—that was all he
said.

VIII.

The window, opened at the king's com-
mand,

Within the room the eager insects
flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dex-
ter hand!

And so the king and all the courtiers
knew

That wreath was Nature's; and the
baffled queen

Returned to tell the wonders she had
seen.

IX.

My story teaches (every tale should bear

A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,—

As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887).

SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

SOLOMON King of the Jews and the Queen of Sheba Balkis

Talk on the ivory throne, and we well may conjecture their talk is
Solely of things sublime: why else has she sought Mount Zion,
Climbed the six golden steps, and sat betwixt lion and lion?

She proves him with hard questions: before she has reached the middle
He smiling supplies the end, straight solves them riddle by riddle;
Until, dead-beaten at last, there is left no spirit in her,
And thus would she close the game whereof she was first beginner:

"O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel and well-nigh monster,
One crabbed question more to construe or *vulgo* conster!

Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch of perfect wisdom
Should open to, when they knock at *spheteron* do—that's his dome?"

The King makes tart reply: "Whom else but the wise, his equals
Should he welcome with heart and voice?—since, king though he be, such weak walls

Of circumstance—power and pomp—divide souls each from other
That whoso proves kingly in craft I needs must acknowledge my brother.

"Come poet, come painter, come sculptor, come builder—whate'er his condition,
Is he prime in his art? We are peers! My insight has pierced the partition

And hails—for the poem, the picture, the statue, the building—my fellow!
Gold's gold though dim in the dust: court-polish soon turns it yellow.

"But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling sex superior,
That for knowledge has traveled so far yet seemest no whit the wearier,—
Who are those, of all mankind, a queen like thyself, consummate
In wisdom, should call to her side with an affable 'Up hither, come, mate!' "

"The Good are my mates—how else? Why doubt it?" the Queen upbridled:

"Sure even above the Wise,—or in travel my eyes have idled,—
I see the Good stand plain; be they rich, poor, shrewd or simple,
If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to drop my wimple!"

And, in that bashful jerk of her body, she—peace, thou scoffer!—
Jostled the King's right-hand stretched courteously help to proffer.
And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the Prince eyed
The Ring which bore the Name—turned outside now from inside!

The truth-compelling Name!—and at once "I greet the Wise—Oh, Certainly welcome such to my court—with this proviso:

The building must be my temple, my person stand forth the statue,
The picture my portrait prove, and the poem my praise—you cat, you!"

But Solomon nonplussed? Nay! "Be truthful in turn!" so bade he:

"See the Name, obey its hest!" And at once subjoins the lady
—"Provided the Good are the young, men strong and tall and proper,
Such servants I straightway enlist,—which means . . ." but the blushes stop her.

"Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, "that wouldst soar yet ever crawlst,
How comes it thou canst discern the greatest yet choose the smallest,

Unless because heaven is far, where
wings find fit expansion,
While creeping on all-fours suits, sur-
fices the earthly mansion?

"Aspire to the Best! But which?
There are Bests and Bests so many,
With a *habitat* each for each, earth's
Best as much Best as any!

On Lebanon roots the cedar—soil lofty,
yet stony and sandy—

While hyssop, of worth in its way, on
the wall grows low but handy.

"Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn
body and sense beneath her;

Below she must condescend to plodding
unbuoyed by æther.

In heaven I yearn for knowledge, ac-
count all else inanity;

On earth I confess an itch for the praise
of fools—that's Vanity.

"It is nought, it will go, it can never pre-
sume above to trouble me;

But here,—why, it toys and tickles and
teases, how'er I redouble me

In a doggedest of endeavours to play
the indifferent. Therefore,

Suppose we resume discourse? Thou
hast travelled thus far: but where-
fore?

"Solely for Solomon's sake, to see
whom earth styles Sagest?"

Through her blushes laughed the Queen.
"For the sake of a Sage? The gay
jest!

On high, be communion with Mind—
there, Body concerns not Balkis:

Down here,—do I make too bold? Sage
Solomon,—one fool's small kiss!"

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

IN open field King Solomon
Beneath the sky sets up his throne;

He sees a sower walking, sowing,
On every side the seed-corn throwing.

"What dost thou there?" exclaimed the
king;

"The ground here can no harvest bring,

Break off from such unwise beginning;
Thou'lt get no crop that's worth the
winning."

The sower hears; his arm he sinks,
And doubtful he stands still, and thinks;
Then goes he forward, strong and
steady,

For the wise king this answer ready:—

"I've nothing else but this one field;
I've watched it, labored it, and tilled.
What further use of pausing, guessing?
The corn from me,—from God the
blessing."

FRIEDRICH RUECKERT (1788-1866).

Translated by NATHANIEL LANGDON

FROTHINGHAM (1793-1870).

"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE."

WHEN the great Hebrew king did al-
most strain

The wondrous treasures of his wealth
and brain,

His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,

With bright Assyrian carpets on them
spread,

To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,

And naught around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,

And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;

Though Ophir's starry stones met
everywhere her eye;

Though she herself, and her gay host
were drest

With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish art her costly work had
done,

The honor and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace
won;

And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attired by nature's hand.

Where does the wisdom and the power
divine

In a more bright and sweet reflection
shine?

Where do we finer strokes and colors
see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the
book?

But we despise these His inferior ways,
Though no less full of miracle and
praise:

Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us
raise.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667).

SOLOMON'S SIGNET.

*Laud Him who governs governors and
kings,
Angels, and Djins, and men, and living
things.*

Wor ye of Solomon's signet, graved of
a sapphire in gold,

Graved with the great name of God,
writ on the blue of the stone?

Wisdom and riches and power had he
who that treasure did hold;

Safe in the strength of the signet he
sate on his ivory throne.

Only King Solomon knew how the dread
letters did flow,

What was the breathing of *Aleph*,
where came the whispering *Yod*;

When he spake the ineffable Word, the
sea-winds at bidding would blow;

And the hills yield their iron, and
jewels, and gold, at the naming of
God.

And out of the void of the sky, and up
from the gulfs and the capes,

And forth from the caverns of earth,
and down from the mountains of
flame,

Flocked Demons with wonderful wings,
and Ifreet of horrible shape,

And Djins, with red eyes, made of
fire; Divs, Peris, and Giants, they
came.

They came, at the call of *the name*, from
Kâf, that engirdles the seas;

From the gloom of the tombs in the
graveyard, from ruins on desolate
ground;

From the pool and the marsh and the
forest; from poisonous blossoms
and trees;—

Monstrous or dwarfish,—constrained,
enchained, subdued, by a sound;

The sound of the title of Allah, spoken
so as the Angels speak:—

Nor spirits uncomely only, and evil;
ethereal bands

Thronged down from their heavenly
houses, the Great King's service
to seek,

Hearing that nameless Name which
all things living commands.

And the fowl and the beasts were fain
to gather, each creature by each,

When Solomon summoned hereby,
pronouncing the mystical words.

Moreover, their dumb mouths opened,
and the fly and the bee had a
speech;

And he knew the heart of the lions,
and learned the mind of the
birds.

Thus it is writ how he marched by Tayf
from the Syrian land

Through the "Valley of Ants" and
heard the cry of that people of
clay,

"Hide ye! hide in the earth! for there
passeth Solomon's band;

We are many and wise, but we die, if
the king's foot cometh this way."

And he laughed, but leaped to the
ground, and bowed his forehead
and said,

"O Lord God! grant me to learn from
the ant the wit to be meek.

I am many and strong, and a king; yet
Thou canst instantly tread

The pride of this earth to dust, and the
strongest to Thee are but weak!"

Then he viewed the birds, and cried, "I
see not amongst ye here

Al-Hudhud, the crested lapwing; what
doth she to linger away?

Ill shall it fall for her, who seeketh us
water clear,

If she find not a fountain for prayers
before the ending of day!

But they tarried not long until the whirr
 of her speckled wings
 Brought unto Solomon's feet the
 crested lapwing, who spake,
 "I have seen a queen that is greater than
 any save thee, O King!
 In Seba she reigneth majestic, and
 glorious kingship doth make.

"There hath she a marvellous throne of
 silver, figured with gold,
 And the head of the throne is a moon
 in a jasper and emerald curve,
 For her people worship the moon." And
 Solomon answered, "Behold!"
 Little bird! If thou liest not, this
 queen shall the Merciful serve!"

Thereafter the message went from the
 servant of God, the king:
 "Solomon, son of David, to Balkis,
 queen of the south:
 Peace be to them that follow the Name
 upon Solomon's ring;
 Yield thee, and worship Allah; cursed
 is the idolatrous mouth."

Then Balkis sent him gifts, of gold
 bricks, yellow and red;
 And beautiful slaves five hundred,
 with amber and musk; and a gem
 Drilled with a crooked hole, which never
 a goldsmith could thread;
 And a topaz of price, unpierced, and
 a diamond diadem.

He bade the sea-worm eat a way
 through the unpierced stone;
 And the little ant carry a thread
 through the ruby's crooked drill.
 "Doth she offer to Solomon gifts?"
 quoth he, on his ivory throne,
 "We are richer than Seba's kingdom!
 By Allah!" said he, "I will

"That one of my slaves bring hither
 Queen Balkis' jewelled seat;
 Thereby she shall learn that the glory
 is ours, and the knowledge and
 might."

Then Asaf the wise commanded, and a
 Djinn spread his pinions fleet,
 And brought the moon-throne thither,
 and set it before them aright.

In a guarded house she had shut it,
 which a thousand bowmen kept,
 But when she was come to Salem, lo!
 Solomon the king
 Sate there on her own gold seat, and
 Balkis bowed her and wept,
 Saying, "I pray thee, teach me the
 Name on thy signet ring!

"We have sinned against our souls, fol-
 lowing lower Lords;
 Our kingdom we give, and our goods,
 and our lives, and our spirits to
 thine."

Such worship had he of old who knew
Al-Wâlî's words
 Which rule the rulers, and knew the
 sound of the Name Divine.
 EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

TRUE ROYALTY.

THERE was never a Queen like Balkis,
 From here to the wide world's end;
 But Balkis talked to a butterfly
 As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
 Not since the world began;
 But Solomon talked to a butterfly
 As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabaea—
 And he was Asia's lord—
 But they both of 'em talked to butter-
 flies
 When they took their walks abroad.
 RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-).

AZRAEL AND THE INDIAN PRINCE.

*Al-Bazîr! O Thou Seer! great and small
 Live in Thy vision, which embraceth all.*

WERE it one wasted seed of water-grass,
 Blown by the wind, or buried in the
 sand,
 He seeth and ordaineth if it live;
 Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,
 He seeth if she find, and how she comes
 On busy winglets to her hollow tree.
 The seeing of His eyes should not be
 told,

Though all the reeds in all the earth
 were cut
 To writing-sticks, and all the seven seas
 Were seven times multiplied, flowing
 with ink,
 And seventy angels wrote. He beholds
 all
 Which was, or is, or will be: yea, with
 Him
 Is present vision of five secret things:
 The day of Judgment; and the times of
 rain;
 The child hid in the womb—its quick-
 ening,
 And whether male or female;—what
 will fall
 Tomorrow (as ye know what did befall
 Yesterday); and where every man shall
 die.

"Where every man shall die."
 Al Beidhawi

Presenteth how there sate with Solomon
 A prince of India, and there passed
 them by

Azrael, Angel of Death, on shadowy
 plumes;

With great eyes gazing earnestly, as one
 Who wonders, gazing. And, because the
 prince

Sate with the king, he saw what the
 king saw,

The Djins and Angels, and saw Azrael
 Fixing on him those awful searching
 eyes.

"What name, I pray thee, wears yon
 messenger?"

So asked he of the king; and Solomon
 Made answer, "It is Azrael, who calls
 The souls of men." "He seemed,"
 whispered the prince,

"To have an errand unto me;—bid now
 That one among thy demon ministers
 Waft me, upon the swiftest wing that
 beats,

To India, for I fear him." Solomon
 Issued command, and a swift Djin
 sprang forth

Bearing the prince aloft, so that he came
 To Coromandel, ere the fruit—which
 fell

Out of the fig—had touched the marble
 floor.

Thereupon Azrael said to Solomon,
 "I looked thus earnestly upon the man

In wonder, for my Lord spake, 'Take
 his soul

In India'; yet behold he talked with thee
 Here in Judæa! Now, see! he hath gone
 There where it was commanded he
 should die."

Then followed Azrael. In that hour the
 prince

Died of a hurt, sitting in India.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate
 At evening, on the pavement tessellate
 Was walking with a stranger from the
 East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,
 The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned
 man,

And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.
 And as they walked the guest became
 aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air,
 Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
 His form and features seemed to recog-
 nize;

And in a whisper to the king he said:
 "What is yon shape, that, pallid as the
 dead,

Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
 In the dim light the features of my
 face?"

The king looked, and replied: "I know
 him well;

It is the Angel men call Azrael,
 'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou
 to fear?"

And the guest answered: "Lest he
 should come near,
 And speak to me, and take away my
 breath!

Save me from Azrael, save me from
 death!

O king, that hast dominion o'er the
 wind,

Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The king gazed upward at the cloudless
 sky,

Whispered a word, and raised his hand
 on high

And lo! the signet-ring of chrysoprase

On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze
With hidden fire and rushing from the west

There came a mighty wind and seized
the guest
And lifted him from earth, and on they
passed,
His shining garments streaming in the
blast,

A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,
A purple cloud that gleamed and disappeared.

Then said the Angel, smiling: "If this
man

Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
Thou hast done well in listening to his
prayer;

I was upon my way to seek him there."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882).

SOLOMON AND AZRAEL.

SATE in his presence-chamber Solomon;
When thither of his princes entered one,
Haste in his step, and terror in his eye,
And cried, "O King, defend me, or I
die;

Even now I saw with visage dark and
fell

Gaze on me the Death-Angel Azraël."
To him the King: "What help may I
afford?"

"Oh, bid the storm-wind, gracious
mighty lord,

That it to farthest India waft me
straight;

And there my life shall reach a longer
date."

The storm-wind swept him over sea and
land.

But when the Spirits met another day,
To the Death Angel spake the Monarch:

"Say,
Why did thy terrors that poor man af-
fright,

Till he for anguish well-nigh died out-
right,

That poor man, whom I sheltered with
my might?"

Then he: "I meant not dreadful to
appear,

But only wondered to behold him here;
For God had bid me on that very day
From farthest Ind to fetch his soul
away.

I thought, were thousand pinions given
to thee,

To-day in India thou shouldst never be;
Nor guessed how this should be fulfilled,
till there

Thy word did waft him, answering to
his prayer."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH
(1807-1886).

THE APPLE OF LIFE.

FROM the river Euphrates, the river
whose source is in Paradise, far

As red Egypt—sole lord of the land and
and the sea, 'twixt the eremite star

Of the orient desert's lone dawn, and
the porch of the chambers of rest

Where the great sea is girded with fire,
and Orion returns in the West,

And the ships come and go in grand
silence—King Solomon reigned. And
behold,

In that time there was everywhere silver
as common as stones be, and gold

That for plenty was 'counted as silver,
and cedar as sycamore trees

That are found in the vale for abund-
ance. For God to the King gave
all these,

With glory exceeding; moreover all
kings of the earth to him came,

Because of his wisdom, to hear him. So
great was King Solomon's fame.

And for all this the King's soul was
sad. And his heart said within him,
"Alas,

For man dies! if his glory abideth, him-
self from his glory shall pass.

And that which remaineth behind him,
he seeth it not any more:

For how shall he know what comes
after, who knoweth not what went
before?

I have planted me gardens and vine-
yards, and gotten me silver and
gold,

And my hand from whatever my heart
hath desired I did not withhold;

And what profit have I in the works of
my hands which I take not away?

I have searchèd out wisdom and knowl-
edge; and what do they profit me,
they?

As the fool dieth, so doth the wise.
 What is gathered is scattered again.
 As the breath of the beasts, even so is
 the breath of the children of men :
 And the same thing befalleth them both.
 And not any man's soul is his own."

This he thought, as he sat in his garden,
 and watched the great sun going
 down

In the glory thereof; and the earth and
 the sky, in that glory, became
 Clothed clear with the gladness of color,
 and bathed in the beauty of flame.
 And "Behold," said the King, "in a
 moment the glory shall vanish!"

Even then,
 While he spake, he was 'ware of a man
 drawing near him, who seemed to
 his ken

(By the hair in its blackness like flax
 that is burned in the hemp-dresser's
 shed,

And the brow's smoky hue, and the
 smouldering eyeball more livid than
 lead)

As the sons of the land that lies under
 the sword of the Cherub whose
 wing

Wraps in wrath the shut gateways of
 Paradise. He, being come to the
 King,

Seven times made obeisance before him.
 To whom, "What art thou," the
 King cried,

"That thus unannounced to King Solo-
 mon comest?" The man, spreading
 wide

The palm of his right hand, showed in
 it an apple yet bright from the Tree
 In whose stem springs the life never-

failing which Sin lost to Adam,
 when he,

Tasting knowledge forbidden, found
 death in the fruit of it . . . So
 doth the Giver

Evil gifts to the evil apportion. And
 "Hail! let the King live forever!"

Bowing down at the feet of the mon-
 arch, and laughingly even as one

Whose meaning, in joy or in jest, hov-
 ers hid 'twixt the word and the tone,

Said the stranger (as lightly the apple
 he dropped in the hand of the
 King),

"For lo ye! from 'twixt the four rivers
 of Eden, God gave me to bring
 To his servant King Solomon, even to
 my lord that on Israel's throne
 He hath 'stablish't, this fruit from the
 Tree in whose branch Life abideth;
 for none
 Shall taste death, having tasted this
 apple."

And therewith he vanished.

Remained
 In the hand of the King the life-apple:
 ambrosial of breath, golden-grained,
 Rosy-bright as a star dipt in sunset.
 The King turned it o'er, and perused
 The fruit, which, alluring his lip, in his
 hand lay untasted.

He mused,
 "Life is good: but not life in itself. Life
 eternal, eternally young,
 That were life to be lived, or desired!
 Well it were if a man could prolong
 The manhood that moves in the muscles,
 the rapture that mounts in the brain
 When life at the prime, in the pastime
 of living, led on by the train
 Of the jubilant senses, exulting goes
 forth, brave of body and spirit
 To conquer, choose, claim, and enjoy
 what 'twas born to achieve or in-
 herit.

The dance and the festal procession!
 the pride in the strenuous play
 Of the sinews that, eager for service,
 the will, though it wanton, obey!

When in veins lightly flowing, the fer-
 tile and bountiful impulses beat,
 When the dew's of the dawn of Desire
 on the roses of Beauty are sweet:

And the eye glows with glances that
 kindle, the lip breathes the warmth
 that inspires,

And the hand hath yet vigor to seize
 the good thing which the spirit de-
 sires!

O well for the foot that bounds for-
 ward! and ever the wind it awakes
 Lifts no lock from the forehead yet
 white, not a leaf that is withered
 yet shakes

From the loose flowers wreathing young
 tresses! and ever the earth and the
 skies

Abound in rich ardors, rejoicings, and
 raptures of endless surprise!

Life is sweet to the young that yet know
 not what life is. But life, after
 Youth,
 The gay liar, leaves hold of the bawble,
 and Age, with his terrible truth,
 Picks it up, and perceives it is broken,
 and knows it unfit to engage
 The care it yet craves. . . . Life
 eternal, eternally wedded to Age!
 What gain were in that? Why should
 any man seek what he loathes to
 prolong?
 The twilight that darkens the eyeball;
 the dull ear that's deaf to the song,
 When the maidens rejoice, and the bride
 to the bridegroom, with music, is
 led:
 The palsy that shakes' neath the blos-
 soms that fall from the chill bridal
 bed.
 When the hand saith, '*I did,*' not '*I will*
do,' the heart saith '*It was,*' not
 "*'T will be,*'
 Too late in man's life is Forever,—too
 late comes this apple to me!"
 Then the King rose. And lo, it was
 evening. And leaning, because he
 was old,
 On the sceptre that curiously sculptured
 in ivory garnished with gold,
 To others a rod of dominion, to him
 was a staff for support,
 Slow paced he the murmurous pathways
 where myrtles, in court up to court,
 Mixed with roses in garden on garden,
 were ranged around fountains that
 fed
 With cool music green odorous twi-
 lights; and so, never lifting his head
 To look up from the way he walked
 wearily, he to the House of his
 Pride
 Reascended, and entered.

In cluster, high lamps, spices, odors,
 each side,
 Burning inward and onward, from cin-
 namon ceilings, down distances
 vast
 Of voluptuous vistas, illumined deep
 halls through whose silentness
 passed
 King Solomon sighing; where columns
 colossal stood, gathered in groves

As the trees of the forest in Libanus,—
 there where the wind, as it moves,
 Whispers, "I, too, am Solomon's serv-
 ant!"—huge trunks hid in gar-
 lands of gold,
 On whose tops the skilled sculptors of
 Sidon had granted men's gaze to
 behold
 How the phoenix that sits on the cedar's
 lone summit 'mid fragrance and
 fire,
 Ever dying and living, hath loaded with
 splendors her funeral pyre;
 How the stork builds her nest on the
 pine-top; the date from the palm-
 branch depends;
 And the shaft of the blossoming aloe
 soars crowning the life which it
 ends.
 And from hall on to hall, in the doors,
 mute, magnificent slaves, watch-
 ful-eyed,
 Bowed to earth as King Solomon
 passed them. And, passing, King
 Solomon sighed.
 And, from hall on to hall pacing feebly,
 the King mused . . . "O fair
 Shulamite!
 Thy beauty is brighter than starlight
 on Hebron when Hebron is
 bright,
 Thy sweetness is sweeter than Carmel.
 The King rules the nations; but
 thou,
 rulest the King, my Belovèd."

So murmured King Solomon low
 To himself, as he passed through the
 portal of porphyry, that dripped,
 as he passed,
 From the myrrh-sprinkled wreaths on
 the locks and the lintels; and en-
 tered at last,
 Still sighing, the sweet cedar chamber,
 contrived for repose and delight,
 Where the beautiful Shulamite slum-
 bered. And straightway, to left
 and to right,
 Bowing down as he entered, the Spirits
 in bondage to Solomon, there
 Keeping watch o'er his love, sank their
 swords, spread their wings, and
 vanished in air.
 The King with a kiss woke the sleeper.
 And, showing the fruit in his
 hand,

"Behold! this was brought me erewhile
by one coming," he said, "from
the land

That lies under the sword of the
Cherub. 'T was pluckt by strange
hands from the Tree

Of whose fruit whoso tasteth shall die
not. And therefore I bring it to
thee,

My beloved. For thou of the daughters
of women art fairest. And lo,
I, the King, I that love thee, whom men
of man's sons have called wisest,
I know

That in knowledge is sorrow. Much
thought is much care. In the
beauty of youth,

Not the wisdom of age, is enjoyment.
Nor spring, is it sweeter, in truth,
Than winter, to roses once withered.
The garment, though brodered
with gold,

Fades apace where the moth frets the
fibres. So I, in my glory, grow
old.

And this life maketh mine (save the
bliss of my soul in the beauty of
thee)

No sweetness so great now that greatly
unsweet 't were to lose what to me

Life prolonged, at its utmost, can prom-
ise. But thine, O thou spirit of
bliss,

Thine is all that the living desire,—
youth, beauty, love, joy in all
this!

And O, were it not well for the praise
of the world to maintain ever-
more

This mould of a woman, God's master-
work, made for mankind to
adore?

Wherefore keep thou the gift I resign.
Live forever, rejoicing in life!

And of women unborn yet the fairest
shall still be King Solomon's
wife."

So he said, and so dropped in her bosom
the apple.

But when he was gone,
And the beautiful Shulamite, eyeing the
gift of the King, sat alone
With the thoughts the King's words had
awakened, as ever she turned and
perused

The fruit that, alluring her lip, in her
hand lay untasted,—she mused:

"Life is good; but not life in itself. So
is youth, so is beauty. Mere stuff

Are all these for Love's usance. To
live, it is well; but it is not
enough.

Well, too, to be fair, to be young; but
what good is in beauty and youth

If the lovely and young are not surer
than they that be neither, for-
sooth,

Young nor lovely, of being beloved? O
my love, if thou lovest not me,

Shall I love my own life? Am I fair,
if not fair, Azariah, to thee?"

Then she hid in her bosom the apple.
And rose.

And, reversing the ring
That, inscribed with the word that
works wonders, and signed with
the seal of the King,

Hath o'er spirits and demons dominion
—(for she, for a plaything, ere-
while

From King Solomon's awful forefinger,
had won it away with a smile)—

The beautiful Shulamite folded her veil
o'er her forehead and eyes,

And, with footsteps that fled as silent
and swift as a bird's shadow flies,

Unseen from the palace, she passed, and
passed down to the city unseen,

Unseen passed the green garden wicket,
the vineyard, the cypresses green,

And stood by the doors of the house of
the Prince Azariah. And cried,

In the darkness she cried,—"Azariah,
awaken! ope, ope to me wide!

Ope the door, ope the lattice! Arise!
Let me in, O my love! It is I.

Thee, the bride of King Solomon, lov-
eth. Love, tarry not. Love, shall
I die

At thy doors? I am sick of desire. For
my love is more comely than gold.

More precious to me is my love than
the throne of a king that is old.

Behold, I have passed through the city,
unseen of the watchmen. I stand

By the doors of the house of my love,
till my love lead me in by the
hand."

Azariah arose. And unbolted the door
to the fair Shulamite.

"O my queen, what dear folly is this,
 that hath led thee along, and by
 night,
 To the house of King Solomon's serv-
 ant? For lo you, the watchmen
 awake.
 And much for my own, O my queen,
 must I fear, and much more for
 thy sake.
 For at that which is done in the cham-
 ber the leek on the housetop shall
 peep:
 And the hand of the king it is heavy:
 the eyes of a king never sleep:
 But the bird of the air beareth news to
 the king, and the stars of the sky
 Are as soldiers by night on the turrets.
 I fear, O my queen, lest we die."
 "Fear thou not, O my love! Azariah,
 fear nothing. For lo, what I
 bring!
 'T is the fruit of the Tree that in Para-
 dise God hideth under the wing
 Of the Cherub that chased away Adam.
 And whoso this apple doth eat
 Shall live—live forever! And since unto
 me my own life is less sweet
 Than thy love, Azariah, (sweet only thy
 love maketh life unto me!)
 Therefore eat! Live, and love, for
 life's sake, still, the love that
 gives life unto thee!"
 Then she held to his lips the life-apple,
 and kissed him.

But soon as alone,
 Azariah leaned out from his lattice, he
 muttered, "'T is well! She is
 gone."
 While the fruit in his hand lay un-
 tasted. "Such visits," he mused,
 "may cost dear.
 In the love of the great is great danger,
 much trouble, and care more than
 cheer."
 Then he laughed, and stretched forth
 his strong arms. For he heard
 from the streets of the city
 The song of the women that sing in
 the doors after dark their love
 ditty.
 And the clink of the wine-cup, the voice
 of the wanton, the tripping of
 feet,
 And the laughter of youths running
 after, allured him. And, "*Life, it
 is sweet*

While it lasts," sang the women, "*and
 sweeter the good minute, in that
 it goes,
 For who, if the rose bloomed forever,
 so greatly would care for the
 rose?*
*Wherefore haste! pluck the time in the
 blossom."* The prince mused, "The
 counsel is well."
 And the fruit to his lips he uplifted:
 yet paused. "Who is he that can
 tell
 What his days shall bring forth? Life
 forever . . . But what sort of
 life? Ah, the doubt!"
 'Neath his cloak then he thrust back
 the apple. And opened the door
 and passed out
 To the house of the harlot Egyptian.
 And mused, as he went, "Life is
 good:
 But not life in itself. It is well while
 the wine-cup is hot in the blood,
 And a man goeth whither he listeth, and
 doeth the thing that he will,
 And liveth his life as he lusteth, and
 taketh in freedom his fill
 Of the pleasure that pleaseth his humor,
 and feareth no snare by the way.
 Shall I care to be loved by a queen, if
 my pride with my freedom I pay?
 Better far is a handful in quiet than
 both hands, though filled to o'er-
 flow
 With pride, in vexation of spirit. And
 sweeter the roses that blow
 From the wild seeds the wind, where
 he wanders, with heedless benefi-
 cence flings,
 Than those that are guarded by dragons
 to brighten the gardens of kings.
 Let a man take his chance, and be happy.
 The hart, though hard pressed
 by the hounds,
 When the horn of the hunter hath scat-
 tered the herd from the hills
 where it sounds,
 Is more to be envied, though Death
 with his dart follow fast to destroy,
 Than the tame beast that, pent in the
 paddock, tastes neither the dan-
 ger nor joy
 Of the mountain, and all its surprises.
 The main thing is, not to live
 long,

But to *live*. Better moments of rapture soon ended than ages of wrong.

Life's feast is best spiced by the flavor of death in it. Just the one chance

To lose it to-morrow the life that a man lives to-day doth enhance.

The may-be for me, not the must-be! Best flourish while flourish the flowers,

And fall ere the frost falls. The dead, do they rest or arise with new powers?

Either way, well for them. Mine, meanwhile, be the cup of life's fulness to-night.

And to-morrow . . . Well, time to consider" (he felt at the fruit). "What delight

Of his birthright had Esau, when hungry? To-day with its pottage is sweet.

For a man cannot feed and be full on the faith of to-morrow's baked meat.

Open! open, my dark-eyed beguiler of darkness!"

Up rose to his knock, Light of foot, the lascivious Egyptian, and lifted the latch from the lock,

And opened. And led in the prince to her chamber, and shook out her hair,

Dark, heavy, and humid with odors; her bosom beneath it laid bare,

And sleek sallow shoulder; and sloped back her face, as, when falls the slant South

In wet whispers of rain, flowers bend back to catch it; so she, with shut mouth

Half unfolding for kisses; and sank, as they fell, 'twixt his knees, with a laugh,

On the floor, in a flood of deep hair flung behind her full throat; held him half

Aloof with one large languid arm, while the other up-propped, where she lay,

Limbs flowing in fulness and lucid in surface as waters at play,

Though in firmness as slippery marble. Anon she sprang loose from his clasp,

And whirled from the table a flagon of silver twined round by an asp That glittered,—rough gold and red rubies; and poured him, and praised him, the wine

Wherewith she first brightened the moist lip that murmured, "Ha, fool! art thou mine?"

I am thine. This will last for an hour." Then, humming strange words of a song,

Sung by maidens in Memphis the old, when they bore the Crowned Image along,

Apples yellow and red from a basket with vine leaves o'erlaid she 'gan take,

And played with, peeled, tost them, and caught them, and bit them, for idleness' sake;

But the rinds on the floor she flung from her, and laughed at the figures they made,

As her foot pusht them this way and that way together. And, "Look, fool," she said,

"It is all sour fruit, this! But those I fling from me—see here by the stain!—

Shall carry the mark of my teeth in their flesh. Could they feel but the pain,

O my soul, how these teeth should go through them! Fool, fool, what good gift dost thou bring?

For thee have I sweetened with cassia my chambers." "A gift for a king,"

Azariah laughed loud; and tost to her the apple. "This comes from the Tree

Of whose fruit whoso tastes lives forever. I care not. I give it to thee.

Nay, witch! 't is worth more than the shekels of gold thou hast charmed from my purse.

Take it. Eat. Life is sweeter than knowledge: and Eve, thy sly mother, fared worse,

O thou white-toothed taster of apples!" "Thou liest, fool?" "Taste, then, and try.

For the truth of the fruit's in the eating. 'T is thou art the serpent, not I."

And the strong man laughed loud as he
pushed at her lip the life-apple.
She caught

And held it away from her, musing;
and muttered . . . "Go to!
It is naught.

Fool, why dost thou laugh?" And he
answered, "Because, witch, it
tickles my brain

Intensely to think that all we, that be
Something while yet we remain,

We, the princes of people—ay, even the
King's self—shall die in our day,

And thou, that art Nothing, shall sit
on our graves, with our grand-
sons, and play."

So he said, and laughed louder.

But when, in the gray of the dawn, he
was gone,

And the wan light waxed large in the
window, as she on her bed sat
alone,

With the fruit that, alluring her lip, in
her hand lay untasted, perusing,

Perplexed, the gay gift of the Prince, the
dark woman thereat fell a mus-
ing,

And she thought . . . "What is Life
without Honor? And what can
the life that I live

Give to me, I shall care to continue, not
caring for aught it can give?

I, despising the fools that despise me,—
a plaything not pleasing myself,—

Whose life, for the pelf that maintains
it, must sell what is paid not by
pelf!

I? . . . the man called me Nothing.
He said well. 'The great in their
glory must go.'

And why should I linger, whose life
leadeth nowhere?—a life which I
know

To name is to shame,—struck, unsexed,
by the world from its list of the
lives

Of the women whose womanhood,
saved, gets them leave to be
mothers and wives.

And the fancies of men change. And
bitterly bought is the bread that I
eat;

For, though purchased with body and
spirit, when purchased 't is yet all
unsweet."

Her tears fell: they fell on the apple.
She sighed . . . "Sour fruit,
like the rest!

Let it go with the salt tears upon it.
Yet life . . . it were sweet if
possessed

In the power thereof, and the beauty.
'A gift for a king' . . . did he
say?

Ay, a king's life is life as it should be,
—a life like the light of the day,

Wherein all that liveth rejoiceth. For
is not the King as the sun

That shineth in heaven and seemeth
both heaven and itself all in one?

Then to whom may this fruit, the life-
giver, be worthily given? Not me.

Nor the fool Azariah that sold it for
folly. The King! only he,—

Only he hath the life that's worth living
forever. Whose life, not alone

Is the life of the King, but the life of
the many made mighty in one.

To the King will I carry this apple.
And he (for the hand of a king

Is a fountain of hope) in his handmaid
shall honor the gift that I bring.

And men for this deed shall esteem me,
with Rahab by Israel praised,

As first among those who, though lowly,
their shame into honor have
raised:

Such honor as lasts when life goes, and,
while life lasts, shall lift it above

What, if loved by the many I loathe,
must be loathed by the few I
could love."

So she rose, and went forth through
the city. And with her the apple
she bore

In her bosom: and stood 'mid the multi-
tude, waiting therewith in the door

Of the hall where the King, to give
judgment, ascended at morning
his throne:

And kneeling there, cried, "Let the King
live forever! Behold, I am one

Whom the vile of themselves count the
vilest. But great is the grace of
my lord.

And now let my lord on his handmaid
look down and give ear to her
word."

Thereat, in the witness of all, she drew
forth, and (uplifting her head)

Showed the Apple of Life, which who tastes, tastes not death. "And this apple," she said,
 "Last night was delivered to me, that thy servant should eat, and not die.
 But I said to the soul of thy servant, 'Not so. For behold, what am I? That the King, in his glory and gladness, should cease from the light of the sun,
 Whiles I, that am least of his slaves, in my shame and abasement live on,'
 For not sweet is the life of thy servant, unless to thy servant my lord Stretch his hand, and show favor. For surely the frown of a king of the sword,
 But the smile of the king is as honey that flows from the clefts of the rock,
 And his grace is as dew that from Horeb descends on the heads of the flock:
 In the King is the heart of a host: the King's strength is an army of men:
 And the wrath of the King is a lion that roareth by night from his den:
 But as grapes from the vines of Engedi are favors that fall from his hands,
 And as towers on the hill-tops of Shenir the throne of King Solomon stands.
 And for this, it were well that forever the King, who is many in one, Should sit, to be seen through all time, on a throne 'twixt the moon and the sun!
 For how shall one lose what he hath not? Who hath, let him keep what he hath.
 Wherefore I to the King give this apple."

Then great was King Solomon's wrath. And he rose, rent his garment, and cried, "Woman, whence came this apple to thee?"
 But when he was 'ware of the truth, then his heart was awakened. And he

Knew at once that the man who, ere-while, unawares coming to him, had brought
 That Apple of Life was, indeed, God's good Angel of Death. And he thought,
 "In mercy, I doubt not, when man's eyes were opened and made to see plain
 All the wrong in himself, and the wretchedness, God sent to close them again
 For man's sake, his last friend upon earth,—Death, the servant of God, who is just.
 Let man's spirit to Him whence it cometh return, and his dust to the dust!"
 Then the Apple of Life did King Solomon seal in an urn that was signed
 With the seal of Oblivion: and summoned the Spirits that walk in the wind
 Unseen on the summits of mountains, where never the eagle yet flew;
 And these he commanded to bear far away,—out of reach, out of view,
 Out of hope, out of memory,—higher than Ararat buildeth his throne,
 In the Urn of Oblivion the Apple of Life.

But on green jasper-stone
 Did the King write the story thereof for instruction. And Enoch, the seer,
 Coming afterward, searched out the meaning. 'And he that hath ears, let him hear.

OWEN MEREDITH (1831-1891).
 (ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON.)

THE ROSES OF SOLOMON.

SOLOMON of ancient glory
 Of the Lord had roses seven,
 Roses of the morning-glory,
 Dropping with the dews of heaven.

Angels plucked them in the garden
 Of the city high and golden,
 Ere the dews had time to harden,
 That within their cups were holden,

Into jewels for the adorning
Of the Cherubim immortal,
Of the Chamberlains of Morning,
Of the Seraphs of the Portal.

Flowers from a celestial far land,
With the breath of blessing o'er them,
Woven, gathered in a garland,
Still for benison he bore them.

From the chrysoberyl ceiling
Of his chair of state suspended,
All the air with fragrance filling,
Bright with blossom never ended,

Hung the heaven-scented flowers,
Each its proper boon of blessing,
Each its own enchanted powers
By the grace of God possessing.

Kingship this and domination
Gave of all the worldly spaces,
Over every land and nation,
Over all the tribes and races.

That the dark world's sons and daughters
Bent to, spirits earthy, airy,
Angels of the fires and waters,
Demons, seraph, afrit, fairy.

Empire this which never dieth
Gave o'er all with life and motion,
All that creepeth, fareth, flieth
In the earth and air and ocean.

That command of all the courses
Gave of land and sea and heaven,
Winds and waters, flames and forces,
Sun and moon and planets seven.

This o'er soulless things had power,
All that sees not, speaks not, hears
not,
Stone and metal, herb and flower,
Everything that stands and stirs not.

That continuance eternal
Gave and life that never faded,
Youth renewing, sempervernal,
Age and death fore'er evaded.

Sapience the last celestial
Gave and power all hearts of reading.
Wit to solve all doubts terrestrial,
Wisdom for all earthly needing.

With these talismans provided,
Angel-armed, Naiad-navied,
Wisdom-warranted, God-guided,
Who was like the son of David?

All his nights with love he meted,
All his days with war and kingcraft,
On the breezes fared and fled,
From the birds caught, song- and
wing-craft;

Moulded Israel to his measure,
Swayed all Syria, lowlands, high-
lands,
Swept the Indian seas for treasure,
Levied tribute from the islands;

Filled earth's faces with his armies,
With his navies oared the ocean;
Made Judaea, *vi et armis*,
Laughing as the land of Goshen;

Ceiled his palaces with cedar,
Garnered pearls and gems for money,
Dan to Gilead, Gath to Kedar,
Made the realm run milk and honey.

Never monarch was that flourished
As did he: with power and praises
Fed to fulness, pleasure-nourished,
Glorious in all men's gazes,

In Jerusalem high-built,
Over all the land prevailing,
Mid his graven halls and gilded,
Lapt in love and fame unfailing,

Life on his commandments waiting,
All its rocky places levelled,
Nothing lacking, nothing bating,
Many a year he reigned and revelled;

Till at last, with sweetness sated,
Tired of thrones and dominations,
Turned he to the things God hated,
Followed on abominations;

Worshipped Ishtar, Moloch, Tanit,
Sought Canopus and Orion,
Bowed to stock and stone and planet,
Quite forgot the God of Zion.

Then did Jahveh rise and blast him,
Beggared him of gifts and graces,
From his chair of kingship cast him,
Throned an afrit in his places.

Virtue all forsook the roses;
 Withered, weeds, from heaven ban-
 ished,
 For the Paradisal closes
 Languishing, they pined and vanished.

What of David's son remained is?
 All his greatness, all his glory,
 How he revelled, how he reigned, is
 Nothing now but idle story.

JOHN PAYNE (1842-).

THE KING'S FRIEND.

KING SOLOMON was old—
 The cares of his kingdom weighed on
 him,
 The sins of his children preyed on him,
 And his new queen's fancies played on
 him,
 When Solomon was old—
 Grown old and sick and sad.

But on a day it fell
 That the sick king roused him suddenly
 And said to his servants, "Put on me
 My crown and my royal robes; and see
 That all the heralds tell
 The king holds court today.

Then feet ran to and fro,
 And in the palace was wild dismay;
 But none might the royal word gain-
 say—
 They put on him all his rich array,
 And wond'ring, watched him go
 Up to his iv'ry throne.

He sat him down, and straight
 The old light dawned in the old eyes
 dim,
 The old flush glowed in the old face
 grim,
 And strength and beauty awhile to him
 Returned. He spake elate,
 "Bring to me my best friend!"

"Let the king's will be done!"
 They said, but with starts and stares
 between,
 Till a courtier whispered, "Tell the
 queen;

Mayhap she knoweth what this may
 mean."

Smiling, the queen said, "Run,
 Bring my lord word I come."

She came, with maidens fair,
 Whose beauty to hers was leaf to rose,
 Or lashes to eyes on which they close,
 Or drifting foam to the drifted snows;
 But the king, smiling there,
 Waved the bright band aside.

They brought his children then,
 And many a bearded princeling tall,
 And wide-eyed wondering damsel small
 Came thronging into the royal hall,
 Only to pass again—
 Their sire would none of them.

Some hero then they sought;
 They hunted for wise men through the
 town,
 For poets, counselors, up and down,
 And only to meet the king's slow
 frown;
 Until at last, distraught,
 They stood with folded hands.

Then Solomon uprose
 And stood on the last stair, eager-eyed,
 "Give place, for the king's friend
 comes!" he cried;
 All turned; on the great hall's further
 side
 Untouched, the gates unclosed,
 And, with a shivering wind,

A shadowy figure came,
 (Some after swore no figure was
 there—
 Some spake of his moonlit eyes, his
 hair—
 And some dreamed long of his kingly
 air—)
 And a thin wisp of flame
 Flashed from the king to him.

So on the marble cold
 'Neath the ivory throne—the story
 saith—

The weary monarch resigned his breath
 To his last and longed-for friend, King
 Death—

For Solomon was old—
 Grown old and sick and sad.

W. H. Woods.

THE DEAD SOLOMON.

KING SOLOMON stood in the house of the
Lord,

And the Genii silently wrought
around,

Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught,
in mien or face, of fear or rage;
For had he guessed their secret thought,
They had pined in hell for many an
age.

Closed were the eyes that the demons
feared;

Over his breast streamed his silver
beard;

Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,
As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer;
And a breath of wind would come
and go,

And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair;
But he heeded not,
Wrapt afar in holy thought.

King Solomon stood in the house of the
Lord,

And the Genii silently wrought
around,

Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part;
And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

So around him they stood with eyes of
fire,
Each cursing the king in his secret
heart,—

Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say "De-
part;"
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing:

But he heeded them not, nor raised
his head;
For King Solomon was dead!

Then the body of the king fell down;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in
twain.

He had prayed to the Lord that the
house he planned

Might not be left for another hand,
Might not be unfinished remain;

So praying, he had died,
But had not prayed in vain.

So the body of the king fell down,
And howling fled the fiends amain;
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
Howling afar they fled;

Idly they had borne his chain,
And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
And King Solomon was dead!

JOHN AYLMER DORGAN (1836-1867).

KING SOLOMON.

KING SOLOMON stood, in his crown of
gold,

Between the pillars, before the altar,
In the House of the Lord. And the
King was old,

And his strength began to falter,
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,
Sealed with the seal of the Pentagraph.

All of the golden fretted work

Without and within so rich and rare,
As high as the nest of the building
stork,

Those pillars of cedar were:—
Wrought up to the brazen chapters
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carved
king,

The carved cedarn beams below,
In his purple robe, with his signet-ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to the Oracle, where the
hymn

Dies under the wing of the cherubim.

By the soul of each slumbrous instru-
ment

Drawn soft through the musical misty
air,

The stream of the folk that came and went,
 For worship and praise and prayer,
 Flowed to and fro, and up and down,
 And 'round the King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass, as the King stood there,
 And looked on the house he had built, with pride,
 That the Hand of the Lord came unaware,
 And touched him, so that he died,
 In his purple robe, with his signet-ring,
 And the crown wherewith they had crowned him king.

And the stream of the folk that came and went
 To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
 Went softly ever, in wonderment,
 For the King stood there always;
 And it was solemn and strange to behold
 That dead king crowned with a crown of gold.

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright,
 And over his shoulders the purple robe;
 And his hair and his beard were both snow-white,
 And the fear of him filled the globe;
 So that none dared touch him, though he was dead,
 He looked so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed: and the years rolled on:
 And the new king reigned in the old king's stead:
 And men were married and buried anon;
 But the King stood, stark and dead,
 Leaning upright on his ebony staff,
 Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
 Ever, for worship and praise and prayer,
 Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame,
 Of the dead King standing there;

For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,
 That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood up, dead in the House
 Of the Lord, held there by the Pentagraph,
 Until out from a pillar there ran a red mouse,
 And gnawed through the ebony staff:
 Then flat on his face the King fell down:
 And they picked from the dust a golden crown.

OWEN MEREDITH (1831-1891).
 (ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON.)

THE PRINCE OF EDOM.

(I. Kings xi: 21.)

THE warriors of David came down in their ire,
 And Edom was scathed with their deluge of fire;
 O'er the wrecks of its throne roll'd oblivion's dark flood,
 And the thirst of its valleys was satiate with blood.

Its prince, a lone outcast, an orphan distrest,
 In the palace of Egypt found refuge and rest,
 And the queen's gentle sister, with eye like the dove,
 Became in her beauty the bride of his love.

Yet still, a dark shade o'er his features would stray,
 Though the lute-strings thrill'd soft and the banquet was gay;
 For the land of his fathers in secret he pined,
 And murmur'd his grief to the waves and the wind.

"The voice of my country! It haunteth my dreams,
 I start from my sleep at the rush of its streams;
 Oh, monarch of Egypt! sole friend in my wo,
 I would see it once more. Let me go! let me go!"

"Wouldst thou hie to the desert, and
couch with the bear?
Or the lion disturb in his desolate lair?
Wouldst thou camp on the ruins with
brambles o'ergrown,
While the blasts in their mockery re-
spond to thy moan?"

"Know'st thou not that the sword of
stern Joab was red
Till the dukes of Idumea were slaugh-
tered and dead?
Know'st thou not that his vengeance re-
lax'd not, nor stay'd
Till six moons wax'd and waned o'er
the carnage he made?"

"I know that our roof-trees in ashes
were laid,
And the vine and the olive hew'd down
from each glade;
Yet still some pale sprouts from their
roots may be seen,
And the clefts of the rock with their
foliage be green.

"I know that our virgins, so stately and
fair,
Who wreathed with the pearl and the
topaz their hair,
That our merchants, whose wealth with
a monarch's has vied,
In Phoenicia and Zidon in bondage
abide.

"But roused by my trumpet, the cap-
tives shall haste
From the far, foreign realms, where
their life-blood they waste;
From the walls of Azotus with speed
they shall fly,
And nest, like the bird, 'neath their own
native sky."

"O prince of red Edom, content thee,
be still;
Of the treasures of Egypt partake at thy
will;
See, thy wife lights thy bower with the
wealth of her charms,
And thy babe, as she names thee, leaps
high in her arms.

"Thou know'st from thy realm all the
people have fled,
That the friends of thy childhood are
cold with the dead;

Every drop of thy blood from that re-
gion is reft,
No voice of thy kindred to welcome
thee left."

"Let me go, king of Egypt, to visit my
slain,
To weep o'er their dust, who revive not
again;
Though naught in their courts save the
lizard should glide,
And the bat flap his wings in their
chambers of pride,

"Yet still shall Mount Seir in his
grandeur remain,
Still the rivers roll on to the fathom-
less main,
If no tone of the living should solace
my wo,
To the land of my birth, let me go, let
me go."

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

HADAD.

(I. Kings xi: 21.)

"WITH me what hast thou lackèd?" Pha-
raoh said,
As Hadad stood before him with bowed
head

And folded hand and downcast eyes.
"Here hast thou had in Egypt goodly
lands,
Corn fields and pasture, and large serv-
ant bands,

And all the heart of man should prize.
I have exalted thee next to the throne;
Of strangers thou art honored, thou
alone.

Thou hast to wife the sister of my
queen,

Taphnes. Thy word must all attend;
Obsequious crowds must in thy pres-
ence bend;

Thy vesture flashes with the jewel's
sheen;

Thy chests are stored with gold; a
goodly pile,

Thy new white palace, mirrored in the
Nile,

With glittering courts and stately
towers,

And colonnades above the sacred stream,

Which washes past them with a golden gleam,
Watering thy gardens sweet with flowers.

"What hast thou lacked, that thou wouldst fare away?"
"Nothing," he answered; "yet let me go, I pray.

Thou hast been good to me, ay, passing kind;
Yet, with enough to satisfy the mind,
The heart is empty. Let me go!"

"What! hast thou not a dearly treasured wife,
Whose love is poured into thy cup of life,

To fill thy heart to overflow,
Whose white arms lace thee to a faithful breast?

In a true woman's love is perfect rest."
"No, sire!" said Hadad, sadly, "no!"
"What hast thou lacked?" once more asked the King.

Then Hadad slowly raised his head.
"Nothin?:"

Yet—let me go!
Sire! many years ago, a feeble child,
I was brought up in Edom's barren wild,
Upon a hillside, underneath a tent.

Before were soft brown hills, a gravelly dell,
Seven stately palm-trees by a leaking well;

A torrent bed, the water spent.
I used to watch the morning sun arise
Over sharp mountain ridges, into skies
Bluer than turquoise in this ring;

And floods of glory down the valleys rolled,
Turning the seven palms into palms of gold,

And gilding birds of passing wing.
I heard the rock-doves calling with soft coo

Among the fragments where the wild pinks grew,

And avens scrambled sunny-eyed.
I saw a jackal skulking from his lair,
And from the dewy herb upstart the hare,

And lizards from their hollows glide;
And where white rocket to the cliffs would cling,

Danced sulphur butterflies on flickering wing.

I watched the lively cricket leap,
And with the burnished beetle I would play,

Or climb the rocks for flowers—thus pass my day,
Or steal into the shade to sleep.

Sire! I must Edom see again once more;

This land is exile, and my heart is sore,
Thinking of Edom and the past.

As in my rustling silks my hall I pace,
I think not of its splendor, beauty, grace;

Nothing my heart will satisfy.
I value not my riches, nor the pride
Of rank and rule; I but half love my bride.

I must see Edom, or I die!
There lived my father and my mother"—his head,

As he spoke, sank lower—"but they are dead.

O'er Edom Joab's fury rolled;
He swept our pleasant land with sword and flame,

Carried our sisters off to toil and shame,

As slaves our little brothers sold.
The land was purpled with our people's blood,

Their carcasses were cast as vulture's food.

I saw my aged father fall.
About him were my mother's sweet arms wound;

She lay with him upon the trampled ground.

I spoke. She answered not my call!
There, in a narrow rock-hewn cell,
I laid them, gently sleeping, side by side,

Alone, with arms entangled, as they died.

Years have gone by, and yet full well
I know the place where is their humble grave.

Above it, fragrant juniper bushes wave;
Below it is a bubbling well.

At night I hear the raven's doleful cry,
And, starting, wake, and turn upon my bed and sigh,

And think upon that lonely tomb.
I have no rest. I made that grave alone,
Trembling and hastily—ill-secured the stone.

And when the hyena in the gloom

Snarleth, I fear"— Then his utterance
failed

And Pharaoh said, "What thou hast
now detailed

Should be forgotten; past recall
Are childish years. Those things are
lost for e'er

That made to thee thy barren Edom
dear.

There, thou hast nothing; here, hast
all."

"Something there is. Still is that moun-
tain line,

The same birds and flowers; and the
same lights shine

At morn and eve. I know that slain.
Or gone, are those who clasped me in
their arms;

Hewn down by Joab are those seven
green palms;

And yet, maybe, their stumps remain.
And there are father's, mother's bones,
I know.

Sire!—brother man!—I pray thee, let
me go!"

SABINE BARING GOULD (1834-).

[HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF DAVID.]

'Tis so;—the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen,
Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements,
And bulwarks swelling from the rock,
to guard

The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of
the woods,

Which tuft her summit, and, like raven
tresses,

Wave their dark beauty 'round the
tower of David.

Resplendent with a thousand golden
bucklers,

The embrazures of alabaster shine;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert,
bound

To Judah's mart with Orient merchan-
dise.

But not, for thou art fair and turret-
crowned,

Wet with the choicest dew of heaven,
and blessed

With golden fruits, and gales of frank-
incense,

Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains.
Here,

Where saints and prophets teach, where
the stern law

Still speaks in thunder, where chief
angels watch,

And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

JAMES ABRAHAM HILLHOUSE
(1789-1841).

THE MAN OF GOD FROM JUDAH. (I. Kings xiii.)

"ALAS, my Brother!"

All the Land is still,
Deep-folded in the solemn wings of
night;

And on the soft and dreamy plains of
Heaven

God leadeth forth His armies, to the
sound

Of some celestial harmony. The wind
That blew at sunset from the open
Gates

Of the golden City,—which at evening-
time

Stands smiling in the west,—has died
away

Upon the distant sea.

The whole Earth rests,
And is at peace; content at heart, it
seems,

After the glory of her sunset dreams,
To taste the soft mysterious gloom of
Night,

And lie entranced beneath its darkened
skies,

In something like that sleep, wherewith
the Lord

Gives His Beloved rest. Yet even now
There falls a voice of sorrow on the
Night,—

The sweet calm Night, not made for
troubled cry

And restless moan,—and still it says,
"Alas!"

Alas, my Brother!"

And behold the form
Of one who kneels beside a sepulchre,

And bitterly bemoans his Dead. The
stars
Shine on his lifted face,—an old man's
face,—
Swept by the winds of sorrow and re-
morse
“Alas, my Brother! By this lonely
grave;
His grave, and mine; how often have I
knelt
Through burning days and bitter nights,
to mourn
And weep for him. In the hard winter-
time,
When snow is on the hill, and icy
storms
Sweep down from Lebanon, I mourn
for him.
And when the spring-time comes, the
flowers return,
And voices of the singing-birds are
heard
Through all the Land, once more I
mourn for him.
No voice can reach him, in the Spring
of the year,
Whispering sweetly, “Lo, the winter-
time
Is past and gone, rise up and come
away!”
He dreameth on, as careless of the
Spring
And all the musical soft stir of life,
As of the troubled winds that fight and
moan
Above his head in winter.

Yet a while,
A little while, and I shall go to him
Who will not come to me. He, rising
not
To let me in, yet draws me to his side,
And I shall shortly yield, and sleep with
him.
It may be that this very night, my God,
After so long a time, will think of me
And call me into Peace. He reckons up
The number of my sins; He knows this
stain
Of guiltless blood, that burns upon the
hem
Of a Prophet's garment; yet, my God,
I think
That I, even I shall be as white as snow
When I am dead. I know, or think I
know,
That my Redeemer liveth.

O my God!—
Most terrible, most terrible—to Thee
My hearts repeats this night its history,
And, through the darkness, looketh to
Thy Face.
Thou knowest, only Thou, the old, old
years
When, in the Spring of life, my heart
was Thine,
And Thou wert mine. Then would I
pass long days
And solemn nights, afar from homes
of men,
That I might be alone, alone with Thee,
And hear Thy voice, and see, perhaps,
some gleam
Of angel-feet upon the Desert-ground,
Making it joyful, as with Summer-
showers.
No simple human pleasures, dear to
hearts
More free than mine, had any charm
for me:
I only lived to hear the voice of God,
For He had visited my soul, and mine
It was to hear the Prophet's glorious
doom.
Thou knowest, Lord, because Thou
knowest all,
And yet thou knowest not (having no
part
In flesh and blood) the thrill and throb
of soul
And body, when to mortal lips is laid
Thy coal of living fire*—and when our
eyes,—
Used only to the curtained gloom of
Earth,—
Are lightened suddenly to meet the Sun.
Thou knowest, but for angels minister-
ing,
The Prophet's heart would fail and
break, between
The rapture and the pain. Oh! blessed
eyes
That see, before their time, Thy mys-
teries.
And blessed ears that hear Thy glorious
voice
Peal through the rending sky; but
blessed too
Are those who have not seen, who have
not heard,

*Isaiah vi: 6.

And yet believe. They walk, in faith
and hope,
Through the soft darkness of a Summer-night,
Lighted by gleamings of the silver stars,
And see no awful glories of the Sun
Till the Dawn breaks in Death. But,
having seen
The brightness of Thy Presence, having felt
The winds of Heaven blow upon my brow,
And having tasted of Thy cup, my God,
How could I ever be content to wait,
As other servants, in Thy courts by night?—
And therefore went I mourning many days,
When visions of Thy Glory ceased to haunt
My waiting soul. Was it for sin of mine
Thou hadst withdrawn? or was my mission o'er?
Thou knowest, Lord: I only know I mourned
Too bitterly and wildly at the Doors
Which Thou hadst closed in Heaven,
seeking not
To wait by night, in humble trust, on Thee,
But ever thirsting, burning, for the Word
Which Thou hadst taken from me.

When the Storm
Broke suddenly at midnight through my dreams,
Hast Thou not seen me rise and hurry forth,
Braving the terrors of the awful night,
In hope of catching but one word from Thee?
Ah! how I vainly waited for but one
Articulate utterance of the Thunder-voice
Which shook both Earth and Heaven.
And when Dawn
Broke full of tender promise, low I knelt—
Praying that on its fragrant breath
might come
The still small voice of God; but the
sweet wind

Swept silently across my prayers, and bore
Perhaps to other ears the messages
Refused to mine. It was a bitter fight,
And Thou wert strong and silent, and I grew
More reckless, drawing further from Thy hand
For all that fervid longing, once again
To hear Thy voice. Thou knowest how I dwelt
Alone among Thine enemies, and saw
Strange altars rising up to other gods,
And would not speak for Thee, as any man
Who loved Thee might have done—not being allowed
To speak with wonders and with signs from Heaven.
And that dark day, which was to see the King
Stand forth, defying God, before the Land,
I tarried, heavy and displeased, for Thee
Within my house; yet would not kneel to pray
For my lost Israel, and would not weep
For Thy great Name denied.

The hours wore on,
And they returned to me, who had beheld
That morning's wonders. I, a man bereft
And God-forsaken, heard how God that day
Had spoken to the King and done great things
In all the people's sight. I heard, and knew
Mine office taken by another. God,
Who saw me waiting, panting for His Word,
As for the water pants the thirsty hart,
Had called a man across the distant hills,
And giv'n to him my word, my message dread,
My courage to defy Death and the King.
And vindicate God's glorious Name from wrong.
And to my heart I said, I will arise
To seek the man who took my place this day:

For I must look into his face, and hear
His voice repeat the message,—dying
then,
And leaving him mine office. Dark and
cold,
And cruel, too, my heart that day: I
smiled
To think how terrible the legacy
Which I would leave to him who took
my place;—
An office which a man would scarcely
hold
And live,—a gift of burning coal, to
hands
Which must not tremble, holding it for
God,—
A robe of costly white, on which one
stain
Meant shame and death.

I went to seek the man,
And found him sitting, weary, by the
way,
With that deep weariness I knew so well
When I too bore the Burden of the
Lord.
I did not spare the man who came to
take
My holy office; I betrayed that day
The faithful soul to death. I brought
him home,
By that vain tale, that God, the God of
Truth,
Had changed the thing He spake.

I brought him home,
And gave him meat and drink, against
the Word
Which God had spoken. He was weak
and faint,
And worn with fasting; and he sat with
me
To eat and drink. And whilst we sat
at meat,
And converse held, I almost loved the
man,
Though he should take my place.

In that same hour,
The Prophet's inspiration I had sought
So eagerly from God through weary
nights
And thirsty days, rushed in upon my
soul.
Ah! God is terrible! He gives to man
The gift too wildly sought, and gives
it so

That we had rather died beneath His
sword.
Once more my soul dilated, at the sound
Of Doors that opened to the Future.
High
My heart beat at the breath of God,
once more
Breathing on me from Heav'n. I knew
not yet
What manner of Vision this should be,
but full
My soul swept on between its banks, to
meet
That Thunder of the Sea:—till the
meaning burst
Articulate and awful from my mouth,
Searing the lips that spake it.

Thus I cried,
By sudden inspiration, to the man,
Who sat at mine own table, "Thou shalt
die,
Dishonoured, and in exile: none shall
sleep
Beside thee, whom thou lovest, for this
day
Thou hast forgotten God, and disobeyed
The mandate of His mouth." And it
was I,
I, who had tempted him with lying
words,
Whom God appointed to pronounce His
doom.
The Prophet whom I had betrayed,
gazed full
Into my face (as one who meets with
Death,
In some strange solitude, may look on
him)
With eyes that slowly darkened, as they
gazed,
Till all their light was quenched. A
thick cloud swept
Between God and his soul, and at noon-
day
The sun went down.

And when I ceased to speak,—
Like a strong man awaking from a
dream,
He sighed, and moved,—then rose up in
our midst,
And with no word to me or mine, set
forth
Alone upon his way.

* * * * *

I heard them speak

Around me, when I wakened from my swoon,
 What time the sun was stooping toward the sea,
 Of one who had been slain that day, and calm
 Slept by the way, a Lion watching him.
 I knew it must be *he*, and I arose,
 And gathered up my wasted strength, to seek
 And find my Dead. It was for me alone
 He waited there; far, far from those he loved,
 For me he lay in Death; and only I,
 Throughout all Israel, had right to mourn
 And bury him.

At length I found my Dead.
 The sun was sinking in a burning sea,
 And all the waiting hills around were swept
 By changing lights of purple and of gold,
 And on the rich bright air the fragrance rose
 Of evening flowers. And thus I came to him.
 The wild rash Monarch of the forest stood
 And gazed toward him spell-bound, with eyes that wore
 A glare of terror,—and I was aware
 Of Angels keeping watch about the Dead,
 With wings of terrible white, that took no glow
 From all that glorious sunset in the West.
 I wore no armour, like to his, who lay
 Uplifted in the solemn arms of Death
 Too high for fear or wrong; yet I,—undone,
 Defenceless, weak in anguish and remorse,—
 I braved them all! I faced the Messenger
 Of Death, who waited, eager for his prey,
 Until the Angel-guard should move or change;
 And those white angels, with their lightning swords,
 And eyes more terrible to sinful men

Than sword or spear, I braved them at their watch;
 And worst of all to face—I strung myself
 To meet the look of him I had betrayed,
 Awful in death and dark with the wrath of God
 Which had awakened on him. I knelt down
 And saw his face. O God, my God, this night,
 And every night, I bless thee for that look
 He wore in sleep! The look of one, to whom
 After a hopeless night had risen a Sun,
 Too wonderful and sweet for waking eyes.
 He lay asleep, forgiven and asleep.
 Ah! the closed eyes were not too darkly veiled
 For me to read the secret of their light,
 And the locked lips betrayed it, in a look
 Which said the soul had smiled at its going forth.
 With something like a tear upon his cheek,
 And something like a child's surprise and joy
 At unexpected sight of home and friends,
 He lay asleep. Dear in the sight of God
 The death of all His saints.

Was it this look,
 Which angels saw on the great Prophet's face,
 When, for one stain upon the whitest robe
 Of meekness ever worn by saint on Earth,
 He lay in Death, alone, upon the Mount?
 Rejected from his leadership, denied
 An entrance into the Belovèd Land,—
 Yet given a most sweet vision of that Rest,
 Prepared for Israel; and drawn at the last
 So close to the forgiving heart of God,
 Men say he died of that Divine caress.*

**Referring to the Jewish tradition that Moses died at the kiss of God.*

O God, who art so terrible to those
 Who fail and fall beneath Thy Burden,
 still
 Thy mercy waiteth, and Thou givest a
 man
Such peace at last, as only broken
 hearts
 Can taste, or dream of.

* * * * *

Safe from Angel's sword
 Or Lion's deadly spring, by help of God,
 I knelt to gaze on him, with thanksgiv-
 ing;
 Then raised him up, and bore him from
 the place.
 We travelled slowly home, my Dead
 and I,
 And as we went, what awful question-
 ings
 I held with him! The moon came forth
 and walked
 In solemn brightness with us through
 the night,
 And God was with us as we went; our
 God
 Who had dealt wondrously with him
 who slept,
 And would forgive me also: though my
 sins
 Are countless as the sands. With that
 sweet look
 Of heavenly comfort on my Brother's
 face,
 God gave me peace.

I long to sleep with him
 And know the secrets of that speechless
 Rest.
 It may be that this very night, my God,
 After so long a time, will think on me
 And call me to Himself. And yet my
 soul
 Is almost like a weanèd child, and rests,
 Content in Him, and cannot ask for
 Death."

* * * * *

The stars grow pale; a low wind from
 the East
 Is springing, faint and chill.

Now, fair on Earth
 The new Day breaketh,—but a sweeter
 Dawn
 Has visited the Prophet's weary heart,
 And in its light he sleepeth. For be-
 hold!

The silver cord was broken in the Night,
 And the loosened soul has found its rest
 in God.

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

*"Arise thou therefore, get thee to
 thine own house: and when thy feet en-
 ter into the city, the child shall die."*—
 (I. Kings xiv.: 12).

WITHIN our palace-gates another king
 Was come to stand, a dim and silent
 king,
 Whom no man seeketh after, and no
 man
 Resisteth, when he riseth up to smite.
 In robes of darkness and with sound-
 less tread
 He came at midnight, when the moon
 was full
 And all the land was silent; for I sat
 That night to watch the child, and ris-
 ing up
 At midnight, drew the curtains wide to
 see
 The silent skies. Forth on the palace
 court
 I looked: the scent of the white orange-
 flowers
 Came and went sweetly on the still night
 air,
 The fountain played and murmured in
 the court,
 And fair flowers trembled round it, and
 the moon
 Gleamed on white marble pillars.

Then there fell
 A Shadow suddenly, and *one* did stand
 In robes of darkness, where the moon-
 light lay
 Most white and shining on the marble
 floor.
 A king—for the dim form as of a crown
 Rose on that shrouded head; an angel
 too—

For mighty wings did cast their shade
 athwart
 The moonlight on the floor, proclaiming
 him
 One of God's angels, who excel in
 strength
 And do His awful will: and—with a
 start
 Of sudden agony—I caught the gleam—

The deadly gleaming of the sword he held
 Wherewith to smite my child. Lo, this
 is Death
 Come up into our palace!

Then I fell
 With bitter moanings kneeling by the
 child,
 And stretching helpless hands across his
 breast
 To shield him from the angel of the
 sword
 Whom no man can resist. He lay asleep
 Pale in the moonlight, very beautiful,
 And fair and still like those white flowers
 that gleamed
 In the same moonlight. Thus I wept
 and watched
 And called upon His Name who is the
 hope
 Of Israel through dark nights and
 cloudy days.
 The long pale moonlit hours went slowly
 by,
 And it was near the dawning when the
 child
 Awoke, with a long sigh, and looked
 on me.
 Where had *he* been, through those still-
 moonlit hours,
 While I had watched? His eyes were
 wearing now
 A new deep look, as if some veil were
 rent,
 And he,—with open face beholding,—
 saw
 Things glorious and secret, and his voice
 Thrilled on my heart, and held me calm
 and still:
 "Mother, dear mother, I have loved the
 Name
 Of the great God of Israel, now I go
 To see His face. His blessing on my
 heart
 Is gathering ever, and He draws so close
 And shines so sweetly with His peace
 on me
 That I must rise and go.

How often we
 Have wandered on the glowing sunset
 hills
 Of Ephraim; and at the sacred hour
 Of the great evening-sacrifice afar
 In Zion, we have knelt towards her
 gates—

Her holy gates—and prayed the Lord
 that He
 Would reckon *us* among the people
 there.
 And in His holy Temple God did hear
 The far-off prayer, which echoed from
 the hills
 Of Ephraim, and on our hearts there
 fell
 (As falls on Israel what time the priest
 Comes forth to bless the people) God's
 own peace
 After the sacrifice. This night once
 more
 Strange sweetness seems to fall upon
 my heart,
 As if some one were blessing me with
 peace
 For evermore. This blessing may be
 His—
 The High Priest's yet to come—who
 shall by one
 Great Sacrifice, at evening-time, redeem
 His people to Himself."

The moonlight lay
 Upon his face; but not from moon or
 star
 Had shone the light that dwelt so deep
 within
 Those lifted eyes. Even in the Border
 Land
 The people have no need of sun by day,
 Neither of moon by night. These are
 no more
 Their lights, for God Himself is risen
 up
 To be of them an everlasting Light:
 And unto Him alone they look, with
 eyes
 Which we must weep to see.

He spoke again
 In a low tone,—“Dear mother, sing to
 me
 Once more a song of David. I had
 prayed
 To be a king like David, and to reign
 For God in Israel, but now I go
 To be with David, and with all the
 great
 And mighty men of Israel who stand
 Before the Holy One. Dear mother,
 sing
 A song of David.” And I sang to him

With bitter thrills of pain; trembling,
and yet
Not weeping, for I knew there would be
time
To weep hereafter, but the time was
short
Wherein I yet might sing to him, and
lay
His head upon my breast. I sang to
him—
Singing the Lord's song, even in the
land
Of death and sighing, for the shadows
drew
Closer across his face.

Then, as I ceased,
The king came in to see the child, and
bent
To kiss his brow, and bending caught
the look
Upon his face, and started,—“This is
Death
Come up into our Palace. O my gods
Whom I have trusted, and to whom my
prayers
Have all the night gone up! Behold, ye
turn
Away from me; now also will I turn
Away from you, and seek unto the
Lord
Of Israel and Judah. Long ago
I used to worship on His holy hill,
And hear the words of peace and bless-
ing fall
On Israel. But I have sinned, and
now—
An angry God—He dwelleth in the
Land,
And goeth up and down to smite, and
not
To bless, and those who meet Him turn
aside
In fear and trembling. Yet to whom
can we
Appeal but Him? Thou shalt arise and
go
To Shiloh, to the man of God, and ask
If yet the child may live. I dare not go,
For I have knelt to other gods than his.”

* * * * *

The morning star was smiling sweet and
still
In the blue distant sky, what time I
rose

To leave my child. The tears fell si-
lently
And heavy, as I bent my head again,
And yet again, to kiss the cold pale
cheek;—
“How shall I leave thee? God Himself
be here,
And hold thee back from Death, until
I come!
It is a little way: a little while
And I return. Wait for me till I haste
Across the hills, and come again to
thee.”
A sweet smile wandered on his fading
face,—
“Yes, mother, I will wait; I shall not
come
Again to thee, but thou shalt come to
me,
As David said. It is a little way
Across the hills, and I will wait for
thee
With God in Zion.”

Then I wept again,
And prayed, and turned to go; perhaps
the man
Of God in Shiloh would be strong to
save
My dying child. But at the door again
I turned to look on him. His eyes were
full
Of God's own smile, his look was calm
and high,
And with his hand he pointed to the
star
And smiled,—“My star, my bright and
morning star!
The night is ended, and the Day-star
come
For me. And though the darkness on
my Land
Shall be for many days, a Star shall rise
On Jacob, and the midnight shadows
flee
Before His Face.” And then again he
said,
Lifting his hands unto the silent Land
That stretched above his dying head,
“My star,
My bright and morning star!”

* * * * *

At noontide, when the hot and heavy
air
Pressed on the weary earth, and thun-
der-clouds

Were darkening heaven, and everything
was still,
And faint, and sickening with the burn-
ing breath
Of coming storms, I stood at length be-
fore
The man of God in Shiloh.

Then he rose—
That blind and awful Prophet of the
Lord—
And stretched his hand to heaven, and
the curse
Like thunder burst upon my head from
God.
He stretched his hand to heaven, and
the clouds
Of heaven answered him, for while he
poured
Each awful curse, the thunders crashed
above,
And deadly lightnings gleamed and
gleamed again.
Curses on Israel, on the pleasant land
Which had been precious in the eyes
of God;
Curses upon her king who had provoked
With many sins that higher King, who
reigns
A jealous God in Israel.

And still
After each awful curse, the awful crash
Of thunder shook the earth, and smote
my heart
As if great voices up in Heaven said
"Amen" to every curse. And lightnings
gleamed,
As if impatient to begin the work
Of judgment in the land. I fell upon
My face. I think I would have died be-
fore
The Lord that day, what time His thun-
ders woke,
And His blind Prophet in dread words
proclaimed
The darkness and the doom of Israel,—
But ever and anon the sweet child's
voice
Which spoke to me at dawning (when
there were
No thunders in the sky, but only stars—
Fair morning stars—which seemed to
sing once more
Together to the Lord), would steal
across,

My trembling soul, "Yet shall a Star
arise
On Jacob, and the midnight shadows
flee
Before His Face." I tried to stay my
heart
Upon this word, until amid the crash
Of thunders and of curses, I did hear
His words about the child,—how he
should die
That very day in peace, and Israel
Should mourn for him;—"He shall not
live to see
The evil days. What time thy feet do
pass
This day within thy city-gate, the child
Shall die."

* * * * *

I know not how I went that day
Along the road from Shiloh. All my
heart
Seemed stunned and stricken, as by
some wild blow
Dealt by an unseen hand. I hurried on,
And could not bear to tarry on the
road,—
Although I knew that every step I took
In hastening to the child, brought *Death*
more near—
Not *me* more near—to him. I know I
prayed
At times, not asking anything, I think,
But helplessly repeating God's great
Name
In my great agony. And thus I went
In my strange haste, until I reached the
gate
Of Tirzah: on her palaces and towers
The afternoon was shining, and the
gate
Stood open. *Then* it seemed as if a
dream,
A woful dream, had wrapped me all the
day,—
But the gate woke me, and the word
came back
And smote upon me like a blow from
God
Given in anger,—*"When thy feet do
pass
This day within the city-gate, the child
Shall die."*

Then my heart fainted utterly,
And all things seemed to darken, and I
crept

A little from the gate, and stumbled
 where
 The graves are thickest. There the
 people lie
 And weep no more; the stately trees that
 keep
 Their dark watch in the place of graves
 are used
 To shelter calmer faces, stiller hearts
 Than mine. In their deep shadows I
 fell down
 And tried to call on God, but in that
 hour
 Of agony, the clouds were dark between
 My soul and Him; "O God! I cannot
 pass
 Within the gate. Where are Thy mer-
 cies gone?
 Would God that I had died for thee,
 my son!"
 * * * * *
 But suddenly there was the voice of
 one
 Who spake to me.

Sweeter than sweetest flow
 Of waters which go softly, music swept
 Across my heart: the music of a voice
 Used to the songs of Heaven. How that
 tone,
 With its strange sweetness, touched my
 anguished heart
 To something more than tears: the
 fountains then
 Of a great deep were broken, and I
 poured
 My heart to God. (It was of God the
 voice
 Had spoken.) All the bitterness was
 gone,
 And, like a little child, I leaned my
 head
 Upon my God. The Angel stood by
 me,
 And smiled, in that dim place of graves,
 a smile
 Which surely even in bright Heaven
 would
 Have seemed exceeding bright; and yet
 as soft
 As that soft music of his angel-voice,—
 "Poor mother! I am come to take thy
 hand
 And lead thee through the gate, for it
 is hard
 For thee to rise and go. My God and
 thine"—

(How sweetly, with the thrill of *perfect*
 love,
 And yet with holy awe, as if he stood
 Before the Throne, the Angel named
 that Name)—
 "My God and thine—hath sent me unto
 thee
 To lead thee through the gate."

But at the word
 My heart grew faint again, and though
 I tried
 To lean on God, trembling took hold on
 me:
 And, with a voice that sounded hoarse
 and strange
 To mine own ear, I answered him
 again,—
 "Within our palace-court the Angel
 dread
 Of Death is standing, and what time I
 pass
 This day within the city-gate, his feet
 Shall cross the inner threshold, and his
 sword
 Shall smite my child!" But in that dark
 wild hour,—
 When my soul fainted almost unto
 death,—
 The Lord did wondrously.

A strange bright cloud
 Did overshadow us; and I beheld,
 And lo! a City. Eye hath never seen
 On this pale earth such glory, ear hath
 heard
 No music like the songs which seemed
 to float
 Across the place. Above the City stood
 No sun, yet forth she looked, clear as
 the sun,
 Fair as the moon, and terrible as some
 Great army. And the shining of her
 walls
 Was like the glory of a golden Dawn
 On stainless snow. Upon the streets
 there went
 And came a holy people, clad in white,
 With faces sealed to peace unspeakable.
 I did not see His Face who sitteth King
 Within the shining City, but I saw
 Reflected on each face His wondrous
 look,
 And I could read that every eye within
 The City saw Him, though I saw Him
 not.

The gates were open, and the voice of
them
That sing for joy of heart was heard
again
Within.

The Angel of the Lord stood by,—
Watching, methought, to see what I
would think
Of this, his blessed Home. He took my
hand
And pointed to the City,—“Beautiful
For situation, joy of all the earth
Is God’s fair Zion! Thou shalt rise
and come
(Even with joy) within this dreaded
gate
Of Tirzah; for what time thy weary
feet
Do pass across this city-gate, the child
Shall cross *that* Threshold, and behold
the Face
Of God in peace.”

Then had I strength to rise,
And,—gazing steadfastly unto that fair
And shining City,—leaning on the hand
Of God’s good Angel, passed unto the
gate
Of Tirzah.

Yea, through God, I did prevail
To cross—although with something like
the throb
Of Death (for my child’s soul was part-
ing then)—
Within the gate.

* * * * *
I lean on God. My child
Shall see no evil days. What time I
passed
That day within the gate, the child
arose
And crossed Thy Threshold, and beheld
thy Face,
O God, in peace. He will not come to
me,
But I will haste across the fading hills
And go to Thee.

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

SORE was the famine throughout all the
bounds
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command

Of God, journeyed to Cherith’s failing
brook.
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught
cloud, at morn
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the
vale;
The withering herbage dies; among the
palms
The shrivell’d leaves send to the sum-
mer gale
An autumn rustle; no sweet songster’s
lay
Is warbled from the branches; scarce is
heard
The rill’s faint brawl. The prophet
looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silver’d
head
Upon the flowerless bank; serene he
sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning: then with
hands enclasp’d,
And heavenward face, and eye-lids
closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert
shower’d,
To Him who from the rock made foun-
tains gush:
Entranced the man of God remains: till
roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grate-
ful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided
food.

JAMES GRAHAME (1765-1811).

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

THERE fell no rain on Israel. The sad
trees,
Reft of their coronals, and the crisp
vines,
And flowers whose dewless bosoms
sought the dust,
Mourned the long drought. The mis-
erable herds
Pined on, and perished ’mid the scorch-
ing fields,
And near the vanished fountains where
they used
Freely to slake their thirst, the moaning
flocks
Laid their parched mouths, and died.

A holy man,
 Who saw high visions of unuttered
 things,
 Dwelt, in deep-musing solitude, apart
 Upon the banks of Cherith. Dark
 winged birds,
 Intractable and fierce, were strangely
 moved
 To shun the hoarse cries of their cal-
 low brood,
 At night and morning lay their gathered
 spoils
 Down at his feet. So, of the brook he
 drank,
 Till pitiless suns exhaled that slender
 rill
 Which, singing, used to glide to Jor-
 dan's breast.
 Then, warned of God, he rose and went
 his way
 Unto the coast of Zidon. Near the
 gates
 Of Zarephath he marked a lowly cell,
 Where a pale, drooping widow, in the
 depth
 Of desolate and hopeless poverty,
 Prepared the last scant morsel for her
 son,
 That he might eat and die.

The man of God,
 Entering, requested food. Whether the
 germ
 Of self-denying fortitude, which stirs
 Sometimes in woman's soul, and nerves
 it strong
 For life's severe and unapplauded tasks,
 Sprang up at his appeal—or whether He
 Who ruled the ravens, wrought within
 her heart,
 I cannot say; but to the stranger's hand
 She gave the bread. Then, round the
 famished boy
 Clasp ing her widowed arms, she strained
 him close
 To her wan bosom, while his hollow
 eye
 Wondering and wishfully regarded her
 With ill-subdued reproach.

A blessing fell
 From the majestic guest, and every
 morn
 The empty store which she had wept at
 eve,
 Mysteriously replenished, woke the joy

That ancient Israel felt, when round
 their camp
 The manna lay like dew. Thus many
 days
 They fed, and the poor famine-stricken
 boy
 Looked up with a clear eye, while vig-
 orous health
 Flushed with unwonted crimson his pure
 cheek,
 And bade the fair flesh o'er his wasted
 limbs
 Come like a garment. The lone widow
 mused
 On her changed lot, yet to Jehovah's
 name
 Gave not the praise: but when the si-
 lent moon
 Moved forth all radiant, on her star-
 girt throne,
 Uttered a heathen's gratitude, and
 hailed,
 In the deep chorus of Zidonian song,
 "Astarte, queen of Heaven!"

But then there came
 A day of wo. That gentle boy, in
 whom
 His mother lived, for whom alone she
 deemed
 Time's weary heritage a blessing, died.
 Wildly the tides of passionate grief
 broke forth,
 And on the prophet of the Lord, her lip
 Called with indignant frenzy. So he
 came,
 And from her bosom took the breathless
 clay,
 And bore it to his chamber. There he
 knelt
 In supplication that the dead might live.
 He rose, and looked upon the child. His
 cheek
 Of marble meekly on the pillow lay,
 While round his polished forehead, the
 bright curls
 Clustered redundantly. So sweetly slept
 Beauty and innocence in Death's em-
 brace,
 It seemed a mournful thing to waken
 them.
 Another prayer arose—and he, whose
 faith
 Had power o'er nature's elements, to
 seal

The dripping cloud, to wield the lightning's dart,
 And soon, from death escaping, was to soar
 On car of flame up to the throne of God,
 Long, long, with labouring breast, and lifted eyes,
 Solicited in anguish. On the dead
 Once more the prophet gazed. A rigor seemed
 To settle on those features, and the hand,
 In its immovable coldness, told how firm
 Was the dire grasp of the insatiate grave.
 The awful seer laid down his humbled lip
 Low to the earth, and his whole being seemed
 With concentrated agony to pour
 Forth in one agonizing, voiceless strife
 Of intercession. Who shall dare to set
 Limits to prayer, if it hath entered heaven,
 And won a spirit down to its dense robe
 Of earth again?

Look! look upon the boy!
 There was a trembling of the parted lip,
 A sob—a shiver—from the half-sealed eye
 A flash like morning—and the soul came back
 To its frail tenement.

The prophet raised
 The renovated child, and on that breast
 Which gave the life-stream of its infancy
 Laid the fair head once more.
 If ye would know
 Aught of that wildering trance of ecstasy,
 Go ask a mother's heart, but question not
 So poor a thing as language. Yet the soul
 Of her of Zarephath, in that blest hour,
 Believed,—and with the kindling glow of faith
 Turned from vain idols to the living God.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
 (1791-1865).

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

(I. Kings, xviii.)

THREE times has Nisan failed to bring
 The longed-for latter rain,
 To Carmel's drooping olive leaves
 And Sharon's waiting plain.

The breeze from Lebanon stirs not
 Esdraelon's withered grain;
 The trembling aloes wait to hear
 The Kedron's voice in vain.

On Bether's mountains of perfume
 The stately roebuck falls;
 On Bethlehem's bare pasture lands
 In vain the shepherd calls.

And white the pallid famine came
 To homes of rich and poor;
 And laid its heavy hand at last
 On Ahab's palace door.

And after it, with fearless step,
 And eye of kindly flame,
 From wilds of Jordan, sought for long,
 The regal Tishbite came!

"Art come, that troublest Israel?"
 The haughty tyrant said,
 "Nay, all her dire misfortunes rest
 Upon thy guilty head!"

"Lo! on the hills the groves accursed,
 Where Baal's altars stand;
 The worship of thy father's God
 Forgotten in the land!"

"Now gather on Mount Carmel, king,
 The priests of thy desire;
 Let him be God who answereth
 The prayer for heavenly fire!"

They crowd thy sacred solitudes,
 O mount of sea and land!
 At Baal's altars long in vain,
 Praying, his legions stand.

The blighted land lay dark beneath,
 The sea swept silent by;
 There came no voice, or flame of fire,
 From land, or sea, or sky!

But at the ninth, the sacred hour—
 Sacred in earth and heaven—

The prophet's prayer prevailed with
God;
The answering sign was given.

And sea and land were witnesses,
And Baal's host when came,
As in the wilderness of old,
The shining heavenly flame!

"False priests of falser gods, ye die!
By Kishon's stream today,
Who durst from Israel's God to lead
His chosen flock astray!"

And haste, O king! where fair Jezreel
Shines in Esdraelon's plain,
Across the sea's blue flow I hear
The footsteps of the rain!

The types and miracles are past;
On Carmel's brow in vain
The reverent pilgrim seeks the sky
For heavenly sign again.

And far off mountains, beautiful,
Are sanctified by prayer;
And God's own spirit blessings sends
And witness everywhere.

Yet holier seem those sacred hills
Where visibly He came,
And signed the record of his truth
With autograph of flame.

E. E. D.

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

(I. Kings, xix.)

THUS prayed the prophet in the wilder-
ness;

"God of my fathers! look on my dis-
tress;

My days are spent in vanity and strife,
O that the Lord would please to take
my life!

Beneath the clods through this lone val-
ley spread,

Fain would I join the generations dead!"

Heaven deigned no answer to that mur-
muring prayer,

Silence that thrilled the blood alone
was there;

Down sunk his weary limbs, slow
heaved his breath,

And sleep fell on him with a weight
like death;

Dreams, raised by evil spirits, hovered
near,

Thronged with strange thoughts, and
images of fear;

The abominations of the Gentiles
came;—

Detested Chemosh, Moloch clad with
flame,

Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with moony
crest,

And Baal, sunlike, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnashed their teeth, then
sped away,

Like ravening vultures to their carrion-
prey,

Where every grove grew darker with
their rites,

And blood ran reeking down the moun-
tain-heights;

But to the living GOD, throughout the
land,

He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand;
Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's hill,

Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still:
The prophet drew one deep desponding

groan,

And his heart died within him, like a
stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement
broke,

"Arise and eat, Elijah!"—He awoke,
And found a table in the desert spread,

With water in the cruse beside his head;
He blessed the Lord, who turned away

his prayer,

And feasted on the heaven-provided
fare;

Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses
stole,

And sunk like life new-breathed into
his soul.

.

Again the angel smote the slumberer's
side;

"Arise and eat, the way is long and
wide."

He rose and ate, and with unfainting
force,

Through forty days and nights upheld
his course.

Horeb, the mount of God, he reached,
and lay

Within a cavern, till the cool of day.
 "What dost thou here, Elijah?"—Like
 the tide,
 Brake that deep voice through silence.
 He replied,
 "I have been very jealous for thy cause,
 Lord God of hosts! for men make void
 thy laws;
 Thy people have thrown down thine al-
 tars, slain
 Thy prophets,—I, and I alone remain;
 My life with reckless vengeance they
 pursue,
 And what can I against a nation do?"

"Stand on the mount before the Lord,
 and know,
 That wrath or mercy at my will I show."
 Anon the power that holds the winds
 let fly
 Their devastating armies through the
 sky;
 Then shook the wilderness, the rocks
 were rent,
 As when JEHOVAH bow'd the firma-
 ment,
 And trembling Israel, while he gave the
 law,
 Beheld his symbols, but no image saw.
 The storm retired, nor left a trace be-
 hind;
 The Lord passed by; He came not with
 the wind.
 Beneath the prophet's feet, the shud-
 dering ground
 Clave, and disclosed a precipice pro-
 found,
 Like that which opened to the gates of
 hell,
 When Korah, Dathan, and Abiram fell;
 Again the Lord passed by, but unre-
 vealed;
 He came not with the earthquake,—all
 was sealed.

A new amazement! vale and mountain
 turned
 Red as the battle-field with blood, then
 burned
 Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
 As shall devour this universal frame;
 Elijah watched it kindle, spread, expire;
 The Lord passed by; He came not with
 the fire.
 A still small whisper breathed upon his
 ear;

He wrapt his mantle round his face with
 fear;
 Darkness that might be felt involved
 him,—dumb
 With expectation of a voice to come,
 He stood upon the threshold of the cave,
 As one long dead, just risen from the
 grave,
 In the last judgment.—Came the voice
 and cried,
 "What dost thou here, Elijah?"—He re-
 plied,
 "I have been very jealous for thy cause,
 Lord God of hosts! for men make void
 thy laws;
 Thy people have thrown down thine al-
 tars, slain
 Thy prophets,—I and I alone remain;
 My life with ruthless violence they pur-
 sue,
 And what can I against a nation do?"
 "My day of vengeance is at hand: the
 year
 Of my redeemed shall suddenly appear:
 Go Thou,—anoint two kings,—and in
 thy place,
 A prophet to stand up before my face;
 Then he who 'scapes the Syrian's sword,
 shall fall
 By his whom to Samaria's throne I call;
 And he who 'scapes from Jehu, in that
 day,
 Him shall the judgment of Elisha slay.
 Yet hath a remnant been preserved by
 me,
 Seven thousand souls who never bowed
 the knee
 To Baal's image, nor have kissed his
 shrine;
 These are my jewels, and they shall be
 mine,
 When to the world my righteousness is
 shown,
 And, root and branch, idolatry o'er-
 thrown.

So be it, God of truth! yet why delay?
 With Thee a thousand years are as one
 day;
 O crown thy people's hopes, dispel their
 fears!
 And be to-day with Thee a thousand
 years!
 Cut short the evil, bring the blessed
 time,

Avenge thine own elect, from clime to
clime;
Let not an idol in thy path be spared,
All share the fate which Baal long hath
shared;
Nor let seven thousand only worship
Thee;
Make every tongue confess, bow every-
knee;

One Lord through all the earth,—his
name be one!
Hast Thou not spoken? shall it not be
done?

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

(I. Kings xix: 12.)

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord pass-
eth by;
The mountains are rending, the tempest
is nigh;
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are
o'ercast;
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the
blast.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord, He is
near,
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in
fear;
The earthquake's approaching, with ter-
rible form;
But the Lord of Sabaoth is not in the
storm.

He cometh, He cometh, the Lord is in
ire;
The smoke is ascending, the mount is
on fire!
O say, is Jehovah revealing His name!
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the
flame.

He cometh, He cometh, the tempest is
o'er;
He is come, neither tempest nor storm
shall be more;
All nature reposes; earth, ocean, and
sky
Are still as the voice that descends from
on high.
How sweet to the soul are the breath-
ings of peace,

When the still voice of pardon bids sor-
row to cease,
When the welcome of Mercy falls soft
on the ear,
"Come hither, ye laden—ye weary, draw
near!"

O had I the wings of a dove, I would
fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to
the sky,
Where the still and small breathing to
earth that was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and
chorus of heaven.

McCOMB.

ELIJAH IN HOREB.

*"And after the earthquake a fire; but
the Lord was not in the fire: and after
the fire a still small voice."*—(I. Kings
xix: 12.)

In troublous days of anguish and re-
buke,
While sadly round them Israel's chil-
dren look,
And their eyes fail for waiting on their
Lord
While underneath each awful arch of
green,
On every mountain top, God's chosen
scene
Of pure heart-worship, Baal is adored:

'Tis well, true hearts should for a time
retire
To holy ground, in quiet to aspire
Towards promised regions of serener
grace;
On Horeb, with Elijah, let us lie,
Where all around on mountain, sand,
and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest
trace.

There, if in jealousy and strong disdain
We to the sinner's God of sin complain,
Untimely seeking here the peace of
Heaven—
"It is enough, O Lord! now let me die
E'en as my fathers did: for what am I
That I should stand, where they have
vainly striven?"

Perhaps our God may of our conscience
ask,

"What doest thou here, frail wanderer
from the task?

Where hast thou left those few sheep
in the wild?"*

Then should we plead our heart's con-
suming pain,

At sight of ruined altars, prophets slain.
And God's own ark with blood of souls
defiled;

He on the rock may bid us stand, and
see

The outskirts of His march of mystery,
His endless warfare with man's wilful
heart;

First, His great power He to the sinner
shows,

Lo! at His angry blast the rocks un-
close,

And to their base the trembling moun-
tains part:

Yet the Lord is not here: 't is not by
Power

He will be known—but darker tempests
lower;

Still, sullen heavings vex the laboring
ground:

Perhaps His Presence thro' all depth
and height,

Best of all gems, that deck His crown
of light,

The haughty eye may dazzle and con-
found.

God is not in the earthquake; but be-
hold

From Sinai's caves are bursting, as of
old,

The flames of His consuming jealous
ire.

Woe to the sinner, should stern Justice
prove

His chosen attribute;—but He in love
Hastes to proclaim, "God is not in the
fire."

The storm is o'er—and hark! a still
small voice

Steals on the ear, to say, Jehovah's
choice

Is ever with the soft, meek, tender soul:

By soft, meek, tender ways He loves to
draw

The sinner, startled by His ways of
awe:

Here is our Lord, and not where thun-
ders roll.

Back then, complainer; loathe thy life no
more,

Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
Because the rocks the nearer prospect
close.

Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and
eyes

That day by day in prayer like thine
arise:

Thou know'st them not, but their Cre-
ator knows.

Go, to the world return, nor fear to
cast

Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last†
In joy to find it after many days.

The work be thine, the fruit thy chil-
dren's part:

Choose to believe, not see: sight tempts
the heart

From sober walking in true Gospel ways.

JOHN KEELE (1792-1866).

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

(I. Kings xix: 11-13.)

ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood,—

The Lord before him passed;

A hurricane in angry mood

Swept by him strong and fast;

The forest fell before its force,

The rocks were shivered in its course,

God was not in the blast;

'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,

Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute,—a cloud

Came muffling up the sun;

When through the mountain, deep and
loud,

An earthquake thundered on;

The frightened eagle sprang in air,

The wolf ran howling from his lair,—

God was not in the storm;—

'Twas but the rolling of his car,—

The trampling of his steeds from far.

*I. Samuel xvii: 28.

†Ecclesiastes xi: 1.

'Twas still again,—and Nature stood
 And calmed her ruffled frame;
 When swift from heaven a fiery flood
 To earth devouring came;
 Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
 The sick'ning sun looked wan and dead,
 Yet God filled not the flame;—
 'Twas but the terror of his eye,
 That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice, all still and small,
 Rose sweetly on the ear;
 Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
 In heaven and earth might hear.
 It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
 It spoke as angels speak above,
 And God himself was there!
 For O, it was a Father's voice
 That bade the trembling heart rejoice!
 THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1854).

THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.

FAREWELL! thou glorious Tishbite seer,
 Go to thy home beyond the sun,
 And, standing with redeemed ones, hear
 From God the pleasing words "well
 done."

Thine earthly line we do not know,
 Nor yet the place thy childhood trod,
 But what are blood and fame below
 To him who is an heir of God?

He who in every age finds men,
 His righteous judgments to declare,
 Found thee within some Gilead glen,
 And nursed thee into greatness there.

He talked to thee through every brook
 That bubbled near thy mountain home,
 And wild winds of the gorges spoke
 His prophecies of storms to come.

When idols stood on every hill,
 And thronged the groves on every
 plain,
 When they who would not worship Baal
 Were driven from their homes or
 slain;

When all the prophets of the Lord
 Sought lonely caves in which to dwell,
 That there they might escape the sword
 Of those who fought for Jezebel;

God locked the clouds and gave the key
 That opened them into thy hand,
 And Ahab heard, "But by my word
 No dew nor rain shall bless this land."

At Cherit thou didst walk with him,
 Else it had been a drear retreat,
 And morn and eve the Orebim
 Supplied thy wants with bread and
 meat.

Sarepta's widow saw thy faith,
 It added daily to her fare,
 And when her son was cold in death,
 He rose in answer to thy prayer:

And Israel saw thy victory won,
 On Carmel that o'erlooks the sea,
 When at the setting of the sun,
 The God of Fire answered thee.

And from their camp a shout arose
 That made the rock-built mountain
 nod,
 And dumb with terror struck thy foes—
 "The Lord of heaven alone is God!"

Thy work is done—the desert sand
 No more thy weary feet shall tread;
 By Orebim nor angel hands
 Not here again shalt thou be fed.

JAMES STEPHENSON.

THE ASCENT OF ELIJAH.

*"Ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
 Liquit Jordanios turbine raptus, agros."*
 Miltoni Lat. Poem.

SERVANT of God, thy fight is fought;
 Servant of God, thy crown is wrought:
 Lingerest thou yet upon the joyless
 earth?

Thy place is now in Heaven's high
 bowers,
 Far from this mournful world of ours,
 Among the sons of light, that have a
 different birth.

Go to the calm and cloudless sphere
 Where doubt, and passion, and dim fear,
 And black remorse, and anguish have
 no root;

Turn—turn away thy chastened eyes

From sights that make their tears arise,
And shake th' unworthy dust from thy
departing foot.

Thy human task is ended now;
No more the lightning of thy brow
Shall wake strange terror in the soul
of guilt;

As when thou wentest forth to fling
The curse upon the shuddering King,
Yet reeking with the blood—the sin-
less blood he spilt.

And all that thou hast braved and borne,
The Heathen's hate, the Heathen's scorn,
The wasting famine, and the galling
chain,—

Henceforth these things to thee shall
seem

The phantoms of a bygone dream;
And rest shall be for toil, and blessed-
ness for pain.—

Such visions of deep joy might roll
Through the rapt Prophet's inmost soul,
As, with his fond disciple by his side,
He passed with dry and stainless tread
O'er the submissive river's bed,
And took his honored way from Jor-
dan's reflux tide.

High converse held those gifted Seers
Of the dark fates of after years,
Of coming judgments, terrible and
fast;

The father's crime, the children's woe,
The noisome pest, the victor foe,
And mercy sealed, and truth made
manifest at last.

Thus as they reasoned, hark! on high
Rolled back the portals of the sky;
And from the courts of the empyrean
dome

Came forth what seemed a fiery car,
On rushing wheels, each wheel a star,
And bore the Prophet hence,—O
whither?—to his home!

With head thrown back, and hand up-
raised,
Long—long that sad disciple gazed,
As his loved teacher passed for aye
away;—

"Alas, my father!" still he cried,

"One look—one word to soothe, to
guide!—

Chariot and horse are gone from
Israel's tents to-day!"

Earth saw the sign;—Earth saw and
smiled,

As to her Maker reconciled;
With gladder murmur flowed the
streams along;

Unstirred by breath of lightest breeze
Trembled the conscious cedar trees,
And all around the birds breathed
gratitude in song.

And viewless harpstrings from the skies
Rang forth delicious harmonies;

And strange sweet voices poured their
grateful hymn;

And radiant eyes were smiling through
The tranquil ether's boundless blue,
The eyes of Heaven's high host, the
joyous Seraphim.

And Piety stood musing by,
And Penitence with downcast eye;
Faith heard with raptured heart the
solemn call,

And, pointing with her lustrous hand
To the far shores of that blest land,
Sent forth her voice of praise,—“for
him, O God,—for all!”

Death frowned far off his icy frown,
The monarch of the iron crown,
First-born of Sin, the universal foe;
Twice had his baffled darts been vain;
Death trembled for his tottering reign,
And poised the harmless shaft, and
drew the idle bow.

Sons of the Prophets, do ye still
Look through the wood and o'er the hill,
For him, your lord, whom ye may
ne'er behold?—

O dreamers, call not him, when day
Fades in the dewy vale away,
Nor when glad morning crests the
lofty rocks with gold!

Peace! call that honored name no more,
By Jordan's olive-girdled shore,
By Kedron's brook, or Siloa's holy
fount;

Nor where the fragrant breezes rove

Through Bethel's dim and silent grove,
Nor on the rugged top of Carmel's
sacred mount.

Henceforth ye nevermore may meet,
Meek learners, at your master's feet,
To gaze on that high brow, those
piercing eyes;
And hear the music of that voice
Whose lessons bade the sad rejoice,
Said to the weak, "Be strong!" and to
the dead, "Arise!"

Go, tell the startled guards that wait
In arms before the palace gate
"The Seer of Thesbe walks no more
on earth:"

The king will bid prepare the feast;
And tyrant prince and treacherous priest
Will move with haughtier step, and
laugh with louder mirth.

And go to Zarephath, and say
What God's right hand hath wrought
to-day

To the pale widow and her twice-born
son:

Lo, they will weep, and rend their hair,
Upstarting from their broken prayer,—
"Our comforter is gone, our friend,
our only one!"

Nay, deem not so! for there shall dwell
A Prophet yet in Israel

To tread the path which erst Elijah
trod;

He too shall mock th' oppressor's spears,
He too shall dry the mourner's tears;
Elijah's robe is his, and his Elijah's
God!

But he before the throne of grace
Hath his eternal dwelling-place;
His head is crowned with an unfading
crown;

And in the book, the awful book
On which the Angels fear to look,
The chronicle of Heaven, his name is
written down.

Too hard the flight for Passion's wings,
Too high the theme for Fancy's strings;
Inscrutable the wonder of the tale!

Yet the false Sanhedrim will weave
Wild fictions, cunning to deceive,
And hide reluctant Truth in Error's
loathly veil.

And some in after years will tell
How on the Prophet's cradle fell
Rays of rich glory, an unearthly
stream;

And some how fearful visions came
Of Israel judged by sword and flame,
That wondrous child the judge, upon
his father's dream.

Elijah in the battle's throng
Shall urge the fiery steeds along,
Hurling the lance, lifting the meteor
sword:

Elijah in the day of doom
Shall wave the censer's rich perfume,
To turn the wrath aside, the ven-
geance of the Lord.

Vain, vain! it is enough to know
That in his pilgrimage below
He wrought Jehovah's will with stead-
fast zeal;

And that he passed from this our life
Without the sorrow of the strife
Which all our fathers felt, which we
must one day feel.

To us between the world and Heaven
A rougher path, alas! is given;
Red glares the torch, dark waves the
funeral pall:

The sceptred king, the trampled slave,
Go down into the common grave,
And there is one decay, one nothing-
ness for all.

It is a fearful thing to die!
To watch the cheerful day flit by
With all its myriad shapes of life and
love;

To sink into the dreary gloom
That broods forever o'er the tomb,
Where clouds are all around, though
Heaven may shine above!

But still a firm and faithful trust
Supports, consoles the pure and just:
Serene, though sad, they feel life's
joys expire;
And bitter though the death pang be,
Their spirits through its tortures see
Elijah's car of light, Elijah's robe of
fire.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
(1802-1839)

AHAB THE BUILDER

THE son of Omri built at Shomron
 A pleasure house with ivory inlaid,
 Whereof the brut, o'er field and vine-
 yard blown,
 Reached Tyre and Sidon. Cities, too,
 of stone
 Well hewn, he builded. Rain and
 wind have played
 Millennia with their dust. One pile
 alone
 Remains. Though realms have risen
 and decayed,
 No shard can vanish of the fragments
 thrown
 On Naboth's mangled corpse at Jez-
 reel's gate.

JOHN ELLIOTT BOWMAN.

THE DEATH OF AHAB.

By robe or plume or equipage of king
 All undistinguished, he eludes the eyes
 Of captains bent to o'erpower him or
 surprise:
 When lo! an arrow from an unknown
 string
 Drawn at a venture—on swift, silent
 wing
 Right to a crevice in his armour flies.
 God's word of doom had fallen, and
 no disguise,
 No power or wisdom could a respite
 bring.
 So in life's battle-field for each and all,
 Or soon or late, the cloud of doom
 will lower,
 But not at random will God's arrows
 fall:
 What though concealed from man the
 place and hour,
 Enough that all has been arranged by
 Him
 Whose eyes for us with mortal mists
 were dim.

RICHARD WILTON (1827-).

THE DEATH OF JEZEBEL.

*And of Jezebel also spake the Lord,
 saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by
 the wall of Jezreel.*

*But there was none like unto Ahab,
 which did sell himself to work wicked-
 ness in the sight of the Lord, whom*

*Jezebel his wife stirred up.—I. Kings
 xxi: 23, 25.*

AND now the end of Ahab's house had
 come;
 Yet Jehu's labor was but now begun—
 A labor great as that of Hercules,
 Who cleansed the Augean stable; Jehu's
 task
 To cleanse the deep-stained throne of
 Israel,
 With blood of prophets and of Naboth
 soiled:
 To cleanse the throne so fearfully de-
 filed;
 And wash to sweetness in the blood of
 sons,
 The land the father's folly had made
 foul;
 Nor to restrict purgation, but to take
 The clotted caldron of long-seething
 crimes,
 And as a scullion to scour it clean
 In the hot gore of bloody Jezebel.

She now of Jehu's coming having
 heard,
 Betook herself unto her chamber, where
 Grown old and withered, she bepaints
 her face;
 Upon her head puts sparkling coronel,
 With bracelets bound her wrists, with
 pearls her hair
 All richly twined.

Her toilet done, behold!
 Down in the courtyard, loud with iron
 noise,
 Stern Jehu enters with a troop of horse;
 When, as upon the huntsman with his
 gun,
 Atowards her climbing, might the
 mother eagle
 Look from her eyrie built upon the crag,
 She looked down from her window to
 the court,
 Filled with ferocious men and trampling
 steeds,
 And saw grim Jehu riding through the
 gate.

Soon as she saw the slayer of her son
 Rage rose within her, and, forgetting all
 The stately, cold composure of a Queen,
 She scowling cried:

"Out of my sight, fell hound!
 Usurping dog, begone! By angry Baal,
 Thou yet shalt feel a traitor's doom.
 Avaunt!

Rebellious wretch, king-murderer,
 avault!
 Hast thou forgotten thee, to set thy
 foot,
 Blood-steeped, to stain therewith these
 courts? Here I
 Alone have warrant. Thirsty blood-
 hound, hence!
 And know me now; thou, whom I long
 have known,
 And fear me, too. I fear not thee, nor
 these;
 Nor all the recreant bands that thou
 canst bring,
 Deserving Ramoth-Gilead. Traitor, fly!
 Begone, base regicide, thou horrid bow-
 man,
 Who drew thy shaft against thy king;
 who slew
 My boy, my son, my darling. Thou hast
 slain
 Him. Scorpion, thou hast stung him to
 his death.
 Infernal dragon, to thyself take wings,
 And to the uttermost of the wide world
 Begone, and Baal blast thee! May his
 sun
 Dry up thy blood! May fever parch
 thee! Ah!
 I see another murder in thy look!
 Thou king-assassin, hast thou come to do
 To me as thou hast done unto my son?
 Do not too much, thou overweening
 man,
 Nor dream to exterminate the house of
 Ahab.
 Fool, when did treason thrive? Beware!
 beware!
 Jehu, remember; say, had Zimri peace
 Who slew his master?"

Jehu naught returned;
 But, looking upward to the window,
 called:
 "Who there is on my side?" And as if
 day
 Should call on night, two coal-black
 eunuchs came
 Forth to the window; and again he
 cried:
 "Quick, seize and throw her down!"
 And slave-like prompt,
 They strove to seize her and to throw
 her down;
 But failed, for lo! full far aback she
 springs,

Like the pressed panther, nimble as the
 squirrel,
 Into the chamber, and there stood in
 shade,
 Glaring with cat-like eyes. But glared
 not long;
 For to the window back they dragged
 and launched her,
 Sheer from the sill into the paved court,
 Whereto, like wounded sea-fowl from
 its cliff,
 She headlong with wild shriek of horror
 fell.
 Some of her blood outspurted on the
 wall,
 And some upon the horses; and the
 hoofs
 Of Jehu's charger trod her under foot,
 Then when the sated crowd had left the
 court,
 Jehu went up into the banquet-room;
 There ate and drank, till, warm with
 wine, he said:
 "Go down, and bury yon accursed
 woman;
 She is the daughter of a king."
 And down they went.
 But nothing of her found, except the
 skull,
 And feet and palms; the rest of her
 devoured
 By dogs; torn piecemeal; by them borne
 away,
 And eaten in the portion of Jezreel,
 Even in Naboth's vineyard; nothing left
 That one might say: "Lo! this was
 Jezebel."

ANONYMOUS.

ELISHA'S CHAMBER.

"A LITTLE chamber," built "upon the
 wall"—
 With stool and table, candlestick and
 bed—
 Where he might sit, or kneel, or lay
 his head
 At night or sultry noontide: this was all
 A prophet's need: but in that chamber
 small
 What mighty prayers arose, what
 grace was shed,
 What gifts were given—potent to
 wake the dead
 And from its viewless flight a soul re-
 call.

And still what miracles of grace are wrought
 In many a lowly chamber with shut door,
 Where God our Father is in secret sought,
 And shows Himself in mercy more and more;
 Dim upper rooms with God's own glory shine,
 And souls are lifted to the life Divine.

RICHARD WILTON (1827-).

THE SHUNAMITE.

It was a sultry day of summer-time,
 The sun poured down upon the ripened grain
 With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
 Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
 Stood still, and the divided flock were all
 Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,
 And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed
 As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
 Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother said,
 "Thy father is athirst"—and, from the depths
 Of the cool well under the leaning tree,
 She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts
 Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
 She bless'd her beautiful boy, and to his way
 Committed him. And he went lightly on,
 With his soft hands press'd closely to the cool
 Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
 Lifted with watchful care; and o'er the hills,
 And through the light green hollows where the lambs
 Go for the tender grass, he kept his way.
 Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,

Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows
 Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
 Stay'd not within the shadow of the tree,
 But with a joyous industry went forth
 Into the reaper's places, and bound up
 His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
 The pliant withes out of the shining straw—

Cheering their labor on, till they forgot
 The heat and weariness of their stooping toil

In the beguiling of his playful mirth.
 Presently he was silent, and his eye
 Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand

Press'd hard upon his forehead, and his breast

Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
 He utter'd a faint murmur, and fell back
 Upon the loosen'd sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
 Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!

She had watch'd every breath, and kept her hand

Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
 The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
 And she had laid back all his sunny curls

And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him

Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—

His beauty was so unlike death! She lean'd

Over him now, that she might catch the low

Sweet music of his breath, that she had learn'd

To love when he was slumbering at her side

In his unconscious infancy—"So still!

'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
 With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins

Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
 How could they say that he would die!
 Oh God!

I could not lose him! I have treasured all

His childhood in my heart, and even
 now,
 As he has slept, my memory has been
 there,
 Counting like treasures all his winning
 ways—
 His unforgotten sweetness:—

“—Yet so still!—

How like this breathless slumber is to
 death!

I could believe that in that bosom now
 There was no pulse—it beats so lan-
 guidly!

I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
 Death would not be so very beautiful!
 And that half smile—would death have
 left *that* there?

—And should I not have felt that he
 would die?

And have I not wept over him?—and
 pray'd

Morning and night for him? and *could*
 he die?

—God will keep him! He will be
 my pride

Many long years to come, and his fair
 hair

Will darken like his father's, and his eye
 Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
 And he will be so tall, and I shall look
 With such pride upon him?—*He* to
 die!”

And the fond mother lifted his soft
 curls,

And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to
 think

That such fair things could perish.—

—Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the
 color fled

From her fix'd lip, and her supporting
 knees

Were shook beneath her child. Her
 hand had touch'd

His forehead, as she dallied with his
 hair—

And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very
 slow,

Came the misgiving that her child was
 dead.

She sat a moment, and her eyes were
 closed

In a dumb prayer for strength, and then
 she took

His little hand and press'd it earnestly—
 And put her lip to his—and look'd again

Fearfully on him—and, then bending
 low,

She whisper'd in his ear, “My son!—
 my son!”

And as the echo died, and not a sound
 Broke on the stillness, and he lay there
 still—

Motionless on her knee—the truth *would*
 come

And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her
 heart

Were crush'd, she lifted him and held
 him close

Into her bosom—with a mother's
 thought—

As if death had no power to touch him
 there!

The man of God came forth, and led
 the child

Unto his mother, and went on his way.
 And he was there—her beautiful—her

own—
 Living and smiling on her—with his
 arms

Folded about her neck, and his warm
 breath

Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
 The music of his gentle voice once more!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
 (1806-1867).

THE LAW OF LOVE.

(II. Kings iv: 3, 4.)

Pour forth the oil,—pour boldly forth,
 It will not fail, until

Thou fairest vessels to provide
 Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,

Where they may broadly run;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease

Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
 That blessing from above.

Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
 Such is the law of love.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH
 (1807-1886).

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAMITE
WOMAN.

"And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—II. Kings iv: 13.

"I DWELL among mine own."—Oh! happy thou!

Not for the sunny clusters of the vine,
Nor for the olives on the mountain's brow;

Nor the flocks wandering by the flowery line

Of streams, that make the green land where they shine

Laugh to the light of waters—not for these,

Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er thee and thine—

Oh! not for these I call thee richly blest,

But for the meekness of thy woman's breast,

Where that sweet depth of still contentment lies;

And for thy holy household love, which clings

Unto all ancient and familiar things,
Weaving from each some link for home's dear charities.

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

NAAMAN'S SERVANT.

"Who for the like of me will care?"

So whispers many a mournful heart,
When in the weary languid air,
For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid,
From Israel's breezy mountain borne,
No more to rest in Sabbath shade,
Watching the free and waving corn.

A captive now, and sold, and bought,
In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,
Forgotten—such her moody thought—
Even as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here;
He hath a word for thee to speak;
O serve Him yet in duteous fear,
And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known
By thee on many a heathen shore,
And Naaman on his chariot throne
Wait humbly by Elisha's door.

By thee desponding lepers know
The sacred water's sevenfold might,
Then wherefore sink in listless woe?

.....

Your heavenly right to do and bear
All for His sake; nor yield one sigh
To pining doubt; nor ask "What care
In the wide world for such as I?"

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866).

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY BY A PESTILENTIAL WIND.

FROM Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,

Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;

Round her sad altars pressed the prostrate crowd,

Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed;

Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,

And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair;

High in the midst the kneeling king adored,

Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,

Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,

And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.

"O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng

Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;

Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,

That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;

Thine is the crystal source of life and light,

And thine the realms of death's eternal night.

O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,

Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,

Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.

O strike the diadem from his impious brows,

Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,

And teach the trembling nations, "Thou art God!"

Sylphs! in what dread array with penons broad,

Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;

Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,

Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;

Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,

And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foel

Hark! o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings,

Man falls on man, on buckler, buckler rings;

Groan answers groan, to anguish, anguish yields,

And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!

High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide

Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,

Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,

And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

ERASMUS DARWIN (1731-1802).

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,

That host with their banners at sunset were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,

That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;

And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,

But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,

With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,

The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,

And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;

And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

LA CONVALESCENCE D'EZECHIAS

[HEZEKIAH'S RECOVERY.]

I HAVE seen this life of tears

Toward its night declining;

At the high noon of my years

Dimly my sun was shining.

For lo! gaunt Death his wings outspread,

And straight, with their eternal shade,
Cloaked the light that I adore.
And in the darkness of that night
I sought in vain the vanished light
Of the days that were no more.

God! has Thy hand required
The guerdon I was winning?
Yea! it comes to slit the thread
Of life that it was spinning!
See, for me the last sun riseth!
For I am hurried by Thy breath
From my happy home, the world,
And, like a lone leaf, withered,
That from the living stem is shed,
Plaything of the winds, am hurl'd.

Thus, with cries and coward fears
My sickness seems increasing,
And my eyes, that swim with tears,
To open now are ceasing.
And to the gloomy night I call,
"O Night, within thy sombre pall
Thou'lt envelop me always."
And loud I cry unto the morn,
"This, the day that now is born,
Is the last day of my days!"

My senses are benumbed with fear,
My soul in darkness crying,
Answer, just God, hear, O hear!
I call upon Thee, dying!
Oh God! at last Thy hand it is
Has saved me from the precipice
Yawning sheer beneath my feet.
Thy succor gives me back my life,
And yields my soul, amid the strife
Fought with Death, a comfort sweet.

JEAN BAPTISTE ROUSSEAU 1670-1741).
(Translated by LAURIE MAGNUS [1872-]
and CECIL HEADLAM.)

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE rage of Babylon is roused,
The King puts forth his strength;
And Judah bends the bow
And points her arrows for the coming
war.

Her walls are firm, her gates are
strong,
Her youth gird on the sword;
High are her chiefs in hope,
For soon will Egypt send the promised
aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the streets?
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength, and arms, and promised
succours vain.

His meagre cheek is pale and sunk,
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet awful is its glance;
And who could bear the anger of his
frown?

Prophet of God! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come;
In vain thy warning voice
Summons her rulers timely to repent!

The Ethiop changes not his skin.
Impious and reckless still
The rulers spurn thy voice,
And now the measure of their crimes is
full.

For now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear;
Far as the eye can reach,
Spreads the wide horror of the circling
siege.

Why is the warrior's cheek so pale?
Why droops the gallant youth
Who late in pride of heart
Sharpen'd his javelin for the welcome
war?

'Tis not for terror that his eye
Swells with the struggling woe;
Oh! he could bear his ills,
Or rush to death, and in the grave have
peace.

His parents do not ask for food,
But they are weak with want;
His wife has given her babes
Her wretched pittance,—she makes no
complaint.

The consummating hour is come!
Alas for Solyma,
How is she desolate,—
She that was great among the nations,
fallen!

And thou—thou miserable king—
Where is thy trusted flock,

Thy flock so beautiful,
Thy Father's throne, the temple of thy
God?

Repentance brings not back the past;
It will not call again
Thy murdered sons to life,
Nor vision to those eyeless sockets more.

Thou wretched, childless, blind old
man,
Heavy thy punishment;
Dreadful thy present woes,
Alas! more dreadful thy remembered
guilt!

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

[JEWISH HYMN IN BABYLON.]

(From "Belshazzar.")

God of the thunder! from whose cloudy
seat

The fiery winds of Desolation flow;
Father of vengeance, that with purple
feet

Like a full wine-press tread'st the
world below;

The embattled armies wait thy sign to
slay,

Nor springs the beast of havoc on his
prey,

Nor withering Famine walks his blasted
way,

Till thou hast marked the guilty land
for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious
sign

The billows of the proud their rage
suppress;

Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilder-
ness,

And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing
hands,

And marble cities crown the laughing
lands,

And pillared temples rise thy name to
bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O
Lord!

The chariots rattled o'er her sunken
gate,

Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's
sword,

Even her foes wept to see her fallen
state;

And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of
shame,

Her temples sank amid the smouldering
flame,

For thou didst ride the tempest cloud
of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord,
shall beam,

And the sad City lift her crownless
head,

And songs shall wake and dancing foot-
steps gleam

In streets where broods the silence of
the dead.

The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded
towers,

On Carmel's side our maidens cull the
flowers

To deck at blushing eve their bridal
bowers,

And angel feet the glittering Sion
tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's
hand,

And Abraham's children were led
forth for slaves.

With fettered steps we left our pleasant
land,

Envyng our fathers in their peaceful
graves.

The stranger's bread with bitter tears
we steep,

And when our weary eyes should sink
to sleep,

In the mute midnight we steal forth to
weep,

Where the pale willows shade Euphra-
tes' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth
in joy;

Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy chil-
dren home;

He that went forth a tender prattling
boy

Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall
come;

And Canaan's vines for us their fruit
shall bear,

And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores
 prepare,
 And we shall kneel again in thankful
 prayer,
 Where o'er the cherub-seated God full
 blazed the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN (1791-1868).

THE PRAYER OF JABEZ.

SURROUNDED by a tangled wilderness
 Of barren names, one flower makes
 sweet the air,
 One name illustrious for a single
 prayer
 For evermore. "Oh, that Thou wouldest
 bless,
 Guide, help me, and with kindly hand
 repress
 Earth's pricking briers and thorns of
 daily care!"
 His prayer was granted, and God
 blessed him there,
 And crowned his prosperous years with
 happiness.
 The flower has passed away, but not the
 sweetness
 Breathing for ever from that one re-
 quest
 Which gave a life its colour and com-
 pleteness:
 Oh! may my life, in its unfolding story,
 With ceaseless dew of faithful prayer
 be blest,
 And yield to God a fragrance and a
 glory!

RICHARD WILTON (1827-).

DAVID'S THANKSGIVING.

(I. Chron. xxix : 10.)

I.

OH, LORD, our everlasting God!
 Bliss, Greatness, Power, and Praise is
 thine:
 With thee have conquests their abode,
 And glorious Majesty divine.
 All things that earth and heaven afford,
 Thou at thine own disposing hast.
 To thee belongs the kingdom, Lord,
 And thou for head o'er all art plac'd.

2.

Thou wealth and honour dost command;
 To thee made subject all things be:
 Both strength and power are in thine
 hand,
 To be dispos'd as pleaseth thee.
 And now to thee, our God, therefore,
 A Song of Thankfulness we frame;
 (That what we owe we may restore,)
 And glorify thy glorious Name.

3.

But what, or who, are we (alas)
 That we in giving are so free!
 Thine own before, our offering was,
 And all we have we have from thee.
 For we are guests and strangers here,
 As were our fathers in thy sight;
 Our days but shadow-like appear,
 And suddenly they take their flight.

4.

This offering, Lord our God, which thus
 We for our namesake have bestown,
 Derived was from thee to us;
 And that we give is all thine own.
 Oh God! thou prov'st the heart, we
 know,
 And dost affect uprightness there;
 With gladness, therefore, we bestow
 What we have freely offered here.

5.

Still thou (O Lord our God) incline
 Their meaning, who the people be;
 And ever let the hearts of thine
 Be thus prepar'd unto thee.
 Yea, give us perfect hearts, we pray,
 That we thy precepts err not from,
 And grant, our contribution may
 An honour to thy name become!

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

JEHOSHAPHAT'S DELIVERANCE.

(II. Chron. xx.)

JEHOSHAPHAT reigned over Judah in
 peace;
 The land lay in quiet and teemed with
 increase;
 For righteousness ruled from the cot to
 the throne,
 And Judah rejoiced in Jehovah alone.

For, Baal's base worship once hurled
from God's land,
Prosperity poured from His liberal
hand;
The law was revered and the Temple
restored;
And Salem shone bright in the smile of
her Lord.

Then came a swift message of terror
and fear:
Lo, Moab, and Ammon, and Edom from
Seir,
Have swarmed from the desert, a num-
berless host,
To pillage our cities and plunder our
coast!

A black cloud of evil, a whirlwind of
fate,
One day's rapid march from Jerusalem's
gate;
Like locusts they light upon Judah's fair
realm!
Like demons descend to devour and
o'erwhelm!

Then trembling Jehoshaphat feared and
proclaimed
A fast for all Judah; and sacrifice
flamed,
And Judah's strong warriors, with chil-
dren, and wives,
In the house of Jehovah implored for
their lives.

"Lord God of our fathers, in Heaven
adored,
Thou rulest on earth, our Omnipotent
Lord;
Fierce kingdoms of heathen obey Thy
command!
The might of Thy majesty none can
withstand!

"Art Thou not our God, who has sworn
to defend
Forever the children of Abrah'm Thy
friend?
Who gave us this land, and forbade us
to slay
These children of Lot, who would make
us their prey?

"Behold in Thy presence our little ones
stand,
Like lambs in the fold when the wolf is
at hand!

O wilt Thou not judge them? Thy
terror we know;
Thy might to o'erwhelm our implacable
foe!"

Then swift on the singer Jahaziel came
The spirit of God, like a baptism of
flame,
From the midst of the people, who pros-
trate adored,
He leapt as on fire with the word of
the Lord.

"Ho! Harken all Judah! Jerusalem sad,
And thou, King Jehoshaphat, hear and
be glad.
For thus saith Jehovah, your champion
divine:
Ye bring me your battle—I take it as
mine!

"To-morrow go down; yet ye go not to
fight,
But to stand and behold my salvation
and might;
To shout, while Jehovah shall charge on
the foe,
With nameless and awful and utter o'er-
throw."

Then prostrate, adoring, fell monarch
and throng;
Then thundered, exultant, the Kohathite
song;
And cymbal and psaltery, timbrel and
lyre,
Awoke at the rapture and wafted it
higher.

Then bold on the morrow, unawed, un-
dismayed,
Marched forth to God's battle that
weird cavalcade;
Unarmed and unarmoured, no shield
and no sword,
But trusting the terrible word of the
Lord.

Tekoa's wild echoes their anthems re-
bound,
And Jeruel's wilderness wakes at the
sound;
Not war songs of slaughter, not wrath
at the foe,
But the Beauty of Holiness swells as
they go.

The mercies of God that forever endure,
His judgment tremendous, His righteousness sure,
His kindness unchanging, His goodness untold,
With song and with trumpet the grand paean rolled.

Then lo! as unconsciously onward they trod,
Leapt forth on their foe the dread ambush of God!
The Power that breathes order, and star-clusters burn,
Bade chaos and madness one moment return!

For Moab and Ammon and Maon and Seir,
In anger and jealousy, frenzy and fear,
Have rent the fierce compact which now they abhor,
And charged on each other, like whirlwinds at war.

And Moab and Ammon on Edom now wheel;
And Maon is swept with their tempest of steel;
Then, frantic, they rush on each other in ire,
And all in a whirlpool of slaughter expire!

What wizard his wand of enchantment has waved?
What demon his dire malediction has raved?
What magic infernal, more awful than name,
Has hurled on whole armies its mind-scorching flame?

'Tis the arm of Jehovah, for Zion made bare!
'Tis His banner of wrath blazing out on the air!
'Tis the scath of His vengeance, the blast of His breath,
Sweeping hot as the fire-wind o'er harvests of death!

'Tis a heaven-sent fury God's foes to confound!
'Tis His meteor sword dealing madness around!

Till the last fierce invader lies pale and o'erthrown
Where red heaps of havoc and slaughter are strewn!

Then, from her high watchtower, afar o'er the plain
Gazed Judah in awe over myriads of slain,
And heaped a new harvest from blood-watered soil,
Of jewels and riches and raiment and spoil.

Then blessings untold from Berachah ascend;
Then trumpet and cornet and cithara blend
With tabret and dulcimer, sackbut and shalm,
In Zion's Hosanna, her rapturous psalm.

And nations are awed at Jehovah's dread might,
Whose arm overwhelming fought Israel's fight;
And ages his honor and rest shall record,
Who dared leave his battle alone to the Lord.

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

THE JEWS' RETURN TO JERUSALEM.

Now dawns the morn, and on Mount Olivet
The hoar-frost melts before the rising sun,
Which summons to their daily toil the world
Of beasts, of men; and all that wings the air,
And all that swims the level of the lake,
Or creeps the ground, bid universal hail
To day's bright regent. But the tribes were roused,
Impatient even of rest, ere yet the stars
Withdrew their feeble light. Through every street
They bend their way: some Ananiah leads,
Some Phanuel, or what elders else were driven
In early youth from Sion. Not a spot

Remains unvisited; each stone, each beam,
 Seems sacred. As in legendary tale,
 Led by magician's hand some hero treads
 Enchanted ground, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 Aerial voices, or with secret dread
 Sees unembodied shades, by fancy formed,
 Flit through the gloom; so rescued Judah walked,
 Amid the majesty of Salem's dust,
 With reverential awe. Howbeit they soon
 Remove the mouldering ruins; soon they clear
 The obstructed paths, and every mansion raise,
 By force or time impaired. Then Jeshua rose
 With all his priests; nor thou, Zorobabel.
 Soul of the tribes, wast absent. To the God
 Of Jacob, oft as morn and eve returns,
 A new-built altar smokes. Nor do they not
 Observe the feast, memorial of that age
 When Israel dwelt in tents; the Sabbath too,
 New moons, and every ritual ordinance,
 First-fruits, and paschal lamb, and rams,
 and goats,
 Offerings of sin and peace. Nor yet was laid
 The temple's new foundation. Corn and wine,
 Sweet balm and oil, they mete with liberal hand
 To Tyrian and Sidonian. To the sea
 Of Joppa down they heave their stately trees
 From Syrian Lebanon. And now thy square
 Huge blocks of marble, and with ancient rites
 Anoint the corner-stone. Around the priests,
 The Levites and the sons of Asaph stand
 With trumpets and with cymbals. Jeshua first,
 Adorned in robes pontifical, conducts
 The sacred ceremony. An ephod rich
 Purple and blue, comes mantling o'er his arms,

Clasped with smooth studs, round whose meand'ring hem
 A girdle twines its folds: to this by chains
 Of gold is linked a breastplate: costly gems,
 Jasper and diamond, sapphire and amethyst,
 Unite their hues; twelve stones, memorial apt
 Of Judah's ancient tribes. A mitre decks
 His head, and on the top a golden crown
 Graven, like a signet, by no vulgar hand.
 Proclaims him priest of God. Symphonious hymns
 Are mixed with instrumental melody,
 And Judah's joyful shouts. But down thy cheeks,
 O Ananiah, from thine aged eye,
 O Phanuel, drops a tear; for ye have seen
 The house of Solomon in all its pride,
 And ill can brook this chance. Nor ye alone,
 But every ancient wept. Loud shrieks of grief,
 Mixed with the voice of joy, are heard beyond
 The hills of Salem. Even from Gibeon's walls
 The astonished peasant turns a listening ear,
 And Jordan's shepherds catch the distant sound.

W. H. ROBERTS (1745-1791).

THE PRAYER OF NEHEMIAH.

(Nehem. i: 5.)

I.

LORD God of Heav'n! who only art
 The Mighty God, and full of fear;
 Who never promise-breaker wert,
 But ever shewing mercy there,
 Where men affection bear to thee,
 And of thy laws observers be.

2.

Give ear, and ope thine eyes, I pray,
 That heard thy servant's suit may be;
 Made in thy presence night and day,
 For Israel's seed, that serveth thee,

For Israel's seed, who (I confess)
Against thee grievously transgress.

3.

I and my father's house did sin,
Corrupted all our actions be;
And disrespectful we have been
Of statutes, judgments, and decree:
Of these, which to retain so fast,
Thy servant Moses charg'd thou hast.

4.

O yet remember thou, I pray,
These words, which thou didst heretofore
Unto thy servant Moses say.
If e'er (saidst thou) they vex me
more,
I will disperse them every where,
Among the nations here and there.

5.

But if to me they shall convert,
To do those things my law contain,
Though spread to heav'n's extremest
part,
I would collect them thence again,
And bring them there to make repose,
Where I to place my name have chose.

6.

Now these thy people are (of right)
Thy servants who to thee belong,
Whom thou hast purchas'd by thy might,
And by thine arm exceeding strong;
Oh! let thine ear, Lord, I thee pray,
Attentive be to what I say.

7.

The prayer of thy servant hear,
Oh, hear thy servants when they pray,
(Who willing are thy name to fear)
Thy servant prosper thou to-day;
And be thou pleas'd to grant that he
May favour'd in thy presence be!

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

QUEEN VASHTI'S LAMENT.

Is this all the love that he bore me, my
husband, to publish my face
To the nobles of Media and Persia,
whose hearts are besotted and base?

Did he think me a slave, me Vashti, the
Beautiful, me, Queen of queens,
To summon me thus for a show to the
midst of his bacchanal scenes?

I stand like an image of brass, I, Vashti,
in sight of such men!

No, sooner, a thousand times sooner,
the mouth of the lioness' den,
When she's fiercest with hunger and
love for the hungry young lions that
tear

Her teats with sharp, innocent teeth, I
would enter, far rather, than there!

Did he love me, or is he, too, though the
King, but a brute like the rest!

I have seen him in wine, and I fancied
'twas then that he loved me the
best;

Though I think I would rather have one
sweet, passionate word from the
heart

Than a year of caresses that may with
the wine that creates them depart.

But ever before, in his wine, toward me
he showed honor and grace;

He was King, I was Queen, and those
nobles, he made them remember
their place,

But now all is changed; I am vile, they
are honored, they push me aside,

A butt for Memucan and Shethar and
Meres, gone mad in their pride!

Shall I faint, shall I pine, shall I sicken
and die for the loss of his love?

Not I; I am queen of myself, though
the stars fall from heaven above.

The stars! ha! the torment is there, for
my light is put out by a star,

That has dazzled the eyes of the King
and his court and his captains of
war.

He was lonely, they say, and he looked,
as he sat like a ghost at his wine,

On the couch by his side, where, of
yore his Beautiful used to recline.

But the King is a slave to his pride, to
his oath and the laws of the Medes,
And he cannot call Vashti again, though
his poor heart is wounded and
bleeds.

So they sought through the land for a wife, while the King thought of me all the while—

I can see him, this moment, with eyes that are lost for the loss of a smile, Gazing dreamily on while each maiden is temptingly passed in review, While the love in his heart is awake with the thought of a face that he knew!

Then she came, when his heart was grown weary with loving the dream of the past!

She is fair—I could curse her for that, if I thought that this passion would last!

But, e'en if it last, all the love is for me, and, through good and through ill,

The King shall remember his Vashti, shall think of his Beautiful still.

Oh! the day is a weary burden, the night is a restless strife,—

I am sick to the very heart of my soul, with this life—this death in life!

Oh! that the glorious, changeless sun would draw me up in his might, And quench my dreariness in the flood of his everlasting light!

What is it? Oft as I lie awake and my pillow is wet with tears

There comes—it came to me just now—a flash, then disappears;

A flash of thought that makes this life a re-enacted scene,

That makes me dream what was, will be, and what is now, has been.

And I, when age on age has rolled, shall sit on the royal throne,

And the King shall love his Vashti, his Beautiful, his own,

And for the joy of what has been and what again will be,

I'll try to bear this awful weight of lonely misery!

The star! Queen Esther! blazing light that burns into my soul!

The star! the star! Oh! flickering light of life beyond control!

O King! remember Vashti, thy Beautiful, thy own,

Who loved thee and shall love thee still, when Esther's light has flown!

JOHN EDMUND READE (1805-1870).

VASHTI.

IN all great Shushan's palaces was there Not one, O Vashti, knowing thee so well,

Poor uncrowned queen, that he the world could tell

How thou wert pure and loyal-souled as fair?

How it was love which made thee bold to dare

Refuse the shame which madmen would compel?

Not one, who saw the bitter tears that fell

And heard thy cry heart-rending on the air:

"Ah me! My Lord could not this thing have meant!

He well might loathe me ever, if I go Before these drunken princes as a show.

I am his queen; I come of king's descent.

I will not let him bring our crown so low;

He will but bless me when he doth repent!"

HELEN JACKSON (1831-1885).

ESTHER.

A face more vivid than he dreamed who drew

Thy portrait in that thrilling tale of old!

Dead queen, we see thee still, thy beauty cold

As beautiful; thy dauntless heart which knew

No fear,—not even of a king who slew At pleasure; maiden heart which was

not sold, Though all the maiden flesh the king's

red gold Did buy! The loyal daughter of the Jew,

No hour saw thee forget his misery;

Thou wert not queen until thy race
 went free;
 Yet thoughtful hearts, that ponder slow
 and deep,
 Find doubtful reverence at last for
 thee;
 Thou heldest thy race too dear, thyself
 too cheap;
 Honor no second place for truth can
 keep.

HELEN JACKSON (1831-1885).

ESTHER.

(Extract.)

* * * * *

AHASUERUS. Believe me, dearest Esther,
 This sceptre, and the homage fear in-
 spires
 Have little charm for me; the pomp
 of power
 Is oft a burden to its sad possessor.
 In thee, thee only, do I find a grace
 That never palls nor loses its attrac-
 tion.
 How sweet the charm of loveliness
 and virtue!
 In Esther breathes the very soul of
 peace
 And innocence. Dark shadows flee
 before her,
 She pours bright sunshine into days
 of gloom.
 With thee beside me seated on this
 throne
 I fear no more the wrath of adverse
 stars;
 My diadem, fair Esther, seems to
 borrow
 A lustre from thy brow that gods
 themselves
 Might envy. Answer boldly then, nor
 hide
 What urgent purpose leads thy foot-
 steps hither.
 What anxious cares perplex thy
 troubled breast?
 Thine eyes are raised to heaven as I
 speak.
 Tell me thy wish; it shall be gratified,
 If its success depends on human hand.

ESTHER. O kindness reassuring to the
 heart
 It honors! No light matter prompts
 my prayer.

Lo, misery or happiness awaits me;
 Which it shall be hangs trembling on
 thy will.
 One word from thee, ending my sore
 suspense,
 Can render Esther happiest of queens.
 If Esther has found favor in thy sight,
 If ere thou wast disposed to grant her
 wishes,
 Vouchsafe thy presence at her board
 to-day,
 Let Esther entertain her sovereign
 lord,
 And Haman be admitted to the ban-
 quet.
 Then, in his hearing, I will dare to
 utter
 What in his absence I must still con-
 ceal.

AHASUERUS. All shall tremble at the
 name
 Of Esther's God. Rebuild His temple,
 fill
 Your wasted cities; let your happy
 seed
 With sacred triumph celebrate this
 day,
 And in their memory live my name
 for aye!

JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE (1639-1699).

MORDECAI.

MAKE friends with him! He is of royal
 line,
 Although he sits in rags. Not all of
 thine
 Array of splendor, pomp of high estate,
 Can buy him from his place within the
 gate,
 The king's gate of thy happiness, where
 he,
 Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,
 Never obeisance making, never scorn
 Betraying of thy silver and new-born
 Delight. Make friends with him, for
 unawares
 The charmed secret of thy joys he
 bears;
 Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth,
 late
 And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in
 hate

Thou plottest for his blood, thy own
death-cry,
Not his, comes from the gallows, cubits
high.

HELEN JACKSON (1831-1885).

THE PRAYER OF MARDOCHEUS.

(Esther [Apochrypha] xiii.)

O LORD, my Lord, That art the King of
might,
Within Whose power all things their
being have!

Who may withstand that liveth in Thy
sight,

If Thou Thy chosen Israel wilt save?
For Thou hast made the earth and
heaven above,
And all things else that in the same
do move.

Thou madest all things, and they are all
Thine own,
And there is none that may resist Thy
will:

Thou know'st all things, and this of
Thee is known,

I did not erst for malice nor for ill,
Presumption nor vain glory else at
all,
Come nor bow down unto proud
Haman's call.

I could have been content for Israel's
sake

To kiss the soles even of his very feet,
But that I would not man's vain honour
take

Before God's glory, being so unmeet,
And would not worship none, O
Lord, but Thee!

And not of pride, as Thou Thyself
dost see.

Therefore, O Lord, my God and heav-
enly King,

Have mercy on the people Thou hast
bought!

For they imagine and devise the thing
How to destroy and bring us unto
nought,

Thine heritance, which Thou so
long hast fed,

And out so far from Egypt-land
hast led.

O hear my prayer, and mercy do extend
Upon Thy portion of inheritance!
For sorrow now some joy and solace
send,

That we may live Thy glory to ad-
vance;

And suffer not their mouths shut
up, O Lord,

Which still Thy Name with praises
do record!

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

A PURIM RETROSPECT.

I.

COME tell us the story again, papa,
You told us when we were young,
Of Esther, the great Jewish queen, papa,
And Haman—the one they hung;
And how the tables were turned, papa,
And Mordecai came to be great,
How he won the respect of the king,
papa,
Though sprung from low estate.

II.

We clustered around the broad table,
On which all the dainties were spread,
And the rays seemed as soft as moon-
beams,
From the seven star lamp overhead;
And we seemed once more to be chil-
dren,
Aglowing with youthful glee,
The youngest—a baby of twenty,
Perched up on his mother's knee.

III.

Well, father read out the Megillah,
We knew it all, through and through,
Though it's wonderful, how in that
small book,
One always finds something that's
new;
So we wept again where Esther
Risked her own life to see the king,
And cried "Bravo" when Haman was
ordered
Upon his own gallows to swing.

IV.

But when we came to the hero
(Who used to sit out by the gate),

Led all over Shushan by Haman,—
And robed in the king's own state,—
We clapped our hands for wonder,
How strangely things came about,
And thought we could hear the thunder,
That echoed the people's shout.

V.

And then the ten sons of Haman,
And those that rejoiced at the news—
That ranged on the side of the wicked,
And perished instead of the Jews—
We thought how God in his wisdom,
His breath to each creature doth give,
And yet how he blots out millions,
That millions of others may live.

VI.

Our reading and feasting had ended,
And father looked wisely at all,
And told us the lesson extended,
That Esther's brave life did recall:—
"The path of the righteous is ever
God's vigilant care and cause,
And honesty, virtue and justice,
Are heaven's immutable laws.

VII.

"The lowly shall rise from their thrall-
dom,
And sit on the kingly throne,
And God, in his infinite mercy,
Will gather them for his own;
While those who sit in high places,
And mingle not justice with power,
Shall merit the wrath of th' Almighty
And perish from that dread hour.

VIII.

"The outward has nothing to boast of,
Nor figure, nor color of skin,
The image of God is implanted,
Engraved on the heart within;
The gift to rule self is to each one,
To rule over many, to few;
But a single brave heart may work won-
ders,

If only that one heart be true."

W. S. HOWARD.

ESTHER,

OR

"THE ORIGIN OF THE FEAST
OF PURIM."

Who shall be king in Persia, now that
he

Its mighty monarch, Xerxes, is no
more?

But, all his victories and conquests past;
The famous victor, vanquished by his
foe,

Conquered by death, is gathered to his
sires.

Who shall be king? Armed myriads
make reply,

And answer, Ardshier Diras Dest, his
son;

Brave Artaxerxes shall be crowned
king.

But, though they raised him to the
throne, a host

Of their own countrymen refused to
own

The new-made monarch as their lawful
lord,

And to the house of Artabanus yield
Their loyal homage, and espouse his
cause;

All heedless of the crimes which stained
his fame.

Well might the youthful king strain
every nerve

To thwart their efforts and defeat their
plans;

His elder brother, murdered in his
sight;

Himself, well-nigh a victim to the same
Assassin's hand, having escaped the
blow

As by a miracle. With gravest fears
That his dead father shared his
brother's fate.

"Ho! loyal Persians, show the world
how deep

"Your detestation of their cruel deeds,
"And rally round my standard; then
shall all

"Their guilty hopes be blasted, and my
throne

"Firmly secured against my enemies."
And round his throne they flocked, an
armed host,

Warlike and full of loyal zeal; they
fought

With such determination that his foes
Were speedily o'erthrown, and victory
Crowned all their efforts with complete
success.

Alas! how fleeting are our joys, when
all

Our utmost hopes seem realized; some
dark

And fearful disappointment oft occurs,
 And blasts the glorious prospect. Scarce
 had peace
 Succeeded bloody warfare, when he
 found
 Hystaspes, his own father's son, had
 raised
 The standard of rebellion, and secured
 The Bactrian warriors to assist his own.
 Fiercely they fought, till victory once
 more
 Shone on his arms, and peace again
 prevailed;
 Then, firmly seated on the Persian
 throne,
 His enemies subdued, and all the vast
 Extent of country, from the burning
 plains
 Of India to the distant mountain-range
 Of Ethiopia (sources of the Nile),
 Submissive to his sway, he made a
 feast
 In Shushan's palace, where he enter-
 tained
 The princes and the nobles of his land;
 For nine score days with great magnifi-
 cence,
 And showed them all the riches and the
 wealth
 Of his most glorious kingdom, and the
 great
 Excellent honour of his majesty;
 Then, at the close of that vast feast,
 he made
 Another for all people, great and small,
 Who were in Shushan; and for seven
 whole days
 Did entertain them in the royal court
 Of the king's palace gardens, hung with
 care
 With curtains of deep azure, white, and
 green,
 Fastened with purple cords, and linen
 fine,
 To silver rings, on marble pillars vast;
 Whilst the rich pavement of red, white,
 and blue,
 And fine black marble, was o'erspread
 with gold
 And silver couches, where the guests
 might lay
 And rest at ease; while vessels of pure
 gold,
 Each diverse from the rest, were handed
 round,

Filled with the royal wine; yet no re-
 straint
 Was placed upon them, for the king had
 told
 His servants carefully to do to each
 According to his pleasure, and allow
 Those to refrain who chose, and not
 compel;
 But kindly minister to all their wants.
 Vashti, the queen, did also make a feast
 For all the women in the royal house.
 The seventh, and last day of the feast
 arrived,
 When the king's heart was merry with
 the wine
 Which he had taken, then he did com-
 mand
 Bigtha, Mehuman, Biztha, Harbona,
 Zethar, Abagtha, Carcas, chamberlains,
 Who served in the presence of the
 King;
 To bring before him Vashti; and the
 crown,
 The royal crown that he might show
 his guests;
 The princes, and the people, all her
 rare
 And wondrous beauty; for the noble
 Queen
 Was most exceeding fair to look upon.
 The Chamberlain in haste returned, and
 said,—
 That Vashti utterly refused to come.
 Then did the King with wine and anger
 burn:
 That he, whose word was instantly
 obeyed
 O'er six-score provinces; whose will
 was law
 To all the millions of his realm; that
 he—
 In his own palace, and by his own
 Queen,
 Before his nobles, and his people—thus
 Should be so publicly disgraced, to hear
 Such answer sent by her to his com-
 mand.
 Fiercely his anger burnt, and instantly
 He turned to Carshena, Admatha,
 Shethar, and Meres, Tarshesh, Memu-
 can,
 And Marsena, his privy councillors;
 Persian and Median princes, who sat
 first
 Next to the King in dignity and power:

"What shall we do? according to the law,
 "To that rebellious woman, Vashti, who
 "Refuses to obey the King's command?"
 Then answered Memucan before the King
 And princes of his realm: "Vashti, the Queen,
 "Hath not done wrong unto the King alone,
 "But all the princes of the people, who
 "Inhabit thy vast provinces; because
 "When this her deed shall be made known and spread
 "Abroad among the women, then shall we
 "Their husbands, be despised in their eyes;
 "For, if they know that she refused to come
 At thy command, then will they not obey
 "Their lawful husbands: thus, contempt and wrath
 "Shall flourish where domestic comfort reigned;
 "I do propose, that, if it please the King,
 "Royal commandment shall proceed from him,
 "Which shall be written in our laws—the laws
 "Of Medes and Persians, which can never change—
 "That Vashti nevermore shall come before
 "King Artaxerxes, but that her estate
 "Be given to a wiser, better one;
 "And it shall come to pass, when this decree
 "Is published through thy empire, that our wives
 "Shall do their husbands reverence—great and small."
 Then was the King and all his princes pleased
 At this proposal, and he bade them do
 According to the words of Memucan.
 Letters were then prepared, all signed and seal'd
 In the King's name, and sent throughout the whole
 Of his dominions, that each man should bear
 Rule in his house, and have authority.

Thus did they carry out the King's decree;
 And when his wrath became appeased, he gave
 Commandment that a search be made throughout
 His kingdom, and the fairest virgins brought
 To Shushan, and committed to the care
 Of the King's chamberlain; so that the maid
 With whom he was most pleasèd might be Queen,
 Instead of Vashti, the rejected one.
 Now in the palace Shushan was a Jew,
 Whose name was Mordecai, son of Jair,
 The son of Shimei, the son of Kish;—
 A Benjamite:—who from Jerusalem,
 With Jeconiah, king of Judah, went
 Into captivity to Babylon;
 And with him dwelt Hadassah, who had lost
 Her parents when in childhood, and whose sire
 Was Mordecai's Uncle, Abihail.
 Having compassion on the child, he took
 His cousin home, and brought her up with care,
 Till she attained the age of womanhood,—
 And was exceeding fair to look upon;
 So beautiful, that when the King's command
 Was promulgated through the land, they took
 Hadassa (Esther) to the chamberlain;
 And so discreetly did she there conduct
 Herself in her deportment, that he gave
 Especial heed to her; and ordered seven
 Of the King's maidens to attend on her;
 Preferring her unto the chiefest place
 In all the house, until her turn should come
 When she must be presented to the King:
 Who saw such wondrous beauty in her form
 And features, and was so well pleased with all
 Her manners and behavior, that he made
 Her Queen, in place of Vashti; and then placed

The royal crown of gold upon her head.
 Then gave the King commandment that
 a feast
 Should be prepared of great magnifi-
 cence,
 For all his princes and his servants;
 when
 According to his state, he made them
 gifts;
 And gave release unto the provinces,
 Remitting them their tribute, on ac-
 count
 Of Esther's coronation; and set free
 From their confinement many prisoners
 Detained in bondage for opposing him.
 Whilst these festivities were taking
 place,
 Bigthan and Teresh, two of those who
 kept
 Guard at the royal bedchamber, con-
 spired
 To slay the King; but Barnabasus
 chanced
 To overhear their plot, and straightway
 went
 In haste to Mordecai, and then revealed
 To him the dreadful secret; who, at
 once
 Demanding audience of the Queen,
 made known
 The villainous conspiracy, and she
 Instantly certified it to the King
 In Mordecai's name: He gave command
 For diligent enquiry to be made,
 By which their base designs were fully
 proved;
 And, being guilty of high treason, they
 Were sentenced to be hung upon a tree;
 And a full narrative of the affair
 Was entered in the Book of Chronicles.
 After these things it came to pass, the
 King
 Did cause the son of Hammedatha,
 called
 Haman, the Agagite, to be advanced
 And set before all princes in his realm;
 To whom his officers did reverence;—
 For so the King commanded them,—
 and bowed
 In token of respect when he appeared;
 All saving Mordecai, who would not
 Prostrate himself before him. Haman
 saw,
 And, filled with wrath, thought scorn to
 lay his hands

On him alone; for well he knew the
 place
 From whence he came, and that he was
 a Jew;
 And, having special hatred to the race—
 Because their prophet, Samuel, had slain
 Agag, the king of the Amalekites,
 From whom he was descended;—sought
 to kill,
 At one fell blow, all Jews throughout
 the land.
 Yet, wily he set to work and said,—
 "Oh! be it known unto the King,
 throughout
 "The provinces of this thy realm exists
 "A certain people, scattered abroad,
 "Dispersed through the land, who serve
 not thee;
 "Nor keep thy laws, but have their own;
 which are
 "Diverse in spirit and in deed from
 ours;
 "They worship and pay reverence to one
 "Whom they call God, and will not bow
 themselves
 "In adoration at our shrines, or pay
 "Homage to our divinities; their acts
 "And firm determination—to work out
 "Their base designs, and overthrow thy
 yoke;
 "And at Jerusalem again erect
 "A temple to Jehovah: proves that they
 "Are most rebellious subjects; it is not
 "For the King's profit that they should
 exist,
 "Therefore I pray thee give command,
 and make
 "Enactment that they all may be de-
 stroyed,
 "And I will pay into the hands of those
 "Who have the charge of the King's
 treasury,
 "Ten thousands talents of pure silver."
 Then
 The King took from his royal hand the
 ring,
 And gave it unto Haman; and he said,—
 "I give this people over to thy power;
 "Go thou, and do as seemeth good to
 thee."
 Then were the royal scribes called in,
 who wrote
 To all the rulers, and the governors
 Of every province subject to his sway,
 In their own language, orders from the
 King

That on the thirteenth day of the
twelfth month,
All Jews should be destroyed; both
young and old;
Women and little children; and their
goods
With all that they possessed as lawful
spoil
Be shared by those who carried out the
law.
Then was the bloody mandate duly
sealed
With the King's ring, and instantly dis-
patched
By the hir-carrahs to all provinces;
While Haman and the King sat down
to drink,
All heedless of the misery they caused.
Perplexity and terror spread throughout
The city Shushan; and in every place
Where the commandment of the King
was sent,
Dismay and consternation dire pre-
vailed,
With great and bitter mourning; all the
Jews
Fasted, and wailed, and wept, while
many lay
In sackcloth and in ashes, plunged in
grief.
When Mordecai heard of that decree,
O'ercome with poignant grief, he rent
his clothes,
And, clad in sackcloth, went into the
midst
Of Shushan's streets and lifted up his
voice,
Rewailing with a loud and bitter cry:
Until he reached the palace gate—where
none
In sackcloth clad might enter; then the
Queen
(Whose maids and chamberlains had
told her, how
He stood before the gate in sackcloth
clad)
Exceeding troubled; sent them forth
with new
And proper raiment, bidding them to
take
His sackcloth from him; but he heeded
not
Her messengers; then Esther called in
haste
Hatach, appointed by the king to wait
In close attendance on her; and to him

She gave commandment, telling him to
go
Straightway to Mordecai, and enquire
Wherefore in sackcloth he thus made
lament.
Then Mordecai told him, that the king
At Haman's earnest pleading had de-
creed
That all the Jewish race throughout the
land
Should be destroyed; he also gave to
him
A copy of that murderous decree,
And bade him take it to the queen, and
say,
That she must go unto the king and
make
An earnest supplication for her race.
So Hatach came and told her all the
words
Of Mordecai. Esther made reply,
And sent him word again: "Thou
knowest well
"That, whosoever cometh to the King
"Uncalled, shall certainly be put to
death,
"Excepting those to whom the King ex-
tends
"His golden sceptre as a gracious sign
"That he will suffer them to live; and I,
"For the last thirty days have never
been
"Once called to his presence." When
they told
These words of Esther's to the Jew, he
bade
The messenger return to her, and say
"Think not within thine heart that thou
shalt thus
"Escape the fate which threatens all thy
race;
"Though shrined within thy palace,
know that he
"Whose bitter enmity demands our
blood
"Will yet find means to crush thee, even
there.
"If thou refuse to help us, there shall
come
"Enlargement and deliverance to our
"Much injured people by some other
means;
"But thou, and all thy father's house,
shall be

"Involved in dire destruction: who can tell

"But Providence hath raised thee to the throne

"To aid thy race in this extremity."

Then Esther sent the messenger to say

"Go, gather thou together all the Jews
"Who dwell in Shushan; let them fast
for me;

"I, and my maidens likewise will not eat,

"Or drink for three whole days; by night or day;

"Then will I go in to the King, although

"It is not in accordance with the law;

"Yet I will risk it for my people's sake;

"And, if I perish, 'tis in duty's path,

"I will the effort make whate'er betide."

So Mordecai went his way and did
All that Queen Esther had commanded him.

Then did it come to pass on the third day,

That Esther, clad in all her royal robes
Stood in the inner court of the King's house;

And, when the King, who sat upon his throne

Over against the gate, beheld the Queen
Approach him contrary to the law, his rage

Made such impression on her tender heart,

She fainted, and fell senseless to the ground.

Deeply alarmed at this result, the King
Sprang from his throne; and touched
with grief and love,

Raised her most tenderly; and, when at length

Her consciousness returned, he spoke to her

In such endearing terms that all her fears

Were speedily forgotten; then, the King
Bade her, without concealment, state
her wish,

Assuring her, that, by his royal word,
He would bestow whate'er she chose to ask,

Though it should take the half of all
his wealth.

Then Esther touched his sceptre, and replied

"If, now, I have found favour in thy sight,

"Do thou and Haman with your presence grace

The banquet which I have prepared for you."

Then said the King, "Cause Haman to make haste

And join me in Queen Esther's banquet room."

Most joyfully did Haman haste to meet
His royal master there; and when the wine

Appeared, the King said, "Tell me now thy wish

"And to the half of my vast empire, I
Will grant thee thy petition." She replied,

"If thou wilt grant me my request, I beg

That thou wilt further honour me, and come

Again to-morrow to the feast, which I
Shall then prepare; and let no other guest

Excepting Haman to the banquet come."

"Be it according to thy wish," the King
Graciously answered. Then went Haman forth

With a glad heart and joyful; but, alas!
When most exalted, how his happiness
Was blasted; for, although the officers
Of Artaxerxes bowed when he appeared,
And bent themselves in humble reverence,

Yet Mordecai moved not, nor gave
The slightest token of respect; and, though

So highly honoured as to be the guest
The only one invited to the feast

Which Esther had prepared for the King,

The sight of Mordecai, standing thus
Unmov'd when he appear'd, quench'd
all his joy,

And fill'd his soul with fiercest rage
against

Both Mordecai and his hated race.
He hasted to his home, and summoned
all

His friends around him, who with speed
made haste

To know why they were wanted; then,
to them

And to his wife, Haman, in lofty style
Gave full description of his vast estates,

His riches, and the multitude of those
Descended from his loins; and, how the
King

Delighting to promote him, had ad-
vanced

Him over all the princes of the realm:
Moreover, Esther, to her royal feast
Invited none—save Haman and the
King.

And when the feast was over, she again
Requested of the King, that he would
come

With none beside—save Haman—and
attend

Another banquet on the morrow; yet
All this avails me nothing while I see
That Mordecai sitting at the gate
Too proud to do me reverence as I pass.
Zeresh, his wife, then counsell'd him to
make

A lofty gallows, fifty cubits high,
And when upon the morrow he should
join

The King at Esther's banquet, use his
power,

And speak unto the King that he may
cause

This Mordecai to be hung thereon.
Her counsel was approved by his
friends,

Who urged him to adopt it: Haman,
too,

Delighted with the project, caused with
speed

A lofty gallows to be made, on which
He hoped that Mordecai might be hung.
That night, the King, all sleepless,
tossed and turned

Vainly desiring sweet repose; at length
When all his efforts fruitless proved,
he called

His officers to fetch the book in which
The Record of the Chronicles was kept,
Written in verse by poets, eminent
For their ability and truthfulness:

And, as they read before the King, they
came

To where it told how Bigthana had
sought

To slay his royal master, with the aid
Of Teresh, fellow-chamberlain; and
how

Their base designs had been exposed,
and they

Suffered the punishment their crimes
deserved.

Then said the King, "What honour
hath been done

"To Mordecai for his noble act

"By which my life hath been pre-
served?" "Alas!"

The servants of the King replied, "No
gift

"Or recompense hath e'er been made to
him."

Scarce had these words been spoken
when the King

Beholding Haman in the outer court,
Commanded him to enter; he had come
Thus early to request the King to grant
His leave to hang a miserable Jew;

Nor even thought that he would be de-
nied.

No time had he to make his bold re-
quest,

For the King's mind was filled with
gratitude

To Mordecai, for the way in which
He had exposed their murderous de-
signs,

And, bitterly regretting that, as yet,
The man was unrewarded, he designed
Ample atonement for his past neglect.
"Haman," he said, "What shall be done
to him

Whom I delight to honour and es-
teem?"

Thinking himself the man, Haman re-
plied;

"Bring out the purple robes in which
the King

Is wont to clothe himself; the steed
on which

He rides when he reviews his noble
troops;

And the crown royal which is set upon
His head when seated on his throne;
and then

Deliver these into the hands of one
Of thy most noble princes, and com-
mand

That he with them array the man in
whom

The King delights, and lead him
through the streets

Of this thy capital, and, as they march,
Proclaim before him—Thus shall it
be done

To him whose honour is the King's
delight."

Then said the King to Haman, "Make
all haste,

Take my apparel, and the horse on which
I ride, and do as thou hast said to him
Who sitteth at my gate—the noble Jew—

Brave Mordecai, who my life preserved;

Let nothing fail of all that thou hast said."

How frequently does villainy o'ershoot
Its mark, and miss the prize, and bring
disgrace

And punishment upon itself. He came
Expecting no denial, to beseech

The King to give him leave to hang the Jew,

Whose want of deference to him had dashed

His cup of pleasure to the ground, and made

All dignity and honour which the King
Had heaped upon him, incomplete and vain.

The hope of taking Mordecai's life
Vanished like vapour in the sun, and he
Who hated him so bitterly, and wished
To cause his death, selected by the King
To do him this high honour, and attend,
(O hated task,) and publicly proclaim
Through Shushan's streets, that thus
shall it be done

To him in whom the King delighteth so.
And yet,—the King's command must be obeyed.

Then Haman took the royal robes, arrayed

With them the Jew, and placed him on the steed,

(The royal steed richly cap-isoned,)

And, to the sound of martial music, rode

Before him through the city, and fulfilled

The King's command, though passion raged within

His bosom like the fierce volcano's fire,
Ready, like it, to burst through all control,

Although the fierce explosion should destroy

And rend itself to pieces, and involve
In ruin and destruction all around.

Yet did he smother for awhile his rage,
And went through all the hated task

unmoved,
As though he felt it not, until at length

The grand procession over, they arrived
Again at the King's gate: then, to his house

Mourning he went, and covered up his face.

Then Haman told his wife and all his friends

What had befallen him, and they replied,

"If Mordecai, before whom thou hast
Begun to fall, belong to that vile race,
The Jews, thou certainly shalt not prevail."

Whilst yet they spake to him, the chamberlain

Came from the King, and bade him haste to dine

At the great banquet Esther had prepared.

So Haman and the King went to the feast;

And, when the wine appeared, he said again,

"Now tell me thy petition, it shall be
Granted unto thee, even though it take

"One half my kingdom; tell me thy request."

Then Esther answered, "Oh! most noble King,

"If now I have found favour in thy sight,

"I pray thee let my life be granted me
At my request, and that of all my race,

"For we are sold, I and my people, all
Most wickedly have been condemned to die,

"To perish, and be slain; oh! had we been

"But sold as bondsmen, I had held my tongue,

"Although our enemies had caused the King

"Far greater loss, by sending us away,
And losing from the service of the state

"The best and bravest subjects in thy realm,

"Than all the compensation they have paid

"To compass our destruction." Then the king,

Astonished and excited at her words,
That she, his queen, whom he so dearly

loved,
Should think herself in danger, started up

In rage, exclaiming, "Who is he that dares
To think of harming thee? Where shall I find
In all my realm a miscreant so base,
So great a traitor to myself? Declare His name;
speak quickly that my vengeance may
At once destroy the wretch, and all his race."
Then Esther spake unto the King, and said,
"Our adversary, and our enemy, Is this vile, wicked Haman." Then the King
Arising from the banquet in great wrath
Went forth into the garden; Haman, too,
Whose dream of power was suddenly dispelled,
Rose from the Table, sore afraid, and fell
Upon his knees before the Queen, who still
Remained upon her couch: his conscience knew
How richly he deserved the punishment
About to overtake him; and he made Earnest request unto the Queen, that she
Would intercede on his behalf: she scorned
To make reply, or answer him a word,
Intensest terror then possessed his soul,
And, finding that the Queen made no reply
To his entreaties, he drew closer still,
Beseeching her more strongly than before
To help him in this great extremity;
Till, overcome with terror and despair,
He fell upon the couch where Esther lay.
Just at that moment, Artaxerxes came
Back from the palace garden, and beheld
Haman upon the royal couch. Still more
Enraged than before, the King exclaimed,
"Ha! Will he force the Queen before my eyes?
Hence with the wretch to instant punishment."
Then did the Eunuchs cover up his face,

And led him from the chamber: Harbanah,
One of the royal chamberlains, drew near
And bowed before the King, and said, "Behold
This wicked Haman, who desired to slay
The Queen, and Mordecai, and his race,
Hath caused to be erected near his house
A lofty gallows, fifty cubits high,
On which he thought to hang that noble man,
The loyal Mordecai; he who saved Thy life
when Bighthana and Teresh sought
Most wickedly to slay our lord the King."
"Hang him thereon," the King replied: at once
They took him to that gallows which he raised
For Mordecai, and there hanged him. Just punishment for his most wicked deeds:
So was the anger of the King appeased.
Then Artaxerxes confiscated all The property which Haman had possessed,
And gave it to the Queen, who told him how
Brave Mordecai was her uncle's son,
Protector, and supporter of her youth,
Until it pleased him to make her Queen.
Greatly delighted, Artaxerxes gave The ring with which all legal documents
Were sealed in the King's name, (by Haman, ere
He forfeited his dignity and life,) To Mordecai: Esther also set
Her cousin over Haman's house, and then
Besought the King with tears to put away
The mischievous device against the Jews,
By which the wicked Haman sought to slay
Her people, and her cousin, and herself.
Then did the King extend towards the Queen
The golden sceptre, which she kissed, and spake

"If I have now found favour in thy sight,
And if my deeds are pleasing to the King,
And my request be right, I pray thee send

Letters, at once revoking that decree
Procured by wicked Haman, to destroy
All of my people in thy vast domains.
For how can I endure—how see unmoved

The evil which shall come upon my race;

My people, and my nation all destroyed?"

The King replied, "Our laws can never change,

Nor any law repeal preceding ones,
Nor aught signed by my signet be revoked;

But write ye for the Jews as pleaseth you."

Then did they call the scribes in the third month,

The month Sivan, the three and twentieth day,

And wrote to all the deputies o'er all
The provinces, from India's burning plains,

To Ethiopia, birthplace of the Nile,
(That strange, mysterious stream, whose waters cause

Fertility, where else was barrenness,)

In all their languages; and to the Jews
According to their writing, to make known

That Artaxerxes had commanded all
The Jews in every place to band themselves,

And stand in their defence, to save their lives;

And to destroy, and cause to perish, all
Who would assail them, and to seize their goods

As lawful spoil, and take them for their prey.

This, duly sealed with the King's seal,
was sent

A special post, by swiftest messengers,
All hasted by the orders of the King

To reach their destination, ere the first
Decree was put in practice. So the Jews

Had light and gladness, joy and honour,
through

All provinces and cities of the realm:
And Shushan did exceedingly rejoice,
While many of the people of the land
Did seek to join themselves unto the Jews,

Who, on the thirteenth day of Adar,
slew

Barshandatha, and Dalphon, Aspatha,
Adalia, and Poratha, Parmashta,
And Aridatha, and Arisai,
And Vajezatha, and Aridai,
The sons of wicked Haman; and all those

Who rose against them, and cut off
their foes;

But on the spoil they did not lay their hands.

And on the fourteenth day they made
a feast

Of joy and gladness, and of sending
gifts

To all their poor. Then Mordecai wrote
Letters to all the Jews throughout the realm,

That ever, through all time, those days
should be

Kept in remembrance by all families
Of Jews, so that this great deliverance
Might never be forgotten: thus the feast

Of Purim had its origin, and still
Commemorates their victory o'er their foes.

J. R. ROBINSON.

JOB.

CHAPTER I.

RESIGNATION.

Job's character; and estate; his trial of Satan; bereavements; and acquiescence in the will of heaven.

THERE was a man in Uz, whose name was Job:

And there was no man like him in the globe,

So virtuous and devout, so pure from evil;

So dear to God, and odious to the Devil.

And being heavenly, he was bless'd of heaven:

He had three daughters, and his sons were seven.

His substance also was seven thousand sheep;

A thousand oxen he was wont to keep;
Five hundred asses, such as went with foal;

Three thousand camels; and, to o'ersee the whole,

His household likewise with his goods increas'd,

So was this man the greatest in the East.

His sons, by custom, each one on his day,

Would feast together, in a friendly way;
And send, and bring their sisters to a seat,

To share the pleasure, and enhance the treat.
And so it was, that when the feast was o'er,

Job sent to make them guiltless as before;

And in the morning, rising with the sun,

Would burn a sacrifice for every one:
"My sons," said he, "while merry, it may be,

Have sinn'd at heart." Thus constantly did he.

Now, on a time, God call'd the sons of light

Before his view—when Satan struck his sight—

"From whence?" said God: quoth he:
"O roving round,

Both up, and down, and over all my ground."

"Hast thou mark'd Job," said God, "that perfect one,

That feareth me, and doth each evil shun;

How there is none of all upon that globe,

That is so holy and so just as Job?"

"He fears"; said Satan—"doth he fear for nought?

All that he has, and all that he has wrought,

Hast thou not bless'd; secur'd on every hand,

And given him great possessions in the land?

Put forth thy finger, and destroy his place,

And pious Job shall curse thee to thy face."

Said God: "I yield him; ruin as you may—

But not himself." So Satan slink'd away.

Now came the feast; and all with one another,

Were gone to keep it with their eldest brother—

O swift with evil, when there came up one,

To Job, and thus the fatal tale begun:
"The men were ploughing"; thus the courier cried,

"The quiet asses feeding by their side;
When sudden on them the Sabeans sprung,

And took them off, or slew them, old and young:

I 'scaped alone, with tidings on my tongue."

He scarce had ended, ere another came:
"There fell from God and out of heaven a flame,

That smote the shepherds, and the sheep they fed;

And all the flocks, and all the men are dead:

And I alone to bring the tidings fled."

He scarce had ended, ere another spoke:
"Lo, on the camels the Chaldeans broke,

Arm'd in three bands; and, falling on the prey,

Slew every man, and took the beasts away:

And I alone to bring the tidings ran."

He scarce had ended, ere a fourth began:

"Thy children all were at thy eldest son's,

Eating and drinking with their little ones;

When lo, a wind, that rent the forest round,

Fell on the house, and bore it to the ground;

And crush'd them all; save only that I fled

And 'scap'd alone, to tell thee they are dead."

Then Job arose, and straight his mantle
tore,
And shav'd his head; and, falling to
adore,
"Naked," he cried, "I came forth at my
birth;
And I go naked to my mother, earth.
The Lord hath taken, what he gave,
away.
I bless his name, and righteous will
obey."

In all this Job was sinless, and resign'd;
Nor censur'd God, not even in his mind.

CHAPTER II.

SUBMISSION.

Job's second trial; his patient endurance; his reproof of his wife; the arrival and consternation of his friends.

One day again, God call'd the sons of
light
Before his view—when Satan struck his
sight:
"From whence?" said God: Quoth he,
O roving round,
Both up and down, and over all the
ground."
"Hast thou mark'd Job," said God, "that
most divine
And perfect mortal, and fast friend of
mine;
How there is none of all upon that
globe,
That is so holy, and so just as Job?
Who, though thou mov'dst me to de-
stroy him so,
Retains his innocence in all his wo."

"Yea, skin for skin, another's for his
own,
E'en all his life; but touch his flesh and
bone,
And Job shall curse thee to thy face."
"Then, try,"
Said God; "I yield him, but he shall not
die."
Satan retir'd; and lo, he smote him o'er
From head to foot, till all with boils
was sore.
Amidst the ashes Job his seat prepar'd,

And sitting down, he scrap'd him with
a shard.

"What," said his wife, "and do you still
rely

On this same God? Do curse him, Job,
and die."

"Thou act'st," said Job, "the foolish
woman, wife:

Shall we have ne'er an evil, all our life?
Nothing but good forever from the
Lord?"

In all this 'scap'd not one repining word.

Now when the news, and nature of his
grief

Had reach'd his friends, there came to
his relief

Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar—three there
came,

Of several places, and distinctive name:
The first from Teman, call'd the Teman-
ite;

The next the Shuhite; next Naamathite.
These three assembled, as before agreed,
To soothe his sorrow, and supply his
need.

But when they saw, and knew him not,
afar,

They stood, and fell to weeping where
they were;

And rent their robes; and o'er their
heads, on high,

They threw up dust, to sprinkle from
the sky.

Seven days and nights, his grief was so
profound,

They sat in silence with him on the
ground;

And not a word, howe'er a look they
gave,

Silent as death, and solemn as the grave.

CHAPTER III.

IMPRECATION.

Job curses the day of his birth; and celebrates that of death.

At length, this awful solitude was
broke;

And thus at last, the man of patience
spoke:

"Perish the day, and perish'd be the
night,

That I was born, and blotted from the light;
 Let it be banish'd from the beams of day,
 Darken'd with clouds and cover'd from its ray;
 In darkness lost, and everlasting death,
 Nor God regard it, as he looks beneath.
 Let that black night be blasted from the train
 Of days and months, nor number'd there again;
 Be drear and waste, nor know the voice of mirth—
 That hideous night, the night that I had birth.
 Let all those curse it, who would curse their own,
 And join with me their melancholy moan.
 Long let it seek some shadowy star of morn,
 And watch for day, but never see it dawn—
 That bitter night, the night that I was born:
 Because it gleam'd upon my mother's bed,
 And shed down all these horrors on my head.
 O had I died, or e'er I saw that day;
 Or, when I saw it, I had turn'd away,
 Ere I was ever in the lap caress'd,
 Or ere I ever hung upon the breast.
 Then I had been not here, as now, to weep;
 But all at rest and in my peaceful sleep:
 With kings and counsellors I should have slept,
 Whose places laugh'd, where desolation wept;
 Repos'd with princes, who had halls of gold,
 And hoarded silver. Or, had pass'd untold,
 Like the untimely and mysterious birth
 Of some unknown, that must not be on earth;
 And there had been, as there had not been, one;
 A silent infant, that ne'er saw the sun.
 There cease the wicked from the troubled breast;
 And there the weary, whom they worried, rest.

There prisoners lodge, without a voice to chide,
 And sweetly sleep by their oppressor's side.
 Servants and lords lie down together there;
 But are not lords and servants, as they were:
 The small and great, the master and the slave,
 Repose alike, so equal is the grave.

Why to the wretched should more light be given:
 And bitter breathing of the blasts of heaven;
 Why doth the spark still linger in their breast,
 Who long for death, and for a place to rest;
 Yea, would rejoice, exult, and leap for pleasure,
 And triumph o'er it more than hidden treasure?
 Why is he left abandon'd, why not rid
 The light of heaven, when his way is hid?
 For see my tears upon my food I pour;
 And, ere I taste it, like a torrent roar.
 For now has come the very thing, I fear'd,
 And felt approaching, long ere it appear'd.
 I had not safety nor repose before;
 Yet trouble came; which aggravates me more."

CHAPTER IV.

IMPUTATION.

Eliphaz insinuates that Job's sufferings arise from his irreligion and hypocrisy; denounces the doom of the wicked; relates his vision of the divine purity, and the faithlessness and insignificance of man.

Then Eliphaz said: "Will it give thee pain,
 To hear us speak? But how can we refrain?
 Thou, who hast rais'd so many from despair,
 With precept holpen, and upheld by prayer!

The sinking spirit, and the faltering hand
Sustain'd, and taught the tottering knees
to stand:
Look, now thou faintest, if it fall on thee!

Is this thy faith, and fair integrity?
And thou art troubled, when it is thine own!

Is this the hope, and courage thou hast shown?

Mark, who e'er perish'd, that was pure,
I pray;

Or were the righteous ever cast away?
But they, that sow iniquity and shame,
I've ever notic'd, have to reap the same;
Consum'd of God, and at his nostrils driven,

Swept by the blast and burning breath
of heaven.

The fierce old lion falls before his stroke;

And from the roaring young their teeth
are broke:

The stout old lion famishes for prey,
And scatter'd roam their wasting whelps
away.

Now there was something brought me
in mine ear;

Whereof a little only I might hear;
In thoughts from visions of the night;
when deep

Lay all around me, in oblivious sleep;
A fear fell on me, such as made me quake,

And all the pillars of my frame to shake—

A spirit came, and pass'd along my bed—
The very hairs stood up upon my head—
There still it stood; its form I might not trace;

But there an image was before my face—

'Twas stillness awful—when the spectre spoke;

And thus I caught the utterance, as it broke:

"Shall mortal man be holier than God!
Are not the heavens purer than the clod!
Behold his saints are sullied in his sight;
And folly's laid upon the sons of light:
How much less worthy then are they of trust,

Whose building, and foundation is the dust?

The daily dying; crush'd before the moth,
With none regarding, or but little loath;
Whose highest thoughts, whose brightest and whose best,
Or pass away, or perish in their breast."

CHAPTER V.

EXHORTATION.

The end of sin is sorrow; but the end of sorrow, rightly improved, joy and peace.

"Call now, refer it to what saint thou wilt:

See if there's one, but lays it to thy guilt.
For wrath, and envy make the wicked groan;

The wrath of God, and envy of their own.

I've seen the simple spreading roots around;

But sudden turn'd, and curs'd the barren ground.

His children suffer in their father's fate,
And, without pity, perish in the gate.

And now the hungry, and the poor repairs

Demanding his reversion from his heirs:
He claims the harvest, that from him was torn;

And to devour it, snatches from the thorn.

Though sorrow springs not from the dust below,

Nor from the ground do our afflictions flow;

Yet man is born to trouble, and he tends
As surely to it, as a spark ascends.

I would be humbled underneath his rod;
Commit my burden, and my griefs to God:

Who doeth wonders, without number, great,

And miracles, that none can penetrate;
Who sends his showers upon the fields of grain;

And opens fountains in the flowery plain;

To place on high the humble and the low,

And lift up mourners from the depths of wo.

Who breaks the counsels of the crafty
mind,
And disappoints the mischiefs they de-
sign'd;
Or leaves entangled in their very net,
The cunning captives of the snares they
set;
Wilder'd, and lost amid the beams of
day,
And darkly winding to pursue their way.
But rids the poor of their oppressive
weight,
The sword, and tongue, and terror of
the great;
Till mute, astonish'd, and asham'd they
stand,
To see the poor so happy, and so grand.

Blest is the man, whom God afflicts to
prove;
Ah, do not spurn the chastening of his
love;
For whom he loves, he touches to re-
store,
And heal the parts, that were unsound
before.
Lo, in six troubles he shall spare thee
still;
Yea, too, in seven thou shalt know no
ill;
The death of famine thou shalt never
feel;
Nor fall in battle by the edge of steel;
Nor sharper venom of the tongue shalt
fear;
Nor tremble at destruction, when 'tis
near;
Shalt laugh at death, and famine in the
face;
And fearless loiter 'mid the savage race;
For stones, and beasts, in every field,
you see,
Shall be at peace, and in a league with
thee;
Thou shalt be safe around, without,
within;
And visit all thy dwellings, without sin;
Shalt see thy sons, as princes, round
thee pass,
And growing numerous as the spires of
grass;
In good old age, shalt to thy grave be
borne,
Maturely gather'd, as a shock of corn.

Lo, we have seen, and search'd, and un-
derstood,
And know it all—receive it for thy
good."

CHAPTER VI.

EXCULPATION.

*Job's complaint not groundless; his
ardent desire of death, and assurance
of ease after; he is grieved at his
friends' unkindness.*

But, "Oh, my woes!" the afflicted man
repli'd;
"Oh, that my pains and sorrows, side
by side,
Were brought together, and compactly
laid,
In equal scales, and accurately weigh'd:
For now, they're heavier than the briny
beach,
O'erwhelm my words, and swallow up
my speech.
The Almighty's marching with his
bands; I see
His banners waving horribly at me;
E'en now I feel the feathery poison
smart,
And all his arrows drinking at my
heart.
Where grass aboundeth doth the wild
ass bray?
Do bullocks bellow with their neck in
hay?
What's food unsavory without salt, I
beg?
Or who can taste the white within an
egg?
That, which I loathe, and that I cannot
taste,
Is now become my sorrowful repast.
Oh, that I had my wish, my inmost sigh;
That God would loose his hand, and let
me die:
Strike as thou wilt, and I will bear the
blow;
Strike as thou wilt, but only lay me low:
I shall have comfort, when the work is
done;
For I've the promise of the Holy One.
What is my strength, that bids a hope
remain?
Or what the profit to prolong my pain?
This brittle body, is it built of stones;

Or am I laid with brass upon my bones?
Is there no help within me, nor in sight?
Has reason gone, and left me with her
light?

To friends afflicted, pity should be
shown,
Not sharp rebuke: "God never hurts
his own."

I have had friends, as brothers, in my
day;

I have had friends, as waters, waste
away:

Like brooks, imbued and swollen with
the snow,

And melting treasures they imbib'd be-
low;

But, when the sun was pour'd upon their
stream,

They turn'd aside, and vanish'd from his
beam;

Without resource or whither to repair,
Came swift to nought, and perish'd
where they were:

The troops of Tema, and the Sheban
bands

Look'd for their courses 'mid the burn-
ing sands;

But soon, confounded with regret and
shame,

They stood reflecting with what hopes
they came.

For now ye're nothing in my wretched-
ness;

And seem afraid to pity my distress.
Do I exact a portion of your store;

Or claim the favours I conferr'd before?
Or ask to save me from a hostile hand;

Or pluck me out by paying the demand?
O let me know, and teach me where I've
err'd;

I'll close my lips, and venerate the word.
What powerful arguments are truth and
sense;

But what's the force of all your vehemence?

Will ye rebuke the ravings of the wind?
And chide the speeches of a desperate
mind?

Yea, ye o'erwhelm the wretched and
bereav'd;

And dig a pit for him that is aggrieved.
But look upon me, and let that suffice;

For if I feign, 'tis obvious to your eyes:
Go back, I pray, to where you first be-
gan;

Look o'er it all; I am not such a man:
Nor is my tongue so vicious; nor per-
verse

My taste; I know the better from the
worse."

CHAPTER VII.

DESPERATION.

*Job's misery; and impatience at the
extreme vigilance and scrutiny of the
Almighty.*

"Has Heaven not set us an appointed
span;

A term of service, as an hired man:
E'en as a servant eyes the setting sun,

To see what portion of his work is
done;

So would I know what toilsome months
remain,

And tedious nights of restlessness and
pain.

When I lie down, I say, "when will it
dawn,

That I may rise, and the long night be
gone?"

Through the long night, I toss from
side to side,

And start and tremble, till the day break
wide.

With festering boils my flesh is broken
in,

And clods and worms have cover'd all
my skin.

Swift as a shuttle through the thread
is tost,

My days are spent, and in despair are
lost.

O Lord, remember that my life is wind;
And no more comfort is my soul to find:

They that have seen me shall no longer
see—

Thine eyes are on me, and I must not be.
As clouds consume, and vanish from
the day;

So are the dead forever pass'd away:
Within their dwellings shall no more be
seen,

Nor any place of all where they have
been.

My flowing lips I will not now restrain,
But in the anguish of my soul complain;

Pour out my bleeding heart without
control,
And freely let the bitter torrent roll.

Am I a sea, or monster of the sea,
That I am kept in constant custody?
If to my bed I take, for brief repose,
And say, "In sleep I shall forget my
woes;"

Then hideous dreams my very soul af-
fright,
And frowning ghosts, and noises of the
night.

Strangling and death would not extort
such groans,

As to support these miserable bones.
I loathe to live, nor always wish to be—
Let me alone; my days are vanity.

Lord, what is man; that such a jealous
eye

Is fixt upon him from the lofty sky;
That every moment to his watch is
given,

And every trial order'd under heaven?
How long, or e'er thou wilt withdraw
a little,

And leave me time to swallow down my
spittle?

Lord, I have sinnèd—what shall I do,
then?

O, thou observer, and support of men.
Why hast thou set me as a mark for
aim;

And made myself my burden, and my
shame?

And why, I pray thee, wilt thou not
o'erlook,

O Lord, my sins, and blot them from
thy book?

Soon shall I sleep in dust; and, when,
anon,

Thou seek'st me here to-morrow, shall
be gone."

CHAPTER VIII.

CRIMINATION.

*Bildad vindicates God's judgments; ap-
peals to antiquity for proof of the
punishment of the wicked; and ap-
plies the case to Job.*

To whom the Shuhite: "O, how long
thy mind
Will it be raving, like the wintry wind?

Doth God injustice; doth th' Almighty
wrong?

For on this side, you've argued all
along.

What if thy children sinnèd out their
day,

And God have cast them for those sins
away;

If thou would'st turn, and seek the
Lord betimes,

Confess, and crave forgiveness for thy
crimes,

And sin no more; e'en now would he
arouse,

Restore thy state, and bless thy happy
house;

Yea, would enlarge, and make thee very
great;

Though thou wast little in thy first
estate.

For ask the fathers of the former stage,
And search the records of the elder age;

(For nothing we know, but of mo-
ment's birth,

And like a shadow flitting o'er the
earth;)

And they shall teach, and tell thee from
their heart,

And make thee know what character
thou art.

Do flags and rushes, though they flour-
ish so

In mire and water, without any grow?
They droop and wither, in their green
attire,

Ere other herbs, and if not mown, ex-
pire.

So do they flourish, who their God for-
get;

Such is the substance of the hypocrite;
And every hope, he harbours in his
breast,

Is snapp'd asunder, like a spider's nest.
He leans upon his house—it will not
stand;

He grasps it closer, but it quits his hand.
Beauteous he grows, and vigorous in
the sun,

And his dark branches o'er the garden
run;

While broad beneath his roots are
straying round,

Or wrapped in clefts, and wreath'd
about their mound:

But if the culturer pluck him from his
stand;

O, then he cries: "I never knew thy hand!"
 This is the joy and fashion of their way;
 Then others rise, as flourishing as they.
 If thou art such, behold, he'll not restore;
 But will, if righteous, bless thee more and more;
 Till, with rejoicing he shall wet thine eyes,
 And fill thy face with laughter and surprise:
 While those, that hate thee, he shall clothe with shame,
 And bring to nought their dwelling and their name."

CHAPTER IX. VENERATION.

Job acknowledges the justice; and ex-patiates on the incomparable power of the Almighty; but denies that His dealings accord with the imperfect perceptions of man; or are any criterion of his character.

"I know," said Job, "and 'tis a truth, that's given;
 But who is spotless in the eye of heaven?
 Were God to charge us with the works, we've done;
 What man could answer, in a thousand, one?
 Mighty in strength, and wise as he is strong,
 Whoever prosper'd, that oppos'd him, long?
 He moveth mountains, and they know it not;
 And overturns them, when his wrath is hot:
 He shakes the earth, and heaveth from her place,
 And makes her pillars tremble to their base:
 Commands the sun; or bids it not appear,
 And sealeth up the starry hemisphere:
 Walks on the rolling deep, and solely spread

The tranquil heavens o'er its troubled bed:
 Arcturus made, Orion's watery ray,
 The Pleiades, and chambers of the day:
 Who doeth wonders, without number, great;
 And miracles, that none can penetrate.
 Lo, there he passeth, but I see him not;
 His viewless presence is in every spot.
 He takes away, and who is to prevent?
 Or who shall say: "What doth th' Omnipotent?"
 Unless in pity he unbend his brow,
 The proud confederates are forc'd to bow;
 How much less wonder then if I be aw'd,
 Nor find expressions to contend with God?
 With whom, though innocent, I'd not contend,
 But on the mercy of my Judge depend;
 For had I pray'd, and had my prayer receiv'd
 A signal answer, I had not believ'd;
 Though promptly sent, agreeable to my voice,
 The very blessings, I had made by choice,
 I had not thought, though all I ask'd were given,
 Nor dar'd to hope, that I was heard in heaven.
 I am so hurt and broken by the blast,
 And feel my sorrows coming on so fast;
 All without cause, and without time for breath,
 It fills me with the bitterness of death.
 Appeal to strength—'tis all upon his side;
 To judgment then—when shall the cause be tried?
 To clear my life will only make it worse;
 And pleading perfect prove it is per-verse;
 For were it perfect I should never know,
 And must despise it, ere it could be so.
 But here's the point at variance where we strike:
 God serves the wicked and the good alike;
 The sword, commissioned to be swift in blood,

Would laugh to wait the trial of the good.

Who are the judges, and the great we see?

The bad—if not, then where, and who is he?

But now my days are swifter than a post;

Nor leave a blessing, in their flight to boast;

Gone, as a ship upon her desert way;
Gone, as an eagle darting on her prey.

Lo, if I say, I will forget my grief,
Leave off this heaviness, and have relief;

Then I'm afraid, lest all my woes will rise,

Knowing I am not guiltless in thine eyes;

And being wicked, I must work in vain
To wipe out sorrow, and remove the stain;

Yea, in snow-water if I wash me white,
Till I were ne'er so beauteous and so bright;

Yet thou wilt plunge me in the mire again,

Till my own clothes shall view me with disdain.

For he is not a man, that we may try
Our cause together, challenge and reply;

Nor have we here an umpire, under oath,

To stand and place his hand upon us both;

But only let him take his rod away,
And only let his terror not dismay;

Then would I come up boldly with my plea,

Before his face: but 'tis not so with me."

CHAPTER X.

EXPOSTULATION.

Job in the fullness of his heart reasons with his Maker; complains of oppression and contempt; inveighs against life, and craves a little ease before death.

"Now is my soul a-weary of my life;
I'll pour it forth, and leave the bitter strife.

"Do not condemn me," thus the strain shall flow,

"Lord God, and why dost thou afflict me so?

How can it please thee to oppress, and spurn

Works, that from thee proceed, to thee return,

Form'd of thy hand, and in thine own design,

And on the counsel of the wicked shine?
Hast thou the vision and the eyes of man?

Is thy duration rounded to a span?
Thou look'st so narrowly at all within,

To find some error, and to seize on sin?
Thou know'st I am not of the wicked band;

And there is none can rescue from thy hand.

Thy hands have made and moulded out my frame;

And thou wilt now destroy me with the same?

Then thou hast form'd me from the dust in vain,

So soon to bring me to the dust again.
Hast thou as milk not pour'd me out,

I pray,
Gather'd around and curdled, where I lay;

And cloth'd me outwardly, with flesh and skin;

With bones and sinews brac'd me up within;

With light and favour hast sustain'd my breath,

By visitation kept my soul from death?
All this to thee, and more, is not unknown;

Thou know'st it all, and know'st it all alone.

If I have sin, why then thou know'st that too,

Nor wilt acquit me from the least I do.

If I be wicked, vengeance is my dread;
If innocent, I dare not raise my head—

Fear and confusion are my strange estate—

See my affliction, if it be not great!
For it increaseth—like a beast of prey,

Thou walk'st about me in a wondrous way;

Redoubling charges, and renewing strife;

And all its changes are against my life.
 Why was I brought into the world? O
 why
 Did I not perish in the womb, and die?
 I should have been, as though I ne'er
 had been;
 Just wak'd to life, and sunk to sleep
 again.
 Are they not few, my days, and brief
 at best?
 Then turn, and leave me to a little rest;
 Ere I go whither, I shall not return,
 To that dark country, that unlovely
 bourn,
 Where very darkness is itself the light,
 And undistinguish'd lie the things of
 night;
 A land of darkness and the shades of
 death,
 Far from the beams of day, and its re-
 viving breath."

CHAPTER XI.

REPROACH.

*Zophar's severe reproof; the unsearch-
 ableness of God; and blessings of re-
 pentance.*

THEN answer'd Zophar, the Naamathite:
 "How shall a man so full of words be
 right?

Here must we sit and listen to thy lies,
 And no man shame thee of thy mock-
 eries?

For look: "My life has been a blame-
 less walk"—

This is the tone and tenour of your
 talk—

"My doctrine's pure"—But O that he
 would deign

To move his lips and answer thee again:
 That thou might'st see the secrets of his
 skill,

And know his power is double to his
 will;

Know thou hast injur'd more than thou
 art hurt,

And still hast nought compar'd with thy
 desert.

Ah, who by searching can discover God,
 And comprehend th' abyss of his abode?
 Above beneath, what can'st thou do,
 or know,

High as the heavens, and deep as hell
 below?

The line, if thou would'st measure him,
 must be

Longer than earth, and broader than
 the sea.

If he cut off, or scatter, or enclose,
 Then who is there to hinder, or oppose?

Vain man he sees, and watches all the
 while,

And seeing, notes and punishes the vile;
 Sees his vainglorious and presumptuous

soul,
 Though born no better than an ass's

foal.

But if e'en thou, as guilty as thou art,
 Would'st stretch thy hands toward him,

and thy heart;
 Put off iniquity, if thou hast not,

And cleanse thy house, throughout of
 every blot;

Soon the bright change should in thy
 face appear,

And set thee safe from sorrow and
 from fear.

Then, as what brooks have pass'd into
 the sea,

Shall be the memory of thy misery.
 Thou shalt be clearer than the morning

shines;
 Yea, thou shalt brighten, as thy day de-
 clines,

With mellowing light, till the last beam
 you see

Shall be the sweetest, that has shone on
 thee.

As softly cradled thou shalt rest secure,
 Because the anchor of thy soul is sure;

Stretch'd at thine ease lie fearless of
 offence,

With suitors round thee doing rever-
 ence:

While wretched hypocrites are wreck'd
 and toss'd,

Because the anchor of their soul is lost."

ABRAHAM ROWLEY.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO.

(From the Book of Job.)

CRUSH'D by misfortune's yoke,
 Job lamentably spoke—

"My boundless curse be on
 The day that I was born;
 Quenched be the star that shone
 Upon my natal morn.
 In the grave I long
 To shroud my breast;
 Where the wicked cease to wrong,
 And the weary are at rest."
 Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair:
 "What Heaven ordains, 'tis meet that
 man should bear.

Lately, at midnight dread,
 A vision shook my bones with fear;
 A spirit pass'd before my face,
 And yet its form I could not trace;
 It stopp'd—it stood—it chill'd my
 blood,

The hair upon my flesh uprose
 With freezing dread!
 Deep silence reign'd, and, at its close,
 I heard a voice that said—
 "Shall mortal man be more pure and
 just?
 Than God, who made him from the
 dust?

Hast thou not learnt of old, how fleet
 Is the triumph of the hypocrite;
 How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
 On the brow of the ungodly man?

By the fire of his conscience he per-
 isheth

In an unblown flame:

The Earth demands his death,
 And the Heavens reveal his shame."

JOB

Is this your consolation?
 Is it thus that ye condole
 With the depth of my desolation
 And the anguish of my soul?
 But I will not cease to wail
 The bitterness of my bale.—

Man that is born of woman,
 Short and evil is his hour;
 He fleeth like a shadow,
 He fadeth like a flower.
 My days are pass'd—my hope and trust
 Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS.

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God
 Nor murmur at his chastening rod;

Fragile being of earthly clay,
 Think on God's eternal sway!
 Hark! from the whirlwind forth
 Thy Maker speaks—"Thou child of
 earth,

Where wert thou when I laid
 Creation's corner-stone?
 When the sons of God rejoicing made,
 And the morning stars together sang
 and shone?

Hadst thou power to bid above
 Heaven's constellations glow;
 Or shape the forms that live and move
 On Nature's face below?
 Hast thou given the horse his strength
 and pride?

He paws the valley, with nostril wide,
 He smells far off the battle,
 He neighs at the trumpet's sound—
 And his speed devours the ground,
 As he sweeps where the quivers rattle,
 And the spear and shield shine bright,
 'Midst the shouting of the captains
 And the thunder of the fight.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

"THOU HAST MADE DESOLATE ALL MY COMPANY."

JOB.

THERE shone a beam within my bower,
 Affection's diamond spark:
 The spoiler came with fatal power—
 That beam is quenched and dark.
 There was a shout of childhood's joy,
 A laugh of infant glee,—
 The earth closed o'er my glorious boy,
 My nursling—Where is he?

There seemed a sound like rushing
 wings,
 So thick my sorrows came,
 A blight destroyed my precious things,
 My treasures fed the flame;
 An ocean of unfathomed woe
 Swept on with all its waves,
 And here, all desolate, I stand
 Alone amid my graves.

Alone! there flows no kindred tear,
 No sympathizing sigh;
 The feet of curious throngs are near,
 But every cheek is dry.

And is there nought but curtaining turf,
And cold earth loosely thrown,
To shut me from those cherished forms,
My beautiful, my own?

Yet, who this fearful deed hath wrought?

Who thus hath laid me low?
Was it a hand with vengeance fraught?
The malice of a foe?

No!—He who called my being forth
From mute unconscious clay;
He who with more than parent's love
Hath led me night and day;

Who erreth not, who changeth not,
Who woundeth but to heal,
Who darkeneth not man's sunny lot
Save for his spirit's weal:
Therefore I bow me to his sway,
I mourn but not repine,
And chastened, yet confiding, say,
Lord—not my will, but thine.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

[SELECTIONS FROM THE
PARAPHRASE OF THE
BOOK OF JOB.]

SURVEY the warlike horse! didst thou
invest
With thunder his robust, distended
chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul al-
lays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils
blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes de-
light,
And triumphs in the fullness of his
might:
High raised, he snuffs the battle from
afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging
war;
And mocks at death, and throws his
foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the
ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, ad-
vance

Full of the brandished sword and
shaken lance

While his fixed eye-balls meet the daz-
zling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the
field!

He sinks the sense of pain in generous
pride,

Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his
side;

But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dread-
ful blast,

Till death, and when he groans, he
groans his last

* * * * *
Mild is my Behemoth, though large his
frame;

Smooth is his temper, and repressed his
flame;

While unprovoked. This native of the
flood

Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore
for food:

Earth sinks beneath him as he moves
along

To seek the herbs, and mingle with the
throng.

See, with what strength his hardened
loins are bound,

All over proof, and shut against a
wound!

How like a mountain cedar moves his
tail!

Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones sur-
pass,

The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of
brass;

His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest and the mountain
law.

The mountains feed him; there the
beasts admire

The mighty stranger, and in dread re-
tire;

At length his greatness nearer they sur-
vey,

Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The ferns and marshes are his cool re-
treat,

His noontide shelter from the burning
heat;

Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are
made,

And groves of willows give him all their
shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fired
with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his
throat;
In lessened waves it creeps along the
plain,
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765).

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

(From Job.)

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld
The face of immortality unveil'd—
Deep sleep came down on every eye
save mine—
And there it stood—all formless—but
divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did
quake;
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it
spake:

"Is man more just than God? Is man
more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insec-
ure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the
dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more
just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the
night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted
light!" LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

LEGEND OF IYOB THE UPRIGHT.

(From "The Son of a Prophet.")

THE mountains talk of Ben Rahah,
And the caves of Argob have their he-
roes;
Kenath and Batanah and Salkad exult,
They rejoice in their favorite sons.
But our lance is one, it is Uz of the
fathers,
When we speak the name of Iyob.
He dwelt long ago in the south land:
Iyob the Upright, the prince of his
people,
Rich in sons and daughters.
His oxen ploughed from desert to moun-
tain,

His camels traded from sea to sea;
The wealth of a tribe his she-asses,
The clothing a nation his sheep.
But men named him not for his wealth;
All knew him as Iyob the Upright.
He feared Eloah the God of his fathers,
The God of Esau, the son of Abraham.
With sacrifices he looked to the Maker
of the heavens,
And sanctified his house with burnt-
offerings.
When he came to the cities, he sat in
the gates;
For he judged righteous judgment.
When he passed through the land there
was joy;
For the poor were made rich by his
bounty.
Of the sons of the East the greatest,
Of all he was best and most blessed:
Men said, "Be righteous and be as Iyob."

Then a marvel:
In a day his riches took wings.
The Sabeans came from afar,
The swords of the bands of the Chal-
deans.
Oxen and asses and camels were gone,
Snatched by the plunderers.
Fire fell from heaven;
The sheep were consumed at one offer-
ing.
One only escaped to bring each tale of
disaster.
Then another came, telling a tale more
awful:
"Thy sons and thy daughters were feast-
ing together,
And now together they are not.
The house was crushed by the cyclone,
Its walls are now their tomb."
Then rose up Iyob the Upright,
And bowed before God and worshipped:
"Naked came I from my mother's
womb,
And naked shall I return.
Eloah gave, Eloah hath taken;
Lo, I am thy servant, Eloah!"
Again a blow, and men said,
"Can this be Iyob the Upright?"
With sore disease he was smitten:
A festering outcast he sat among the
ashes.
Of the thousands who had waited his
will,
His wife alone now served him.

Despairing, she understood not his trust:

"Renounce Eloah," she said, "and die."
"Shall we receive good from Eloah," he answered;

"And shall we not receive evil?"

And yet once more he was crushed.
The multitude had fled with his wealth;
The contempt of the proud had come with his sores.

Yet he said, "I can bear it;
My true friends still trust me."
Then these friends appointed to meet him,

And came and sat down in his presence.
Eliphaz the seer came from Teman,
Bildad from Shuah, and Zophar from Naamah.

Seven days they sat and spake not.
Then they opened their mouths and—
rebuked him:

His trusted friends, his last hope on earth, condemned him.

He had sinned and was hiding his evil;
Let him confess and return to Eloah.
But he knew himself Iyob the Upright,
And would none of their charges of evil.

Nay, but it must be; only guilt could bring suffering,

Could have brought such sudden destruction

Let him pretend no more to be upright,
But repent that God might have mercy.

In vain he protested innocence,
In vain he appealed to their mercy:

They were deaf to his cries.

He himself or Eloah who smote him,
The man or his Maker had done wickedness.

Should mortal man be more just than God?

Should a man be more pure than his Maker?

Then the bitterness of Iyob was utter:
But still he was Iyob the Upright.

He opened his mouth and spake:
"Though Eloah slay me, yet will I trust him:

I fear, I adore, I will not forsake him."
Lo, then a whirlwind, and the voice of Eloah!

"Behold Iyob, I have owned him;
He speaketh of me the thing that is right,

He loveth me, not mine; I accept him."
Then to Iyob was restored abundance,
And sons and daughters enriched him.
Again he was hailed the Prince of his people;

He is honored to all generations.

GEORGE ANSON JACKSON.

[JOB'S CONFESSION.]

THOU canst accomplish all things, Lord of might:

And every thought is named to Thy sight.

But O, Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty power,

But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.

O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,

Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.

Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more;

Man is not made to question, but adore.

EDWARD YOUNG (1684-1765).

JOB xxiii: 8-10.

FORWARD I now in duties go,
But O, my Saviour is not there!
Heavy He makes me drive, and slow,
Without the chariot-wheels of prayer.

I look to former times, and strain
The footsteps of my God to trace;
Backward I go (but still in vain)
To find the tokens of His grace.

Surrounded by His power I stand;
His work on other souls I see;
He deals His gifts on either hand,
But still He hides Himself from me.

Groaning, I languish at His stay,
But He regards my every groan:
Dark and disconsolate my way,
But still my way to Him is known.

When fully He my faith hath tried,
Like gold I in the fire shall shine,
Come forth when seven times purified,
And strongly bear the stamp divine.

CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788).

JOB.

Chapter xxviii.

THERE's a path to the fowl, as it flieth
 ne'er shown,
 Unseen by the vulture's keen eye,
 By the whelps of the lion untrodden, un-
 known,
 Nor the fierce lion passeth it by.

There's an arm on the cliff, on the ice-
 crested brow,
 By the roots that o'eturneth the
 mountains,
 And cutteth the rocks where the fresh
 waters flow,
 And bindeth the floods on their foun-
 tains.

But where is the path where shall wis-
 dom be found,
 And where, understanding, thy way?
 Not the land of the living inherits that
 ground,
 No price can its value repay.

A voice of the earth saith "it is not in
 me,"

"Not in me," saith a voice of the
 deep;
 Not mines roofed with gold can its pur-
 chase-price be,
 Nor caves where the silver ores sleep.

Not the onyx, its price, nor the pearl-
 seeded main,
 Of the coral no mention be made,
 Nor thy topaz, oh! Ethiop, that gift can
 obtain,
 Nor a crown with bright rubics ar-
 rayed.

Whence then cometh wisdom? her dwell-
 ing proclaim,

Thy place, understanding, say
 where?—
 Destruction and death say we heard of
 its fame,
 But cannot its secret declare.

But God understandeth, oh Wisdom, thy
 birth,

God knoweth the man to whom given,
 For he looketh at once to the ends of
 the earth,
 And seeth the whole under heaven.

Thence he maketh a weight for the
 winds as they sweep,
 Thence weigheth the waters by meas-
 ure,
 When he made a decree that controul-
 eth the deep,
 And stamp't on the thunder his pleas-
 ure.

Then he searched it, and saw it, and ut-
 tered the word,
 To man his high precept commanding,
 "Behold that is wisdom, the fear of the
 Lord;
 And from evil to fly, understanding."
 WILLIAM SOTHEY (1757-1833).

JOB.

WERE I to turn the vast historic page,
 In search of highest human worth,
 Where could I find so luminous an orb—
 To shed such radiant beams on earth—
 As in the patient sufferings of Job?
 Of Edom once a mighty Prince
 Who perhaps in wealth, in goodness—
 wisdom—

Power—ne'er hath been equalled since.
 Behold the piety of this exalted man!
 And see him hurled in one short hour
 From greatness, glory, majesty, and
 pomp;
 From wealth, from happiness, and
 power!

There's not a murmur issues from his
 lips!

He who in regal splendour shone
 So lately—surrounded by a comely race
 Of offspring—now is left alone—
 And desolate—and poor—without one
 child

To soothe him with a fond caress—
 To catch the drops that down his cheeks
 must fall—

And say, my father, still I thee can
 bless!

Oh! this desolation of a parent's heart
 Must be unutterably keen!
 No tongue can tell—no soul conceive
 the woe—

The bitter woe—this must have been!
 But here, alas! did not his trials end:
 With anguish must his frame be
 torn—

Disease that's loathsome—horrible—
 —that bids

Him be from every creature borne!
Now see the mighty Monarch of the
east,
Thrown from his kingdom, sceptre,
crown!
His purple robes are but for sack-cloth
changed!
A dung-heap for a bed of down!
But still the man of God unceasingly
displays

Submission to the will of Heaven:
Owns he "brought nothing into life,"
and hopes.

His every sin to be forgiven.

MARY ANN CARTER.

JOB'S LUCK.

SLY Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did not take his
spouse.

But Heaven that brings out good from
evil,

And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows,—
Short-sighted Devil, not to take his
spouse!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
(1772-1834).

THE POETS OF OLD ISRAEL.

OLD Israel's readers of the stars,
I love them best. Musing, they read,
In embers of the heavenly hearth,
High truths were never learned below.
They asked not of the barren sands,
They questioned not that stretch of
death;

But upward from the humble tent
They took the stairway of the hills;
Upward they climbed, bold in their trust,
To pluck the glory of the stars.
Faith falters, knowledge does not know,
Fast, one by one, the phantoms fade;
Eut that strange light, unwavering love.
Grasped from the lowered hand of God,
Abides, quenchless forevermore.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY (1848—).

HARP OF ZION.

HARP of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transports round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again!

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all be-
low,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe,
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And, like Gilëad's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my
breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:

But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were
mine.

WILLIAM KNOX (1789-1825.)

THE HEBREW BARD.

SOFTLY the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and
wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along.
He jars; and, lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God! the Almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles; and her mountains
flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of wrath can
draw
That strike heaven, earth and hell with
awe?

Red lightning from his eyelids broke:
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frightened floods retire:

In heaps the frightened billows stand.
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide-embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their
course;

He storms the mounds, the bulwark
falls,

The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the
strings,

And mows down nations with their
kings:

From every chord his bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo, the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene.
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

THE HARP THE MONARCH

MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of
Heaven,

Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had
given,

Redoubled be her tears, its chords are
riven!

It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than
his throne.

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspir'd to heaven and there
abode!

Since then, though heard on earth no
more,

Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar

To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can
not remove.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

PSALM I.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked
astray
In council of the wicked, and in the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the
seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the
great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted
grows
By watery streams, and in his season
knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not
fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper
all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which
fanned
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not
stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of
the just;
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM II.

WHY do the Gentiles rage?
The people think vain things?
The rulers of the earth combine?
In counsel with the kings?
Against the Lord of Hosts and his
Anointed king they say,
"Asunder let us break their bands,
And cast their cords away."

The Lord from Heaven shall laugh
Their forward ways to see,
And he shall speak to them in wrath,
And troubled they shall be;
"And I my king anointed have
On Zion's Holy Hill,
The mountain of my holiness,
My pleasure to fulfill."

"This statute I declare,"
Jehovah said to me,
"Thou art my son, upon this day
I have begotten thee;
Seek ye, and for thy portion sure
The heathen shall be known,

And thou for thine inheritance
Earth's utmost ends shall own."

Thou shalt, as with a rod
Of iron, break them sore;
And thou shalt dash them down as ware
And crush them more and more.
And now, O king, this understand,
Ye earthly judges hear,
Rejoice with trembling in your joy,
And serve the Lord with fear.

Approach and kiss the son
Lest he should angry be,
And from the way wherein thou walk'st
Stumble and perish ye;
For in a little while shall rise
His indignation just,
Then O how bless'd the people all
That in Jehovah trust.

PETER McNEILL.

PSALM III.

LORD how are my foes increast,
Which vexes me more and more?
They kill my hart, when as they say,
God can not him restore.
But thou O Lord art my defence,
When I am hard bestead,
My worship and mine honour both,
And thou holdest up my head.

RICHARD ALLISON.

(Published London, 1599.)

PSALM IV.

O God, that art my Righteousness, Lord,
hear me when I call:
Thou hast set me at Liberty when I was
bound in Thrall.
Have Mercy, Lord, therefore on me,
and grant me my Request:
For unto thee incessantly to cry I will
not rest.
O mortal men, how long will ye my
Glory thus despise?
Why wander ye in Vanity and follow
after Lies?
Know ye that good and godly men, the
Lord doth take and chuse:
And when to him I make Complaint, he
doth me not refuse.

JOHN ARNOLD.

(Published London, 1750.)

PSALM V.

O LORD, incline Thy gracious ear,
 My plaintive sorrows weigh;
 To Thee for succor I draw near,
 To Thee I humbly pray.
 Still will I call, with lifted eyes,
 "Come, O my God and King!"
 Till Thou regard my ceaseless cries,
 And full deliverance bring.

On Thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace:
 None without holiness shall see
 The glories of Thy face.
 In souls unholy and unclean
 Thou never canst delight;
 Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
 Appear before Thy sight.

Thou hatest all that evil do,
 Or speak iniquity;
 The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
 Are both abhorred by Thee.
 The greatest and minutest fault
 Shall find its fearful doom;
 Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
 Thou surely shalt consume.

But as for me, with humble fear
 I will approach Thy gate,
 Though most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in Thy courts to wait.
 I trust in Thy unbounded grace,
 To all so freely given,
 And worship toward Thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven.

Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide;
 Point out the path before my face;
 My God, be Thou my Guide!
 The cruel power, the guileful art
 Of all my foes suppress,
 Whose throat an open grave, whose
 heart
 Is desperate wickedness.

Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from Thy
 face,
 And utterly consume:
 Thy wrath on the rebellious race
 Shall to the utmost come.
 But all who put their trust in Thee
 Thy mercy shall proclaim,
 And sing with cheerful melody
 Their dear Redeemer's Name.

Protected by Thy guardian grace,
 They shall extol Thy power,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy
 praise,
 And triumph evermore.
 They never shall to evil yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept and covered with the shield
 Of Thine almighty Love.

CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788).

PSALM VI.

LORD, in thy wrath reprove me not,
 Though I deserve thine ire:
 Nor yet correct me in thy rage,
 O Lord, I thee desire.

For I am weak, therefore, O Lord,
 Of mercy me forbear:
 And heal me, Lord, for why? thou
 know'st
 My bones do quake for fear.

My soul is troubled very sore,
 And vexed vehemently:
 But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
 To cure my misery?

Lord turn thee to thy wonted grace,
 My fainting soul uptake;
 O save me not for my deserts,
 But for thy mercies' sake.

For why? no man among the dead
 Remembereth thee one whit:
 Or who shall worship thee, O Lord,
 In the infernal pit?

So grievous is my plaint and moan,
 That I wax wondrous faint:
 All the night long I wash my bed
 With tears of my complaint.

My sight is dim, and waxeth old,
 With anguish of my heart,
 For fear of them that be my foes,
 And would my soul subvert.

But now depart from me, all ye
 That work iniquity.
 Because the Lord hath heard the voice
 Of my complaint and cry.

He heard not only the request
 And prayer of my heart:

But it received at my hands,
And took it in good part.

And now my foes that vexed me
The Lord will soon defame:
And suddenly confound them all
With great rebuke and shame.

JOHN PLAYFORD.
(*Published London, 1701.*)

PSALM VII.

O LORD my God, I put my trust
And confidence in thee:
Save me from them that me pursue,
And eke deliver me.
Lest like a lyon me they teare
And rend in pieces small;
Whilst their is none to succour me,
And rid me out of thrall.

O Lord my God, if I have done
The thing that is not right.
Or els if I be found in fault,
Or guyltie in thy sight.
Or to my friend rewarded ill,
Or left him in distresse:
Which me pursued most cruelly,
And hated me causelesse.

Then let my foes pursue my soule,
And eke my life downe thrust:
Unto the earth, and also lay
Mine honor in the dust.
Start up O Lord now in thy wrath,
And put my foes to paine:
Performe the kingdom promised
To me which wrong sustaine.

Then shall great nations come to thee,
And know thee by this thing:
If thou declare for love of them,
Thyselfe as Lord and king.
And thou that art of all men judge,
O Lord now judge thou me:
According to my righteousness
And mine integritie.

Lord cease the harts of wicked men,
And be the just man's guyde,
By whome the secrets of all hearts
Are searched and discride.
I take my help to come of God,
In all my grieve and smart:
That doth preserve all those that be
Of pure and perfect hart.

The just man and the wicked both,
God judgeth by his power:
So that he feeleth his mightie hand
Even every day and houre.
Except he chaunge his minde I dye,
For ever as he should smite:
He whets his sword, his bow he bendes,
Ayming where he may hit.

And doth prepare his mortall dartes,
His arrowes keen and sharpe:
For them that do me persecute,
Whiles he doth mischief warpe.
But low though he in travele be,
Of his devilish forecast:
And of his mischief once conceived
Yet brings forth naught at last.

He digs a ditch and delves it deepe,
In hope to hurt his brother:
But he shall fall into the pit,
That he digd up for other.
Thus wrong returneth to the hurt,
Of him in whome it bred:
And all the mischief that he wrought,
Shall fall upon his head.

I will give thanks to God therefore,
That judges righteously;
And with a song will praise the name,
Of him that is most high.

THOMAS STERNHOLD (*circa 1500-1549*).

PSALM VIII.

How excellent, O Lord, our Lord, thy
name in all the earth!
Transcending glory of the skies—
supreme above all worth.
The frailest infant form of life gives
utterance to thy praise,
And strength, 'gainst evil is ordained
from childlike, trustful ways.
When turns my thoughts to heaven's
expanse of wondrous calm and light,
And ponders o'er the silvery moon and
radiant stars of night,
My soul is thrilled with reverent awe,
and questions, What is man,
That God should give him place and
power in all his wondrous plan—
Should give him rank exalted high and
crowned with honor fair,
Should place him on his glorious earth
to hold dominion there?

Subjecting to man's power and will the
works of hand divine,
God gives to human soul the gift of
majesty sublime.
Mysterious, mighty powers of earth He
trusts to man for care—
All things therein, created life of land
and sea and air.
With my whole heart and every power
bestowed in mortal frame,
I give thee praise, O Lord, our Lord!
How excellent thy name!

EMILY F. CARLETON.

PSALM IX.

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lord,
with all my heart;
I will speak of all thy marvellous works,
in whole or in part.
I will be glad and rejoice in thee;
Yea, my songs and praises shall ever be,
O thou most highest, ever the same,
Will I sing of thy holy name.
While mine enemies all
Are driven back, they shall fall,
And at thy presence perish,
And none their welfare shall cherish.
For thou hast maintained my right and
my cause;
Thou art set on the throne that judges
by right laws.
Thou hast rebuked the heathen, the un-
godly destroyed,
Thou hast put out their name forever
and made them void.
O thou enemy destruction all come to
perpetual end,
Thy walls Adonai did rend,
Even as the cities which thou hast de-
stroyed,
Their memorial is perished with them
and is void.
But the Lord forever shall endure,
He hath also prepared his seat, for his
judgments are sure.
For he shall judge the world aright,
And minister true judgments unto the
people—so bright.
The Lord, also, will be a defense for the
oppressed,
Even a refuge in due time of trouble,
and goodly rest.
And they that know thy name will put
their trust in thee,

For thou, Lord, hast never failed them
that to thee flee.
O praise the Lord who in Sion doth
dwell;
Show the people of his doings so well.
For, when the inquisitors for blood are
made,
Their goodly works are well weighed.
He forgetteth not the complaint of the
poor;
Their trust in him is always sure.
Have mercy upon me, O Lord;
Let my life with thy will accord.
Consider the trouble which I endure
Of them that hate me, thy servant, so
poor.
Thou that lifteth me up from the gates
of death,
Thou that inspires me with new breath,
That I may show all thy praises within
the ports of Sion,
I will rejoice in thy salvation—with the
strength of the lion.
The heathen are sunk down in the pit
that they made,
In the same net which they hid privately
me they waylaid.
The Lord is known to execute judgment
in all lands;
The ungodly is trapped in the work of
his hands.
The wicked shall be turned into hell,
And all the people that forgot God shall
not with him dwell.
For the poor shall not always forgotten
be;
That patient abiding of the meek shall
not perish, but be forever free
Up, Lord, and let no man have the up-
per hand;
Let the heathen be judged in thy sight
and land.
Put them in fear, O Lord—then
The heathen may know themselves to be
but men.

ISAAC P. NOYES.

(Version of Edward VI.) [1537-1553].

PSALM X.

THE face, Oh Lord; why dost thou hide,
And stande aloofe so farr?
Lo, Sinners, merely out of pride,
The Spoile of porem are.

Insnares them by their own devise,
 For of their Lust they boast
 And praise those Freindes to Avarice,
 Whom God abbores (sic) most.
 Their scornfull eies regard not thee,
 Their hartes do thee deny.
 Too high for them thy judgments be;
 Stil greevous is their way.
 They snuff, and sleight their greatest
 Foes,

And (come what mischeeves will)
 Within their hartes, they doe suppose,
 That they shall prosper still.
 Their mouthes with curseings over-
 flowe;

Their tongues lie, swear, and vaunt:
 The pore to catch and overthrowe,
 Obscurèd paths they haunt.
 They watch, unseene, for simple men,
 To ceaze them unaware.

They lurck like Lions in their denn,
 And slilie them insnares.
 To catch the pore by lowlie shewes,
 Their strength, doth help them on,
 They think in hart, that God nor viewes,
 Nor careth what is done.

But, rise oh Lord, thy powre to showe,
 Leave not the pore forgot.
 For, why should Sinners sleight thee
 soe

And think thou mind'st them not?
 Thou see'st, yea see'st their wickedness
 That punished it may be:
 And loe, the pore and Fatherles,
 Committ their Cause to thee.
 Lord God (their helper) break the
 strength

Of ev'ry wicked-one;
 Serch out their sinnes, and thou (at
 length)

Shall cause them to have none.
 Our everlasting king thou art,
 Thou, from the Realme likewise,
 Hast forc'd the Gentiles to depart,
 And heard the poreman's cries.
 Their harts thou shalt establish to,
 And hear and judge, the pore;
 That earth-bred man, the Orphan's foe,
 May them oppresse no more.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM XI.

I PUT my trust in God my King!
 How counsel ye then dastard flight?

How say ye to my soul, "Take wing
 And safety seek in mountain height.

"For lo, the wicked bend the bow,
 They to the string their arrow suit;
 Hid in the dark, that none may know,
 They ready stand at thee to shoot.

"The labor of thy hands is void;
 In vain thou dost the work pursue;
 If the foundations are destroyed,
 What can the righteous man then do?"

The Lord is in His temple, why
 Should we take counsel of despair?
 His throne is fixed above the sky,
 No earthly power can reach it there.

Enough to know, His eyes behold,
 His eyelids try the sons of men—
 He pures and purifies the gold,
 And nought deceives his searching
 ken.

Upon the wicked He shall rain
 Snares, fire and brimstone as of yore;
 The portion of their cup is pain,
 Is, was, and shall be evermore.

For that the Lord is righteous He
 Loves righteousness, and evil hates:
 The upright man His face shall see,—
 Immortal honor him awaits.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM XII.

HELP, Lord, because the godly man
 Doth daily fade away;
 And from among the sons of men
 The faithful do decay.
 Unto his neighbor ev'ry one
 Doth utter vanity;
 They with a double heart do speak,
 And lips of flattery.

God shall cut off all flatt'ring lips,
 Tongues that speak proudly, thus,
 We'll with our tongues prevail, our lips
 Are ours: who's lord o'er us?

For poor oppress'd, and for the sighs
Of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
From such as him defy.

The words of God are words most pure;
They be like silver tried
In earthen furnace, seven times
That hath been purified.
Lord, thou shalt them preserve and
keep

Forever from this race.
On each side walk the wicked, when
Vile men are high in place.

Revised Scottish Version.

PSALM XIII.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt thou from Thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seek a way
From this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Buill upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!
Mark my foes' unjust abusing
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing;
Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber.

Lest my foes their boasting make.
"Spite of right, on him we trample;"
And a pride in mischief take,
Hasten'd by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;
And, undaunted, will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow—
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change its mourning.
Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
Hymns to God in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes at His good pleasure.

FRANCIS DAVIDSON (1575-1618).

PSALM XIV.

'THERE is no God,' the fool in secret
said:
'There is no God that rules or earth or
sky.'
Tear off the band that binds the wretch's
head,
That God may burst upon his faithless
eye;
Is there no God? The stars in myriads
spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny;
While his own features in the mirror
read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God? The stream that sil-
ver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he
treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each
wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice
agrees,
And eloquent, his dread existence
shows:
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in
these.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA COTTA (1668-1738).

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy blest Courts repair?
Not, Stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
'T is he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed
By Rules of Virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to
speak
The Thing his Heart disproves.

Who never did a Slander forge
 His Neighbour's Fame to wound;
 Or hearken to a false Report,
 By Malice whisper'd round.
 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
 Can treat with just Neglect;
 And Piety, tho' cloth'd in Rags,
 Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And tho' he promise to his Loss
 He makes his Promise good;
 Whose Soul in Usury disdains
 His Treasure to employ;
 Whom no Reward can ever bribe,
 The Guiltless to destroy.

The Man, who by his steady Course
 His Happiness insur'd,
 When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall
 stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

NAHUM TATE AND NICHOLAS BEADY.
 (1652-1715) (1659-1726)

PSALM XVI.

FATHER of all, my soul defend;
 On thee my stedfast hopes depend;
 "Thou, mighty Lord," my heart hath
 cried.
 "Thou art my God, and none beside."

No gifts, by mortal hand bestow'd,
 Increase the treasures of my God;
 Yet shall my heart to him incline;
 Whose stedfast virtue marks him thine.

Thee will I praise, thou faithful Guide.
 Whose counsels o'er my life preside,
 For safety through thy ceaseless care,
 For choicest gifts vouchsaf'd to prayer.

Thou from the grave my soul shalt
 free,
 And raise my dust to live with thee;
 Where pleasures all unmixt with wo,
 At thy right hand for ever flow.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH
 OF ENGLAND, ED. W. J. HALL, 1844.

PSALM XVII.

HARKEN, O Lord, unto the right,
 Attend unto my crye,
 Give ears unto my pray'r that goes
 From lips that do not lye.
 From thy face let my judgment come,
 Thine eyes the right let see.
 Thou prov'st mine heart, thou visitest
 By night, and tryest me.
 Yet nothing find'st, I have resolv'd
 My mouth shall not offend.
 From men's works; by word of thy lips
 I spoylers paths attend.
 Stav my feet in thy paths, lest my
 Steps slip. I cal'd on thee,
 For thou wilt heare, God, heare my
 speech
 Incline thy ears to mee.
 O thou that sav'st by thy right hand,
 Thy marveilous mercyes.
 Show unto them that trust in thee,
 From such as 'gainst them rise.

(2)

As apple of thine eye mee keepe:
 In thy wings' shade mee hide.
 From wicked who mee waste: my foes
 In heart are on each side.
 Clos'd in their fat they are: and they
 Speak with their mouth proudly.
 They round us in our stepps: they set
 On earth their bow'd downe eye.
 His likeness as a lion is,
 That greedy is to teare,
 In secret places lurking as
 Hee a young lion were.
 Him, in his sight, rise disappoynt,
 Make him bow downe O Lord,
 Doe thou my soule deliver from
 The wicked one, thy sword
 From mortall men thine hand, O Lord,
 From men that morall are.
 And of this passing-world, who have
 Within this life their share,
 With thy hid treasure furthermore
 Whose belly thou fillest:
 Their sonnes are fil'd, and to their babes
 Of wealth they leave the rest.
 In righteousness thy favour I
 Shall very clearly see,
 And waking with thine image, I
 Shall satisfi'd bee.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK (1640).

PSALM XVIII.

GOD, my strength and fortitude, of force
I must love thee!

Thou art my castle and defence in my
necessity—

My God, my rock in whom I trust, the
maker of my wealth,

My refuge, buckler and my shield, the
horn of all my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord most
worthy to be served,

Then from my foes I am right sure that
I shall be preserved,

The pangs of death did compass me,
and bound me everywhere,

The flowing waves of wickedness did
put me in great fear.

The sly and subtle snares of hell were
round about me set;

And for my death there was prepared
a deadly trapping net.

I, thus beset with pain and grief, did
pray to God for grace;

And He forthwith did hear my plaint
from out His holy place.

Such is His power that in His wrath
he made the earth to quake—

Yea, the foundation of the mount of
Basan for to shake.

And from His nostrils came a smoke,
when kindled was His ire;

And from His mouth came kindled coals
of hot consuming fire.

The Lord descended from above, and
bowed the heavens high,

And underneath His feet He cast the
darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims full roy-
ally He rode;

And on the wings of all the winds came
flying all abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD (*circa* 1500-1549).

PSALM XIX.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719); *recently*
attributed to ANDREW MARVELL
(1621-1678).

PSALM XX.

THE Lord at need vouchsafe thee grace,
Let Jacob's God thy cause defend

Protect thee from his holy-place,
And strength to thee from Syon send.

Thy guifts let him remember still,
Let him accept thy Sacrifice,

Thy harts request let him fulfill
And prosper all thou shalt devise.

We will rejoice thy peace to see,
And in God's name our Ensigns wave,

When all thy suites are granted thee:
* * * * *

By His right hand's almightie force,
God hears us from his holy-hill.

Some trust in chariots, or in horse,
But we God's Name remember still.

In that regard we raised are,
And stand upright when they do fall,

O! let the king our prayers hear,
And save us, Lord, when we do call.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1677).

PSALM XXI.

IN thy great strength, O God,
Thy servant glad shall be,
In thy salvation, firm and sure,
In heart rejoice shall he.

The thing his heart desired of thee,
 Thou didst not him deny,
 And what he did request of thee,
 Thou didst to him supply. Selah.

With blessings of good things thou dost
 Present thy servant sure;
 Upon his head a crown dost set
 Of gold refined most pure.
 Long life from heaven requested he,
 A length of days he had from thee.

In thy salvation, great his power
 And bright his glory is,
 Great honor and true majesty
 From his creator his.
 Lord, thou hast blest the king aright,
 His heart rejoiceth in thy sight.

The king with all his heart, O Lord,
 Hath confidence in thee,
 And in thy mercy and thy might
 He never moved shall be;
 Thy strong right hand shall vanquish
 those,
 Thy self-asserted mortal foes.

As in a furnace thou wilt put
 Them in thine anger's hour,
 And thou shalt them consume in wrath,
 And fire shall them devour;
 Their vital parts thou shalt assail,
 Their offspring from the earth shall
 fail.

Against thee sin they had devised,
 But failed to find a way;
 They shall the shoulder set when thou
 Preparèst them to slay.
 Lord in thy strength thyself upraise
 And we shall ever sing thy praise.

PETER M'NEILL.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, O for what cause
 Hast thou forsaken me?
 Why art thou so far from my help?
 From the words of my cry?

By day I cry'd to thee, my God;
 And still thou hearest not.
 Yea, in the night I cry again
 And do not hold my peace.

But thou art holy; still thou dost
 In Israel's praises dwell.
 Our Fathers hop'd in thee; they hop'd
 And thou didst rescue them.

They unto thee did make their cry,
 And were deliver'd;
 In Thee they did repose their hope,
 And were not put to shame.

But I am treated as a Worm,
 And not a Man of worth;
 I'm the reproach of Man; and I
 Am still the people's scorn.

All that do cast their eyes on me,
 Do but laugh me to scorn;
 They shoot out with a scoffing lip,
 They shake the head with scoffs.

He leaned on the Eternal One
 For to deliver him;
 Let Him now rescue him, because
 He does delight in him.

Because that thou art He who did
 Extract me from the Womb;
 Thou didst cause me to hope, while I
 Hung on my mother's breasts.

Yea, even from the very Womb,
 I upon Thee was cast;
 E'er since my Mother went with me,
 Thou art my mighty God.

O do not Thou withdraw unto
 A distance far from me;
 For there's distressing trouble near;
 For there is none to help.

Many bulls compass me, the strong
 Of Bashan me surround.
 They gap'd on me; a Lion so
 Rav'ning and roaring would.

Like water am I pour'd, and all
 My Bones are out of joint;
 My Heart's like wax; in the midst of
 My bowels, 'Tis dissolved.

My strength is like a potsherd dry'd,
 And my tongue joins my jaws:
 And thou hast brought me down into
 The dust where lie the dead.

For dogs have compass'd me: a rout
Of wicked me beset;
My hands they and my feet have dug
Ev'n as a lion would.

My bones I may tell all of them;
They look and stare on me.
My Cloathes they part among themselves,
And on my Robe throw lots.

But, O Eternal One, be not
Thou far estrang'd from me.
O thou that art my strength make haste
With succor unto me.

Save my Soul from the Sword; from
the
Dogs paw my Only one.
From lions mouth save me, and bear
Me from the Wild-Goats horns.

I will declare thy Name to those
That are my Bretheren;
I will praise thee in the midst of
The Congregation praise.

Who fear th' Eternal God, praise Him;
All you of Jacob's seed,
Glorify Him; and fear Him all
You seed of Israel.

For He hath not despised nor loath'd,
Th' abasement of the poor;
Nor hath He hid His face from him,
But heard his cry to Him.

In the great Congregation now
From Thee shall be my praise;
Before such as do fear Him now
I will perform my Vows.

The poor shall eat and have enough;
They'll praise the Eternal God,
Who seek for Him; your heart shall
live
To all Eternity.

All the Worlds bounds remembring shall
Turn to th' Eternal God;
And of the Nations all the Tribes,
Bow down before His face.

For unto the Eternal God
The Kingdom doth belong;

And He shall be the Governour
Among the Nations all.

All the fat ones of Earth have eat,
And they have bow'd down;
All who go down into the dust
Have bow'd before His face.

Ev'n every one of them that can't
Make his own Soul to live.
A seed shall serve Him, to the Lord
A Generation deem'd.

They shall come, and they shall declare
His right'ousness unto
A People that shall be begot,
That 'tis what He hath done.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728)

PSALM XXIII.

HE LEADETH ME

In' pastures green? Not always; some-
times He
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth
me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows
be,
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and
bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and af-
fright,
Only for this—I know He holds my
hand,
So whether in a green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.
And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me
blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and bil-
lows go.
And when the storm beats loudest, and
I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul: "Lo! it is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say:
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect
day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."
So whether on the hilltop high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valley where
The shadows lie—what matters? He is
there,

And more than this; where'er the path-
way lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed.
But His own hand sufficient for my
need.
So where He leadeth I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALME.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my desert
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies' sight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633).

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads

My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage
crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719).

PSALM XXIV.

EARTH is the Lord's!
And all its fulness His!
This world of ours,
And they who therein dwell.
For He hath laid
Upon the mighty seas
The earth, and deep
Foundations of our globe;
And on the floods
Hath built it firm and well!

Who shall ascend
Into Jehovah's hill?
Who stand within
His holy place on high?
Of hands the clean,
The pure of heart and will!
He who hath not
Lifted to vanity
His soul, nor hath
He sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive
The blessings of the Lord!
He shall receive
The perfect righteousness
From Him who is
To him salvation's God.
Of those who Him
Do seek, such is the race
Of those who do,
O Jacob, seek Thy face.

Lift up, O gates,
Lift up your heads on high!
Be lifted up,
Doors of eternity!
Then He, the King
Of glory, shall come in!
Who can this King,
This King of Glory be?
Jehovah strong,
In battle mighty He!

Lift up, O gates!
Lift up your heads on high,
Yea, lift them up,
Doors of eternity!
Then He, the King
Of glory, shall come in!
Who can this King,
This King of Glory be?
The Lord of hosts,
The King of glory He!
HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889)

PSALM XXV.

To God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he who brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.

Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind.
And in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succor find.

EDWARD CLARE.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
In mine integrity;
I trusted also in the Lord,
Slide therefore shall not I.
Examine me, and do me prove;
Try heart and reins, O God:
For thy love is before mine eyes,
Thy truth's paths I have trode.

With persons vain I have not sat,
Nor with dissemblers gone.
Th' assembly of ill men I hate;
To sit with such I shun.
Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I.

That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
That great and wondrous are.
The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea in that place I do delight
Where doth thine honour dwell.

With sinners gather not my soul,
And such as blood would spill:
Whose hands mischievous plots, right
hand
Corrupting bribes do fill.
But as for me, I will walk on
In mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and O Lord,
Be merciful to me.

My foot upon an even place
Doth stand with steadfastness:
Within the congregations
Th' Eternal I will bless.

REVISED SCOTCH VERSION.

PSALM XXVII, 4.

אֶחָד שְׁאֵלְתִּי מֵאֵת ד'

How precious is that one desire
Of David in his song—
A sacred treasure for the soul,
A shelter from the wrong.

To see God's beauty all his life;
To be allowed to peer

Within His temple for the truth—
To seek His glory there.

Thus, should the hour of trouble come,
There's a pavilion nigh;
A sure and secret hiding place
Preferred by the Most High.

A simple thought, a simple prayer.
But what a burst of praise!
Who seeks God's beauty in His works
Gives life and length of days.

ARCHIBALD ROSS.

PSALM XXVIII.

THOU art, O Lord my strength and stay,
The succour which I crave:
Neglect me not, lest I be like
To them that go to grave.
The voice of thy suppliant heare,
That unto thee doth crie:
When I lift up my hands unto
Thy holy Arke most hie.

Renute me not among the sort
Of wicked and pervert:
That speake right faire unto their
friends
And think ful il in hart.
According to their handywork
As they deserve in deede:
And after their inventions,
Let them receive their meede.

For they regard nothing God's works
His law ne yet his lore:
Therefore he will them and their seede
Destroy for evermore.
To render thanks unto the Lord,
How great a cause have I:
My voice, my praier, and my complaint
That heard so willingly.

He is my shield and fortitude,
My buckler in distress:
My hope, my health, my hart's refuge.
My song shall him confes.
He is our strength and our defence,
Our enemies to resist.

* * * * *

Thy people and thy heritage,
Lord, blesse, guide, and preserve:

Increase them Lord and rule their harts
That they may never swerve.

THOMAS STERNHOLD (*circa* 1500-1549).

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes' sonnes, yield to the Lorde,
Yield Him all force and gloire,
And yield to Him the honoure deu
Unto His name thairfoire.
Inclyne and bou youreselfis adoune;
Adore Jehoua great,
Quho sittis most gloriously upon
His throne and holy seat.

The uoyce of God on uattiris ringis,
And makis a wondrousse sound;
Strong gloriouse God doth thunder, his
uoyce

On uattiris that abound:
The uoyce of God cummis semely furth,
His uoyce cummis forth with might;
Jehoua's uoyce the cedres brekis,
Euen Leban's cedres wicht,

And makis thaime as a calf to skipp
Hudge Leban, Sirion eik,
Lyke to the faime of vnicornis,
Will leap quhen he doth speik.
His uoyce makis wildernesses murne,
And quenchis flammes of fyre;
Euen the desertis of Kades large
May not abyde His yre.

Jehoua's uoice makis hyndis to calue,
And tirris the forrestis grene;
Bot in His temple all His gloire
He showis and makis be sene.
Jehoua satt in the deluge,
And sittis a King for aye;
He also to His people giues
The force thay have allwaye.

The same Jehoua great doth blesse
His people well belouid.
With great tranquillitie and peace,
Pray it be not remouid.

KING JAMES THE FIRST (1566-1625)

PSALM XXX.

LORD God thy praise I will declare,
For why, thou hast me magnifide?
My foes insultings thou didst bar,
And sav'dst me, when for help I cride.

Yea from the dungeon and the pit,
 Thou keptst my soul and life, oh Lord,
 Let all thy Saints (remembering it)
 With praise thy holiness recorde.
 Thy wrath abides not long in thee,
 But in thy favour life appears;
 And joy shall in the morning be,
 Though over-night there may be teares.
 In my advancement, once I sayd,
 That nothing should my foot remove;
 Because my mountain thou hadst laid
 So firmlic, Lord, by thy meer love.
 Yet when thy face thou didst but hide,
 I quickly was oppress againe.
 And then to thee againe I cride;
 And in my crie did thus complaine.
 What profit will my bloud afford,
 When I shal to the grave descend?
 Oh! cann it sing thy praises, Lord?
 Or cann the dust thy truth comend?
 Lord, heare, and pitie take on me;
 To succour me, thy help employ;
 That chang'd to songs my sighs may be;
 My mourning weeds to robes of joy,
 So I, forever, with my tongue
 Will praise thee (oh my God my Lord)
 And in a never ending song
 Thy mercies thanckfully record.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

[PSALM XXXI: 15.]

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 And the changes that are sure to come,
 I do not fear to see;
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes;
 And a heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret things to know:
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate,
 And a work of lowly love to do
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life
 While keeping at Thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my Spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee—
 More careful—not to serve Thee much,
 But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
 That call for patient care;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer;
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me,
 For my inmost heart is taught "the
 truth"
 That makes Thy children "free";
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LETITIA WARING.

[PSALM XXXII: 8.]

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

*"I will instruct thee and teach thee
 in the way which thou shalt go: I will
 guide thee with mine eye."*—Psalm
 xxxii: 8.

SPEAK to me, Lord! Not in the thun-
 der cloud,

Nor in the whirlwind, lest I hear and
 die;

Nor let the fearful tempest, hurling
 loud,

Fright my sad soul with its iniquity.
 Speak in Thy still small voice, as it is
 heard

By patient watchers at Thy feet;

O gracious Spirit! by Thy Holy Word
Draw Thou the sinner to Thy mercy-
seat.

Man doth make dark Thy counsel. Oh,
speak Thou

Till a great calm subdues the billows
wild!

Thy grace sufficeth! Lord, Thy grace
bestow,

And with Thy counsel guide Thy weak-
est child.

ANNA SHIPTON.

[PSALM XXXIII.]

SING TO JEHOVAH A NEW SONG.

SING to Jehovah a new song.
For deeds of wonder he hath done;
His arm in holiness is strong;
His hand the victory hath won:
The Lord salvation hath made known;
His goodness o'er the world extends;
His truth to Israel's house is shown;
His power to earth's remotest ends.

Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Break forth in joy, exult and sing;
Let voice, let clarion speak your mirth,
Trumpet and harp proclaim your King:
Roar, ocean, to thy lowest deep;
Shout, earth, to all therein that dwell;
Floods, clap your hands as on you
sweep;
Mountains, the choral anthem swell.

Let heaven, and earth, and sea, com-
bine,

Jehovah's holy name to bless;
Creation owns his power divine,
The universe his righteousness;
He comes in judgment to display
Resistless right and boundless grace
The world with equity to sway,
And blessings shed o'er all our race.

. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767-1848).

PSALM XXXIV.

THROUGH all the changing Scenes of
Life,

In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praises of my God shall still
My Heart and Tongue employ.
Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress.

From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Grievs to rest.

O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in Distress to him I call'd,
He to my Rescue came.
Their drooping Hearts were soon re-
fresh'd,
Who look'd to him for Aid;
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face
A cheerful Air display'd.

"Behold (say they) behold the Man,
"Whom Providence reliev'd,
"The Man so dang'rously beset,
"So wond'rously retriev'd!"
The Hosts of God may camp around
The dwellings of the Just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his Succour trust.

O! make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His Truth confide.
Fear him, ye Saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants shall be his Care.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
The Lord will Food provide,
For such as put their Trust in him,
And see their Needs supply'd.

PART II.

APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my Instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true Discipline
Of his religious Fear.
Let him who Length of Life desires,
And prosp'rous Days would see,
From sland'rous Language keep his
Tongue,
His Lins from Falsehood free.
The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
And Virtue's Ways pursue,
Establish Peace, where 'tis begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.
The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just
With favorable Eyes,
And, when distress'd, his gracious Ear
Is open to their Cries.

But turns his wrathful Look on those
Whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
Blot out their hated Name.
Deliv'rance of his Saints he gives,
When his Relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
And contrite Spirit save.

The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire;
For under their Affliction's Weight
He keeps their Bones entire.
The Wicked, from their Wicked Arts,
Their Ruin shall derive;
While righteous Men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

For God preserves the Souls of those,
Who on his Truth depend;
To them, and their Posterity,
His Blessings shall descend.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER (1790)

PSALM XXXV.

LORD, strive with them that take the
field, contend with them that fight;
Gird on thy buckler, spread the shield,
and vindicate my right.
Draw out the spear, and stop their way,
who seek to shed my blood,
And to my soul in mercy say, "I am thy
Saviour, God."

Let them in shame be cast behind, who
strive for my defeat;
Make them like chaff before the wind,
their host let angels meet:
Drive them in darkness through the
snares they causeless for me laid.
Make them to fall at unawares, into
the pit they made.

Then joy in thee shall tune my tongue,
for thy great grace to me
And all my powers shall raise the song,
"Lord who is like to thee?"
Thou dost with strength uphold the
weak, from him that is too strong;
And dost with favor shield the meek
from spoilers and from wrong.

False witnesses against me stood, though
I was clear from guile;

They rendered evil for my good, and did
my soul despoil.
When sickness and distress were theirs
my soul with fasting mourned,
Those blessings sought for them in
prayers, into my breast returned.

For them in sackcloth I did bend, for
them warm tears I shed;
As tho' bereft of dearest friend, or for
a mother dead.
Yet in my halting they were glad, as-
sembled objects vile;
They gnashed and tore, and mockers
had, I knew it not the while.

How long wilt thou look on, oh Lord!
from ruin save my soul;
Then shall my thanks exalt thy word,
with throngs thy name extol.
Let not my foes exult in wrongs, in
falsehoods, taunts and strife;
Save from their sneers and vaunting
tongues the men of peaceful life.

"Our eyes have seen, aha!" they cried,
Lord, come, for thou hast known;
Rouse up for right, my cause decide,
ascend thy righteous throne
Judge me in truth before the proud, is
all that I desire,
Let them not say, and shout aloud,
"We slew him in our ire."

Clothe them who boast in robes of
shame, and humble men of pride;
Let those who love my cause exclaim,
"May God be magnified!"
Let them with shouts their joy express,
and never ceasing praise,
Then will I tell thy righteousness, thy
glory all my days.

ABNER JONES.

(Published New York, 1860.)

PSALM XXXVI.

THY mercy, Lord, is in the heav'n's;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods.

Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy grace!
Therefore, in shadow of thy wings,
Men's sons their trust shall place.

They with the fatness of thy house
 Shall be well satisfy'd:
 From rivers of thy pleasures thou
 With drink to them provide.

Because of life the fountain pure
 Remains alone with thee;
 And in that purest light of thine
 We clearly light shall see.

Thy loving-kindness unto them
 Continue that thee know:
 And still on men upright in heart
 Thy righteousness bestow.

PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
 SCOTLAND (1895)

PSALM XXXVII.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret,
 To see the wicked rise?
 Or envy sinners, waxing great
 By violence and lies?

As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
 Before the evening fades;
 So shall their glories vanish soon,
 In everlasting shades.

Then let me make the Lord my trust,
 And practice all that's good;
 So shall I dwell among the just,
 And he'll provide me food.

I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful
 feet,
 Shall my desires fulfill.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,
 And make thy judgments known,
 Fair as the light of dawning day,
 And glorious as the noon.

The meek at last the earth possess,
 And are the heirs of heaven,
 True riches, with abundant peace,
 To humble souls are given.

Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
 Nor let your anger rise,
 Though Providence should long delay
 To punish haughty vice.

Let sinners join to break your peace,
 And plot, and rage, and foam;
 The Lord derides them, for he sees
 Their day of vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threatening
 sword,
 Have bent the murderous bow,
 To slay the men who fear the Lord,
 And bring the righteous low.

My God shall break their bows, and
 burn
 Their persecuting darts;
 Shall their own swords against them
 turn,
 And pain surprise their hearts.

Why do the wealthy wicked boast,
 And grow profanely bold?
 The meanest portion of the just,
 Excels the sinner's gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
 But ne'er designs to pay;
 The saint is merciful, and lends,
 Nor turns the poor away.

His alms with liberal heart he gives,
 Among the sons of need;
 His memory to long ages lives,
 And blessed is his seed.

His lips abhor to talk profane,
 To slander, or defraud;
 His ready tongue declares to men
 What he has learned of God.

The law and gospel of the Lord,
 Deep in his heart abide;
 Led by the Spirit and the word,
 His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
 Preserved from every snare;
 They shall possess the promised land,
 And dwell forever there.

My God, the steps of pious men
 Are ordered by thy will;
 Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.

The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue he approves;

He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the man he loves.

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their virtue he approves;
He feeds them now, and makes them
heirs
Of blessings long to come.

Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man, nor God;
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

And lo, he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was
found,
Where all that pride had been.

But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM XXXVIII.

LORD, chide not when thou wroth shalt
be,

Nor in thy rage my sinn chastise:
For deep thy shafts do stick in me,
And strict thy hand upon me lies.
Paines in my flesh thy frownes have
bredd;

My faults have rob'd my bones of
rest:

My clouds of Sinn have drowned my
head,

And by their weight I am oppress.
My wounds corrupt, and foule they
growse;

My Crimes have caused that thus I
fare:

With sorrows I am press'd lowe;
And all day long my mournings are.

My Raines are grip'd and sore diseas'd;
Throughout my body I am sore:
A wasting grief on me hath ceas'd;
And pain'd at hart, aloud I roare.

Oh Lord! thou know'st what things I
want;

My mournings are not hidd from
thee:

My strength decayes, my hart doth
pant,

Mine eyesight also faileth me.
My freinds and kindred shun my grief:

My lovers hide themselves away:
And they who seek to take my life,

Close-engines to ensnare me lay.
Yea, they who for my harm await,

Speake words that full of mischief
are:

Yet how all day they muze deceit,
I (hearing) will not seeme to hear.

Nay I have stood as mute as he
Whose tongue is parcht, whose throte
is dry,

Whose eares depriv'd of hearing be;
And in whose mouth is no replie.

For I oh Lord, on thee relie,
And answere I expect from thee:

Oh! therfore now attend my crie,
Lest els my foes insult on me.

For if my foot but slip aside
They, in my fall, themselves delight;

My feet (alas) are prone to slide,
And still my greefs are in my fight.

Beholde, for my offence I grieve,
And my transgressions I bewaile;

Yet still my foes encrease and live;
Yea, still my foes causeless prevaile.

Moreover they who render ill
For doing well; have mee withstood,

And borne me hate for my good-will,
Because I love the thing that's good.

Lord, go not far, therefore, from hence;
From me, my God! depart not farr:

But make thou speed in my defence;
Because from thee my succours are.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM XXXIX.

I vow'd to keep my waies upright,
And that in words I none should
wrong.

While siners were, therefore, in sight,
I shut my lipps, and stayd my tongue:

What e'er they sayd, I silent stood;
Refraining words, though they were
good.

But greefs did them to stirr beginn,
Which hot in me my hart did make;
My thoughts inflam'd a fire within,
Which loos'd my tongue, and then I
spake.

Lord of my end, informe thou me:
And what my dayes and frailties be.

For loe, my life is but a spann;
It seems as nothing in thine eyes:
Ev'n at his best most vaine is man,
And like a shade away he flies.
He tires himself with needless
paines,
And knowes not who shall reap the
gaines.

On thee, therefore I do attend:
My trust, oh Lord, I place on thee.
From all my sinns, my soul defend;
From flouting fooles preserve thou
mee:
For I forbare to speak a word,
Because it was thy doing Lord.

Thy hand with blowes doth me inflict;
Oh! take thy heavy strokes away.
When thou for sinn dost man correct,
Thou, Moth-like, fretst their Forme
awaie.
Therefore no cause of doubts re-
maine,
That ev'ry man is wholie vaine.

Lord, heare my suite: my criengs hear;
Let not my teares unmention'd goe:
For as thy Guests my Fathers were
(And strangers here) ev'n I am soe,
Oh! spare and grant me strength, I
pray,
Before I passe from hence for aye.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM XL.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsaf'd a kind reply:
He did His gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble
cry.

How shall my grateful heart recount

The works, O God, which Thou hast
wrought!
The treasures of Thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and
thought.

I know that Thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beast requir'd
For man's transgression to atone.

O help me, therefore, to fulfil
The sacred truth Thy words impart;
Make me to love Thy perfect will,
And write Thy law upon my heart.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND, ED. W. J. HALL (1844).

PSALM XLI.

THE man is blest that heeds the pore,
From dangers God will him reprieve:
He will preserve his life, therefore,
And unto him preferment give.
The Lord will gard him from his foes,
When him they labour to surprise;
Refresh him when that weak he growes,
And make his bedd, when sicke he
lies.

In mercie cure my soul I pray;
For Lord, ev'n thee I did offend.
Vile words of me my foes do say;
And with my fame and life had end.
When me they spie, fair shows they
make:

But in their harts my harm desire;
Which when they come abroad, they
speake,

Where all my foes my wrong conspire.
Some ill disease hath he(they sedd)
Hee's downe, and shall no more arise:
Nay, he whom I have lov'd and fedd,
(My trusted freind) did me despise.
But help me, Lord, and raise me now,
That I their dealings may requite.

I shall thereby my favour knowe,
If thou prevent my Foes despight.
Thou dost maintaine my Righteousness,
And in thy sight still placest me:
The Lord, the God of Isr'el bless;
Oh! let him blest for ever be.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PARAPHRASE OF A PORTION OF
THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

As the meek doe, climbing the mountain steeps,
When burning suns have scorched the sultry air,
Longs for the cool and shady covert, where
Beneath thick-arching branches calmly sleeps
The clear, bright pool of waters, fresh and sweet;
Which, scenting from afar, in eager haste
She mounts from crag to crag, with nimble feet,
Their life-restoring draughts again to taste,

Thus, O my God! climbing life's mountain peaks,
And wandering, weary, o'er earth's arid wastes,
I long for Thee! Thus ever gladly hastes
My thirsty soul, to find the life she seeks,
In Thee, the living God, Thus joyously,
Though weak and faint, she seeks Thy gracious face
Before Thy presence to appear, and be
Allowed to taste the sweetness of Thy grace.

IEBBIE MCCOLM WILSON (1834-1908).

PSALM XLIII.

LORD, judge thou me and plead my right
With such as cruel be:
From wicked men, that use deceit
Oh God! deliver me.
For since thou, Lord, my fortress art,
Why shouldst thou from me goe?
Why should I walk so sad in hart,
Oppressed by my foe?
Mee let thy Light and Truth's bright
raies,
Unto thy dwelling bring:
And at thine Altars to thy praise
Oh! God my Joye I'll sing.
My Soul, why art thou so oppress?
Why art thou sad in me?

Still praise thou God, and on him rest:
For he my God will be.

GEORGE WITHER (1583-1667).

PSALM XLIV.

O God! we with our ears have heard,
Our fathers have us told,
What work Thou wroughtest in their days
The famous days of old.

Thou didst the heathen dispossess,
And plantdst them therein:
They by the sword got not the Land,
Nor by their arm did win;

But Thou by thy right hand and arm,
Didst mightily befriend;
Their conquests multiply, their bounds
On every hand extend.

Thou art my King: Do Thou, O God,
Deliverance command
Once more for Jacob; yet once more
Display Thy helping hand.

Through Thee we will push down our foes,
Trample and put to shame;
For I'll not trust in bow or sword;
But only in Thy Name.

Thou hast our adversaries quelled,
And chased their flying ranks:
In Thee we made all day our boast,
To Thee will still give thanks.

But now Thou hast us quite cut off,
And to dishonor brought:
Thou hast not gone forth with our hosts,
Nor on our side hast fought:

And they who hate have us for spoil;
We at their feet are flung:
Thou givest us as sheep for food,
And scatterest them among.

Thy people Thou dost sell for nought;
We're sneered at without rest!
Among the nations a by-word,
The Gentiles' constant jest.

I have all day before mine eyes
These tokens of disgrace;
The shame of their loud blasphemies
Calls blushes to my face.

All this has come upon us, Lord!
But we've not Thee forgot;
Nor false been to Thy covenant;
From Thee departed not:

Though Thou hast crushed us in the
place
Of jackals howling near;
Hast shrouded us with shades of night,
And blackest glooms of fear.

If we've the Name of God forgot,
And played a treacherous part;
Shall God not search this out? He
knows
The secrets of the heart.

We're all day long for Thy sake slain;
Accounted are as sheep
Designed for slaughter, each in turn,
Our life is held so cheap.

Awake: why sleepest Thou, O Lord?
Arise for our relief:
Why hidest Thou Thy face from us,
Forgetful of our grief?

For to the dust are we bowed down,
We cleave unto the clod—
Rise to our help, redeem us for
Thy mercies' sake, O God!

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM XLV.

Lo, mine heart indites good matter,
Things whereof the king well knows,
Pen-like of a ready writer,
From my tongue the essence flows.
Fairer art thou than men's children,
Grace upon thy lips is poured,
God hath blessed thy name forever,
O thou favoured of the Lord.

Gird thyself and press thou forward
In thy strength and glory bright,
In thy majesty ride onward,
In thy meekness and thy might.

Thy right hand shall teach thee surely
Things that full of terror be.
Sharp thine arrows are: the enemies
Of the king fall under thee.

Lo, thy throne is God's for ever,
It for ever shall endure,
And the sceptre of thy kingdom
Is a righteous sceptre sure.
Righteousness thou ever lovest,
Sin no lodging has with thee,
Therefore over all thy fellows
God anoints thee, king to be.

Sweet with spices are thy garments,
From the ivory dwellings fair,
Sounds of richest, sweetest psaltery
Hail thy rising everywhere.
Daughters of the kings surround thee,
'Midst thy maidens fair and bright,
Robed in finest gold of Ophir
Stands thy queen upon thy right.

Hearken unto me, O daughter,
To my words thine ear incline,
Cease thy father to remember,
Home and people—all that's thine;
Then the king shall seek thy beauty;
He thy lord is—bow to him;
Maidens of Tyre, the richest, fairest,
Thou o'er all shalt reign supreme.

Crowned with glory 'midst the maidens
Is the daughter of the king.
Richly robed into thy presence
She the virgins forth shall bring,
They shall enter in rejoicing.
Full of beauty, proud of birth;
Not thy fathers, but thy children
Shall be princes in the earth.

I will make thy name remembered
Onward, as the ages flow,
And the coming generations
Gratitude to thee shall show.

PETER M'NEILL.

PSALM XLVI.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;

Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name.
The Lord Zebaoths son—
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ,
One little word shall slay him.

That word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things, shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546).
Translated by THOMAS CARLYLE
(1795-1881).

PSALM XLVII.

CLASP your hands with adoration,
Sing to God your loudest lays;
King of every land and nation
Worthy of immortal praise.

He will have the realms subjected,
All opposing powers removed;
He for us the lot selected,
Jacob's glory whom he loved.

God ascends with acclamation,
Trumpets hail their glorious King;
Shout his praise with adoration,
Everlasting praises sing.

Sing his praise with understanding,
Make his truth and love be known;

God, the King, the world commanding,
Over all exalts his throne.

Kings and peoples honors yielding,
Raise to him their loudest song;
Abram's God the sceptre wielding,
He to whom earth's shields belong.

ABNER JONES.
(*Published New York, 1860.*)

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy hill.

Mount Sion stands most beautifui,
The joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

The Lord within her palaces
Is for a refuge known.
For, lo, the Kings that gather'd were
Together, by have gone.

But when they did behold the same,
They, wond'ring would not stay;
But being troubled at the sight,
They thence did haste away.

Great terror there took hold on them,
They were possess'd with fear;
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
When she a child doth bear.

PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND (1895).

PSALM XLIX.

ALL people hearken and give eare,
To that that I shall tell:
Both high and low, both rich and poor
That in the worl do dwel.

For why? my mouth shall make dis-
course,

Of many things right wise:
In understanding shall my hart,
His study exercise.

I will incline my eares to know,
The parables so darke:
And open al my doubtful speech
In meeter on my Harpe.

Why should I feare affliction
Or any careful toyle?
Or els my foes which at my heeles
Are preste my life to spoile?

For as for such as riches have
Wherein their trust is most:
And they which of their treasures great
Themselves do brag and boast,
There is not one of them that can
His brother's life redeeme:
Or that can give a price to God,
Sufficiënt for him.

It is too great a price to pay,
None can thereto attaine:
Or that he might his life prolong
Or not in grave remaine.
They see wise men as wel as fooles
Subject unto death's hands:
And being dead, strangers posses
Their goods, their rents, their lands.

Their care is to build houses faire,
And to determine sure:
To make their name right great on earth
For ever to endure.
Yet shal no man alwaies enjoy,
High honor, wealth and rest:
But shal at length tast of death's cup
As wel as the brute beast.

THOMAS STERNHOLD (*circa* 1500-1549).

PSALM L.

THE mighty God th' Eternall hath thus
spoke,

And all the world he will call and
provoke,
Even from the East and so forth to the
West:

From toward Sion, which place him
liketh best:

God will appeare in beautie high and
low, both rich and poore,
That in the world doe dwell.

And though they try their foolish
thoughtes

To be most lewd & vaine:
Their children eke approve their talke,
And in like sinne remaine.
As sheep unto the fold are brought,
So shall they into grass:

Death shall them eate, and in that day
The just shall Lordship have.

Their image and their royal port,
Shall fade and quite decay:
When as from house to pit they pass,
With woe and weale away.
But surely God will preserve me,
From death and endless paine:
Because he will of his good grace,
My soul receive again.

If any man waxe wondrous rich,
Feare not I say therefore:
Although the glory of his house,
Encreaseth more and more.
For when he dyeth of all these things:
Nothing shall he receive:
His glory will not follow him,
His pompe will take her leave.

Yet in this life he takes himselfe,
The happiest under Sunne;
And others likewise flatter him,
Saying all is well done.
And presuppose he lives as long,
As did his fathers old,
Yet must he needs at length give place,
And be brought to death's fold.

Thus man to honour God hath cause,
Yet doth he not consider:
But like brute beasts so doth he live,
Which turne to dust or powder.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT (*Published London*, 1621).

STANZAS

Suggested by Psalm LI.

I.

FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
Far from thy sight my sins remove,
Whatever guilt my conscience fears,
Remit to penitential tears.

II.

Oh! Clear my breast from every stain.
The wrong, the impious, or the vain;
Correct the false, confirm the true,
And my whole mind to right renew.

III.

Where shines thy face, from that blest ray,
Oh, cast me not in wrath away!
But let thy Holy Spirit bide,
My Guardian, Comforter, and Guide.

IV.

Thy care, where'er my footsteps bend,
Along my pilgrimage extend;
Make me in health thy goodness know,
In sickness to thy wisdom bow.

V.

In dissolution's fainting hour
Thy cup of consolation pour,
Bid terror from my couch retire,
And my rapt soul in joy expire.

ARCHDEACON MOORE.

PSALM LI.

"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise."

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,

If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;

My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed

That quickens only where Thou say'st it may:

Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way

No man can find it: Father! Thou must lead.

Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind

By which such virtue may in me be bred

That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;

The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,

That I may have the power to sing of Thee,

And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI

(1474-1564).

PSALM LII.

WHY boastest thou thyself in mischief, mighty man?

The mercy of th' Almighty never fails;

Thy tongue, like a sharp razor wickedness doth plan,

Working deceitfully, inventing tales.

Thou lovest evil more than good; and lies

Far more than truth, O thou deceitful tongue!

He shall destroy thee, fatal man, likewise.

He shall lay hold of thee; thou shalt be flung

Out of thy tent; He'll thee uproot at length:

Good men shall laugh at thee, and say, "Lo, this is he who made not God his strength,

Making th' abundance of his wealth his stay."

But I am like an olive tree, forever seen

In the Lord's house still flourishing and green.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM LIII.

THE foes of Zion quake for fright,

Where no fear was they quail;

For well they know that sword of might

Which cuts through coats of mail.

The Lord of old defied their shields,

And all their spears he scorn'd;

Their bones lay scattered o'er the fields,
Unburied and unmourn'd.

Let Zion's foes be filled with shame;

Her sons are blessed of God;

Though scoffers now despise their name,

The Lord shall break their rod.

Oh! would our God to Zion turn,

God with salvation clad;

Then Judah's harps should music learn,
And Israel be glad.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON (1834-1892).

PSALM LIV.

God save me for thy holy name,
 And for thy goodness sake:
 Unto the strength Lord of the same,
 I do my cause betake.
 Regard, O Lord, and give an eare
 To me when I do pray:
 Bow downe thy selfe to me and heare
 The wordes that I do say.

For strangers up against me rise,
 And tyrants bere me still:
 Which have not God before their eyes,
 They seeke my soule to spill.
 But loe my God doth give me ayd,
 The Lord is straight at hand:
 With them by whome my soule is stayd,
 The Lord doth ever stand.

With plagues repay againe all those,
 For me that lye in wayte:
 And in thy truth destroy my foes,
 With their own snare and bayte.
 An offering of free hart and will,
 Then I to thee will make:
 And prayse thy name, for therein still
 Great comfort I do take.

O Lord at length do set me free,
 From them that craft conspire:
 And now mine eye which Joy doth see,
 On them my hartes desire.

JOHN HOPKINS (xvi^c).

PSALM LV.

O GRACIOUS God, my sorrows hear,
 Nor pass thy suppliant by;
 In mercy listen to my prayer
 For sorely grieved am I.

Oh had I wings, I'd flee away,
 Some place of rest to find;
 There, in a safe retreat, I'd stay,
 And leave my foes behind.

O Lord, my God, to thee I cry;
 To thy protection flee;
 Thine ear will hear me speedily,
 And thou wilt comfort me.

I'll cast my burden on the Lord;
 He will sustain them all;

O let me lean upon his word,
 And I shall never fall.

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE CHURCH
 OF ENGLAND, ED. W. J. HALL (1844).

PSALM LVI.

HAVE mercie Lord, for man hath
 sought
 To swallowe up, and mischeeve mee.
 My Foes with mee have daylie fought,
 And (Lord most high) they many bee.
 Thou art my hope, when doubts arise,
 Thy word hath brought me comforts, to,
 On thee, alone, my hart relies,
 And fearles is, what Flesh cann do.

They wrest my words, Lord, ev'rie day;
 To worke me harme, they still devise:
 They meet unseene, they marke my way,
 And, how they might my Soul surprise.
 Therefore in thy just wrath, O God!
 Correct them for this Crime of theirs:
 And, as thou dost my Faults record,
 Recorde, and botle up my teares.

For thou wilt save me, Lord, I knowe;
 When thee I seek, my foes flie back:
 Thy promise makes me joyfull growe,
 And of thy word my songs I make.
 My trust, oh God! is all in thee,
 And, of man's powre, I fearles am.
 Thy vowes are all perform'd on mee
 And I will praise thee for the same.

For thou hast freed my Soul from
 From falls, thou dost my footing stay,
 To walke by thee, within that Path,
 death;

Which leads to Life a lightsome way.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM LVII.

*The 8th, 9th and 10th verses of the
 57th Psalm.*

AWAKE, my glory, ere the rosy morn
 Shall with a vivid blush the skies adorn,
 Before the sun arise to break the day,
 Awake, and chase thy gloomy sleep
 away.

Awake, soft lute, awake, my tuneful
lyre,
With sacred transports my warm breast
inspire:
Awake, each faculty, awake and sing
In holy rapture to my heavenly King.

In notes divine let my glad verse pro-
claim
His mighty goodness and eternal name;
Let my loud praises thro' the world re-
sound,
Whilst wond'ring nations listen all
around.

But, O my God, thy wonders are too
great
For tongue to speak, or verse to cele-
brate,
So vast thy mercies and thy truth so
high,
They pierce the clouds and reach be-
yond the sky.

MARY ALCOCK.

PSALM LVIII.

YE rulers which are put in trust
To judge of wrong and right:
Be all your judgments true and just
Not knowing neede or might.
May in your harts ye mark and muse
In mischief to contend:
And when you should true justice use,
Your hands to bribes are bent.

The wicked sort from their birth day
Have errèd on this wise:
And from their mothers womb alway
Have used craft and lies.
In them the poyson and the breath
Of Serpents both appeare:
Yea like the Adder that is deafe,
Fast doth he stop his care.

Because he wil not heare the voice
Of one that charmeth wel:
And though he were the chief of choice,
And did therein excel.
O God break thou their teeth at once
Within their mouth throughout:
The tusk that their great chaw bones,
The Lions whelps hang out.

Let them consume away and wast
As water runs forthright:

The shafts that they do shoot in hast,
Let them be broke in flight.
As Snailles do wast within the shel
And unto slime do run:
As one before his time that fel
And never saw the Sunne.

Before the thornes that now are young,
To bushes big shal grow:
The storms of anger waxing strong
Shal take them ere they know.
The just shal joy, it does them good,
That God doth vengeance take:
And they shal wash their feet in bloud,
Of them that him forsake.

Thus shal the Lord shew forth and tell,
That good men have reward:
And that a God on earth doth dwel,
That justice doth regard.

JOHN HOPKINS.

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
From all my spiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
To theirs who me oppose.
Preserve me from a wicked Race,
Who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorseless Men,
Who seek my Blood to spill.

They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
Against my Life Combine;
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st
For no Offence of mine.
In haste they run about and watch
My guiltless Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
And to my Help awake!

Thou, Lord of Hosts and Isr'el's God,
Their heathen Rage suppress:
Relentless Vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.
At Ev'ning to beset my House
Like growling Dogs they meet;
While others thro' the City range,
And ransack ev'ry Street.

Their Throats envenom'd Slander
breathe,
Their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords;
Who hears, (say they) or hearing dares
Reprove our lawless Words?

But from thy Throne thou shalt, O Lord,
 Their baffled Plots deride;
 And soon to scorn and shame expose
 Their boasted Heathen Pride.

On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
 For Succour I depend;
 'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
 Who only canst defend;
 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
 From Danger set me free,
 Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
 My haughty Foes to me.

Destroy 'em not, O Lord, at once
 Restrain thy vengeful Blow,
 Lest we, ingratelously, too soon
 Forget their Overthrow.
 Disperse 'em thro' the nations round
 By thy avenging Pow'r,
 Do thou bring down their haughty Pride.
 O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
 Their Arrogance chastise;
 Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Re-
 straint,
 And Curses join'd with Lyes.
 Nor shalt thou, whilst their Race en-
 dures,
 Thine Anger, Lord, suppress;
 That distant Lands, by their just Doom
 May Isr'el's God confess.

At Ev'ning let them still persist
 Like Growling Dogs to meet,
 Still wander all the City round,
 And traverse ev'ry Street.
 Then, as for Malice now they do,
 For Hunger let them stray,
 And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
 Defeated of their Prey.

Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
 Thy wond'rous Pow'r confess;
 For thou hast been my sure Defence,
 My Refuge in Distress.
 To thee with never-ceasing Praise,
 O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
 Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
 My Health and Safety spring.

NAHUM TATE (1652-1715).

NICHOLAS BRADY (1659-1726).

PSALM LX.

• LORD thou hast cast us off,
 Hast broken us in twain,

And thou hast very angry been,
 O, bring us back again.
 Behold thou mad'st the earth to shake,
 And it has broken been,
 O heal its breaches up again,
 That they no more be seen.

Lord thou hast made thine own,
 Much bitterness to see,
 And with the wine of trembling, thou
 Hast made us drunken be.
 And thou hast given to those, O God,
 That walk thy holy way—
 Because of all thy righteousness,
 A banner to display. *Selah.*

Thus shalt thine own, belovèd one,
 By thee delivered be;
 Save by thy strong right hand, O God,
 Save me and answer me.

God in holiness hath spoken,
 "Shechem I'll divide" said he;
 "Succoth's valley I will measure,
 Giliad and Manass for me.
 Of mine head the strength is Ephraim,
 Judah will my sceptre shew,
 Moab is my pot of washing,
 Edom o'er my shoe I'll throw,
 Shout because of me, Philistia,
 Thou art my triumphing; say
 Who will bring me to the city?
 Who to Edom lead the way?"

Hast thou cast us off for ever?
 Goest thou forth with us no more?
 Help us Lord, man's help is nothing—
 Thou our foes we'll triumph o'er.

PETER M'NEILL.

PSALM LXI.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies;
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the Rock,
 That's high above my head;
 And make the covert of thy wings,
 My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide;

Thou art the tower of my defence.
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM LXII.

My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fade, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree;
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard:
"All power is his eternal due;
"He must be feared and trusted too."

For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM LXIII.

O God, thou art my only God,
My Saviour and my King,
Early thy face, O Lord, I seek,
Thy praise I strive to sing.

My fainting soul, when parched with
thirst,
To thee looks up for aid;
My wearied flesh by barren lands
And drought is sore dismayed.

Thus have I sought my heavenly King
In holiness to see;
Oh, let my soul confess thy power,
And glory still in thee.

Far better than the life itself
Thy kindness do I prize,
My lips thy praises shall rehearse
For ever on this wise.

For ever magnify my God,
And still record his fame,
My hands while I have life, lift up
In honour of his name.

Thus shall my soul be satisfied,
Even as with daintiest meat,
When I with joyful lips thy praise
For evermore repeat.

MARY ALCOCK.

PSALM LXIV.

O God! hear my complaint and prayer,
And make my threatened life Thy care:
O hide me from the secret league,
The wicked masters of intrigue,
Who whisper first, then speak aloud,
Their treason to the noisy crowd.

Their tongue they sharpen as a sword;
Their arrow fit (a bitter word)
To shoot—naught fearing—th' upright,
Shoot suddenly, concealed from sight.
They strengthen their malicious plot;
Lay snares, quite sure they seen are not.

Fine villainies, far-sought and nice,
They count an exquisite device:
"All things are ready now and ripe,
We have him," say they, "in our gripe."
But God has with a surer aim
Shot them—the shooter made the game.

Smitten they stumble; they are stung
With their own sharp envenomed
tongue.

They flee away, and every one
That sees, admires what God has done.
The righteous in the Lord shall trust;
In Him shall triumph all the just.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM LXV.

Sion's true, glorious God! on thee
Praise waits in all humility.

All flesh shall unto thee repair,
To thee, O thou that hearest prayer!
But sinful words and works still spread
And overrun my heart and head;
Transgressions make me foul each day;
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he whom thou wilt choose
To serve thee in thy blessed house!
Who in thy holy temple dwells,
And filled with joy thy goodness tells!
King of salvation! by strange things
And terrible thy justice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the world's hope, and but thee, none.
Sailors that flote on flowing seas
Stand firm by thee, and have sure peace.
Thou still'st the loud waves, when most
wild,

And mak'st the raging people mild.
Thy arm did first the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The most remote, who know not thee,
At thy great works astonish'd be.
The outgoings of the even and dawn,
In antiphones sing to thy name:
Thou vist'st the low earth, and then
Water'st it for the sons of men;
The upper river, which abounds
With fertile streams, makes rich all
grounds;

And, by thy mercies still supplied,
The sower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'st every ridge of land
And settlest with thy secret hand
The furrows of it; then thy warm
And opening showers, restrained from
harm,

Soften the mould, while all unseen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with thy goodness crown'd,
And all thy paths drop fatness round;
They drop upon the wilderness,
For thou dost even the deserts bless,
And hills all full of springing pride,
Wear fresh adornments on each side.
The fruitful flocks fill every dale,
And purling corn doth cloathe the vale;
They shout for joy, and joyntly sing,
"Glory to the eternal King!"

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

PSALM LXVI.

MAKE a joyful noise, ye nations,
Say to God, how great art thou!

Through thy dreadful operations
Shall thy foes in terror bow:
All the world shall sing acclaim,
Shout the honors of thy name.

Come behold his works of wonder,
Israel saw his mighty hand;
When he reft the sea asunder,
They walked through on solid land;
Earth lies naked to his sight,
None may dare resist his might.

Bless our God in loudest chorus,
Make the voice of praise be heard,
Soul in life he holdeth for us,
Safety gives us through his word:
Keeps our foot from being moved,
When by sorest trials proved.

For as silver thou hast tried us,
Pressure on our loins hast laid;
Caused ensnaring foes to guide us,
Riding proudly at our head:
Through the fire and through the flood,
Brought us to a rich abode.

To thy house with songs of gladness,
Will I come and offerings make,
Which my lips avowed in sadness,
Which my mouth in trouble spake:
Bullocks, fatlings, goats and lambs,
Incense with the blood of rams.

Hear me tell, who love my Saviour,
What he's done to save my soul;
With my mouth I sought his favor,
With my tongue did him extol:
If I have an ill design,
God will not his ear incline.

But my God has surely heard me,
Has attended to my voice;
Blest be God whose mercies gird me,
In his name will I rejoice:
Who has not my prayer denied,
Nor his grace for which I cried.

ABNER JONES.

PSALM LXVII.

To bless thy chosen Race,
In Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
On all thy Saints to shine;

That so thy wond'rous Way
May through the World be known :
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To Celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
O let them shout and sing
With Joy and pious Mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To Celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
Then shall the teeming Ground
A large Increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.

Then God upon our Land
Shall constant Blessings show'r;
And all the World in Awe shall stand
Of his resistless Pow'r.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER (1790).

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his proud enemies :
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoke which driving tempests
chase;

As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
So perish in his burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound;
In joyful songs his praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his face your joys express,
A father to the fatherless;
He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
The single plants in families;
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.

When he our numerous army led,
And march'd through deserts full of
dread,
Heav'n melted, and earth's centre shook,
With his majestic presence struck.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,

High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown ;
He, in th' approach of meagre dearth,
With showers refresh'd the fainting
earth.

Where his own flocks in safety fed
The needy unto plenty led.
By him we conquer.—Virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring:
He kings with their vast armies foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.

When he the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount tran-
scends,

Though he his many heads extends.
Why boast ye so, ye meaner hills?
God with his glory Zion fills,
This his beloved residence,
Nor ever will depart from hence.
His chariots twenty thousand were,
Which myriads of angels bear,
He in the midst, as when he crown'd
High Sinai's sanctified ground.
Lord, thou hast raised thyself on high,
And captive led captivity.

* * * * *

O praised be the God of Gods,
Who with his daily blessings loads;
The God of our salvation,
On whom our hopes depend alone;
The contraverse of life and death
Is arbitrated by his breath.

Thus spoke Jehovah: Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main,
That dogs may lap their enemies blood,
And they wade through a crimson
flood.

We, in thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld thy state;
The sacred singers march'd before,
Who instruments of music bore,
In order follow'd—every maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
You who from Israel's fountain spring,
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah, from his mountain throne;
The far-removed Zebulun,
And Naphtali, that borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
Join'd all their powers and potentates.

For us his wingèd soldiers fought;
Lord, strengthen what thy hand hath
wrought!

He that supports a diadem
To thee, divine Jerusalem!
Shall in devotion treasure bring,
To build the temple of his King.

* * * * *

Far off from sun-burnt Meroë,
From falling Nilus, from the sea
Which beasts on the Egyptian shore,
Shall princes come, and here adore.
Ye kingdoms through the world re-
nown'd,

Sing to the Lord, his praise resound;
He who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
And on her agèd shoulders rides;
Whose voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder terrible descends.
O praise his strength whose majesty
In Israel shines—his power on high!
He from his sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his foes,
While us his power and strength in-
vest;

O Israel, praise the ever-blest!

GEORGE SANDYS (1577-1644).

PSALM LXIX.

"SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul:
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
"Like mighty waters roll.

"I cry till all my voice be gone;
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

"They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows,
"More than the hairs upon my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

"'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
"That men could never pay;
"And gave those honours to thy law,
"Which sinners took away."

Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

"Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name;
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain and shame.

"Grief, like a garment, clothed me
round,
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procured for naked souls,
"A robe of righteousness.

"Amongst my brethren and the Jews
"I like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring
"The Gentiles near to God.

"I came in sinful mortals' stead,
"To do my Father's will;
"Yet when I cleansed my Father's
house,
"They scandalized my zeal.

"My fastings and my holy groans,
"Were made the drunkard's song;
"But God, from his celestial throne,
"Heard my complaining tongue.

"He saved me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my soul be drowned;
"He raised and fixed my sinking feet,
"On well-established ground.

"'Twas in a most accepted hour,
"My prayer arose on high;
"And for my sake, my God shall hear
"The dying sinner's cry."

Now let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He send perpetual cries.

"Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining face;
"Why should thy favourite look like one,
"Forsaken of thy grace?

"With rage they persecute the man,
"Who groans beneath thy wound;
"While for a sacrifice I pour
"My life upon the ground.

"They tread my honout in the dust,
 "And laugh when I complain;
 "Their sharp, insulting slanders add
 "Fresh anguish to my pain.

"All my reproach is known to thee,
 "The scandal and the shame;
 "Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
 And lies defiled my name.

"I look for pity, but in vain:
 "My kindred are my grief:
 "I ask my friends for comfort round,
 "But meet with no relief.

"With vinegar they mock my thirst;
 "They give me gall for food:
 "And, sporting with my dying groans,
 "They triumph in my blood.

"Shine into my distressed soul,
 "Let thy compassion save;
 "And though my flesh sink down to death,
 "Redeem it from the grave.

"I shall arise to praise thy name,
 "Shall reign in worlds unknown;
 "And thy salvation, O my God,
 "Shall seat me on thy throne."

Father, I sing thy wondrous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name;
 He brought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has raised us high:
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
 And finished all thy will.

His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.

Then shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest;
 They, by his death, draw near to thee,
 And live forever blest.

Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise;
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join t' advance his praise.

Zion is thine, most holy God;
 Thy Son shall bless her gates:
 And glory, purchased by his blood,
 For thine own Israel waits.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM LXX.

O God to me take heede
 Of help I thee require:
 O Lord of hosts with hast and speed
 Help, help, I thee desire.
 With shame confound them all,
 That seek my soul to spill;
 Rebuke them back with blame to fall
 That think to wish me ill.

Confound them that apply
 To seek to work me shame:
 And at my harm do laugh and cry
 So, so, there goeth game.
 But let them joyful be
 In thee with joy and wealth:
 Which only trust and seek to thee
 And to thy saving health.

That they may say alwaies
 In mirth and one accord:
 All honor, glory, laud and praise,
 Be given to thee, O Lord.
 But I am weak and poore
 Come Lord thine aide I lack:
 Thou art my help and stay, therefore,
 Make speed and be not slack.

JOHN HOPKINS.

PSALM LXXI.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows
 worn,
 Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
 To thee, O God, I pray;
 To thee my withered hands arise,
 To thee I lift these failing eyes:
 O cast me not away!

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
 Thy love with all a mother's care,
 Sustained my childish days:
 Thy goodness watched my ripening
 youth,
 And formed my heart to love thy truth,
 And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour! hast thy grace declined?
 Can years affect the Eternal mind;
 Or time its love destroy?
 A thousand ages pass thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.

Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee.
 Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
 Have yet a strain for thee!

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long;
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

SIR ROBERT GRANT (1779-1838).

PSALM LXXIII.

THE sudden storms that heave me to
 and fro

Had well near piercèd Faith, my guid-
 ing sail;

For I that on the noble voyage go
 To succor truth and falsehood to
 assail,

Constrained am to bear my sails full
 low;

And never could attain some pleasant
 gale.

For unto such the prosperous winds do
 blow

As run from port to port to seek
 avail;

This bred despair; whereof such doubts
 did grow

That now, my Blague, mine error well I
 see;

Such goodly light King David giveth
 me.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey
 (1516-1547).

[PSALM LXXIV.]

THOU ART, O GOD.

*"The day is thine, the night also is
 thine; thou hast prepared the light and
 the sun.*

*"Thou hast set all the borders of the
 earth; thou hast made summer and
 winter."—Psalm lxxiv: 16, 17.*

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are
 Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues that make the Sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry
 gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
 plume

Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us
 breathes,

Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are
 Thine!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

PSALM LXXV.

O LORD we render thanks to thee,

Thy praise hath been our care,

Thy gracious name is very near,

Thy wondrous works declare.

"When I the assembly take," saith he,

"With justice judge I will;

"When earth and all therein dissolve,

"The pillars hold I still." *Selah.*

Unto the fool I said:

No longer foolish be,

And to the wicked I did say:

Go cease from sinning ye.

Lift not your head on high, ye men,

Speak not with haughty pride;

Promotion comes not east or west,
Nor from the desert wide.

The Lord is judge, and he
Lays low and lifteth up,
Mixed wine Jehovah holds in hand,
The dregs the wicked sup.
For God the Lord I will declare,
And cease to praise him never.
The vile in heart shall be brought low,
The pure exalted ever.

PETER M'NEILL.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah God is known; His Name
To Israël He showed;
In Salem His Pavilion spread,
Made Zion His Abode.

Bolts of the bow he shattered there,
Swift flashing from afar;
Buckler He broke, and sword, and all
Th' implements of war.

High up Thy dread magnificence
Majestically towers
Above the mountains, whence descend
Fierce predatory powers.

Spoilt are the stout of heart—they slept,
Bound in death's iron bands—
And all the men of might have found
No use for their strong hands.

At Thy rebuke, O God, they lay,
Both chariot and horse,
In a deep sleep and motionless—
On every side a corse.

Thou, even Thou, art to be feared:
When once Thou angry art,
Ah! who can stand before Thee then,
With guilt within his heart?

Sentence from heaven was heard pro-
claimed:
The earth feared and was still,
When God to judgment rose to save
Meek doers of His will.

Man's wrath is made to praise Thee;
Thou
Shalt future wraths restrain—
Shalt hold in check the residue
While any shall remain.

Vow to the Lord your God and pay:
Bring tribute to Your Dread—
Kings of the earth! lest He cut off
And count you with the dead.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM LXXVII.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His work of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
And practice His commands.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people, I will tell
Deep meanings in a parable;
Repeat dark sayings from of old
To us from our grey fathers told:

The things they did to us confide,
We will not from their children hide:
Jehovah's praises we'll recite,
And all the wonders of His might.

For to this end and for this cause,
In Jacob He established laws;
That handed down from sire to son,
They might be known, observed and
done:

That children which should yet be born
To theirs might tell them night and
morn;
Their hope in God might firmly set,
And not His mighty works forget:

And not be as their fathers were,
Stubborn, perverse, and prone to err;

Their hearts unsteadfast and untrue
From God withholding service due.

The sons of Ephraim turned back,
In time of conflict and attack;
Kept not the covenant of God,
But, faithless, left His ways untrod.

Forgot the doings of His Hand
Of which the fame filled all the land—
His wondrous works, with judgment
fraught,
In Egypt for their fathers wrought.

The Red Sea waves He cleft in two,
And caused them, dry-shod, to pass
through—
Making the waters of the deep
To stand suspended as a heap.

By day He with a cloud them led;
By night with light of fire instead;
The rock He in the desert gave,
And drink abundantly them gave;

Out of the cliff, beneath the sun
He streams like rivers made to run:
But 'gainst the Highest none the less
Rebelled they in the wilderness.

They tempted God with lustful greed,
Asking for food they did not need:
Doubted His power; "Can God," they
said,
"A table in the desert spread?"

"He smote the rock and streams did
flow,
But can He give us bread also?
He water has, 't is true, supplied,
But can He flesh for us provide?"

Jehovah heard this, and His ire
Burned against Jacob like a fire;
Because they, impious and unjust,
Did not in His salvation trust.

For all this, they ceased not to sin,
Grey unbelievers hard to win;
Therefore, in vanity and fears,
Did He consume their days and years.

When He them slew, they sought Him
then,
Made eager quest for God again,

Their sometime Rock, their Refuge
nigh,
Their strong Redeemer, God Most
High.

But with the mouth they Him deceived;
Lied with their tongues and disbelieved.
Their heart, not fixed the right to do,
Was to His covenant untrue.

But pitiful He did not slay;
His anger often turned away;
Forgave, when they transgressed afresh,
Remembering they were but flesh.

How oft against Him they rebelled,
The Holy One of Israël!
Each day they tempted God anew,
And grieved Him all the desert through.

It was, as if they did not know
Whose hand redeemed them from the
foe—
As if the signs in Egypt wrought
Were strangers to their mind and
thought.

He turned their rivers into blood,
So none could drink the crimson flood:
Devouring flies among them sent,
And frogs for their destruction meant.

He gave their labor and produce
Up to the caterpillar's use:
Destroyed their vines (by hailstones
lost),
Their sycamores by fatal frost;

Gave over, to hail-slaughtering knocks
And thunderbolts, their herds and
flocks:
Let loose the fierceness of His wrath,
And made it for a level path:

Sent on an embassy of death,
Angels of evil with hot breath,
The pestilence with fiery throat—
All the first-born of Egypt smote,

But like a flock His people led
Into the wilderness, and fed.
While they passed safe from terror free,
Their foes were buried in the sea.

He brought them to the Holy Land,
The Mountain won by His right hand—

Proceeded nations to expel,
That so the tribes might therein dwell.

Yet they resisted God Most High,
And would not with His laws comply—
Aside, as did their fathers, so
They turned like a deceitful bow:

High places built which He forbade;
Him with their idols jealous made:
So high their impious daring soared,
God's greatly Israël abhorred.

The Tent at Shiloh He forsook;
Ark of His Strength they captive took—
His Glory passed to heathen hands,
And blood and carnage filled the lands.

The fire devoured their young and strong;
Their maidens were unpraised in song;
Priests by the sword in numbers slept,
And by their widows were unwept.

Then waked the Lord as out of sleep,
Drove back His foes with dreadful sweep,
And fastened to their hated name
Perpetual reproach and shame.

The house of Joseph pleased not Him,
So He rejected Ephraim;
But Judah's loyal tribe approved;
And on Mount Zion which He loved,

He built His Sanctuary, cast
Foundations made for aye to last:
David His servant too did choose,
Took him from following the ewes,

To feed His people Israël,
And he fulfilled his office well—
With honest heart, and skillful hand,
And shepherd-care, he ruled the Land.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM LXXIX.

O LORD the gentils do invade,
Thine heritage to spoile.
Jerusalem an heape is made
Thy temple they defoyle.
The bodies of thy Saints most deare
Abroad to byrds they cast:
The flesh of them that do thee feare,
The beasts devour and wast.

Their blood throughout Jerusalem
As water spilt they have:
So that there is not one of them
To lay their dead in grave.
Thus we are made a laughing stock
Almost the world throughout:
The enemies at us jest and mock
Which dwel our coasts about.

Wilt thou O Lord thus in thine ire
Against us ever fume?
And shew thy wrath as hot as fire
Thy folke for to consume?
Upon those people poure the same,
Which did thee never know:
All realmes which cal not on thy name,
Consume and overthrow.

For they have got the upper hand,
And Jacob's seed destroy'd:
His habitation and his land
They have left wast and voyd.
Beare not in mind our former faults
With speed some pitie show:
And aide us Lord in all assaults
For we are weake and low.

SECOND PART.

O God that givest al health and grace
On us declare the same:
Weigh not our works, our sinnes deface
For honor of thy name.
Why shall the wicked stil alway,
To us as people dumme:
In thy reproach, rejoice and say
Where is their God become?

Require O Lord as thou seest good
Before our eyes in sight:
Of all those folk thy servants bloud
Which they spilt in despite.
Receive into thy sight in hast,
The clamors, grieffe, and wrong
Of such as are in prison cast,
Sustaying irons strong.

Thy force and strength to celebrate,
Lord let them out of band:
Which unto death are destinate
And in their enemies hand.
The nations which have been so bold
As to blaspheme thy name:
Into their laps with seven fold
Repay againe the same.

So we thy folk and pasture sheep,
Will praise thee evermore:
And teach all ages for to keep
For thee like praise in store.

JOHN HOPKINS.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy lovèd Joseph's seed,
That sitt' between the cherubs bright
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mad'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe.
Amongst themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
O God of Hosts, vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations, proud and haught,
To plant this lovely vine.
- 9 Thou dost prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,

- That it began to grow apace,
And filled the land at last.
- 10 With her green shade that covered all,
The hills were overspread,
Her boughs as high as cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches on the western side
Down to the sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The tuskèd boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there browse, and make
their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine,
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut with axes down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be laid,
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou, then gladly we
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, and thy grace divine,
Lord God of Hosts, vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,

- The cheerful psaltery bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.
- 3 Blow, as is wont, in the new moon
With trumpets' lofty sound,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.
- 4 This was a statute given of old
For Israel to observe,
A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not
swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained
In Joseph, not to change,
When as he passed through Egypt
land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, and from slavish toil,
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, and miry soil,
Delivered were by me.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answered thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompassed round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meribah renowned.
- 8 Hear, O my people, hearken well,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israël,
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they followed
still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 Oh, that my people would be wise
To serve me all their days!
And oh, that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways!

- 14 Then would I soon bring down their
foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should then be
fain
To bow to him and bend;
But they, his people, should remain,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them from the
shock
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat.
- JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
Among the gods, on both his hands
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Despatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws,
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand.
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes die.
- 8 Rise, God, judge thou the earth in
might,
This wicked earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 Be not thou silent now at length,
O God, hold not thy peace;

- Sit thou not still, O God of strength,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo, thy furious foes now swell,
And storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, proud and
fell,
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmaël,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed bands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed,
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and
higher

- Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,
Troubled and shamed for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and 'scape it never.
- 18 Then shall they know that thou,
whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art one.
- JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair
Oh Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow freed from
wrong
Hath found a house of rest,
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her brooding nest;
Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the
coasts,
Toward thee, my King, my God,
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth
bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's thirsty
vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to
strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my
prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear;

- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy courts to be
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,
With sin for evermore.
11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 Thy land to favor graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe;
And all their sin, that did thee grieve,
Hast hid where none shall know.
3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And calmly didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, and chide no more.
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our voice,
And us again revive;
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserved alive?
7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

- 8 And now what God the Lord will speak,
I will go straight and hear;
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints full dear,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease
To trespass as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth that long were missed
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.
12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.
13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will be come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.
2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who still in thee doth trust.
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4 Oh, make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul and voice.
5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call.

- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my incessant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou wilt grant me free access,
And answer what I prayed.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy glorious works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most
right,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze
abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God! the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most
mild,
Readiest thy graces to show,
Slow to be angry, and art styled
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 Oh, turn to me thy face at length,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes then see,
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXVII.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy pure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering:
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON (1725-1807).

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God, that dost me save and
keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloyed with woes and trouble
sore
Surcharged my soul doth lie;
My life at death's uncheerful door
Unto the grave draws nigh.

- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
Down to the dismal pit;
I am a man, but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead to sleep;
And like the slain in bloody fight
That in the grave lie deep.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard;
Them from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
Hast set me all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness hovers
round,
In horrid deeps to mourn.
- 7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter
saves,
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me
estrangle,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee from their loathsome
bed
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave hath hold,
Or they who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness unfold?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known?
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent;
And up to thee my prayer doth hie,
Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul for-
sake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from thee?
Bruised and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire;

While I thy terrors undergo,
Astonished with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow.
Thy threatenings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far:
They fly me now whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

PSALM LXXXIX.

THE praises of thy wonder, Lord,
The heavens shall express:
And in the congregation
Of saints thy faithfulness.

For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare?
Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are?

Great fear in meeting of thy saints
Is due unto the Lord;
And he of all about him should
With rev'rence be adored.

O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
What Lord in mightiness
Is like to thee, who compass'd round
Art with thy faithfulness?

Ev'n in the raging of the sea
Thou over it dost reign;
And when the waves thereof do swell,
Thou stillest them again.

PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND (1895).

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend,
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heaved their
heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,

Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

That Power which raised and still up-
holds

This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature,
man,
Is to existence brought:
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night, cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796).

PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation

Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eve the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly:

Thee, though winds and waves be swell-
ing,

God, thine hope, shall bear through
all;

Plague shall not come nigh thy dwell-
ing,

Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile
regions,

Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

PSALM XCII.

To give Jehovah thanks,
And thy high praises sing,
O Thou Most High, is a most good
And necessary thing.

Thy kindness to show forth
Is meet at morning light;
And laud Thy love and faithfulness,
At each return of night,

Upon the decachord,
With psaltery and lute,
And harp of soft and solemn sound
The holy strains to suit.

For Thou hast made me glad,
Through knowledge of Thy works—
In all a glorious goodness shines
An awful beauty lurks.

How infinite are Thy works!
Thy thoughts are an abyss;
The brutish man and fool alike
Are ignorant of this.

When spring they as the grass,
The wicked, overjoyed,
Know not it is that they may soon
Forever be destroyed.

But Thou, Jehovah art
Forevermore on high:
Thy foes shall perish, all their hosts
Be scattered from the sky.

Thou hast my honored head,
Anointed with fresh oil—
Mine eye hath seen Thy Hand stretched
out
Mine enemies to foil.

The righteous as a palm
Shall grow and flourish, like
Cedars of Lebanon whose roots
In soil congenial strike.

They, planted in Thy House,
Shall in Thy Courts be seen
Producing fruit—ev'n in old age
Still full of sap and green.

Just is the Lord, who sits
Between the Cherubim—
He is my Rock, and there is no
Unrighteousness in Him.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM XCIH.

THE Lord reigns, cloth'd with majesty:
God cloth'd with strength, doth gird
Himself, the world so stablisht it,
That it cannot be stir'd.
Thy throne is stablist of old:
From aye thou art. Their voyce
The flouds lift up, the flouds lift up,
The flouds lift up their noyse.
The Lord on high than waters' noyse
More strong than waves of sea:
Thy words most sure: Lord, holines
Becomes thine house for aye.

BAY PSALM BOOK (1640).

PSALM XCIV.

GREAT God to whom the right belongs,
Thou sovereign Judge, avenge our
wrongs,
And recompense the proud:

How long shall wicked men prevail,
Thy people with their tongues assail,
And sinners boast aloud?

Thy flock and strangers they distress,
They slay the poor and fatherless,
Nor heed the widow's cries;
They say thou wilt not see them Lord,
That Jacob's God will not regard,
But when will fools be wise?

Shall he not see, who makes the eye?
Shall he not hear his chosen cry,
Who plants the listening ear?
Shall he not know, who forms the
brain?
He chide, who doth all nations train?
To him vain thoughts are clear!

Blest man thou dost in love rebuke,
And teach him in thy law to look,
That he may rest awhile;
Till evil days be over past.
And till the pit be dug at last,
For all the proud and vile.

God never will his church forsake,
For judgment will of truth partake,
And thus the upright lead;
Who will stand up against the proud,
For me resist the wicked crowd,
And for the righteous plead?

Had not Jehovah helped me on,
Then I to silence should have gone;
He holds my slipping feet;
Thy words of grace my cares control,
Thy tender love shall cheer my soul,
With thoughts divinely sweet.

Shall thrones have fellowship with God;
Whose laws condemn the guiltless blood
And makes all justice void?
God is my rock and sure defense;
He'll bring on them the recompense,
Cut off in sin destroyed.

ABNER JONES

PSALM XCV.

O COME let us sing to the Lord:
Come let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Lord
Of our salvation.

Let us before his presence come
With praise and thankful voice
Let us sing psalms to him with grace
And make a joyful noise.

For God, a great God and great King,
Above all gods he is.
Depths of the earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills is his.

To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make:
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.

O come and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.

PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND (1895).

PSALM XCVI.

SING and let your song be new,
Unto him that never endeth!
Sing all earth, and all in you,
Sing to God, and bless his name.
Of the help, the health he sendeth.
Day by day new ditties frame.

Make each country know his worth:
Of his acts the wondrous story
Paint unto each people forth.
For Jehovah, great alone,
All the gods, for awe and glory,
Far above doth hold his throne.

For but idols, what are they
Whom besides mad earth adareth?
He the skies in frame did lay.
Grace and honor are his guides;
Majesty his temple storeth;
Might in guard about him bides.

Kindreds come! Jehovah give,
Oh, give Jehovah, all together,
Force and fame whereso you live.
Give his name the glory fit:
Take your offerings, get you thither,
Where he doth enshrined sit.

Go, adore him in the place
Where his pomp is most displayed.

Earth, oh, go with quaking pace,
Go proclaim Jehovah king:
Stayless world shall now be stayed;
Righteous doom his rule shall bring.

Starry roof and earthy floor,
Sea, and all thy wideness yieldeth,
Now rejoice, and leap, and roar.
Leafy infants of the wood,
Fields, and all that on you feedeth,
Dance, oh, dance, at such a good!

For Jehovah cometh, lo!
Lo to reign Jehovah cometh!
Under whom you all shall go.
He the world shall rightly guide—
Truly, as a king becometh,
For the people's weal provide.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586),

PSALM XCVII.

THE Lord doth raigne, whereat ye
earth,

May joy with pleasant voyce:
And eke the lles with joyfull myrth,
May triumph and rejoice.
Both clouds and darkness eke do swell,
And round about him beate:
Yea right and justice ever dwell,
And bide about his seate.

Yea fire and heate at once do runne,
And go before his face:
Which shall his foes and enemies burne,
Abroad in every place.
His lightnings eke full bright did blaze,
And to the world appeare:
Whereat the earth did looke and gase,
With dread and deadly feare.

The hilles like waxe did melt in sight,
And presence of the Lord:
They fled before that ruler's might,
Which guideth all the world.
The heavens eke declare and shew,
His justice forth abroad:
That all the world may see and know,
The goodness of our God.

Confusion sure shall come to such,
As worship Idols vaine:
And eke to those that glorie much,
Dumme pictures to maintaine.
For all the idols of the world,
Which they as Gods do call:

Shall feele the power of the Lord,
And downe to him shall fall.

With joy shall Sion heare this thing,
And Juda shall rejoyce:
For at thy judgment they shall sing,
And make a pleasant noyse.
That thou O Lord art set on hye
In all the earth abroad:
And art exalted wondrously,
Above each other God.

All ye that love the Lord do this,
Hate all things that are ill:
For he doth keepe the soules of his,
From such as would them spill.
And light doth spring up to the just,
With pleasure for his part:
Great joy with gladnesse, myrth and
lust,
To them of upright hart.

Ye righteous in the Lord rejoyce,
His holinesse proclaime:
Be thankfull eke with hart and voyce,
And mindful of the same.

JOHN HOPKINS.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING a new song of matchless charm!
The Lord most wondrous things hath
done:

With His right hand and holy arm
He hath a victory for Him won;
Before the nations He displayed
His righteousness and saving aid.

He hath been faithful to His word,
Each holy pledge remembered still;
And in His mercy hath conferred
This crowning grace on Israël—
Famous where'er man's foot hath trod
As "*The Salvation of our God.*"

Make to the Lord a joyful noise;
Break forth; His praise with rapture
sing;

Make melody with harp and voice,
And sound of trumpet to our King.
Join, all ye dwellers on the earth,
To give the mighty transport birth.

Let the sea roar, each wave a tongue;
And let the rivers clap their hands;

And joy resound the hills among;
And shouts of welcome fill the lands;
For lo, He comes in holy dress
To judge the world in righteousness.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, the Mighty God,
Let all the nations shake!
He's throned above the Cherubim,
Let conscious Nature quake!

Jehovah is in Zion, great;
Above all people, high;
Let them extol Thy dreadful Name,
And give the reason why,
For it is holy.

Thy kingly strength doth judgment
love;

Thou dost establish right;
Thou innocence dost vindicate,
And wickedness requite.

Exalt the Lord, our God; approach
His awful Mercy Seat;
Prostrate yourselves before His throne,
And worship at His feet.
For He is Holy.

Moses and Aaron were to God
As priests to intercede;
And Samuel called upon His name,
And did for Israel plead.

They called, He answered them; He in
The cloudy pillar spake;
They kept His statutes which He gave
And warned them not to break.

Thou didst, Jehovah, answer them—
Wast a forgiving God;
But mad'st them feel for their misdeeds
The vengeance of Thy rod.

Exalt the Lord our God, bow down;
Ye people all draw near!
Assemble at His Holy Mount
And worship in His fear,
For He is holy!

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth
tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
WILLIAM KETHE.

PSALM CI.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
And, since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my vows and songs I bring.

If I am raised to bear the sword
I'll take the counsels of thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

(I'll search the land, and raise the just,
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favorites still.)

In vain shall sinners hope to rise,
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spared.

The impious crew, the factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all who break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be sup-
pressed.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CII, VERSES 6 AND 7.

IN eaves sole sparrowe sits not more
alone,

Nor mourning pelican in desert wilde,
Than sely I, that solitary mone,
From highest hopes to hardest happ
exil'd:

Sometyme, O blissfull tyme! was Ver-
tue's meede

Ayme to my thoughtes, guide to my
word and deede.

But feares are now my pheares*, greife
my delight,

My teares my drinke, my famisht
thoughtes my bedd;

Day full of dumps, nurse of unrest the
nighte,

My garments gives, a bloody feilde
my bedde,

My sleape is rather death than deathe's
allye,

Yet kill'd with murd'ring pangues I
cannot dye.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1562-1595).

PSALM CIII.

THE DIVINE LOVE UNCHANGE-
ABLE.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name,
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim!
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us His care extends.

He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favor free.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus;

*Companions.

As a father, loving-hearted,
 Spares his son, He spareth us.
 For He knows our feeble frame;
 He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth
 Frail and beautiful;—anon,
 When the south wind softly bloweth,
 Look again;—the flower is gone:
 Such is man; his honors pass
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still His people's bliss ensuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children will He bless.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.

To praise thy Author, Soul, do not forget;
 Canst thou in gratitude, deny the debt?
 Lord, thou art great, how great we cannot know;
 Honor and majesty do round thee flow.
 The purest rays of primogenial light
 Compose thy robes, and make them dazzling bright;
 The heavens and all the widespread orbs
 on high
 Thou like a curtain stretched of curious dye;
 On the devouring flood thy chambers are
 Established; a lofty cloud's thy car;
 Which quick through the ethereal road
 doth fly,
 On swift winged winds, that shake the troubled sky.
 Of spiritual substance angels thou didst frame,
 Active and bright, piercing and quick
 as flame.
 Thou'st firmly founded this unwieldy earth;
 "Stand fast for aye," thou saidst, at nature's birth.
 The swelling flood thou o'er the earth
 madest creep,
 And coveredst it with the vast hoary deep:

Then hills and vales did not distinction know,
 But leveled nature lay oppressed below.
 With speed they, at thy awful thunder's roar,
 Shrunk within the limits of their shore.
 Through secret tracts they up the mountain creep,
 And rocky caverns fruitful moisture weep,
 Which sweetly through the verdant vales doth glide,
 Till 'tis devoured by the greedy tide.
 The feeble sands thou'st made the ocean's mounds,
 Its foaming waves shall ne'er repass these bounds,
 Again to triumph over the dry grounds.
 Between the hills grazed by the bleating kind,
 Soft warbling rills their mazy way do find;
 By him appointed fully to supply,
 When the hot dogstar fires the realms on high,
 The raging thirst of every sickening beast,
 Of the wild ass that roams the dreary waste:
 The feathered nation, by their smiling sides,
 In lowly brambles, or in trees abides;
 By nature taught, on them they rear their nests,
 That with inimitable art are dressed.
 They for the shade and safety of the wood
 With natural music cheer the neighborhood.
 He doth the clouds with genial moisture fill,
 Which on the shriveled ground they bounteous distill.
 And nature's lap with various blessings crowd:
 The giver, God! all creatures cry aloud.
 With freshest green he clothes the fragrant mead,
 Whereon the grazing herds wanton and feed.
 With vital juice he makes the plants abound,
 And herbs securely spring above the ground,

That man may be sustained beneath the
 toil
 Of manuring the ill producing soil;
 Which with a plenteous harvest does at
 last
 Cancel the memory of labors past;
 Yields him the product of the generous
 vine,
 And balmy oil that makes his face to
 shine:
 Fills all his granaries with a loaden
 crop,
 Against the barren winter his great
 prop.
 The trees of God with kindly sap do
 swell,
 E'en cedars tall in Lebanon that dwell,
 Upon whose lofty top the birds erect
 Their nests, as careful nature does
 direct.
 The long necked storks unto the fir
 trees fly,
 And with their cackling cries disturb
 the sky.
 To unfrequented hills wild goats resort,
 And on bleak rocks the nimble conies
 sport.
 The changing moon thou cladst with
 silver light,
 To check the black dominion of the
 night:
 High through the skies in silent state
 she rides,
 And by her rounds the fleeting time
 divides.
 The circling sun doth in due time de-
 cline,
 And unto shades the murmuring world
 resign.
 Dark night thou makest succeed the
 cheerful day,
 Which forest beasts from their lone
 caves survey:
 They rouse themselves, creep out, and
 search their prey.
 Young hungry lions from their dens
 come out,
 And, mad on blood, stalk fearfully
 about:
 They break night's silence with their
 hideous roar,
 And from kind heaven their nightly
 prey implore.

Just as the lark begins to stretch her
 wing,
 And, flickering on her nest, makes short
 essays to sing,
 And the sweet dawn, with a faint glim-
 mering light
 Unveils the face of nature to the sight,
 To their dark dens they take their hasty
 flight.
 Not so the husbandman,—for with the
 sun
 He does his pleasant course of labors
 run:
 Home with content in the cool e'en re-
 turns,
 And his sweet toils until the morn ad-
 journals.
 How many are thy wondrous works, O
 Lord!
 Thy of thy wisdom solid proofs afford:
 Out of thy boundless goodness thou
 didst fill,
 With riches and delights, both vale and
 hill:
 E'en the broad ocean, wherein do abide
 Monsters that flounce upon the boiling
 tide,
 And swarms of lesser beasts and fish
 beside:
 'Tis there that daring ships before the
 wind
 Do scud amain, and make the port as-
 signed:
 'Tis there that Leviathan sports and
 plays,
 And spurts his water in the face of day;
 For food with gaping mouth they wait
 on thee,
 If thou withholdst, they pine, they faint,
 they die.
 Thou bountifully opest thy liberal hand,
 And scatterest plenty both on sea and
 land.
 Thy vital spirit makes all things live
 below,
 The face of nature with new beauties
 glow.
 God's awful glory ne'er will have an
 end,
 To vast eternity it will extend.
 When he surveys his works, at the wide
 sight
 He doth rejoice, and take divine delight.
 His look the earth into its center shakes:

A touch of his to smoke the mountains
make.

I'll to God's honor consecrate my lays,
And when I cease to be I'll cease to
praise.

Upon the Lord, a sublime lofty theme,
My meditations sweet, my joys supreme.
Let daring sinners feel thy vengeful rod,
May they no more be known by their
abode.

My soul and all my powers, O bless the
Lord,
And the whole race of men with one
accord.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748).

PSALM CV.

(1)

O PRAYSE the Lord, call on his Name,
'Mong people shew his facts.
Sing unto him, sing psalmes to him!
Talk of all 's wondrous acts.

Let their hearts joy that seek the Lord:
Boast in his Holy Name.

The Lord seek, and his strength: his
face

Always seek ye the same.
Those admirable works that hee
Hath done remember you:

His wonders, and the judgements which
Doe from his mouth issue.

O yee his servant Abraham's seed:
Sonnes of chose Jacob yee.

He is the Lord, our God: in all
The earth his judgements bee.

His Covenant for evermore,
And his commanded word,

A thousand generations to
He doth in mind record,
Which he with Abraham made, and 's
oath

To Isack. Made it fast,
A law to Jacob: and Isr'ell
A Cov'nant aye to last.

(2)

He sayd, I'll give thee Canans land:
By lot, heirs to be there.

When few, yea very few in count
And strangers in 't they were;

When they did from one nation
Into another pass:

When from one Kingdome their goings
To other people was,

He suffered none to doe them wrong:

Kings checkt he for their sake:
Touch not mine anoynted ones; none ill
Unto my Prophets make.

He cal'd for Famine on the land,
All staffe of bread brake hee.

Before them sent a man: Joseph
Sold for a slave to bee.

Whose feet they did with fetters hurt:
In yr'n his soule did lye.

Until the time that his word came:
The Lords word did him trye.

The King the peoples Ruler sent,
Loos'd him and let him go.

He made him Lord of all his house:
Of all 's wealth ruler too:

At 's will to bind his Peers: & teach
His Ancients skill. Then came

Isr'ell to Egypt: & Jacob
Sojourn'd i' th' Land of Ham.

Hee much increast his folk: & made
Them stronger than their foe,

Their heart he turn'd his folk to hate:
To 's servant craft to show.

(3)

Moses his servant he did send:
& Aaron whom he chose.

His signes & wonders them amongst,
They in Hams land disclose.

Hee darkness sent, & made it dark:
Nor did they 's word gain-say.

Hee turned their waters into bloud:
& he their fish did slay.

Great store of Frogs their land brought
forth

In chambers of their Kings.

He spake, there came mixt swarmes, &
lice

In all their coasts he brings.

He gave them haile for raine: & in
Their land fires flame did make

And smote their Vines & their Figtrees:
& their coast-trees he brake.

He spake, & then the Locusts came:
& Caterpillars, such

The number of them was as none
Could reckon up how much,

And ate of all their lands herbs: & did
Fruit of their ground devour.

All first borne in their lande he smote:
The chief of all their powre.

(4)

With silver also & with gold
He them from thence did bring:

& among all their tribes there was
 Not any one weak-ling.
 Egypt was glad when out they went:
 For on them fell their dread.
 A cloud for cov'ring & a fire
 To light the night he spread.
 They askt, & he brought quails: did
 them
 With heav'ns bread satisfy,
 He op't the rock and waters flow'd:
 Flouds ran in places dry.
 For on his holy promise hee
 And 's servant Abraham thought.
 With joye his people, and with songs
 Forth he his chosen brought.
 He of the heathen people did
 The land on them bestow:
 The labour of the people they
 Inherited also:
 To this intent that his statutes
 They might observe alwayes:
 Also that they his lawes might keepe.
 Doe yee Jehovah's prayse.

BAY PSALM BOOK (1640).

PSALM CVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord, for He is good,
 His mercy lasts the ages through:
 What tongue can tell His mighty acts
 Or utter all His praises due?

Happy are they who judgment keep;
 Who never from Thy law depart;
 Who love the ways of righteousness
 And serve the Lord with perfect
 heart.

Regard me with the favor, Lord,
 Thou bear'st Thy people; visit me
 With Thy salvation, that I may
 The welfare of Thy chosen see.

But we have with our fathers sinned;
 Have from Thy testimonies swerved;
 Our covenant with Thee have broke;
 And all we suffer have deserved.

Mindless of signs in Egypt wrought,
 Rebellious words our fathers spake
 At the Red Sea; He yet them saved,
 By His great power for His Name's
 sake.

The Sea dried up at His rebuke:
 He through its hidden depths them
 led—
 That seemed a low and level plain,
 Solid and firm beneath their tread.

When safe upon the further shore,
 The waters, which for them were
 cleft,
 Closed over the pursuing foe,
 Not one of their whole number left.

Then they believed His words; they sang
 His praise, but soon His works for-
 got—
 Self-willed, impatient, they made haste,
 And waited for His counsel not.

They lusted in the wilderness,
 And tempted God—on having bent—
 Displeased, He gave them their request,
 But in their souls He leanness sent.

Then Moses envied in the camp,
 And Aaron, made high priest to be;
 Earth oped—with Dathan swallowed
 were
 Abiram and his company.

A fire was kindled, and consumed
 Korah and all his wicked crew.
 In spite of judgments Israel still
 Remained rebellious and untrue.

They made a calf at Horeb; thus
 They changed their Glory for, alas!
 The molten likeness of an ox
 That chews his cud and feeds on
 grass.

They God forgot, their Saviour, who
 Had graciously, to set them free,
 In Egypt done great things for them
 And terrible by the Red Sea.

Therefore He said: "I'll them destroy!"
 But nevertheless allowed to plead,
 Moses His chosen—who in the breach
 Before Him stood to intercede.

Yea, they despised the pleasant Land;
 And they discredited His word;
 They daily murmured in their tents,
 And hearkened not unto the Lord.

So with uplifted hand He sware
 They should the Promised Land not-
 see—
 Their seed should 'mong the nations
 fall,
 And in all lands should scattered be.

To Baal-Peor they them joinèd;
 Things offered to dead idols ate;
 By their nefarious deeds provoked,
 A plague them slew in numbers great.

Then stood up Phinehas alone,
 And executed judgment fell!
 The plague was stayed—in this bold act
 'T was ever held that he did well.

At Meribah they angered Him;
 And Moses suffered for their sake,
 Because, beyond endurance vexed,
 He foolishly and rashly spake.

The peoples they did not destroy—
 Unmindful of the Lord's commands—
 But mixed with them, and learned their
 works,
 And served their idols made with
 hands;

And these became a snare to them;
 By horrible example led,
 Their sons and daughters sacrificed—
 Their guiltless blood to demons shed.

Thus they the Land with blood defiled,
 And played the harlot 'fore the Lord;
 Therefore His wrath was kindled so
 He His inheritance abhorred.

He to the nations gave them up,
 Up to the tyranny of those
 Who hated them—caused them to bow
 Their stiff proud necks to cruel foes.

He many times delivered them,
 But they, rebellious and perverse,
 Were by their crimes, full oft, brought
 low—
 Such their propension to the worse.

Yet when He heard their moaning cry,
 His covenant He called to mind,
 And pitied them, and made the heart
 Of captors pitiful and kind.

Save us, O Lord! and gather us
 From out the nations, and restore,
 That we may give Thee sounding thanks
 And triumph in Thy praise once more.

ABRAHAM COLES.

VERSION OF THE 107TH PSALM.

O THAT the race of man would raise
 Their voices to their heavenly King,
 And with the sacrifice of praise
 The glories of Jehovah sing!—
 Ye navigators of the sea,
 Your course on ocean's tides who
 keep,
 And there Jehovah's wonders see,
 His wonders in the briny deep!

He speaks; conflicting whirlwinds fly;
 The waves in swelling torrents flow;
 They mount, aspire to heaven on high;
 They sink as if to hell below:
 Their souls with terror melt away;
 They stagger as if drunk with wine
 Their skill is vain,—to thee they pray;
 O save them, Energy divine!

He stays the storm; the waves subside;
 Their hearts with rapture are in-
 spired;

Soft breezes waft them o'er the tide,
 In gladness, to their port desired:
 O that mankind the song would raise,
 Jehovah's goodness to proclaim!
 Assembled nations shout his praise,
 Assembled elders bless his name!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS (1767-1848).

PSALM CVIII.

O God my hart preparèd is,
 And eke my tongue is so:
 I will advance my voyce in song,
 And giving prayse also.
 Awake my Viole and my Harpe,
 Sweet melodie to make:
 And in the morning I my selfe,
 Right early will awake.

By me among the people Lord,
 Still praysted shalt thou bee:
 And I among the Heathen folke,
 Will sing O Lord to thee.

Because thy mercy Lord is great,
 Above the heavens hye:
 And eke thy truth doth reach the clouds,
 Within the loftie skye.

Above the starry heavens hye,
 Exalt thy selfe O God:
 And Lord display upon the earth,
 Thy glory all abroad,
 That thy dearly beloved may,
 Be set at libertie:
 Help O my God, with thy right hand,
 And hearken unto me.

God in his holinesse hath spoke,
 Wherefore my joyes abound:
 Sichern I will divide, and meete
 The vale of Succoth ground.
 And Giliad shall be mine own,
 Manasses mine shall bee:
 My headstrength Ephraim, and law
 Shall Juda give for mee.

Moab my washpot and my shoe,
 On Edom will I throw:
 Upon the land of Palestine,
 In triumph will I go.
 Who shall into the Citie strong,
 Be guide to conduct mee:
 Or how by whom to Edom land,
 Conveyed shall I bee.

Is it not thou O God which late,
 Hadst us forsaken quite:
 And thou O Lord which with our boast,
 Didst not go forth to fight:
 Give us O Lord thy saving ayde,
 When troubles do assaile:
 For all the help of men is vaine,
 And can no whit avayle.
 Through God we shall do valiant actes
 And worthy of renowne:
 We shall subdue our enemies,
 Yea he shall tread them downe.

THOMAS NORTON (1532-1584).

PSALM CIX.

HOLD not Thy peace, God of my praise!
 For they against me slanders raise;
 With tongue of falsehood and deceit
 They words of causeless hate repeat.

They for my love return ill-will,
 But I to prayer devote me still;

Evil for good they've on me laid,
 My love with hatred have repaid.

Measure for measure him be given,
 By the dispensing hand of heaven;
 The woes he loves to others deal,
 Let him in his own person feel.

O'er him the wicked give command;
 Th' accuser set on his right hand;
 When tried, let him no favor win,
 His prayer for mercy be for sin.

His days make few and evil make;
 His office let another take;
 His children be of sire bereft,
 And be his wife a widow left.

And let his orphaned children roam,
 Poor vagabonds without a home—
 From some decayed and ruined shed
 Let them creep forth to beg for bread.

Let the extortioner lay toils;
 And strangers from him gather spoils;
 Pity to show let there be none
 Either to father or to son.

Let him posterity have not;
 His name be blotted and forgot;
 His father's guilt, his mother's sin,
 Make him as though he'd never been:

Because that he no pity knew,
 And did th' afflicted one pursue;
 With deadly malice and hot breath
 The broken hearted hunt to death.

Cursing he loved, and so the same
 Down on himself revolving came:
 He had in blessing no delight
 And so 't was far from him of right.

He on him as a garment put
 Cursing, that reached from head to
 foot—
 Close fitting, clinging to the skin
 That sucked the raging madness in.

Be it to him a poisoned vest;
 And let his bones imbibe the pest;
 And let this be his just reward,
 And righteous judgment from the Lord.

But Thou, Lord, gracious be to me,
(For Thou art good) and set me free;
Because I needy am and poor,
And wounded is my heart and sore.

Like shadows, which at close of day
Lengthen, I passing am away;
Like locust, tost and helpless driven
Before the stormy winds of heaven.

My tottering knees beneath me fail;
Through fasting I've grown lean and
pale;

Reproach, of scorn and hatred bred,
They cast on me, and wag their head.

Thy help, O Lord my God, I crave;
According to Thy mercy, save!
That they the act may understand
Is done by Thy delivering hand.

They will me curse, but Thou wilt bless;
Shame shall them cover as a dress;
Like to a mantle shall their own
Confusion be around them thrown.

I to the Lord great thanks will give,
And sound His praises while I live;
For He is present to console
And same from them that judge my
soul.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CX.

JEHOVAH said unto my Lord:
"Sit Thou at My right hand,
Till I Thy foes a footstool make,
Thy foes of every land."

Jehovah out of Zion shall
Rod of Thy strength extend;
Thine enemies shall own Thy rule,
All nations to Thee bend.

Thy people free-will offerings are,
Men to Thy service sworn;
Decked with the pearls of holiness,
Like dewdrops of the morn.

Sworn hath Jehovah, He'll not change:
"Thou shalt forever be,
After the order of Melchizedek,
A Royal Priest to Me!"

The Lord, the strength of Thy right
hand,

Opposing kings shall smite:
He will among the nations judge,
And vindicate the right.

In many countries o'er broad lands
The warrior heaps the dead;
Quenches his thirst by way-side brook
And victor lifts his head.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CXI.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has
wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought,
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts designed.

When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise—
But learn to read thy name?

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXII.

THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his
word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

When times grow dark, and tidings
spread,
That fill his neighbors round with
dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

He hath dispensed his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXIII.

YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

Above the earth—beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his power restrain—
Nor bound his universal reign.

Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends, yet more, to know
The mean affairs of men below.

From dust, and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly
thrones.

A word of his creating voice,
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense de-
spairs;

If nature fails, the promise bears.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faith-
ful son,

After long toil, their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan
land,

Led by the strength of the Almighty's
hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory were in Israel
known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shiver-
ing fled,

And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd
head

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear
streams recoil,

As a faint host that hath received the
foil.

The high, huge-bellied mountains
skipped like rams

Amongst their ewes, the little hills like
lambs.

Why fled the ocean? And why skipped
the mountains?

Why turnèd Jordan towards his crystal
fountains?

Shake, Earth! and at the presence be
aghast

Of him that ever was, and aye shall
last;

That glassy floods from rugged rocks
can crush,

And make soft rills from fiery flint-
stones gush.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

(*"Done by the Author at 15 years old."*)

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel, by divine command,
From out the house of bondage came;
God's presence led the chosen band,
A cloud by day, by night a flame;

The shrinking sea before Him fled,
And Jordan's rapid stream flowed
back;

And mountains bowed the trembling
head,
And rocks were rent in Israel's
track.

Why does the sea disclose her bed?
And why does Jordan's stream retire?
Why reel the hills, while Sinai's head
Is darkly bright with clouds of fire?

Well may the waters shrink with fear,
The rocks be rent, the mountains nod,
When He, in terror clad, is near,
The Lord of nature—Israel's God!

C. H. TERROT.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

II.

Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward current to their head.

III.

The mountains shook like frightened
sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap,
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

IV.

What pow'r could make the deep
divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the awe that Sinai fills?

V.

Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rocks to standing pools he turns;

Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord.
JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719).

PSALM CXV.

Nor ours the glory make,
Lord, give us not the same:
But for thy Truth and Mercy sake,
Ascribe it to thy Name.
To say, where is their God!
Why should the Gentiles dare?
Since he in heav'n hath his abode
And works his pleasure there?
Men's hands their Idolls make:
They gold and silver be:
Possessing mouths that cannot speak
And eyes that cannot see.
Their eares are senseles to;
Their nostrils smelleth not:
Their hands and feet nor feel nor goe;
No breath is in their throate.
All they whoe those adore,
(Or forme them) like them be:
In God let Isr'el trust therefore,
For their defense is he.
On God, preserving them,
Let Aaron's house depend:
Let those who feare him, trust in him;
For he will such defend,
God will remember us,
And on us Mercy show.
On Isr'el and on Aaron's house
He blessings will bestowe.
He prospers great and small,
That feare of him professe:
You and your seed, likewise, he shall
Still more and more encrease.
Of God you blessed be,
Who made both earth and heav'n;
The heav'n of Heav'ns inhabits he,
And earth to men hath given.
Lord, none cann thee adore,
Who dead and silent are:
But I, both now and evermore,
Thy praises will declare.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord because my voice
And prayers he did hear.
I, while I live, will call on him,
Who bow'd to me his ear.

Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.

Upon the name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.

God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low,
He did me help afford.

O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
For surely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath exprest.

PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
SCOTLAND (1895).

PSALM CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.
ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXVIII.

LIFT your voice and thankful sing,
Praises to your heavenly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Israel thy Creator bless;
And with joyous tongue confess,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Aaron, let thy chosen line,
Grateful to th' avowal join,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Ye who make his will your care,
With assenting voice declare,

For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

EDWARD CLARE.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

BLEST are the perfect in the way,
Who never from God's law depart;
Blest who His *Testimonies* keep,
And seek the Lord with all their heart.

Yea, no unrighteousness they do;
Walk in His *ways* with careful feet;
They keep the *precepts* He enjoins,
And find their strict observance sweet.

O that my ways directed were
To keep Thy *statutes* void of blame;
Then when to all of Thy *commands*
I have respect, I'll feel no shame.

With upright heart, I will Thee praise,
When I Thy righteous *judgments*
learn;

I all Thy *statutes* will observe,
Forsake me not, nor from me turn.

BETH.

How shall a young man cleanse his
way?

By due attention to Thy *word*.
With all my heart I have Thee sought,
From Thy *commandments* have not
erred.

I have Thy *word* hid in my heart,
That I against Thee might not sin.
Thy *statutes*, blessed Lord, me teach,
And firmly stablish me therein.

I have recounted with my lips
The *judgments* of Thy mouth entire;
Thy *testimonies* making glad,
More than all riches I desire.

I'll in Thy *precepts* meditate,
Thy ways by me shall be preferred;
I in Thy *statutes* will delight,
And I will not forget Thy *word*.

GIMEL.

Be to Thy servant kind that I
 May live, and I Thy *word* will keep;
 Open mine eyes, that in Thy *law*
 I may see wondrous things and deep.

I am a stranger in the earth,
 Hide Thy *Commandments* not from
 me;
 My soul breaks from the longing it
 Has towards Thy *judgments* cease-
 lessly.

Thou hast rebuked the proud, accursed
 Who have from Thy *commandments*
 swerved.

Roll off reproach from me, for I
 Thy *testimonies* have observed.

Princes against me sit and talk—
 Thy servant in Thy *statutes* pores;
 Thy *testimonies* also are
 My chief delight and counsellors.

DALETH.

My soul cleaves to the dust: Thou me
 Quickened according to Thy *word*.
 I told my *ways*, Thou heardest me,
 Teach me Thy *statutes*, gracious
 Lord!

Make me Thy *precepts* understand,
 I'll on Thy wonders meditate.
 My soul sinks down from heaviness;
 Make Thy *word* strong to lift the
 weight.

Cause me from falsehood to depart,
 And grant me graciously Thy *law*.
 The way of truth I've made my choice,
 Thy *judgments* I have held in awe.

I to Thy *testimonies* cleave,
 Preserve me clear from shameful
 charge.

I'll run the way of Thy commands,
 Then when Thou shalt my heart en-
 large.

HE

Teach me Thy *statutes*, and I'll keep
 Them to the end in every part.
 Give understanding and I will
 Observe Thy *law* with my whole
 heart.

Make me in Thy *commandments* tread,
 For I therein great joy obtain.
 Me to Thy *testimonies* bend,
 And not to covetness and gain.

Turn off mine eyes from vanity,
 Me quicken in Thy *ways* and cheer;
 Make to Thy servant good Thy *word*,
 Who is devoted to Thy fear.

Turn the reproach away I dread,
 For good Thy *judgments* are and
 true;

Behold, I for Thy *precepts* long,
 Me in Thy righteousness renew.

VAU

And let Thy mercies come to me
 According to Thy *promise*, Lord!
 Then I'll him answer that reviles,
 For I have trusted in Thy *word*.

Take not the *word* of truth from me,
 Seeing I for Thy *judgments* wait,
 So I Thy *law* for aye will keep,
 By it my conduct regulate.

And I will walk at liberty,
 Seeing I for Thy *judgments* wait.
 And of Thy *testimonies* pure
 I unashamed 'fore kings will speak.

In Thy *commandments* which I love
 I'll take delight; and will as well
 To them lift up my hands and heart,
 And on Thy *statutes* fondly dwell.

ZAIN

The *word* of promise call to mind,
 In which Thou hast caused me to
 hope.

This is my comfort in my grief,
 Thy quickening *word* new doors can
 ope.

The proud ones have laughed me to
 scorn,

Yet from Thy *law* I've not declined,
 Thy *judgments* I of old recalled,
 And they consoled my troubled mind.

Horror me seized, beholding men
 Forsake Thy *law*, its sanctions spurn.
 Thy *statutes* still have been my songs,
 Here in the house of my sojourn.

Thy Name I've thought on in the night,
And sought for strength to keep Thy
law,

I have Thy *precepts* kept, and so
Knowledge from sweet experience
draw.

CHETH

Thou art my portion, Lord, to keep
Thy *words* will I devote my mind;
I sought Thy help with my whole heart,
According to Thy *word* be kind.

I thought upon my ways, my feet
I to Thy *testimonies* turned.

I hastened Thy *commands* to keep
With holy zeal my bosom burned.

Cords of the wicked wrapped me round,
But on Thy *law* meanwhile I thought;
I'll rise at midnight to give thanks
Because of righteous *judgments*
wrought.

All those who fear Thee and who keep
Thy *precepts*, my companions be.
The earth is of Thy mercies full,
Make plain Thy *statutes*, Lord, to me.

TETH

Thou with Thy servant hast dealt well,
According to Thy *word* relieved.
Me knowledge and good judgment
teach,
For Thy *commandments* I've believed.

Before I smitten was, I strayed,
But now Thy *word* I keep fast hold.
Thou art most good and doest good,
Thy *statutes* teach me and unfold.

The proud 'gainst me have forged a lie,
But to Thy *precepts* I'll be true.
Their heart is fat and gross, but I
Will with delight Thy *law* pursue.

'T is for my good I've been chastised,
That I might learn Thy *statutes* old.
Law of Thy Mouth is better than
Thousands of silver and of gold.

JOD

Thy hands they made and fashioned me,
Make me Thy pure *commandments*
learn:

All they that fear Thee will rejoice
That to Thy *word* for hope I turn.

I know Thy *judgments*, Lord, are right,
In faithfulness Thou smotest me.
According to Thy *word*, O let
Thy mercy for my comfort be.

Be merciful that I may live,
For my delight is in Thy *law*,
Shame those who wronged me without
cause,
I'll on Thy *precepts* muse with awe.

Let them that fear Thee turn to me,
Those that Thy *testimonials* know;
Make my heart in Thy *statutes* sound,
Lest I meet shameful overthrow.

CAPIH

My soul for Thy salvation faints,
I for Thy *word* with longing wait:
Mine eyes fail for Thy *promise*, made
To comfort the disconsolate.

I'm like a bottle in the smoke,
Yet I Thy *statutes* keep in view;
When wilt Thou *judgment* execute
On them who hotly me pursue?

The proud ones have digged pits for me,
Whose lives are by Thy *law* not
swayed:

All Thy *commandments* faithful are
Against my persecutors, aid.

They nigh consumed me on the earth,
I from Thy *precepts* did not swerve:
After Thy mercies quicken me,
Thy *testimonies* I'll observe.

LAMED

Thy *word* in heaven forever stands,
From age to age Thy faithfulness:
As earth abides which Thou didst
found,
Thy *truth* is permanent no less.

By Thy decree they stand this day,
For all Thy servants are, I know;
Had not Thy *law* been my delight,
I should have perished long ago.

Thy *precepts* I will ne'er forget,
For with them Thou hast quickened
me.

Lord, I am Thine, me save, for I
Have sought Thy *precepts* diligently.

MEM

O how I love Thy *law*; it is
My meditation all the day.
Above my foes I am made wise
For Thy *commandments* with me
stay.

I'm wiser than my teachers, for
Thy *testimonies* are my school;
Am wiser than the ancients, for
Thy *precepts* all my conduct rule.

My feet have shunned each evil way,
That in Thy *word* I might abide:
I have not from Thy *judgments*
strayed,
For Thou Thyself hast been my guide.

How sweet Thy *words* are to my taste,
Than honey to my mouth more sweet.
Instructed by Thy *precepts*, far
From each false way I turn my feet.

NUN

Thy *word's* a lantern to my feet,
A light to make my pathway clear.
I've sworn, and will perform my oath,
I'll hold Thy righteous *judgments*
dear.

I am afflicted very much,
According to Thy *word*, restore;
Accept my free-will offerings, Lord,
Teach me Thy *judgments* to adore.

My soul is ever in Thy hand,
Yet have I not Thy *law* forgot;
The wicked laid a snare for me,
Yet from Thy *precepts* strayed I not.

Because Thy *testimonials* are
My heart's rejoicing, I them take
As my eternal heritage,
And I'll Thy *statutes* ne'er forsake.

SAMECH

Those of a double mind I hate,
But love Thy *law* and do not feign.

Thou art my Hiding-Place and Shield,
I from Thy *word* assurance gain.

Ye evil-doers, hence depart!
My God's *commands* I'll keep un-
blamed.

According to Thy word uphold,
That I may live, and not be shamed.

Hold Thou me up, and I'll be safe,
I'll on Thy *statutes* fix my eye;
Who err from these Thou'lt set at
nought,
For their deceit is their own lie.

The wicked purgest Thou like dross,
Thy *testimonies* I hold dear.
Trembles my flesh for dread of Thee,
And I Thy *judgments* greatly fear.

AIN

Justice and *judgment* have I done,
Me not to my oppressors leave.
Be surety, Lord, for good to me,
Let not the proud me crush and
grieve.

Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail,
Waiting Thy *word's* fulfilment long.
Deal kindly with Thy servant, me
Thy *statutes* teach, to make me
strong.

I am Thy servant, make me wise,
May I Thy *testimonies* know.
'T is time, Lord, Thou should'st work
when men
Thy *law* make void and overthrow.

I, therefore, Thy *comandments* love,
Above fine gold them estimate;
Thy *precepts* I esteem all right,
And every lying way I hate.

PE

Wondrous Thy *testimonies* are;
In them my soul I exercise.
The entrance of Thy *word* gives light.
And serves to make the simple wise.

I stretched my mouth and panted—for
I longed for Thy *commandments*
much.

Turn Thou to me for I Thee love,
And do as Thou art wont to such.

Order my footsteps in Thy *word*;
Let no iniquity have sway:
From man's oppression me redeem,
So I Thy *precepts* will obey.

Make Thou Thy Face on me to shine,
Thy *statutes* teach, by them *me* draw.
Rivers of tears run down mine eyes,
Because men do not keep Thy *law*.

T Z A D E

Righteous and true, O Lord, Thou art,
Upright Thy *judgments* are and just.
Thy *testimonies* faithful are
On us enjoined that we may trust.

My zeal for Thee has me consumed,
Because Thy foes Thy *words* forget.
Thy *word* is tried and very pure,
Therefore my heart is on it set.

Though I am little and despised
Thy *precepts* I have loved from youth.
Eternal is Thy righteousness,
Thy *law* is everlasting truth.

Trouble and anguish have me seized,
Yet Thy *commandments* gladness
give;
Right are Thy *testimonies*, make
Me understand and I shall live.

K O P H

With my whole heart I Thee invoke,
Hear me and I'll Thy *statutes* keep;
Save, and Thy *testimonies* I
Will cherish with affection deep.

I cry for help at early dawn,
And for Thy *word* devoutly wait:
I shorten the night watches that
I in Thy *word* may meditate.

According to Thy mercy hear,
Just to Thy *judgments*, save alive!
For they are near, who, far from *law*,
Ingenuous wickedness contrive.

Thou too art near, O Lord, and Thy
Commandments are immortal truth:

I have Thy *testimonies* known
To be eternal from my youth.

R E S H

See my affliction and me save;
Naught from my breast Thy *law* shall
drive,

Plead Thou my cause, and me redeem,
According to Thy *word*, revive.

Salvation's from the wicked far;
They've for Thy *statutes* no regard.
Great are Thy mercies, quicken me,
According to Thy *judgments*, Lord!

My foes are many, yet do I
Not from Thy *testimonies* swerve,
I saw the faithless, and was grieved,
That they did not Thy *word* observe.

Behold, how I Thy *precepts* love,
After Thy mercy quicken me.
Thy *word* is from creation true,
Thy *judgments* span eternity.

S C H I N

Princes pursue me without cause,
Awe of Thy *word* my heart appals:
And yet I at Thy *word* rejoice
As one to whom great booty falls.

Falsehood I hate and I abhor,
But love Thy *law* with all my might.
Seven times a day do I Thee praise
Because Thy *judgments* are upright.

Great peace have they who love Thy
law,
Occasion have of stumbling none.
I have for Thy salvation hoped,
And Thy *commandments* I have done.

I have Thy *testimonies* kept,
And them I love exceedingly,
I all Thy *precepts* have observed,
For all my ways are known to Thee.

T A U.

Let my cry come before Thee, Lord!
True to Thy *word* me wisdom give:
Hear me according to Thy *word*,
Deliver me that I may live.

My lips shall praise Thee, for Thou wilt
With knowledge of Thy *statutes* bless,
My tongue shall celebrate Thy *word*,
For Thy *commands* are righteousness.

Be ready with Thy hand to help,
For I've Thy *precepts* made my choice,
I've longed for Thy salvation, Lord!
I greatly in Thy *law* rejoice.

Let my soul live to praise Thee, let
Thy *judgments* help me; and O, when
I go astray like a lost sheep,
Bring Thou Thy servant back again.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CXX.

In deep Distress I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs;
Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send;
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of Sland'ring
Tongues.

What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O Thou perfidious Tongue to thee?
Thy sting upon thyself shall turn;
Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.

But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert Soil!
With Kedar's wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawless Savages expos'd,
Who live on Nought but Theft and
Spoil.

My hapless Dwelling is with those,
Who Peace and Amity oppose,
And Pleasure take in others Harms;
Sweet Peace is all I count and seek;
But when to them of Peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To Arms, To
Arms.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, (1790).

PSALM CXXI.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;

Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he
made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXXII.

O I was glad then, when they said:
"Let us together go,
A festal throng up to God's House—
His Dwelling here below."

Our feet are standing in Thy gates,
Jerusalem, that art,
Compactly as a city built,
And fair in every part.

Thither the tribes go up; there they
Before the Lord appear,
(A law ordained for Israel)
At stated times each year,

To tell His mercies, and give thanks
In loud and joyful tones;

For there are seats of judgment set—
The house of David's thrones.

Prayer for her peace, whose name is
peace—

Thine, fair Jerusalem!
All they shall prosper who thee love,
And peace shall fall on them.

Let peace within thy ramparts be,
Prosperity be found
Within thy palaces and homes,
And everywhere abound.

I'll for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Say, Peace within Thee be!
And for the sake of the Lord's House
Seek thy prosperity.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CXXIII.

To THEE I lift my Eyes, O Thou,
Who dwellest in the Heav'ns,
Lo, as the Eyes of Servants are
To the hand of their Lords;

As the Eyes of the Handmaiden are
Unto her Ladies hand;
Even so our Eyes are kept intent
On the Eternal God.

He is our God and unto Him
We do direct our look;
Until that he upon us shall
Compassion please to have.

Pity us, O Eternal God;
Have pity upon us;
For with contempt that's cast on us
We're filled exceedingly.

Our Soul is filled exceedingly
With the contemptuous scorn
Of such as live at ease; with the
Disdain of haughty ones.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728).

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallowed us—
So furiously he raged.

Had not the Lord Himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelmed our soul.

But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarmed,
And we again are free.

Secure in God's almighty name
Our confidence remains;
The God who made both heaven and
earth,
Of both sole monarch reigns.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

PSALM CXXV.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion kept with power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright;

But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee—

God, thine everlasting light.
BRETHREN'S TUNE AND HYMN BOOK,
1872.

PSALM CXXVI.

'T WAS like a dream, when by the Lord,
From bondage Zion was restored:
Our mouths were filled with mirth, our
tongues
Were ever singing joyful songs.

The nations owned that God had
wrought
Great works, which joy to us have
brought.

As southern streams when filled with
rain,
He turned our captive state again.

Who sow in tears, with joy shall reap;
Though bearing precious seed they weep
While going forth, yet shall they sing
When, coming back, their sheaves they
bring.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

PSALM CXXVII.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps.
cxxvii: 2.

I.

Or all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

II.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the
brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

III.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.

IV.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids
creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

V.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

VI.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

VII.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

VIII.

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummings
leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

IX.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall
be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1806-1861).

PSALM CXXVIII.

O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head:
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfill,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.
ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXXIX.

Up from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

Their cruel plow hath torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex my wounds afresh;
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul.

Thus shall the men, who hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.

So corn that on the house-tops stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows

A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXXX.

DE PROFUNDIS.

OUT of the depths of woe
To Thee, o Lord! I cry,
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bid'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou can'st, Thou wilt, forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin:
Lord! I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in!

Like those, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late, and seen through tem-
pests) rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar,—

Like those I watch and pray,
And, though it tarry long,
Catch the first glimpse of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease:
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud!

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

PSALM CXXX. PARAPHRASE.

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep
despair,
From depth of death, from depth of
heart's sorrow,
From this deep cave of darkness deep
reap,

Thee have I called, O Lord! to be my
 borrow.
 Thou in my voice, O Lord; perceive and
 hear
 My heart, my hope, my plaint, my
 overthrow,
 My will to rise; and let, by grant, ap-
 pear
 That to my voice Thine ears do well
 entend.
 No place so far that to Thee is not
 near,
 No depth so deep that Thou ne mayst
 extend
 Thine ear thereto. Hear, then, my woful
 plaint,
 For, Lord, if Thou do observe what
 men offend,
 And put Thy native mercy in restraint,
 If just exaction demand recompence,
 Who may endure, O Lord! who shall
 not faint
 At such accompt? dread, and not re-
 verence
 Should so reign large: but Thou seek'st
 rather love;
 For in Thy hand is Mercy's residence,
 By hope whereof Thou dost our heart's
 move.
 I in the Lord have set my confidence;
 My soul such trust doth evermore
 approve.
 Thy Holy Word of eterne excellence,
 Thy mercy's promise that is alway
 just,
 Have been my stay, my pillar, and pre-
 tence.
 My soul in God hath more desirous
 trust
 Than hath the watchman looking for
 the day,
 By the relief to quench of sleep the
 thrust.
 Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway;
 For grace and favour are His prop-
 erty:
 Plenteous ransom shall come with Him,
 I say,
 And shall redeem all our iniquity.
 SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542).

PSALM CXXXI.

O THOU Eternal God, my Heart,
 It is not haughtily grown;

Nor are these Eyes of mine with proud
 Elation lifted up.

Nor have I exercis'd myself
 In matters very great;
 Nor in such matters as would be
 Too wondrous high for me.

What? Han't I set and silencèd
 My Soul just as a child
 From 'ts Mother wean'd? My soul in me
 Is as a weanèd Child.

Let Israel now with hope confide
 In the Eternal god;
 Yea let him do it from this time
 To all Eternity.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728).

PSALM CXXXII.

No sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the skies,
 A dwelling for the Lord.

The Lord in Zion placed his name,
 His ark was settled there:
 To Zion the whole nation came
 To worship thrice a year.

But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest;
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter, with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
 Here let thy praise be spread:
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's anointed shine;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

Here let him hold a lasting throne;
 And, as his kingdom grows,

Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXXXIII.

If there be one whose thoughts delight
to wander

In pleasure's fields, where love's bright
streams meander,

If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are en-
shrined,—

A happy resting-place of virtuous
worth,—

A blessed paradise on earth:

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond
communion,

And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are
known,

And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal, kindred ties.

O blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are
eternal,

Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's
fame!

Oh, what are all earth's joys, compared
to thee,

Fraternal unanimity?

E'en as the ointment, whose sweet odors
blended,

From Aaron's head upon his beard
descended,

Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume
ran o'er

The holy garb the prophet wore:

So doth the unity that lives with
brothers

Share its best blessings and its joys with
others,

And makes them seem as if one frame
Contained their minds, and they were
formed the same,

And spreads its sweetest breath o'er
every part,

Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that, at the break of
morning,

All nature with its beauty is adorning.
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's
hill,

And to the young and withering herb
resigns

The drops for which it pines:

So are fraternal peace and concord
ever

The cherishers, without whose guidance
never

Would sainted quiet seek the breast,—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest,—
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom genial concord
blesses!

Pleasure for them reserves her fond
caresses,

And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken
there;

Whence vanish all the passions that de-
stroy

Tranquility and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves re-
warded,

For their own deeds lie in their hearts
recorded;

And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses
crowned,

And tastes, in sweetness that itself be-
stows,

What use, what power, from concord
flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to
meet it;

His promises of future blessings greet
it,

And fixed prosperity, which brings
Long life and ease beneath its shadow-
ing wings,

And joy and fortune, that remain sub-
lime

Beyond all distance, change, and time.

GERBRAND BREDERODE

[GERBRANT ANDRIAENSZON BREDEROO]

(1585-1618).

Translated by SIR JOHN BOWRING

(1792-1872).

PSALM CXXXIV.

BEHOLD now, praise the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord;
 Ye that by night stand in the house of the Lord, even in the courts of the house of our God.
 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and praise the Lord most high,
 The Lord that gave the blessing out of Sion; that made heaven, earth and sky.

ISAAC P. NOYES.

(Version of Edward VI [1537-1553]).

PSALM CXXXV.

HALLELUJAH!

Praise, ye servants of Jehovah,
 Praise him and his goodness laud!
 Daily count his blessings over,
 In the temples of our God;
 Hallelujahs to our King,
 Pleasant is it thus to sing.

Jacob's his peculiar treasure,
 Israël he calls his own;
 Nothing can his greatness measure,
 O'er all gods he plants his throne:
 Heaven and earth, and skies and seas,
 Wait his mandates and decrees.

Vapors, lightnings, winds and thunders,
 Go and come at his behest,
 Who to Egypt showed his wonders,
 Smote her first-born, man and beast:
 Pharaoh saw, and all his hosts,
 Dreadful tokens on their coasts.

Who destroyed great kings and nations,
 Sihon of the Amorites;
 Og, a prince renowned as Bashan's,
 With the heathen Canaanites:
 When their land by full bequest,
 He in Israel did invest.

Lord, thy name endures all ages,
 Thy memorial never ends;
 God his people kindly judges,
 God compassionates his friends;
 Nations bow to gods of gold,
 Idols which their fingers mold.

Mouths have they that make no speeches,
 Ears that hear no suppliant's call;
 Eyes, no vision ever reaches,
 Neither do they breathe at all:

They that idols make or trust,
 Like them perish in the dust.

House of Israel, bless Jehovah!
 House of Aaron, bless the Lord!
 House of Levi, bless him ever!
 Let his fearers all accord.
 Out of Zion bless his name,
 Dwelling in Jerusalem.

Hallelujah!
 ABNER JONES.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God:
 For his, &c.

Oh, let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heaven and earth to shake:
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state.
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain.
 For his, &c.

Who, by his all commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light:
 For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressèd sun
 All the day long his course to run:
 For his, &c.

The hornèd moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
 For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
 Smote the first-born of Egypt land:
 For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
 He brought from thence his Israël:
 For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythraean main :
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass :
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power :
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown :
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrear coast :
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew :
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israël,
He gave their land therein to dwell :
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery :
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy :
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674).

TRANSLATION OF PSALM CXXXVII.

To Babylon's proud waters brought,
In bondage where we lay,
With tears on Sion's Hill we thought,
And sighed our hours away ;
Neglected on the willows hung
Our useless harps, while every tongue
Bewailed the fatal day.

Then did the base insulting foe
Some joyous notes demand,
Such as in Sion used to flow
From Judah's happy band :
Alas ! what joyous notes have we,
Our country spoiled, no longer free,
And in a foreign land ?

O Solyma ! if e'er thy praise
Be silent in my song,
Rude and unpleasing be the lays,
And artless be my tongue !
Thy name my fancy still employs ;
To thee, great fountain of my joys,
My sweetest airs belong.

Remember, Lord ! that hostile sound,
When Edom's children cried,
"Razed be her turrets to the ground,
And humbled be her pride !"
Remember, Lord ! and let the foe
The terrors of thy vengeance know,
Thy vengeance they defied !

Thou, too great Babylon, shalt fall
A victim to our God ;
Thy monstrous crimes already call
For heaven's chastising rod.
Happy who shall thy little ones
Relentless dash against the stones,
And spread their limbs abroad.
WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

[PSALM CXXXVII.]

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON
WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his
slaughters !
Made Salem's high places his prey ;

And ye, O her desolate daughters!
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song, but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be wither'd for
ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the
foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were
ended
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me!
LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

PSALM CXXXVII.

WEARY captives weeping sore,
Sit we by Euphrates' shore,
All our thoughts on Zion dwell,
Zion which we love so well.

Where the willows shade the tide,
Sadly there our harps we hide;
Our tormentors called for songs,
Thus exulting in our wrongs.

"Come! for us now mirth provide,
Sing of Zion's sings" they cried.
We a wasted, broken band,
Exiles in a heathen land.

How should sacred songs accord
With these aliens from the Lord;
How shall we our strains of praise
In a hostile country raise?

O, Jerusalem! loved and lost,
May my right hand bear the cost,
Let its skill depart that day
Memories of thee decay.

Parched my tongue and dried my lips
When thy memory from me slips,
Or my love and joy shall be
For another more than thee.

Edom's wrong, remember, Lord,
On them may Thy wrath be poured.

In Jerusalem's evil day
"Raze her to the ground," cried they.

Babylon! thy doom be known,
Thee no mercy shall be shown;
Yea! thy tender little ones
Men shall dash against the stones.
WILLIAM DEARNESS.

[PSALM CXXXVII.]

BABYLON.

AH, Babylon, what tears were shed,
What groans rent through the rend-
ing breast,
When Israel exiled and oppressed
Walked through thy courts with bended
head!

What dreams were Israel's as she slept
Within the limits of thy line;
What thoughts were hers when she
would pine
Beside thy rivers while she wept!

What clean-cut lines of keen despair
Were graven on her brow and face,
What humbled pride and thought had
place
Beneath her heavy downcast stare!

What memories sweeter grown in grief
Clung to the silent harps when they
Hung mute upon the willow spray,
And dangled like a lifeless leaf!

Ah, Babylon, how hard wert thou
To taunt the heart with sorrows
wrung,
To ask for sweet from bitter tongue,
Whilst thou with thorns didst bind the
brow!

Ah, Babylon, how should she sing
The songs that Zion knew to thee;
How in a stranger's land could she
Strike home notes from the homeless
string?

How could she in captivity
Sing songs to please her captor's ear;
How could she brook the laugh, the
sneer,
And voice the music of the free?

Ah, Babylon the great, thine hand
Was heavy on poor Israel's neck;
Thy yoke was heavy, and did break
The royal pride of her own land!

Ah, Babylon, when day had come,
The queen was slave unto her foe,
But oft on night her cup of woe
Was sunny with a dream of home.

Beside thy waters, ah, what thrills
Of anguish shook the chords when she
Remembered Zion by the sea,
Her home among the little hills.

What sighs of sorrow in the day,
What sobs of sadness in the night
Passed from her lips, bred by the
blight
Of desolation in the way!

SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM
CXXXVII.

Verses 1, 2 and 3.

By Babylon's still waters we sat down
and wept;
Yea, we wept as we thought of Zion,
our pride;
And we hung our mute harps, once in
harmony swept,
On the willows that mournfully bent
o'er the tide:
For they who had carried us captives
away
Would awaken our bosoms to glad-
ness once more,—
Our spoilers commanded that Salem's
sweet lay
Should be breathed from our lips on
Assyria's shore.

Verses 4, 5 and 6.

But how could we sing the high song
of the Lord
In the land of the stranger, or yield
us to mirth,
When back to our bosoms, on every
loved word,
Would cluster regrets for the land of
our birth?

O Jerusalem, when no remembrance
shall come
Of thy splendors and glories to
darken my heart,
Let my tongue be in silence perpetual
dumb,
Let my hand be forgetful of cunning
or art.

Verses 7, 8 and 9.

Remember the children of Edom, O
God,
When the day of Jerusalem's ven-
geance is found.
Oh, blast with thy lightning, and smite
with thy sword,
All who shouted, "Raze, raze her
proud walls to the ground!"
And thou, daughter of Babylon, doomed
to the dust,
Blest ever be he that rewardeth thy
crime,
Who meteth the measure thou gavest to
us,
And leaveth thee, shattered, to ruin
and time!
HENRY BEEBE CARRINGTON (1824-).

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babylonian flowing streams,
While hope within our bosom slept,
Withdrawing all its cheering beams,
We sadly sat us down and wept;
For came to our remembrance there,
To make more sad our captive state,
Sweet Zion, once so bright and fair,
All wasted now and desolate.

We hanged our harps on th' willow
trees,
All silent every tuneful string;
No music floated on the breeze;
Our hearts were sad! We could not
sing!
Ah, yes! Our hearts were bruised and
broke;
Our way was weary, dark and long;
We groaned beneath the spoiler's yoke,
And they demanded of us song.

The songs of Zion they would hear,
But breath would linger in our lungs,
Or every note would drip a tear,
And melt to whispers on our tongues.

How could we—sor'wing captive band—
Our voices raise in glad refrain,
To echo through the stranger's land,
When all our hearts were 'whelmed in pain?

No, no, Jerusalem was yet,
Though sad and desolate her doom,
The one dear spot we'd ne'er forget—
Our loved, our lost, our ruined home.
All else might vandal hands destroy,
But, howsoever rude they be,
They could not rob us of the joy,
Jerusalem, of loving thee.

No light may glitter in the eye,
A gladness in the heart to prove;
We cannot sing, yet can we sigh,
And freight each sigh with deathless love.

Not for ourselves we weep alone,
Though onerous our burdens be;
But more for thee we make our moan,
And weep, Jerusalem, for thee.

But those who mock our sorrows now,
And no compassion for us show,
Shall yet beneath misfortune bow,
And drink the dregs of bitter woe.
The fiat forth has even gone
'Gainst those who had oppressed us sore—

Proud Edom and great Babylon
Shall be destroyed to rise no more.
J. F. SIMMONS.

PSALM CXXXVII.

"By the rivers of Babylon."

We sat us down and wept,
Where Babel's waters slept,
And we thought of home and Zion as
a long-gone happy dream;
We hung our harps in air
On the willow boughs, which there,
Gloomy as round a sepulchre, were
drooping o'er the stream.

The foes, whose chains we wore,
Were with us on that shore,
Exulting in our tears that told the
bitterness of woe.

"Sing us," they cried aloud,
"Ye, once so high and proud,
The songs ye sang in Zion ere we laid
her glory low."

And shall the harp of heaven
To Judah's monarch given
Be touched by captive fingers, or
grace a fettered hand?
No! sooner be my tongue
Mute, powerless, and unstrung,
Than its words of holy music make
glad a stranger land.

May this right hand, whose skill
Can wake the harp at will,
And bid the listener's joys or griefs
in light or darkness come,
Forget its godlike power,
If for one brief, dark hour,
My heart forgets Jerusalem, fallen
city of my home!

Daughter of Babylon!
Blessed be that chosen one,
Whom God shall send to smite thee
when there is none to save:
He from the mother's breast,
Shall pluck the babe at rest,
And lay it in the sleep of death be-
side its father's grave.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867).

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Em Babylonia sobre os rios, quando."

BESIDE the streams of Babylon, in tears
Of vain desire, we sat; remembering
thee,
O hallowed Sion! and the vanished
years,
When Israel's chosen sons were blest
and free:

Our harps, neglected and untuned, we
hung
Mute on the willows of the stranger's
land;
When songs, like those that in thy fanes
we sung,
Our foes demanded from their captive-
band.

How shall our voices, on a foreign
shore,
(We answered those whose chains the
exile wore.)
The songs of God, our sacred songs re-
new?

If I forget, midst grief and wasting
toil,
Thee, O Jerusalem! my native soil!
May my right-hand forget its cunning
tool!

LUIS DE CAMOENS (1524?-1580).
Translated by FELICIA HEMANS.
(1793-1835).

FROM PSALM CXXXVII.

"Na ribeira do Euphrates assentado."

WRAPT in sad musings by Euphrates'
stream

I sat, retracing days for ever flown,
While rose thine image on the exile's
dream,

O much-loved Salem! and thy glories
gone.

When they, who caused the ceaseless
tears I shed,

Thus to their captive spoke,— "Why
sleep thy lays?

Sing of thy treasures lost, thy splendour
fled,

And all thy triumphs in departed
days!

"Know'st thou not, Harmony's resist-
less charm

Can sooth each passion, and each
grief disarm?

Sing then, and tears will vanish from
thine eye."

With sighs I answered, — "When the
cup of wo

Is filled, till misery's bitter draught
o'erflow,

The mourner's cure is not to sing,—
but die."

LUIS DE CAMOENS (1524?-1580).
Translated by FELICIA HEMANS.
(1793-1835).

[PSALM CXXXVII.]

THE JEWISH CAPTIVE.

Lo! where Euphrates, in his tranquil
bed,

Scarce swells his heaving bosom to
the light,

While from the west a thousand hues
are shed,

To deck his waters, ere the sombre
night

Shall on his gorgeous palaces come
down,
And shroud each glory in his darkened
frown.

Forth from a marble fount the waters
splash,

And twinkle down in many a mimic
fall—

That ever in the light like diamonds
flash;

And in their melody they seem to
call

To old Euphrates, as he wanders by,
And spreads his waters to the golden
sky.

A group of maidens by the willows
bend,

And weave their tresses by the twi-
light sky,

While ever on the air glad voices blend,
And many a song and laugh are float-
ing by

To mingle with the sound of chiming
waters,

That lave the feet of dark-eyed Syrian
daughters.

"Lo! here," cries one, "the captive Mara
tends,—

Mara, the Jewess, queenlike in her
woe;

Though many a victor to her beauty
bends,

The smile no more her gentle lips may
know.

Not for her own she weeps, but Judah's
wrongs,

And pours her sorrows in their mystic
songs.

"Didst ever hear the music strange and
high,

The Jewish captives from their harp-
strings bring,

While Zion-ward they turn the kindling
eye?

Mara, approach; we fain would hear
thee sing

A song of Zion—such as once ye sang
When Jordan's waters to the music
rang."

The captive flung her tresses from her brow,
 And upward raised her dark and tearless eye—
 Clasped her pale hands in agony of woe,
 And heaved her breast with many a smothered sigh;
 Quick thronging visions o'er her spirit passed—
 She lived again where childhood's lot was cast.

Lo! sad Judea's vine-clad hills are there
 And fruitful Jordan, with its many streams,—
 Proud Lebanon, with cedars tall and fair,—
 And, midst her desolation, sadly gleams
 Lone Zion, widowed, childless, and oppressed,
 A Rachel for her first-born son distressed.

There, 'neath a cottage, where the trailing vine
 In many a festoon o'er the lattice clings,
 An ancient matron seems alone to pine,
 And calls her children, while her arms she flings,
 To clasp the shadows that her fancies raise,
 The cherished offspring of her happier days.

But what is grief like hers—that matron old,
 Who spreads her white locks to the evening sky,
 When Zion stands bereft—her altars cold!
 And all her exiled children turn their eye
 To where the happier swallow builds her nest,
 And in the courts of God has found her rest.

O'er Mara's soul the power of music rushed,—
 Her harp the maidens from the willows bring:

Forth from her lips high thoughts and feelings gushed,
 "How can I Zion's songs, a captive, sing?
 How sing of Jordan, here by Babel's strand?
 How sing of Judah, in this dark, strange land?"

Oh Zion! if I cease for thee
 My earliest vows to pay—
 If for thy sad and ruined walls
 I ever cease to pray—
 If I no more thy sacred courts
 With holy reverence prize,
 Or Zion-ward shall cease to turn
 My ever-longing eyes—
 Or if the splendor round me thrown
 Shall touch this Jewish heart,
 And make me cease to prize thy joy
 Above all other art,—
 Oh, may this hand no more with skill
 E'er touch this sacred string,
 And may this tongue grow cold in death,
 Ere I shall cease to sing
 And pray for Zion's holy courts,
 Or dare to bow the knee
 To these poor, blind and helpless gods,
 Forgetful, Lord, of thee."

ELIZABETH OAKES (PRINCE) SMITH
 (1806-1893).

[PSALM CXXXVII.]
 BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.
 B. C. 570.

HERE, where I dwell, I waste to skin and bone;
 The curse is come upon me, and I waste
 In penal torment powerless to atone.
 The curse is come on me, which makes no haste
 And doth not tarry, crushing both the proud
 Hard man and him the sinner double-faced.
 Look not upon me, for my soul is bowed
 Within me, as my body in this mire;
 My soul crawls dumb-struck, sore be-
 stead and cowed
 As Sodom and Gomorrah scourged by fire,
 As Jericho before God's trumpet-peal,
 So we the elect one perish in His ire.

Vainly we gird on sackcloth, vainly
kneel

With famished faces toward Jerusa-
lem:

His heart is shut against us not to feel,
His ears against our cry He shutteth
them,

His hand He shorteneth that He will
not save,

His law is loud against us to con-
demn:

And we, as unclean bodies in the grave
Inheriting corruption and the dark,
Are outcast from His presence which
we crave.

Our Mercy hath departed from His
Ark,

Our Glory hath departed from His rest,
Our shield hath left us naked as a
mark

Unto all pitiless eyes made manifest.

Our very Father hath forsaken us,
Our God hath cast us from Him: we
oppressed

Unto our foes are even marvellous,
A hissing and a butt for pointing hands,
Whilst God Almighty hunts and grinds
us thus;

For He hath scattered us in alien lands,
Our priests, our princes, our anointed
king,

And bound us hand and foot with
brazen bands.

Here, while I sit, my painful heart
takes wing

Home to the home-land I may see no
more,

Where milk and honey flow, where
waters spring

And fail not, where I dwelt in days of
yore

Under my fig-tree and my faithful
vine,

There where my parents dwelt at ease
before:

Now strangers press the olives that
are mine,

Reap all the corners of my harvest-
field,

And make their fat hearts wanton
with my wine;

To them my trees, to them my gardens
yield

Their sweets and spices and their
tender green,

O'er them in noontide heat outspread
their shield.

Yet these are they whose fathers had
not been

Housed with my dogs; whom hip and
thigh we smote

And with their blood washed their
pollutions clean,

Purging the land which spewed them
from its throat;

Their daughters took we for a pleas-
ant prey,

Choice tender ones on whom the fathers
dote:

Now they in turn have led our own
away;

Our daughters and our sisters and our
wives

Sore weeping as they weep who curse
the day,

To live, remote from help, dishonoured
lives,

Soothing their drunken masters with
a song,

Or dancing in their golden tinkling
gyves—

Accurst if they remember through the
long

Estrangement of their exile, twice ac-
curst

If they forget and join the accursed
throng.

How doth my heart that is so wrung
not burst

When I remember that my way was
plain,

And that God's candle lit me at the first,
Whilst now I grope in darkness, grope

in vain,

Desiring but to find Him Who is lost,

To find Him once again, but once
again!

His wrath came on us to the uttermost,
His covenanted and most righteous

wrath.

Yet this is He of Whom we made our
boast,

Who lit the Fiery Pillar in our path,
Who swept the Red Sea dry before our

feet,

Who in His jealousy smote kings, and
hath

Sworn once to David: One shall fill thy
seat

Born of thy body, as the sun and moon
'Stablished for aye in sovereignty complete.

O Lord, remember David, and that soon.

The Glory hath departed, Ichabod!

Yet now, before our sun grow dark at noon,

Before we come to nought beneath Thy rod,

Before we go down quick into the pit,
Remember us for good, O God, our God:—

Thy Name will we remember, praising it,

Though Thou forget me, though Thou hide Thy face,

And blot me from the Book which Thou hast writ;

Thy Name will I remember in my praise
And call to mind Thy faithfulness of old,

Though as a weaver Thou cut off my days

And end me as a tale ends that is told.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.
(1830-1894).

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE wil I praise with my whol hart

My Lord my God alwaies:

Even in the presence of the God,

I will advance thy praise.

Towards thy holy temple I

Wil looke and worship thee:

And praised in my thankful mouth

Thy holy name shal be.

Even for thy loving kindness sake,

And for thy truth withall:

For thou thy name hast by thy word
Advanced over all.

When I did call, thou heardest me

And thou hast made also:

The powers of encreased strength

Within my soule to grow.

Yea all the kings on earth they shall,

Give praise to thee O Lord:

For they of thy most holy mouth,

Have heard the mighty word.

They of the waies of God the Lord

In singing shal intreat:

Because the mercy of the Lord
It is exceeding great.

The Lord is high and yet he doth

Behold the lowly sprite:

But he contemning knows a far

The proud and lofty wight.

Although in midst of trouble I

Do walke, yet shal I stand:

Renewed by thee O my Lord

Thou wilt stretch out thy hand.

Upon the wrath of all my foes

And saved shall I be:

By the right hand the Lord God wil

Performe his worke to me.

Thy mercy Lord endures for aie.

Lord do me not forsake:

Forsake me not that am the work

Which thine own hands did make.

THOMAS NORTON (1532-1584).

PSALM CXXXIX.

"WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM
THY PRESENCE?"

TAKE morning's wing, and fly from
zone to zone,

To Earth's remotest pole, and ere old
Time

Can shift one figure on his dial plate,

Haste to the frigid Thule of mankind,
Where the scant life-drop freezes.—Or

go down
To Ocean's secret caverns, 'mid the
throng

Of monsters without number, which no
foot

Of man hath visited, and yet returned
To walk among the living.—Or the

shroud
Of midnight wrap around thee, dense
and deep,

Bidding thy spirit slumber.—

Hop'st thou thus
To 'scape the Almighty, to whose pierc-
ing eye

Morn's robe and midnight's vestment
are the same?

Spirit of truth!—why should we seek to
hide

Motive or deed from thee?—why strive
to walk

In a vain show before our fellow men,

Since at the same dread audit each
must stand,
And with a sun-ray read his brother's
breast
While his own thoughts are weighed?—
Search thou my soul!—
And if aught evil lurk securely there
Like Achan's stolen hoard, command it
thence,
And hold me up in singleness of heart,
And simple, child-like confidence in
Thee,
Till time shall close his labyrinth, and
ope
Eternity's broad gate.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.
(1791-1865).

PSALM CXL.

LET me, oh God, from sinners be de-
fended.

From those that are to violence in-
clined:

For in their harts, they mischief have
intended,

And in malicious Leagues are fast
combined.

Their stinging tongs the vipers teeth
have matched

Between their lipps in Adders poyson
hatched.

Lord, from the hands of wicked men
release me;

From Cruel-men; vouchsafe secure to
make me:

For to supplant my goings they oppresse
me;

And lo, the proud prepareth snares to
take mee.

Yea, they have netts, and ginns and
trapps prepared,

In all my ways that I might be in-
snared.

Lord, hear I pray, and mark my sup-
plication;

Thee, for my God, oh Lord I have pro-
fessed:

And thou, Lord God, the strength of
my Salvation,

Didst gard me when in Fight I was
oppressed;

Oh, grant not, what the wicked man
desireth,

But crosse his plotts lest he too high
aspireth.

The Mischief of their lipps will fal
upon them,

E'en on their heads that me have cir-
cumvented.

Coales burning hot, shall downe be
hurled on them.

They shal with flames in dung'ons be
tormented;

And in those Pitts infernal be detained,
From whence Redemption never cann
be gained.

On earth he shal not thrive that's evil-
tongued,

For wicked men, Reveng to death
persueth.

But God (I knowe) doth patronize the
wronged,

And in the pore man's cause his judg-
ment showeth.

For which the just within his presence
living,

Shall glorify his name with praises-
giving.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PSALM CXLI.

O LORD, make haste to me, and let
My prayer like incense to Thee rise;
And let th' uplifting of my hands
Be as the evening sacrifice.

A watch, Lord, set before my mouth,
And keep the portal of my lips;
My heart to evil disincline,
So tempted and so prone to slips.

Let me all forms of evil shun,
Avoid the doer and the deed—
Give for the proud a wise distaste,
Nor let me on their dainties feed.

When me the righteous smites, it shall
A kindness be, and proof of love;
A grateful oil be on my head,
When he shall faithfully reprove,

For still my prayer for them shall rise:
When overthrow their judges meet—
Hurled down among the rock—then they
Shall hear my words, for they are
sweet.

As when one ploughs and cleaves the
earth,

At Sheol's mouth our bones are
spread—
Frequent as sheaves on fields just reaped
The scattered bodies of the dead.

For that mine eyes are unto Thee,
O God, the Lord, in whom I trust,
Leave me not destitute, a prey
To machinations of th' unjust.

Keep from the snares they laid for me,
From nets and gins of every shape;
Bad men make fall in their own traps,
Whilst I meanwhile unharmed escape.

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CXLII.

With my Voice I did make a Cry
To the Eternal God;
With my voice to the Eternal God
I made my humble Pray'r.

Before his Face I pour'd out
What I had thought upon;
Before his Face I uttered what
Was troublesome to me.

Within me when my Spirit failed,
Then Thou didst know my Path;
In the way where I should have walked
They laid a Snare for me.

Look on the Right hand, and behold;
There's none does know me there;
Refuge does perish from me, and
There's none to seek my Soul.

O Thou Eternal God, to Thee
I make my cry, I said,
Thou art my Hope, my Portion in
The Land of Living Ones.

Attend unto my cry, because
I am brought very low;
Save me from my pursuers, for
They are more strong than I.

From out of Prison bring my Soul;
That I may praise thy Name;
The just shall be a Crown to me,
When thou rewardest me.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728).

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my Pray'r & to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith & Truth
A gracious Answer send.
Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
Thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
Can e'er be justify'd.

The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
Whose Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
As Mansions of the Dead.
My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
And sinks within my Breast.
My mournful Heart grows desolate,
With heavy Woes oppress'd.

I call to mind the Days of old,
And Wonders thou hast wrought:
My former Dangers & Escapes
Employ my musing Thought.
To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts
Like Land oppress'd with Drought.

Hear me with Speed, my Spirit fails,
Thy Face no longer hide;
Lest I become forlorn like them
That in the Grave reside.
Thy Kindness early let me hear,
Whose Trust on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I should go,
My Soul to thee ascends.

Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
Preserve & set me free;
A safe Retreat against their Rage,
My soul implores from thee.
Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
Instruct me to obey:
Let thy good Spirit conduct & keep
My Soul in thy right Way.

O for the Sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping Heart;
For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,
Thy promis'd Aid impart.
In pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
Reduce my foes to Shame:
Slay them that persecute a Soul
Devoted to thy Name.

NAHUM TATE (1652-1715).

NICHOLAS BRADY (1659-1726).

PSALM CXLIV.

O LET Jehovah blessed be
 Who is my rock of might
 Who doth instruct my hands to war,
 And my fingers to fight.
 My goodness, fortress, my hye towre,
 And that doth set me free:
 My shield, my trust, which doth subdue
 My people under mee.
 Jehovah, what is man, that thou
 Knowledge of him dost take?
 What is the son of man, that thou
 Account of him dost make?
 Man's like to vanity: his days
 Passe like a shade away.
 Lord, bow the heav'ns, come down &
 touch
 The mounts & smoke shall they.
 Lightning cast forth and scatter them:
 Thine arrows shoot, them rout,
 Thine hand, o send thou from above,
 Doe thou redeeme mee out.
 And rid mee from the waters great:
 From band of strangers brood:
 Whose mouth speaks lyes, their right
 hand is
 A right hand of falsehood.

(2)

O God, new songs I'll singe to thee:
 Upon the Psaltery,
 And on ten stringed instrument
 To thee sing praise will I.
 It's hee that giveth unto Kings
 Safety victorious:
 His servant David he doth save
 From sword pernicious.
 Rid mee from hand of strange children,
 Whose mouth speaks vanity:
 And their right hand a right hand is
 Of lying falsity:
 That like as plants which are growne up
 In youth may be our sons;
 Our daughters pallas like may be
 Pollisht as corner stones:
 Our garners full, affording store
 Of every sort of meates:
 Our cattell bringing thousands forth,
 Ten thousands in our streets:
 Strong let our oxen bee to work
 That breaking in none bee
 Nor going out: that so our streets
 May from complaints be free.

O blessed shall the people be
 Whose state is such as this:
 O blessed shall the people be,
 Whose God Jehovah is:

BAY PSALM BOOK (1640).

PSALM CXLV.

O LORD, thou art my God and King;
 Thee will I magnify and praise:
 I will thee bless and gladly sing
 Unto thy holy name always.

Each day I rise I will thee bless,
 And praise thy name time without
 end.
 Much to be praised and great God is;
 His greatness none can comprehend.

Race shall thy works praise unto race,
 Thy mighty acts show done by thee.
 I will speak of the glorious grace
 And honour of thy majesty.

Thy wondrous works I will record.
 By men the might shall be extoll'd
 Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
 And I thy greatness will unfold.

They utter shall abundantly
 The mem'ry of thy goodness great;
 And shall sing praises cheerfully
 Whilst they thy righteousness relate.
 PSALMODY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF
 SCOTLAND (1895).

PSALM CXLVI.

HALLELUJAH!

PRAISE Jehovah, O my soul!
 I will praise Him while I live:
 While I shall have being, I
 Will melodious praises give.

Not in princes put your trust,
 Not on mortal man rely,
 Breath departs, on the same day
 His own projects with him die.

Happy he whose help and hope
 On the Lord his God are laid—
 Him, Who heaven made and sea
 With their countless people made.

Keeping truth forevermore;
Doing justice for th' oppressed;
To the hungry giving bread;
Freeing prisoners distressed.

He the blind restores to sight;
He the burdened soul upbears;
He the righteous loves, and He
For the friendless stranger cares.

He the fatherless relieves,
And the widow; but the way
Of the wicked crooked makes—
Dear and endless is His sway!
Hallelujah!

ABRAHAM COLES.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRaise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames;

He counts their numbers, calls their
names!

His wisdom's vast, and knows no
bound,—

A deep where all our thoughts are
drowned!

Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the
sky:

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,

The nimble wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

Let Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad:
For sweet the joy—our songs to raise;
And glorious is the work of praise.

Our children are secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
The flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

With hoary frost he strews the ground,
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
As dare defy his dreadful cold!

He bids the southern breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise.

To all our land his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land:—Praise ye the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRaise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, angels in the height;

Sun and moon rejoice before Him;

Praise Him all ye stars of light!

Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;

Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;

Laws which never can be broken,

For Thy guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;

Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made the good victorious,

Sin and wrong shall not prevail.

Praise ye God in ev'ry nation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;

Heaven and earth and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name.

RICHARD MANT (1776-1848).

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-
EIGHTH PSALM PARA-
PHRASED.

COME, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.
Hither bring in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet:
To your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue, nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep,
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main.
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the choir.

COME, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run in never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest base shall come;
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring,
Which may bear the sound above,
Where the orb of fire doth move;
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear.

So shall He from Heaven's high tower
On the earth His blessings shower;

All this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one choir, one temple be.
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere;
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM
CXLVIII.

*"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the
Lord from the heavens: praise him in
the heights."*

PRAISE ye the Lord! on every height
Songs to his glory raise!
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of light,
Join in immortal praise!

Oh! heaven of heavens! let praise far-
swelling
From all your orbs be sent!
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament!

For His the word which gave you birth,
And majesty and might;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite!

Oh! fire and vapour, hail and snow,
Ye servants of His will;
Oh! stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that
rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food;

Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high;
Oh! youths and virgins of the land,
Oh! age and infancy!

PRAISE ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given;
Whose glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven!

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

PSALM CXLVIII (HYMN).

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and
skies,

In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!

Your Maker's wondrous power pro-
claim,—

Tell how he formed your shining
frame,
And breathed the fluid air!

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound;
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string!

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade!

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast
abode,

Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who called yon worlds from night!
"Ye shades, dispel!" the Eternal said;
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below!

Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul!

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low
Your great Creator own!
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown!

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with
gold,
And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man—by nobler passions swayed—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the
sound,
The general burst of joy!

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur
please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne;
Ye princes, rulers, all, adore—
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your
power
And image of his own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,
Oh, praise the eternal source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire;
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name,—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre!

JOHN OGILVIE (1733-1814).

PSALM CXLVIII.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,

Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples, azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Youth, whose morning
Smiles at warning,
Age in counsel deeply stored;
Maids and boys, in chorus blending,
Let your anthem song, ascending,
Praise high heaven's eternal Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809-1895).

PSALM CXLIX.

SING Hallelujah. A new Song
Sing to th' Eternal God,
His Praise is in the Church of those
That are His gracious Ones.

In Him who is his maker now
Let Israël rejoice.
Them that are Sons of Zion let
Be joyful in their King.

With Tripudiating Joy
O let them Praise His Name;
Let them sing Praises unto Him
With Timbrel and with Harp.

For the Eternal God doth in
His People take Delight.
He'll beautify the low and meek
With His Salvation still.

In Glory let the Gracious One
Most gloriously rejoice;
On their Beds, where they rest or feast
O let them sing aloud.

High Praises of the mighty Lord
Let warble thro' their Throat;
And in their hand let there be held
A Double-edged Sword.

Due Vengeance for to Execute
Upon them for to Execute
To bind their Kings in Chains, and their
Nobles in Iron Bonds.

Upon them for to Execute
The judgment written down.
This honour all His Gracious Ones
Enjoy. Praise ye the Lord.

COTTON MATHER (1663-1728.)

PSALM CL.

PRAISE the Lord ye sons of grace,
Praise him in his holy place,
Praise him in his power O height,
Praise him in his acts of might.
Praise his greatness all around,
Praise him with the cornet sound,
Psaltery sweet his praise advance,
Praise with timbrel in the dance.
Let the harp his praises sound,
In the cymbals praise be found;

All that breathes with one accord,
Join the song and praise the Lord.

PETER M'NEILL.

THE FIRST EIGHT VERSES OF
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN OF THE
BOOK OF PROVERBS.

BETTER the morsel, dry and stale,
Where love and quietness prevail,
Than loaded tables, viands various,
Where life and liberty's precarious.

The servant, dealing with discretion,
Shall rule the foolish son's possession,
And when th' estate the heirs inherit,
He shall have portion for his merit.

In silver crucibles there's dross,
But gold in fire sustains no loss:
So hearts of men Jehovah proveth,
The good retains, the dross removeth.

The ill doer evil counsel heedeth,
And liars what to mischief leadeth:
Who mocks the poor derides his Maker:
Who loves ill news shall be partaker.

A crown the honored grandsire wears,
Whose waning years deprived of cares:
His children's children boast his name,
And strive to emulate his fame.

Well chosen words and lofty speech
Show fools have grasped beyond their
reach:

But living rulers ten times worse
Are to their subjects, shame and curse.

Would'st thou succeed in life's emprise:
Then be thou liberal as wise.
The talisman that will thee lift
And prosper thee's, the ready gift.

WILLIAM DEARNESS.

THE SONG OF KING LEMUEL.

Prov. xxxi: 10.

I.

Who finds a woman good and wise,
A gem more worth than pearls hath
got;
Her husband's heart on her relies;
To live by spoil he needeth not.

His comfort all his life is she;
No wrong she willingly will do;
For wool and flax her searches be,
And cheerful hands she puts thereto.

2.

The merchant ship resembling right,
Her food she from afar doth fet,*
Ere day she wakes, that give she might
Her maids their task, her household
meat.

A field she views, and that she buys;
Her hand doth plant a vineyard there;
Her loins with courage up she ties,
Her arms with vigour strengthened are.

3.

If in her work she profit feel,
By night her candle goes not out:
She puts her finger to the wheel,
Her hand the spindle twirls about.
To such as poor and needy are
Her hand (yea, both hands) reacheth
she.

The winter none of hers doth fear,
For double-cloth'd her household be.

4.

She mantles maketh, wrought by hand,
And silk and purple clothing gets.
Among the rulers of the land
(Known in the gate) her husband sits.
For sale fine linen weaveth she.
And girdles to the merchant sends.
Renown and strength her clothing be,
And joy her later time attends.

5.

She speaks discreetly when she talks;
The law of grace her tongue hath
learn'd;

She heeds the way her household walks,
And feedeth not on bread unearn'd.
Her children rise, and blest her call:
Her husband thus applaudeth her,
Oh, thou hast far surpass'd them all,
Though many daughters thriving are!

6.

Deceitful favour quickly wears,
And beauty suddenly decays;
But, if the Lord she truly fears,
That woman well deserveth praise,
The fruit her handywork obtains:
Without repining grant her that,

*Bring.

And yield her what her labour gains,
To do her honour in the gate.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

ALL IS VANITY.

(Ecclesiastes i: 2.)

THEN why, I wonder, do we still keep
trying

To find the beautiful, the good, the
true;

And why doth art beguile us? Very
few

Among mankind have known art, and,
while sighing,

They too have told us art was vain,
supplying

No perfect satisfaction. Then why
rue

We that all art we ever miscon-
strue,

Since are itself is vanity and lying?

Art, wisdom, knowledge, riches,—are all
vain?

Then surely Life is full of naught—but
pain.

But not the Preacher's words were
wrongly spoken

Love is not vanity; Love lives for aye.

Believe in Love; it is for us a token

That God lives too,—what e'er the
preachers say.

JAMES O'NEILL.

ONE CERTAINTY.

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith;
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they see and
hear.

Like early dew, or like the sudden
breath

Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and
fear:

So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of
death.

Today is still the same as yesterday,
Tomorrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the
sun:

Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the
old stem,

And morning shall be cold, and twilight
gray.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
(1830-1894).

ECCLESIASTES IN THE METRE OF OMAR.

[EXTRACT.]

Saith KOHELETH:

Vanity of Vanities,—all is Vanity.

What Profit hath Man in all his Labours
Which he laboureth under the sun?

I.

Old Time, Man's Warder, crouching at
his door,

Gibes at the Generations as they pour
Like footless Cloudheaps driven by shep-
herd Winds

Through Life's ironbound ravine for-
evermore.

II.

The pilgrim Sun bends bravely to his
Quest,

But, breathless, finds at night the self-
same West.

The River, cradled in the mountains,
roars

Seaward, but sleeps at length upon the
crest.

III.

The Sea that smites the stars with
spendthrift blows

Flings back upon itself in white repose;
The wearied Wind that swoops on

cormorant wings
Round and around in tiresome circles
goes.

.

V.

Like snowflakes falling in the unmark-
ing sea,

Like flowers that bloom to fade where
no man be,

Like sands that gulph an unremem-
bered shrine,

So fall, so fade, so fail our Works—
and We.

VI.

I, King Koheleth, sent my eager Mind
To make the Eternal Quest. What doth
she find?

Hearken! "It is the mad Fool's crack-
ling laugh,
The empty rattle of the aimless Wind."
.....

X.

Here sit I, King above the gay-deck'd
throng,
A lion-Lord 'midst bearded liegemen
strong,
A Lover wreath'd with roses and soft
arms,
A Bard that leads his people in their
song.
.....

XII.

Outside the torches flickered in the rain,
The breeze sighed out its immemorial
pain,
The bubbles burst beside the fountain's
brink,
The leaves were falling. And the World
was vain.

XIII.

I visited the Sage of reverend fame
And thoughtful left more burdened than
I came.
I went—and ere I left his humble door
The busy World had quite forgot his
name.
.....

XV.

So with men's Labours as their Fame.
With skill
The clay is moulded to the potter's will.
He dies. His wares are set upon the
shelf
And to his children all his works are *nil*.
.....

XXVII.

Life is a plain whereon men fight for
bread.
The grain no more is golden—it is red.
Madmen are they, who, knowing not
they're mad,
March, jostling close the still heaps of
the Dead.
.....

XXIX.

One gathereth silver in a shining heap.
How swift his harpy-friends upon him
leap.

The wealthy Sluggard hath his splendid
Day,
The Workman better, he hath Night—
and Sleep.
.....

XXXI.

Ever the poor and tender are oppress,
Tyrants have power and wrong is not
redrest,
But they who lie in the cool Grave—ah,
none
Can snatch their treasures. Yea, their
lot is best.
.....

XXXV.

Yet, of all Vanity to which man's prone,
Is any vainer thing than Woman
known?
Amongst a thousand Men a single
Friend,
Amongst all women I have found not
one.
.....

XXXVII.

Better the pebbly footpath than the
mire,
Better one's own cloak than a neighbor's
fire,
Better the vision of clear-sighted eyes
Than all the wander-lure of wild Desire.
.....

XXXIX.

For not with lawless fists I'll beat the
sky,
Nor seem like an untimely birth to die;
I will as royal rule my Garden Plot
As he who tills the Star Plot spread on
high.
.....

XL.

Perhaps, if we but scorn the beastly
Crew
That grow and fatten on the ill they do,
We'll wake to find our Sleep at length
is past,
And, waking, learn that all our Dreams
are true.
.....

LIII.

Above the endless Fury, Fever, Fret,
Above the grief of suns that rose and
set,

The Silent One answers my ceaseless
Quest
When I have learned one lesson—to
forget.

LXII.

Take Thou Life's Chalice sparkling to
the brim
And, humbly kneeling, give thy thanks
to Him.
Drink! For thy just accounting draw-
eth near.
Drink! Then step forth into the Silence
dim.

LXIV.

Then, while the bending rose-trees all
are shorn,
The poppies naked in the cool, wet
morn,
The lawless winds shall herd the piti-
less rains,
The muttering clouds from the cold
North return.

LXVIII.

Rise now, O Soul—'tis time for Thee
to go.
The morning lark is calling thee, and
lo!
E'en as it calls, it soars athwart the
storm
And helpless hangs against the blacken-
ing Woe.

LXIX.

So Man unto his House Eternal goes.
The portals once for entrance ope—
then close.
Along the sodden street the mourners
trudge—
But what is done behind those Doors—
who knows?

LXXI.

See! Where the roses fall in Autumn's
Gust,
Men to Earth's Treasure Vaults thy
Gift entrust.

Thou camest here thyself a Rose-from-
Heaven,
Thou goest back, an ounce of perfumed
Dust.

LXXII.

Yet—tho' the Dust to brother-Dust be
prest,
What of the Bird that dared the awful
Quest?
Doth it still flutter on a homeless wing,
Or in the Hand that sent it forth find
rest?

Saith Koheleth: All is Vanity.

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH.
(Published 1906.)

THE SONG OF SONGS.

THE FIRST CANTICLE.

I.

COME, kiss me with those lips of thine;
For better are thy loves than wine;
And as the powered* ointments be,
Such is the savor of thy name.
And for the sweetness of the same,
The virgins are in love with thee.

2.

Begin but thou to draw me on,
And then we after thee will run;
Or, King, thy chambers bring me to;
So we in thee delight shall find,
And more than wine thy love will find,
And love thee as the righteous do.

3.

And, daughters of Jerusalem,
I pray you do not me contemn,
Because that black I now appear;
For I as lovely am (I know)
As Kedar tents (appear in show)
Or Solomon his curtains are.

4.

Though black I am, regard it not;
It is but sun-beam I have got,
Whereof my mother's sons were
cause;
Their vineyard keeper me they made,
(Through envy which to me they had)
So my own vine neglected was.

*Poured forth.

5.

Thou whom my soul doth best affect,
 Unto thy pastures me direct,
 Where thou at noon art stretch'd
 along;
 For why should I be straggling spied,
 Like her that loves to turn aside,
 Thy fellow shepherds' flocks among?

6.

Oh, fairest of all womankind!
 (If him thou know not where to find)
 Go where the paths of cattle are;
 Their tracks of footsteps stray not
 from,
 Till to the shepherds' tents thou come,
 And feed thy tender kidlings there.

7.

My love thou art, of greater force
 Than Pharaoh's troops of chariot horse;
 Thy cheeks and neck made lovely be,
 With rows of stones, and many a chain,
 And we gold borders will ordain,
 Beset with silver studs for thee.

THE SECOND CANTICLE.

I.

WHILE that the King was at repast,
 My Spikenard his perfumings cast;
 And 'twixt my breasts repos'd my
 dear;
 My love, who is as sweet to me
 As myrrh or camphor bundles be,
 Which at En-gedi vineyards are.

2.

Lo, thou art fair; lo, thou, my love!
 Art fair, and eyed like the dove!*

Thou fair and pleasant art, my dear;
 And lo, our bed with flowers is strowed,
 Our house is beam'd with cedar wood,
 And of the fir our rafters are.

3.

I am the Rose that Sharon yields,
 The Rose and Lily of the fields,
 And flowers of all the dales below;
 My love among the daughters shows,

*Hast eyes like those of the dove.

As when a sweet and beauteous rose
 Amid her bush of thorns doth grow.

4.

Among the sons, such is my dear,
 As doth an apple-tree appear,
 Within a shrubby forest plac'd;
 I sat me down beneath his shade,
 (Whereto a great desire I had)
 And sweet his fruit was to my taste.

5.

Me to his banquet-house he bare,
 E'en where his wine provisions are,
 And there his love my banner was;
 With flagons me from fainting stay,
 With apples comfort me, I pray,
 For I am sick of love (alas)!

6.

My head with his left hand he stay'd,
 His right hand over me he laid;
 And by the harts and roes (said he)
 You, daughters of Jerusalem,
 Stir not (for you I charge by them)
 Nor wake my love, till pleas'd she be.

THE THIRD CANTICLE.

I.

I HEAR my love, and him I see
 Come leaping by the mountains there;
 Lo, o'er the hillocks trippeth he,
 And roe or stag-like doth appear.
 Lo, from behind the wall he cries;*
 Now at the window-grate is he;
 Now speaks my dear, and says, Arise,
 My love, my fair, and come with me!

2.

Lo, winter's past, and comes the spring,
 The rain is gone, the weather's clear;
 The season wooes the birds to sing,
 And on the earth the flowers appear;
 The turtle croweth in our field,
 Young figs the fig-tree down doth
 weigh,
 The blossomed vines a savour yield;
 Rise, love, my fair, and come away.

*Looks.

3.

My Dove, that are obscurèd where
 The rock's dark stairs do thee infold;
 Thy voice (thy sweet voice) let me hear,
 And thee (that lovely sight) behold.
 Those foxes' cubs, the vines that mar,
 Go take us whilst the grapes be young.
 My love's am I, and mine's my dear.
 Who feeds the lily flowers among.

4.

While break of day, when shades depart,
 Return, my well-belovèd one,
 E'en as a roe or lusty hart,
 That doth on Bethel mountains run.
 For him that to my soul is dear,
 Within my bed by night I sought;
 I sought, but him I found not there;
 Thus therefore with myself I thought:

5.

I'll rise, and round the city wend;*
 Through lanes and open ways I'll go,
 That I my soul's delight may find.
 So there I sought and miss'd him too.
 The city-watch me lighted on,
 Them ask'd I for my soul's delight;
 And, somewhat past them being gone,
 My soul's belovèd found I straight.

6.

Whom there in my embrace I caught,
 And him forsook I not, till he
 Into my mother's house I brought,
 Her chamber, who conceivèd me.
 You daughters of Jerusalem,
 Stir not (by field-bred harts and roes,
 For you I do adjure by them)
 Nor wake my love, till she dispose.

THE FOURTH CANTICLE.

1.

WHAT's he, that from the desert, there,
 Doth like those smoky pillars come,
 Which from the incense and the myrrh,
 And all the merchant spices fume?
 His bed (which, lo, is Solomon's)
 Threescore stout men about it stand;
 They are of Israel's valiant ones,
 And all of them with swords in hand.

*Walk.

2.

All those are men expert in fight,
 And each man on his thigh doth wear
 A sword, that terrors of the night
 May be forbid from coming there.
 King Solomon a goodly place,
 With trees of Lebanon, did rear;
 Each pillar of it silver was,
 And gold the bases of them were.

3.

With purple covered he the same,
 And all the pavement (thoroughout)
 Oh, Daughters of Jerusalem!
 For you, with charity is wrought.
 Come, Sion* Daughters, come away;
 And crownèd with his diadem,
 King Solomon behold you may.
 That crown his mother set on him,
 When he a married man was made,
 And at his heart contentment had.

THE FIFTH CANTICLE.

1.

OH, my Love! how comely now,
 And how beautiful art thou!
 Thou of dove-like eyes a pair
 Shining hast within thy hair,
 And thy locks like kidlings be,
 Which from Gilead Hill we see.

2.

Like those ewes thy teeth do show,
 Which in rows from washing go,
 When among them there is none
 Twinless, nor a barren one.
 And thy lips are of a red,
 Like the rosy coloured thread.

3.

Speech becoming thee thou hast:
 Underneath thy tresses plac'd,
 Are thy temples (matchless fair)
 Which, o'ershadow'd with thy hair,
 Like pomegranates do appear,
 When they cut asunder are.

4.

To that fort thy neck's compar'd,
 Which with bulwarks David rear'd,

*The original reads, "Come Syon daughters."

Where a thousand shields are hung,
All the targets of the strong.
Breasts thou hast, like twinnèd roes,
Feeding where the lily grows.

5.

While day-break, and shades are gone,
To the mountains I will run;
To that hill, whence myrrh doth come,
And to that of Lebanon;
Thou, my love, all beauty art,
Spotless fair in ev'ry part.

6.

Come, my spouse, from Lebanon,
Come with me from Lebanon.
From Amana turn thy sight,
Shenir's top, and Hermon's height;
From the dens of lions fell,*
And the hills where leopards dwell.

7.

Thou, my sister, thou art she,
Of my heart that robbeth me;
Thou, my spouse, oh, thou art she,
Of my heart that robbeth me;
With one of thine eyes aspect,
And with one lock of thy neck.

8.

Sister, and espousèd peer,
Those, thy breasts, how fair they are!
Better be those dugs of thine,
Than the most delicious wine;
And thine ointments odours are
Sweeter than all spices far.

9.

Love, thy lips drop sweetness so,
As the combs of honey do;
Thou hast underneath thy tongue
Honey mixt with milk among;
And thy robes do scent as well
As the frankincense doth smell.

10.

Thou, my sister and espous'd,
Art a garden, fast enclos'd;
Wallèd-spring, a fountain seal'd;
And the plants thy orchard yield
Are of the pomegranate tree,
With those fruits that pleasant be.

*Fierce.

11.

Canphor, there, with nard doth grow,
Nard commix'd with crocus too;
Calamus, and cinnamon,
With all trees, of Lebanon;
Sweetest aloës, and myrrh,
And all spice that precious are.

12.

All the gardens ev'ry where
Take their first beginning there;
There the precious fountain lies,
Whence all living waters rise;
Even all those streams that come
Running down from Lebanon.

THE SIXTH CANTICLE

1.

ARISE, thou north wind, from the north,
And from the south, thou south wind,
blow;
Upon my garden breathe ye forth,
That so my spices (there that grow)
From thence abundantly may flow;
And to thy garden come, my dear,
To eat the fruits of pleasure there.

2.

My sister and espousèd peer,
Unto my garden I am come;
My spice I gather'd with my myrrh,
I ate my honey in the comb,
And drunk my wine with milk among;
Come friends, and best belov'd of me,
Come eat and drink, and merry be.

3.

I slept, but yet my heart did wake;
It is my love I knocking hear;
It was his voice, and thus he spake,
Come, open unto me, my dear,
My love, my dove, my spotless peer;
For with the dew my head is dight,*
My locks with droppings of the night.

4.

Lo, I have now undressèd me,
Why should I clothe me as before?
And since my feet clean washèd be,
Why should I soil them any more?
Then through the crevice of the door

*Adorned.

Appear'd the hand of my belov'd,
And towards him my heart was mov'd.

5.

I rose, unto my love to ope,
And from my hands distill'd myrrh;
Pure myrrh did from my fingers drop
Upon the handles of the bar;
But then departed was my dear.
When by his voice I knew 'twas he,
My heart was like to faint in me.

6.

I sought, but seen he could not be;
I call'd, but heard no answer sound.
The city watchmen met with me,
As they were walking of the round,
And gave me stripes that made a
wound:
Yea, they that watch and ward the wall,
E'en they have took away my veil.

THE SEVENTH CANTICLE.

1.

OH, if him you happen on,
Who is my belovèd-one,
Daughters of Jerusalem,
I adjure you seriously
To inform him how that I
Sick am grown of love for him.

2.

Fairest of all women, tell
How thy lover doth excel,
More than other lovers do.
Thy belovèd, what is he,
More than other lovers be;
That thou dost adjure us so?

3.

He in whom I so delight,
Is the purest red and white;
Of ten thousands chief is he;
Like fine gold his head doth show,
Whereon curl'd locks do grow;
And a raven-black they be.

4.

Like the milky doves that bide
By the rivers, he is ey'd;
Full and fitly set they are:
Cheeks like spicy-beds hath he;

Or like flowers that fairest be:
Lips like lilies dropping myrrh.

5.

Hands like rings of gold, beset
With the precious chrysolet;
Belly'd like white ivory,
Wrought about with sapphires rich;
Legs like marble pillars, which
Set on golden bases be.

6.

Fac'd like Libanus is he,
Goodly as the cedar tree,
Sweetness breathing out of him:
He is lovely ev'ry where.
This, my friend is, this my dear,
Daughters of Jerusalem.

7.

Oh, thou fairest (ev'ry way)
Of all women! whither may
Thy belovèd turnèd be?
Tell us whither he is gone? *
Who is thy belovèd-one,
That we seek him may with thee?

8.

To his garden went my dear,
To the beds of spices there;
Where he feeds, and lilies gets:
I my love's am, and (alone)
Mine is my belovèd-one,
Who among the lilies eats.

THE EIGHTH CANTICLE.

1.

BEAUTIFUL art thou, my dear!
Thou as lovely art as are
Tirzah or Jerusalem,
(As the beautiful'st of them.)
And as much thou mak'st afraid,
As arm'd troops with flags display'd.

2.

Turn away those eyes of thine;
Do not fix them so on mine;
For there beam forth (from thy sight)

*Whither is he gone?
What accident hath wrapt him from us?
—Paradise Regained.

Sweets that overcome me quite:
And thy locks like kidlings be,
Which from Gilead-hill we see.

3.

Like these ewes thy teeth do show,
Which in rows from washing go;
When among them there is none
Twinless, nor a barren one.
And (within thy locks) thy brows
Like the cut pomegranate shows.

4.

There are with her sixty queens;
There are eighty concubines;
And the damsels they possess
Are in number numberless:
But my dove is all alone,
And an undefiled one.

5.

She's her mother's only dear,
And her joy that did her bear;
When the daughters her survey'd,
That she blessed was, they said:
She was praised of the queens,
And among the concubines.

6.

Who is she (when forth she goes)
That so like the morning shows?
Beautiful, as is the moon:
Purely bright, as is the sun;
And appearing full of dread,
Like an host with ensigns spread!

7.

To the nut-yard down went I,
(And the vale's increase to spy)
To behold the vine-buds come,
And to see pomegranates bloom;
But the prince's chariots did
Vex me so, I could not heed.

8.

Turn, oh turn, thou Shulamite!
Turn, oh turn thee to our sight!
What, I pray, is that which you
In the Shulamite would view,
But that (to appearance) she
Shews like troops that armed be?

THE NINTH CANTICLE.

1.

THOU daughter of the royal line,*
How comely are those feet of thine,
When their beseeeming shoes they
wear!
The curious knitting of thy thighs
Is like the costly gems of prize,
Which wrought by skilful workmen
are.

2.

Thy navel is a goblet crown'd,
Where liquor evermore is found;
Thy fair and fruitful belly shows,
As doth a goodly heap of wheat,
With lilies round about beset,
And thy two breasts like twinnèd roes.

3.

Thy neck like some white tower doth
rise;
Like Heshbon fish-pools are thine eyes,
Which near the gate Bath-rabbim lie.
Thy nose (which thee doth well become)
Is like the tower of Libanum,
That on Damascus hath an eye.

4.

Thy head like scarlet doth appear;
The hairs thereof like purple are;
And in those threads the King is
bound.
Oh, Love! how wondrous fair art thou!
How perfect do thy pleasures show!
And how thy joys in them abound!

5.

Thou statured† art in palm-tree wise:
Thy breasts like clusters do arise:
I said unto this palm, I'll go,
My hold shall on her branches be;
And those thy breasts shall be to me
Like clusters that on vines do grow.

6.

Thy nostrils savour shall as well
As newly-gathered fruits do smell.
Thy speech shall also relish so,

*Weep, daughter of a Royal line!—
Byron.

†Like a statue.

As purest wine, that for my dear
As fitting drink, and able were
To cause an old man's lips to go.

7.

I my belovèd's am, and he
Hath his affection set on me.
Come, well-belovèd, come away,
Into the fields let's walk along;
And there the villages among,
E'en in the country we will stay.

8.

We to the vines betimes will go,
And see if they do spring or no;
Or, if the tender grapes appear:
We will, moreover, go and see
If the pomegranates blossom'd be;
And I my love will give thee there.

9.

Sweet smell the mandrakes do afford.
And we within our gates are stor'd,
Of all things that delightful be:
Yea, whether new or old they are,
Prepared they be for my dear,
And I have laid them up for thee.

10.

Would as my brother thou might'st be,
That suck'd my mother's breast with me;
Oh, would it were no otherwise!
In public then I thee would meet,
And give thee kisses in the street,
And none there is should thee despise.

11.

Then I myself would for thee come,
And bring thee to my mother's home:
Thou likewise shouldst instruct me
there;
And wine that is commixt with spice
(Sweet wine of the pomegranate juice)
I would for thee to drink prepare.

12.

My head with his left hand he staid;
His right hand over me he laid;
And being so embrac'd by him,
Said he, I charge you, not disease,
Nor wake my love, until she please,
You daughters of Jerusalem.

THE TENTH CANTICLE.

1.

Who's this, that leaning on her friend,
Doth from the wilderness ascend?
Mind how I raised thee,
E'en where thy mother thee conceiv'd,
Where she that brought thee forth conceiv'd,
Beneath an apple-tree.

2.

Me in thy heart engraven bear,
And seal-like on thy hand-wrist wear;
For love is strong as death;
Fierce as the grave is Jealousy,
The coals thereof do burning lie,
And furious flames it hath.

3.

Much water cannot cool love's flame,
No floods have power to quench the
same,
For love so high is priz'd,
That who to buy it would essay,
Though all his wealth he gave away,
It would be all despis'd.

4.

We have a sister, scarcely grown,
For she is such a little one,
That yet no breasts hath she;
What things shall we now undertake
To do for this our sister's sake,
If spoken for she be?

5.

If that a wall she do appear,
We turrets upon her will rear,
And palaces of plate;
And then with boards of cedar-tree
Enclose, and fence her in will we,
If that she be a gate.

6.

A wall already built I am,
And now my breasts upon the same,
Do turret-like arise;
Since when, as one that findeth rest,
(And is of settled peace possess'd)
I seem'd in his eyes.

7.

A vineyard hath King Solomon,
This vineyard is at Baal-hammon,
Which he to keepers put;
And ev'ry one that therein wrought,
A thousand silver-pieces brought,
And gave him for the fruit.

8.

My vineyard, which belongs to me,
E'en I myself do oversee:
To thee, O Solomon,
A thousand-fold doth appertain,
And those that keep the same shall gain
Two hundred-fold for one.

9.

Thou whose abode the gardens are,
(Thy fellows unto thee give ear)
Cause me to hear thy voice:
And let my Love as swiftly go,
As doth a hart or nimble roe,
Upon the hills of spice.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

(The Song of Solomon, Chap. iv.)

BEHOLD, thou art all fair, my love;
Thine eyes, thy locks, thy brow
All excellence and comeliness,—
How beautiful art Thou!

Stately thy neck, like David's tower,
With splendour overspread;
Whereon a thousand bucklers hang,
Shields of the mighty dead.

Till the day break and shadows flee,
Myself betake I will
To the spice-mountain's fragrant heights,
And incense-breathing hill.

Thou art all beautiful, my love,
There is no spot in thee!
Come then, my bride, from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me.

Look from Amana's summit, look
While I am by thy side;

Look from the top of Shenir, look
From Hermon, look, my bride!

Love, sister, bride, thy beauty hath
Ravished this heart of mine!
Won it thou hast; and now it is
No longer mine, but thine.

Sister and spouse, how fair thy love,
How better far than wine!
Thy fragrance steals my heart, it is
No longer mine, but thine.

Thy lips are sweetness, and thy words
Are pleasantness each one;
Thy very raiment breatheth forth
The breath of Lebanon.

A garden is my sister-bride,
A paradise shut in;
A guarded spring, a fountain sealed
With water pure within.

Thine are the pleasant fruits and
flowers,
Beneath, around, above;
Spikenard, and balm, and myrrh and
spice,
A paradise of love.

Thine are the springs which freshly o'er
A thousand gardens run,
The well of living waters Thou,
And streams from Lebanon.

Awake, O north wind, come, thou south,
Upon my garden blow!
So shall the happy fragrance out
From all its spices flow.

Then forth through all His Paradise
Let my beloved rove,
To breathe the gladness of its air
And eat His fruits of love.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

IS HE NOT FAIR?

(Cant. v. 16.)

NONE like Him, of the sons of men,
Of all that noble be;
Among ten thousand of the fair,
The fairest He!

Yea, altogethèr lovely He;
All-perfect, like Him none;
Of excellent the chieftest He,
The Spotless One.

His is the name of names in heaven,
The name of names on earth;
I glory in that glorious name
Of matchless worth.

This my Belovèd is, my Friend,
Brother, and Bridegroom rare;
O daughters of Jerusalem,
Is He not fair?

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

THE FIRST SONG OF ESAI.

[ISAIAH].

Esai. v.

1.

A SONG of Him whom I love best,
And of his Vineyard sing I will.
A vineyard once my love possest,
Well-seated on a fruitful hill;
He kept it close-immurèd still:
The earth from stones he did refine,
And set it with the choicest vine.

2.

He in the midst a fort did rear,
(A wine-press therein also wrought);
But when he look'd it grapes should
bear,

Those grapes were wild ones that it
brought.

Jerusalem, come speak thy thought.
And you of Judah judges be,
Betwixt my vineyard here, and me.

3.

Unto my vineyard what could more
Performèd be, than I have done?
Yet looking it should grapes have bore,
Save wild ones it afforded none.
But go to, (let it now alone)
Resolv'd I am to show you too,
What with my vineyard I will do.

4.

The hedge I will remove from thence,
That what so will, devour it may.
I down will break the wallèd-fence,

And through it make a trodden way.
Yea, all of it I waste will lay.
To dig or dress it none shall care:
But thorns and briers it shall bear.

5.

The clouds I also will compel,
That there no rain descend for this;
For lo the house of Israël
The Lord of Armies' vineyard is:
And Judah is that plant of his,
That pleasant one, who forth hath
brought
Oppression, when he judgment sought.
He seeking justice, found therein,
In lieu thereof, a crying sin.

THE SECOND SONG OF ESAI.

Esai. xii.

1.

LORD, I will sing to Thee,
For thou displeasèd wast,
And yet withdrew'st thy wrath from me,
And sent me comfort hast.
Thou art my health, on whom
A fearless trust I lay;
For thou, oh Lord! thou art become
My strength, my song, my stay!

2.

And with rejoicing now,
Sweet waters we convey,
Forth of those springs whence life doth
flow;
And thus, we therefore say,
Oh, sing unto the Lord;
His name and works proclaim;
Yea, to the people bear record
That glorious is his name.

3.

Unto the Lord, oh sing,
For wonders he hath done,
And many a renownèd thing,
Which through the earth is known.
Oh sing aloud, all ye
On Sion-hill that dwell;
For, lo, thy Holy One in thee
Is great, oh Israël!

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

PARAPHRASE.

(Isaiah xii.)

O LIVING Lord, I still will laud Thy
name,
For though Thou wert offended once
with me,
Thy heavy wrath is turned from me
again,
And graciously Thou now dost comfort me.

Behold, the Lord is my salvation,
I trust in Him, and fear not any
power;

He is my song, the strength I lean upon,
The Lord God is my loving Saviour.

Therefore with joy out of the Well of
Life

Draw forth sweet water which it doth
afford;

And in the day of trouble and of strife
Call on the name of God, the living
Lord.

Extol His works and wonders to the
sun;

Unto all people let His praise be
shown;

Record in song the marvels He hath
done,

And let His glory through the world
be blown.

Cry out aloud, and shout on Zion's hill,
I give thee charge that this proclaimed
be:

The great and mighty King of Israël
Now only dwelleth in the midst of
thee.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

THE DESTRUCTION OF
BABYLON.

(From Isaiah xiii: 2—22.)

LIFT up a banner on the lofty hill;
Let the loud trumpet every valley fill;
Call forth the tribes whose arms can
wield the sword,
And let the chiefs and nobles hear the
Lord!
"I, the Almighty, call; by my decree,

Ye are my ministers; go, fight for
me!"—

Whence that deep roar, like thunder
heard afar,

Or nations fiercely crowding to the
war?—

'Tis the tumultuous rush of countless
bands,

That flock to execute the Lord's com-
mands;

With eager joy from climes remote they
come,

Far as the extremest verge of heaven's
vast dome.

Howl, howl, O Babylon, and shriek for
fear;

Howl! for the dreadful day of God is
near.

Then hearts shall melt, arms faint, and
strength decay;

Courage, like morning dreams, shall
fade away,

With dread each man his fellow shall
inspire,

And every eye dart forth consuming
fire.

The firmament shall mourn in gloomiest
night;

Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars shall shed
their light;

The heavens shall tremble, the firm
earth shall move,

At the fierce anger of the Lord above.
A man more scarce than purest gold
shall be;

Not Ophir's precious wedge more rare
than he,

As flies the timid lamb or hunted roe
To its own herd—swift shall the stran-
ger go.

For who remain shall die—not costliest
gem

From the impending doom shall ransom
them;

All, all must die. Proud Babylon shall
stand

No more—a waste like tainted Sodom's
land.

On its cursed site shall spring no pas-
ture green,

Nor Arab's tent nor shepherd's fold be
seen;

Thither shall ravenous desert-beasts
repair,

And owls shall shriek and satyrs gambol
there.

In those gay halls, where minstrel notes
now swell,
Shall howling wolves and hissing ser-
pents dwell.

ANONYMOUS.

PARAPHRASE FROM ISAIAH.

[Isaiah xxvi: 9-13.]

My soul hath longed for Thee, O Lord,
by night,
And in the morn my spirit for Thee
hath sought:

Thy judgments to the earth gave such a
light
As all the earth by them Thy truth
is taught.

But show thy mercy to the wicked man,
He will not learn thy righteousness
to know;
His chief delight is still to curse and
ban,
And unto Thee himself he will not
bow.

They do not once at all regard Thy
power;
Thy people's zeal shall let them see
their shame;
But with a fire Thou shalt Thy foes
devour,
And clean consume them with a burn-
ing flame.

With peace Thou wilt preserve us, Lord,
alone,
For Thou hast wrought great won-
ders for our sake;
And other gods beside Thee we have
none,
Only in Thee we all our comforts
take.
MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631).

THE THIRD SONG OF ESAI

Esai. xxvi.

A CITY now we have obtain'd,
Where strong defenses are;
And God salvation hath ordain'd
For walls and bulwarks there.
The gates thereof wide open ye,
That such as justly do,

(And those that Truth's observers be)
May enter thereunto.

2.

There thou in peace wilt keep them sure,
Whose thoughts well grounded be;
In peace that ever shall endure,
Because they trusted Thee.
For ever, therefore, on the Lord,
Without distrust, depend;
For in the Lord, th' eternal Lord,
Is strength that hath no end.

3.

He makes the lofty city yield,
And her proud dwellers bow;
He lays it level with the field,
E'en with the dust below.
Their feet that are in want and care,
Their feet thereon shall tread;
Their way is right, that righteous are,
And thou their path dost heed.

4.

Upon the course of judgments we,
Oh, Lord, attending were,
And to record thy name and thee,
Our souls desirous are.
On thee our minds, with strong desire,
Are fix'd in the night;
And after thee our hearts inquire,
Before the morning light.

5.

For when thy righteous judgments are
Upon the earth discern'd,
By those that do inhabit there,
Uprightness shall be learn'd.
Yet sinners for no terror will
Just dealing understand,
But in their sins continue still,
Amid the Holy Land.

6.

To seek the glory of the Lord
They unregardful be;
And thy advanc'd hand, oh Lord,
They will not deign to see.
But they shall see, and see with shame,
That bear thy people spite;
Yea, from thy foes shall come a flame,
Which will devour them quite.

7.

Then, Lord, for us thou wilt procure
 That we in peace may be,
 Because that every work of our
 Is wrought for us by thee.
 And, Lord our God, though we are
 brought
 'To other lords in thrall,
 Of thee alone shall be our thought,
 Upon thy name to call.

8.

They are deceas'd, and never shall
 Renew'd life obtain;
 They die, and shall not rise at all
 To tyrannise again:
 For thou didst visit them, therefore,
 And wide dispers'd them hast;
 That so their fame for evermore
 May wholly be defac'd.

9.

But, Lord, increas'd thy people are,
 Increas'd they are by thee;
 And thou art glorified as far
 As earth's wide limits be;
 For, Lord, in their distresses, when
 Thy rod on them was laid,
 They unto thee did hasten then,
 And without ceasing pray'd.

10.

As one with child is pain'd, when as
 Her throes of bearing be,
 And cries in pangs (before thy face;)
 O Lord, so far'd we.
 We have conceiv'd, and for a birth
 Of wind have pain'd been.
 The world's unsafe, and still on earth
 They thrive that dwell therein.

11.

The dead shall live, and rise again
 With my dead body shall.
 Oh, you, that in the dust remain,
 Awake, and sing you all!
 For as the dew doth herbs renew,
 That buried seem'd before,
 So earth shall through thy heavenly dew
 Her dead to life restore.

12.

My people, to thy chambers fair;
 Shut close the door to thee,

And stay a while (a moment there)
 Till past the fury be:
 For lo, the Lord doth now arise,
 He cometh from his place,
 To punish their impieties,
 Who now the world possess.

13.

The earth that blood discover shall
 Which is in her concealed,
 And bring to light those murders all
 Which yet are unrevealed.*

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

ISAIAH XXXV.

A rose shall bloom in the lonely place,
 A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,
 For heaven's own gladness its bounds
 shall grace,
 And forms angelic their songs em-
 ploy.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their
 boughs,
 And fan their leaves in the scented
 air;
 And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their
 vows,
 And shout, for the glory of God is
 there.

O say to the fearful, Be strong of
 heart;
 He comes in vengeance, but not for
 thee;
 For thee He comes, his might to impart
 To the trembling hand and the feeble
 knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,
 The dumb shall raise their notes for
 Him,
 The lame shall leap like the unharmed
 deer,
 And the thirsty shall drink of the
 holy stream.

And the parch'd ground shall become
 a pool,
 And the thirsty land a dew-washed
 mead;
 And where the wildest beasts held rule,
 The harmless of His fold shall feed.

*NOTE—The edition of 1623 has the
 above stanza with only four lines.

There is a way, and a holy way,
Where the unclean foot shall never
tread,
But from it the lowly shall not stray,
To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,
Nor wild beast rave in foaming rage;
But the redeemed of the earth shall
there

Pursue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransomed of God shall return to
him
With a chorus of joy to an angel's
lay;

With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
For sorrow and sighing shall flee
away.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD
(1796-1828).

THE PRAYER OF HEZEKIAH.

Esai. xxxvii: 15.

1.

O LORD of Hosts, and God of Israel!
Thou who between the Cherubims doth
dwell;
Of all the world thou only art the King,
And heaven and earth unto their form
didst bring.

2.

Lord, bow thine ear; to hear atten-
tive be;
Lift up thine eyes, and deign, O Lord,
to see
What words Sennacherib hath cast
abroad,
And his proud message to the living
God!

3.

Lord, true it is, that lands and king-
doms all
Are to the king of Ashur brought in
thrall;
Yea, he their gods into the fire hath
thrown,
For gods they were not, but of wood
and stone.

4.

Man's work they were, and men de-
stroy'd them have;
Us, therefore, from his power vouchsafe
to save,

That all the kingdoms of the world
may see

That thou art God, and only thou art he.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

HEZEKIAH'S THANKSGIVING.

Esai. xxxviii. 10.

1.

WHEN I suppos'd my time was at an
end,

Thus to myself I did myself bemoan:
Now to the gates of hell I must descend,
For all the remnant of my years are
gone.

The Lord (said I) where now the liv-
ing be,

Nor man on earth shall I for ever see.

2.

As when a shepherd hath remov'd his
tent,

Or as a weaver's shuttle slips away,
Right so, my dwelling and my years
were spent;

And so, my sickness did my life de-
cay;

Each day, ere night, my death expect-
ed I;

And ev'ry night, ere morning, thought
to die.

3.

For he, so lion-like, my bones did break,
That I scarce thought to live another
day;

A noise I did like cranes or swallows
make,

And, as the turtle, I lamenting lay.

Then, with uplifted eye-lids, thus I
spake,

Oh Lord, on me oppressèd, mercy take!

4.

What shall I say? he did his promise
give,

And as he promis'd he performèd it;
And, therefore, I will never, whilst I
live,

Those bitter passions of my soul for-
get:

Yea, those that live, and those unborn,
shall know

What life and rest thou didst on me
bestow.

5.

My former pleasures sorrows were become;

But in that love, which to my soul thou hast,

The grave, that all devours, thou keepst me from,

And didst my errors all behind thee cast;

For, nor the grave, nor death, can honour thee;

Nor hope they for thy truth that buried be.

6.

Oh! he that lives, that lives as I do now,
E'en he it is that shall thy praise declare:

Thy truth the father to his seed shall shew.

And how thou me, oh Lord, hast deign'd to spare!

Yea, Lord, for this I will, throughout my days,

Make music in thy house unto thy praise.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

(Isaiah xxxviii: 15.)

WHEN on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed;
Afar from me be moan and tears,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandaled feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,

I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of stor'd bitterness I spill;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears,—

For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.

They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied:

Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers,—

I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathed cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I shall go softly all my years!

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS (1854-).

THE MEASURE.

"He comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure (שֵׁשׁ)." — Isa. xl.

"Thou givest them tears to drink in a measure (שֵׁשׁ)." — Ps. lxxx.

I.

God the Creator, with a pulseless hand
Of unoriginated power, hath weighed
The dust of earth and tears of man in one

Measure, and by one weight:
So saith his holy book.

II.

Shall we, then, who have issued from the dust,

And there return—shall we who toil for dust

And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,

Say, "No more tears, Lord God!
The measure runneth o'er?"

III.

O Holder of the balance, laughest thou?
Nay, Lord! be gentler to our foolishness,

For his sake who assumed our dust, and turns

On thee pathetic eyes
Still moistened with our tears.

IV.

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,

To look in patience upon earth, and learn—

Waiting, in that meek gesture, till
at last
These tearful eyes be filled
With the dry dust of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
(1806-1861).

ISAIAH XLVI: 9.

WHEN I consider all the things that
were,
And count them upwards from the
general flood,—

The tricks of fraud, and violent deeds
of blood,
Weigh down the heart with sullen, deep
despair.

I well believe that Satan, Prince of Air,
Torments to ill the pleasurable feel-
ing;

But ever and anon, a breeze of healing
Proclaims that God is always every-
where.

'Twas hard to see him in the days of
old,

And harder still to see our God to-day;
For prayer is slack, and love, alas! is
cold,

And Faith, a wanderer, weak and wide
astray:

Who hath the faith, the courage, to be-
hold

God in the judgments that have passed
away?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849).

BABYLON.

*"Come down, and sit in the dust, O
virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on the
ground: there is no throne."*—Isaiah
xlvii: 1.

Bow, daughter of Babylon, bow thee
to dust!

Thine heart shall be quell'd, and thy
pride shall be crush'd:

Weep, Babylon, weep! for thy splendour
is past;

And they come like the storm in the
day of the blast.

Howl, desolate Babylon, lost one and
lone!

And bind thee in sackcloth—for where
is thy throne?

Like a wine-press in wrath will I tram-
ple thee down,
And rend from thy temple the pride of
thy crown.

Though thy streets be a hundred, thy
gates be all brass,
Yet thy proud ones of war shall be
wither'd like grass;

Thy gates shall be broken, thy strength
be laid low,
And thy streets shall resound to the
shouts of the foe!

Though thy chariots of power on thy
battlements bound,
And the grandeur of waters encompass
thee round;

Yet thy walls shall be shaken, thy waters
shall fail,

Thy matrons shall shriek, and thy king
shall be pale.

The terrible day of thy fall is at hand,
When my rage shall descend on the face
of thy land;

The lances are pointed, the keen sword
is bared,

The shields are anointed,¹ the helmets
prepared.

I call upon Cyrus! He comes from
afar,

And the armies of nations are gather'd
to war:

With the blood of thy children his path
shall be red,

And the bright sun of conquest shall
blaze o'er his head!

Thou glory of kingdoms! thy princes
are drunk,²

But their loins shall be loosed, and their
hearts shall be sunk;

They shall crouch to the dust, and be
counted as slaves,

At the roll of his wheels, like the rush-
ing of waves!

For I am the Lord, who have mightily
spann'd

The breadth of the heavens, and the sea
and the land;

¹*"Arise, ye princes, and anoint the
shield."*—Isaiah xxi: 5.

²*"I will make drunk her princes."*—
Jeremiah li: 57.

And the mountains shall flow at my
presence,^a and earth
Shall reel to and fro in the glance of
my wrath!

Your proud domes of cedar on earth
shall be thrown,
And the rank grass shall wave o'er the
lonely hearth-stone;
And your sons and your sires and your
daughters shall bleed
By the barbarous hands of the murdering
Mede!

I will sweep ye away in destruction and
death,
As the whirlwind that scatters the chaff
with its breath;
And the fanes of your gods shall be
sprinkled with gore,
And the course of your stream shall be
heard of no more!^b

There the wandering Arab shall ne'er
pitch his tent,
But the beasts of the desert shall wail
and lament;
In their desolate houses the dragons
shall lie,
And the satyrs shall dance, and the bit-
tern shall cry!^b

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892.)

BABYLON.

Thou glory of a thousand kings,
Proud daughter of the East!
That dwellest as on sea-birds' wings,
Upon Euphrates' breast;
As lofty as thy pride of old,
So deep shall be thy doom;
Thy wealth is fled, thy days are told,
Awake! thine end is come!

A sound of war is in the lands!
A sword is on thy host!

^a"The mountains melted from before
the Lord."—Judges v: 5. "Oh that the
mountains might flow down at thy pres-
ence."—Isaiah lxiv: 1; and again: verse
3: "The mountains flowed down at thy
presence."

^b"A drought is upon her waters."—
Jeremiah 1: 38.

^cVide Isaiah xiii: 20.

Thy princes and their mighty bands—
The Lord shall mock their boast!
His Hand shall rein the rushing steed,
And quell the rage of war;
Shall stay the flying lance's speed
And burn the whirling car.

Set ye the standard in the lands;
The Lord of Hosts hath said,
Bid trumpets rouse the distant bands
Of Persia and the Mede;
The bucklers bring, make bright the
dart,

I lead thee forth to war.
To burst the gates of brass apart
And break the iron bar!

The spoiler's hand is come upon
Thy valiant men of might,
Their lion hearts, proud Babylon,
Have failed thee in the fight;
Thy cities are all desolate,
Thy lofty gates shall fall,
The hand that wrought Gomorrah's
fate
Shall crush thy mighty wall.

The shepherd shall not fold his flocks
Upon the desert plain,
But, lurking in thy cavern'd rocks,
The forest beast shall reign.
Fair Babylon, Lost Babylon!
Sit in the dust and mourn,
Hurled headlong from thy lofty
throne—
Forgotten and forlorn!

ANONYMOUS.

BABYLON.

THE many-colored domes
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The cranes upon the mosque
Kept their night-clatter still,
When through the gate the early travel-
ler passed.
And when, at evening, o'er the swampy
plain
The bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the chari-
oteer
Looked down on swarming myriads;
once she flung

Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquered
tide,
And through her brazen portals when
she poured
Her armies forth, the distant nations
looked
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in
fear,
Lest it should burst above them. She
was fallen!
The Queen of cities, Babylon, was
fallen!

Low lay her bulwarks; the black scor-
pion basked
In the palace-courts; within the sanc-
tuary
The she-wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what
once
Hath been the aerial gardens, height on
height
Rising like Media's mountains crowned
with wood,
Work of imperial dotage? Where the
fame
Of Belus? Where the Golden Image
now,
Which at the sound of dulcimer and
lute,
Cornet and sackbut, harp and psaltery,
The Assyrian slaves adored?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
Spreads o'er the blasted plain;
The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls; the shepherd eyes
afar
Her evil towers, and devious drives his
flock.
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless
tide,
Euphrates rolls along,
Eternal nature's work.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION.

(Isa. lii. : 7.)

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY (1769-1854).

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(Based upon Isaiah, Chap. lx.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone
thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!
Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev'ry nook of earth shall clus-
ter;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.
Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest wa-
ters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daugh-
ters.
And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before
thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.
See, who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's do-
minions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pin-
ions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
 The ships of Tarshish round will
 hover,
 To bring thy sons across the sea,
 And waft their gold and silver over.
 And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
 Shall beautify our Holy Place

And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
 But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
 And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
 Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;

But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
 And flash eternal glory through thee.
 Thy sun shall never more go down;

A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—

Thy days of mourning all are ended.
 My own, elect, and righteous Land!

The Branch, forever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand—
 Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

ISAIAH LX.: 15-20.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,

"O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,

Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways;

You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,

Pleasures without end shall flow,
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,

All His bounty shall bestow;
 Still in undisturbed possession

Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,

Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see;

But your griefs forever ending,

Find eternal noon in me;

God shall rise, and shining o'er ye,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

JEHOVAH LIVETH.

"And though they say, *The Lord liveth, surely they swear falsely.*"—Jeremiah v: 2.

PRIESTS offer Sheba's incense and sweet cane,

Responding each to each, "*Jehovah lives!*"

His car through death the maddened warrior drives,

Raising the cry, "*Jehovah lives!*" again;

The watchmen at the gate their guard maintain,

"*Jehovah lives!*" the countersign each gives.

"*Jehovah lives!*" the monarch cries, and strives

With such a spell his sceptre to sustain!

Yet altar priests a hireling service give,

And crimsoned warriors fight for fame and gold,

The guards with tales of peace their lords deceive,

Whose tyrant hands a blood-stained sceptre hold.

Why with such lies the Lord of Nations grieve?

In your false hearts Jehovah does not live!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909).

HEBREW MELODY.

(Jeremiah x: 17.)

FROM the hall of our fathers in anguish we fled,

Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,

For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,

And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,

And earth, at his footstep, was riven
asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded
the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the
flash of His eye.

O Judah! how long must thy weary ones
weep,
Far, far from the land where their fore-
fathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened
the mountain
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's foun-
tain?

MRS. JAMES GORDEN BROOKS.

THE DEATH OF SHALLUM.

*"But he shall die in the place whither
they have led him captive, and shall see
this land no more."*—Jeremiah xxii: 12.

'Twas eve, by the deep sea's swell,
In the glow of that Orient land;
And the purple shadows of sunset fell,
Like a dream, o'er the silver strand,
But the captive monarch sighed,
For the light of a distant clime—
And his heart beat high, like a restless
tide

At the trumpet's far-off chime,
For he thought of Israel's hallowed
shore,
That beautiful land he should see no
more.

He thought of the mountains bright,
By the feet of angels trod;
And Sinai's gray and lonely height,
Where spake the living God;
Of Jacob's kingly grave,
And the hollow moaning sea—
And the spot where stately palm-trees
wave,

On the shores of Galilee;
And the monarch's eyes were dim with
tears,
At the radiant visions of other years.

The sunset glow hath died,
Along the mountains old;
And the hand of Death hath opened
wide

The gates of pearl and gold.
The shadows dim and gray
Creep through the lonely night,

For the soul hath gone on its pilgrim
way,
To the glorious Land of Light;—
And Israel's Monarch, free once more,
Hath passed to the bright, eternal
shore.

LUCY A. RANDALL.

TRANSLATION OF A PARA- PHRASE OF PART OF CHAPTER XXXI OF JEREMIAH.

WEEP no more, Zion, dry thy streaming
tears,
The eternal is thy God, dismiss thy
fears;
Rest in the land of peace for thee re-
mains,
Jehovah leads thee, Israel's strength
sustains.

He will restore thee, even as from the
dead,
O'er ruined heaps the vine and olive
spread;
He will rebuild, as in thy happiest hours,
Thy city walls, thy battlements and
towers.

A day will come, a day when from on
high,
Mount Ephraim's watchmen to the
tribes shall cry,
Return, ye rebels; 'tis your sovereign's
will
That calls you; come and climb his holy
hill.

Rise, unforgotten by thy Lord above,
He loved thee with an everlasting love;
That love, at trumpet's sound, in joyful
throngs,
Thy sons, O Zion! now extol in songs.

FELIX NEFF (1798-1829).

Translated by JAMES MONTGOMERY
(1771-1854).

EPHRAIM REPENTING.

(Jeremiah xxxi: 18-20.)

My God, till I received Thy stroke,
How like a beast was I!
So unaccustomed to the yoke,
So backward to comply,

With grief my just reproach I bear;
Shame fills me at the thought,
How frequent my rebellions were,
What wickedness I wrought.

Thy merciful restraint I scorned,
And left the pleasant road;
Yet turn me, and I shall be turned;
Thou art the Lord my God.

"Is Ephraim banished from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem?
No," saith the Lord, "with all his faults,
I still remember him.

"Is he a dear and pleasant child?
Yes, dear and pleasant still;
Though sin his foolish heart beguiled,
And he withstood my will.

"My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
He seeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He shall not seek in vain."

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

ON JUDAH.

*"Behold the days come, saith the Lord,
that I will perform that good thing
which I have promised unto the house
of Israel, and to the house of Judah."*—
Jer. xxxiii: 14.

Who walked the valley in th' inspired
dream,
When skeletons of mighty men lay
round,
Flouting the darkness with their bony
gleam?

Who heard the mystic voice—the
rushing sound
Of shaking bones uplifted from the
ground—

The breath of the four winds? Whose
soul did meet

The shadowed glory of the warrior's
bound,

Speaking of life,—the shout his lips
repeat,—

The multitudinous host, and clang of
arméd feet?

'Tis the Lord's day—the day of joy!
weep not,
Daughter of Zion, for thy children's
sake!

Though thou forget Him, He hath not
forgot,

But cometh, in forgiving love, to
break

The fetters of thy shame from off thy
neck—

To give His presence to thy holy sod,
And bid the glory of thy streets
awake!

Yea! Comfort ye my people, saith your
God!

For Mercy comes to smile where blast-
ing Vengeance trod.

O, thou dejected city! thou forsaken
Land! where the Prophet's path was
wont to be!

O, air, wherein the Psalmist's strings
did waken,

Breathing their bold, inspirèd har-
mony!

Temple! where dwelt th' Eternal One!
and ye,

His sad, and scattered sons! who cannot
keep

The Lord's song among strangers,—
on the tree

Hanging your harps, while by the waters
deep

Of this world's Babylon, ye, captive, sit,
and weep!

Daughter of Zion! smooth thy cheek
with smiles,

Put on thy beautiful garments, lift thy
brow,

And shout rejoicing to the friendly isles,
That thy Redeemer is thy King,—that
thou,

Captive with all thy sons, no more
may'st bow,—

That God restores the people of his
choice,—

That sorrow flees away, for ever, now!

O, shout it to the nations with glad
voice!

For all the exulting Earth shall, in thy
joy, rejoice!

E. B. B [ROWNING (?)].

"IS THERE ANY WORD FROM
THE LORD?"

(Jeremiah xxxvii: 17.)

DAYLONG a craven cry goes up:
"The people drink a bitter cup,

They languish, gathering stones for
bread,
Brave faith is fallen, the old hope dead."
The babblers will not cease:
"The people have no peace."

Trust is outworn, naught can be done,
There is no good under the sun,
The blue sky fades, the old faiths fail,
The strong hand shakes, the warriors
wail;
Daylong the craven cry,
"The people faint, they die."

Are we, forsooth, so helpless, we
That vanquish air, and earth, and sea?
The sun shines yonder; somewhere
glows
The old first hope, bright as it rose,
The hope whose accent high
Shall brand this whining lie.

If doubts, risen idols of the Nile,
Again the hallowed land defile,
Thunder yet clothes green Horeb's
crown;
Let Sinai speak, and smite them down.
Life nests yet in the clod,
Israel has still his God.

The seers, the prophets, poets—they
See yet the good gold in the day:
They of his line that conquered Saul
Can crowd small cowards to the wall,
They that were Athens' might
Can put pale wraiths to flight.

Poets, still red at heart, arise,
Sing back the blue into the skies,
Sing back the green into the grass,
And bid these skulking phantoms pass:
You, dauntless sons of song,
Can blast this dastard wrong.

Once more, blest messengers, declare
That love still lives, that life is fair;
Say knowledge knows not, trust is all,
And crush these wise which writhe and
crawl;
Wake, wake, your strains of fire,
God's for us—strike the lyre.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY (1848-).

GOD'S DENUNCIATION AGAINST
PHARAOH-HOPHRA,
OR APRIES.

[Jeremiah, xlv. 30.]

THOU beast of the flood, who hast said
in thy soul,
"I have made me a stream that for ever
shall roll!"*
Thy strength is the flower that shall last
but a day,
And thy might is the snow in the sun's
burning ray.

Arm, arm from the east, Babylonia's
son!
Arm, arm for the battle—the Lord leads
thee on!
With the shield of thy fame, and the
power of thy pride,
Arm, arm in thy glory—the Lord is thy
guide.

Thou shalt come like a storm when the
moonlight is dim,
And the lake's gloomy bosom is full to
the brim;
Thou shalt come like the flash in the
darkness of night,
When the wolves of the forest shall
howl for affright.

Woe, woe to thee, Tanis!† thy babes
shall be thrown
By the barbarous hands on the cold
marble-stone:
Woe, woe to thee, Nile! for thy stream
shall be red
With the blood that shall gush o'er thy
billowy bed!

*"Pliny's reproach to the Egyptians, for their vain and foolish pride with regard to the inundations of the Nile, points out one of their most distinguishing characteristics, and recalls to my mind a fine passage of Ezekiel, where God thus speaks to Pharaoh, one of their kings: Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself."—*Rollin*, vol. 1, p. 216.

†The Scriptural appellations are "Zoan" and "Noph."

Woe, woe to thee, Memphis, the war-
cry is near,
And the child shall be toss'd on the mur-
derer's spear;
For fiercely he comes in the day of his
ire,
With wheels like a whirlwind, and
chariots of fire!

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892).

PETRA.

*"Also Edom shall be a desolation,
every one that goeth by it shall be aston-
ished, and shall hiss at all the plagues
thereof."*—Jeremiah xlix: 17.

*"There shall not be any remaining of
the house of Esau; for the Lord hath
spoken it."*—Obadiah, verse 18.

FAR in the wilds of Araby
A silent desert lies;
Rarely a footstep passes by
Where only sound the cries
Of the wild birds, whose weary note
On lonely echo dies.

And wide are spread the dreary plains,
The pilgrim journeys on;
There a soul-chilling silence reigns,
Where ruin rears her throne;
And the wild Arab pauses not
O'er wrecks of ages gone!

And where is Petra—Edom's crown,
Where are her wise, her great, her
fair?

Long, long ago, to dust gone down;
Are the old dwellers there;
And ivy clothes, and bramble shades,
The dust of things that were!

And far the rocky walls divide
A winding path the wanderer treads,
Where, high above on either side,
The caverned homes are spread,
The mystic vale of many tombs,
The empire of the dead!

A time may come when Judah's race
Again shall gathered be,
And build their ancient dwelling place
From mount, and isle, and sea;

But Edom, quench'd thy glory lies,
No promise lives for thee.

The eagle's cry, the owl's deep note,
Is heard in thee for ever,
The raven's plaint, from towers remote,
Where joy revisits never;
The seal is set for aye on thee,
No time, no change may sever!

In thee the man of many woes
Lamented o'er his treasures gone,
While resignation's prayer arose
Before the chastener's throne,
When the tried shepherd chieftain
pour'd
His melancholy moan.

Oh, lonely Seir! the breezes sigh
Thy rocky solitudes among,
And, mingled with the eagle's cry,
Repeat thy funeral song;
And echoes wild forever there,
Thy prophecy prolong!

ANNA R.

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we
around,¹

Be our banners through earth un-
furled;

Rise up, ye nations, ye kings at the
sound²—

"War against Babylon!" shout through
the world!

Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,³
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy
brow!

War, war, war against Babylon!

¹"Shout against her round about."—
Jer. i: 15.

²"Set ye up a standard in the land,
blow the trumpet among the nations,
prepare the nations against her, call to-
gether against her the kingdoms," etc.—
Jer. li: 27.

³"Oh thou that dwellest upon many
waters, . . . thine end is come."—
Jer. li: 13.

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,⁴

Set the standard of God on high;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,

"Zion" our watchword, and "vengeance"
our cry!

Wo! wo!—the time of thy visitation⁵
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is
cast—

And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

LAMENT I.

1.

How sad and solitary now (alas!)
Is that well-peopled city come to be,
Which once so great among the nations
was!

And, oh, how widow-like appeareth
she!

She rule of all the provinces hath had,
And now herself is tributary made!

2.

All night she maketh such excessive
moan,

That down her cheeks a flood of tears
doth flow!

And yet among her lovers there is none
That consolation on her doth bestow!

For they that once her lovers did ap-
pear,

Now turned foes, and faithless to her
are!

3.

Now Judah in captivity complains
That (others) heretofore so much
opprest,

For her false service, she herself re-
mains

⁴"Make bright the arrows; gather the shields . . . set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—Jer. li: 11, 12.

⁵"Wo unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation."—Jer. i: 27.

Among those heathens, where she
finds no rest.

And apprehended in a strait is she,
By those that persecutors of her be!

4.

The very ways of Sion do lament;
The gates thereof their loneliness de-
plore;

Because that no man cometh to frequent
Her solemn festivals, as heretofore.

Her priests do sigh, her tender virgins
be

Uncomfortable left, and so is she!

5.

Her adversaries are become her chiefs;
On high exalted, those that hate her are;
And God hath brought upon her all
these griefs,

Because so many her transgressions
were.

Her children, driven from her by the
foe,

Before him into loathèd thralldom go.

6.

From Sion's daughters (once without
compare)

Now all her matchless loveliness is
gone:

And like those chasèd harts, her princes
fair,

Who seek for pasture, and can find
out none.

So (of their strength depriv'd, and
fainting nigh)

Before their abler foes they feebly fly.

7.

Jerusalem now thinks upon her crimes.
And calls to mind (amid her present
woes)

The pleasure she enjoy'd in former
times,

Till first she was surprisèd by her
foes:

And how (when they perceivèd her for-
lorn)

They at her holy sabbaths made a scorn.

8.

Jerusalem's transgressions many were;
And therefore is it she disdainèd lies:

Those who in former time have hon-
our'd her,
Her baseness now behold, and her
despise.
Yea, she herself doth sit bewailing this.
And of herself herself ashamed is.

9.

Her own uncleanness in her skirt she
bore,
Not then believing what her end
would be;
This great destruction falls on her
therefore,
And none to help or comfort her hath
she.
Oh, heed thou, Lord! and pity thou my
woes,
For I am triumph'd over by my foes!

10.

Her foe hath touch'd with his polluted
hand
Her things that sacred were, before
her face:
And they, whose entrance thou didst
countermand,
Intruded have into her holy place;
Those, that were not so much approv'd
by thee,
As of thy congregation held to be.

11.

Her people do, with sighs and sorrows,
get
That little bread, which for relief they
have:
And give away their precious things for
meat,
So to procure wherewith their life to
save:
Oh, Lord! consider this, and ponder
thou,
How vile and how dejected I am now!

12.

No pity in you, passengers, is there?
Your eyes, oh! somewhat hitherward
incline;
And mark, if ever any grief there were,
Or sorrow that did equal this of mine!
This which the Lord on me inflicted
hath,
Upon the day of his incensèd wrath.

13.

He from above a flame hath hurlèd
down,
That kindles in my bones prevailing
fire:
A net he over both my feet hath thrown,
By which I am compellèd to retire.
And he hath made me a forsaken one,
To sit and weep out all the day alone.

14.

The heavy yoke of my transgressions
now
His hand hath wreathèd, and upon me
laid;
Beneath the same my tired neck doth
bow,
And all my strength is totally decay'd.
For me to those the Lord hath given
o'er,
Whose hands will hold me fast for
evermore.

15.

The Lord hath trampled underneath
their feet
E'en all the mighty in the midst of me:
A great assembly he hath caus'd to
meet,
That all my ablest men might slaugh-
ter'd be;
And Judah's virgin daughter treads
upon,
As in a wine-press grapes are trod-
den on.

16.

For this (alas!) thus weep I; and mine
eyes,
Mine eyes drop water thus, because
that he,
On whose assistance my sad soul relies,
In my distress is far away from me:
E'en while (because of my prevailing
foe)
My children are compell'd from me
to go.

17.

In vain hath Sion stretched forth her
hand,
For none unto her succor draweth
nigh;
Because the Lord hath given in com-
mand

That Jacob's foes should round about
her lie:
And poor Jerusalem, among them there,
Like some defiled woman doth appear.

18.

The Lord is justified, nay-the-less,*
Because I do not his commands obey;
All nations, therefore, hear my heaviness,

And heed it (for your warning) you,
I pray;
For into thralldom (through my fol-
lies) be
My virgins, and my young men, borne
from me.

19.

Upon my lovers I have cried out;
But they my groundless hopes de-
ceived all:
I for my rev'rend priests inquir'd about;
I, also, did upon my elders call;
But in the city up the ghost they gave,
As they were seeking meat, their lives
to save.

20.

Oh, Lord! take pity now in my dis-
tress;
For, lo, my soul distemper'd is in me:
My heart is overcome with heaviness,
Because I have so much offended
thee!
Thy sword abroad, my ruin doth be-
come,
And death doth also threaten me at
home!

21.

And of my sad complaints my foes
have heard;
But to afford me comfort there is
none:
My troubles have at full to them ap-
pear'd,
Yet they are joyful that thou so hast
done:
But thou wilt bring the time set down
by thee,
And then in sorrow they shall equal me.

22.

Then shall those foul offences they have
wrought
Before Thy presence be remembered
all:

*Nevertheless.

And whatsoever my sins on me have
brought,
(For their transgressions) upon them
shall fall:
For so my sighings multipli'd be,
That, therewithal, my heart is faint in
me.

LAMENT II.

I.

How dark, and how be-clouded (in his
wrath)
The Lord hath caus'd Sion to ap-
pear!
How Israel's beauty he obscur'd hath,
As if thrown down from heav'n to
earth he were!
Oh! why is his displeasure grown so
hot?
And why hath he his footstool so for-
got?

2.

The Lord all Sion's dwellings hath laid
waste;
And, in so doing, he no sparing made:
For in his anger to the ground he cast
The strongest holds that Judah's
daughter had.
Them, and their kingdom, he to ground
doth send,
And all the Princes of it doth suspend.

3.

When at the highest his displeasure was,
From Israel all his horn of strength
he broke;
And from before his adversary's face
His right-hand (that restrain'd him)
he took.
Yea, he in Jacob kindled such a flame,
As round about, hath quite consum'd
the same.

4.

His bow he as an adversary bent,
And by his right-hand he did plainly
shew
He drew it with an enemy's intent;
For all that were the fairest marks
he slew.
In Sion's tabernacle this was done;
E'en there the fire of his displeasure
shone.

5.

The Lord himself is he that was the foe;

By him is Israel thus to ruin gone.
His palaces he overturnèd so;

And he his holds of strength hath overthrow'n:

E'en he it is, from whom it doth arise,
That Israel's daughter thus lamenting lies.

6.

His tabernacle, garden-like that was,
The Lord with violence hath took away:

He hath destroyèd his assembling-place;
And there no feasts nor sabbaths now have they:

No, not in Sion; for in his fierce wrath
He both their King and Priests rejected hath!

7.

The Lord his holy altar doth forego;
His sanctuary he hath quite despis'd.
Yea, by his mere assistance hath our foe

The bulwarks of our palaces surpriz'd;
And in the Lord's own house rude noises are
As loud as heretofore his praises were.

8.

The Lord his thought did purposely incline,

The walls of Sion should be overthrow'n:

To that intent he stretchèd forth his line,

And drew not back his hand till they were down.

And so, the turrets, with the bruised wall,

Did both together to destruction fall.

9.

Her gates in heaps of earth obscurèd are;

The bars of them in pieces broke hath he:

Her king, and those that once her princes were,

Now borne away among the Gentiles be.

The law is lost, and they no prophet have,
That from the Lord a vision doth receive.

10.

In silence, seated on the lowly ground,
The senators of Sion's daughters are:
With ashes they their careful heads have crown'd,

And mourning sackcloth girded on them wear.

Yea, on the earth in a distressed-wise,
Jerusalem's young virgins fix their eyes.

11.

And, for because my people suffer this,
Mine eyes with much lamenting dimmèd grow;

Each part within me out of quiet is,
And on the ground my liver forth I throw;

When as mine eyes with so sad objects meet,

As babes half dead, and sprawling in the street.

12.

For, to their mothers callèd they for meat;

Oh where shall we have meat and drink! they cry;

And in the city, while they food entertain,

They swoon, like them that deadly wounded lie:

And some of them their souls did breathe away,

As in the mother's bosom starv'd they lay.

13.

Jerusalem! for thee what can I say?
Or unto what may'st thou resembled be?

Oh! whereunto, that comfort thee I may,

Thou Sion's daughter, shall I liken thee?

For, as the seas, so great thy breaches are;

And to repair them, then, ah, who is there?

14.

Thou by thy prophets hast deluded
been;

And foolish visions they for thee have
sought.

For, they revealèd not to thee thy
sin,

To turn away the thralldom it hath
brought.

But lying prophecies they sought for
thee,

Which of thy sad exile the causes be.

15.

And those, thou daughter of Jerusalem,

That on occasions pass along this way,
With clapping hands, and hissings, thee

contemn;

And, nodding at thee, thus in scorn
they say:

Is this the city men did once behight*
The flower of beauty, and the world's
delight?

16.

Thy adversaries (every one of them)

Their mouths have open'd at thee to
thy shame;

They hiss, and gnash at thee, Jerusalem;
We, we (they say) have quite destroy'd

the same:

This is that day hath long expected
been:

Now cometh it, and we the same have
seen.

17.

But, this the Lord decreed, and brought
to pass;

He, to make good that word which
once he spake,

(And that which long ago determin'd
was)

Hath hurlèd down, and did no pity
take.

He thus hath made thee scornèd of thy
foe,

And rais'd the horn of them that hate
thee so.

18.

Oh wall of Sion's daughter, cry amain;

E'en to the Lord set forth a hearty
cry:

*Or call.

Down, like a river, cause thy tears to
rain,

And let them neither day nor night
be dry.

Seek neither sleep, thy body to suffice,
Nor slumber for the apples of thine
eyes.

19.

At night, and when the watch is new
begun,

Then rise, and to the Lord Almighty
cry:

Before him let thy heart like water run,
And lift thou up to him thy hands on
high.

E'en for those hunger-starvèd babes
of thine,

That in the corners of the streets do
pine.

20.

And thou, oh Lord, oh be thou pleas'd
to see,

And think on whom thy judgments
thou hast thrown!

Shall women fed with their own issue
be,

And children that a span are scarcely
grown?

Shall thus thy priests and prophets,
Lord, be slain,

As in thy sanctuary they remain?

21.

Nor youth, nor age, is from the slaugh-
ter free;

For in the streets lie young, and old
and all.

My virgins and my young men mur-
dered be;

E'en both beneath the sword together
fall.

Thou, in thy day of wrath, such havoc
mad'st,

That in devouring thou no pity hadst.

22.

Thou round about hast call'd my fearèd
foes,

As if that summon'd to some feast
they were;

Who in thy day of wrath did round
enclose,

And shut me so, that none escapèd
are.

Yea, those that hate me, them consumed have,
To whom I nourishment and breeding gave.

LAMENT III.

I.

I AM the man, (who scourgèd in thy wrath)
Have in all sorrows thoroughly tried been:
Into obscurity he led me hath;
He brought me thither, where no light is seen;
And so adverse to me himself he shows,
That all the day his hand doth me oppose.

2.

My flesh and skin with age be tired out;
He bruise'd my bones, as they had broken been;
He with a wall enclosed me about,
With cares and labours he hath shut me in:
And me to such a place of darkness led,
As those are in, that be for ever dead.

3.

He shut me where I found no passage out,
And there my heavy chains upon me laid;
Moreover, though I loudly crièd out,
He took no heed at all for what I pray'd:
My way with hewèd stones he stoppèd hath,
And left me wand'ring in a winding path.

4.

He was to me like some way-laying bear;
Or as a lion that doth lurk unseen;
My course he hind'ring, me in pieces tare,
Till I quite ruin'd and laid waste had been.
His bow he bended, and that being bent,
I was the mark at which his arrow went.

5.

His arrows from his quiver forth he caught,
And through my very reins he made them pass:
E'en mine own people set me then at naught,
And all the day their sporting song I was.
From him my fill of bitterness I had,
And me with wormwood likewise drunk he made.

6.

With stones my teeth he all to pieces brake
He dust and ashes over me hath strown;
All rest he from my weary soul did take,
As if contentment I had never none.
And then I crièd, Oh! I am undone!
All my dependence on the Lord is gone!

7.

Oh mind thou my afflictions and my care,
My miseries, my wormwood, and my gall;
For they still fresh in my remembrance are,
And down in me my humbled soul doth fall.
I this forget not; and when this I mind,
Some help again I do begin to find.

8.

It is thy mercy, Lord, that we now be,
For had thy pity fail'd, not one had liv'd.
The faithfulness is great that is in thee,
And ev'ry morning it is new reviv'd:
And, Lord, such claim my soul unto thee lays,
That she will ever trust in thee, she says.

9.

For thou art kind to those that wait thy will,
And to their souls, that after thee attend:
Good therefore is it, that in quiet still,
We hope that safety, which thou, Lord, wilt send.
And happy he, that timely doth enure
His youthful neck the burden to endure.

10.

He down will sit alone, and nothing say;
But since 'tis cast upon him, bear it
out:

(Yea, though his mouth upon the dust
they lay)

And while there may be hope will not
misdoubt.

His cheek to him that smiteth offers he,
And is content, though he reviled be.

11.

For sure is he (whatever doth befall)

The Lord will not forsake for ever-
more;

But that, he having punish'd, pity shall,
Because he many mercies hath in
store.

For God in plaguing take no pleasure
can,

Nor willingly afflicteth any man.

12.

The Lord delighteth not to trample down
Those men that here on earth en-
thrallèd are;

Or that a righteous man should be o'er-
thrown,

When he before the Highest doth
appear.

Nor is the Lord well-pleasèd in the
sight,

When he beholds the wrong subvert the
right.

13.

Let no man mutter then, as if he thought
Some things were done in spite of
God's decree;

For all things at his word to pass are
brought,

That either for our good or evil be.

Why then lives man, such murmurs to
begin?

Oh, let him rather murmur at his sin!

14.

Our own lewd courses let us search and
try;

We may to thee again, O Lord, con-
vert.

To God, that dwelleth in the heav'ns on
high,

Let us (oh, let us) lift both hand and
heart:

For we have sinnèd, we rebellious were,
And therefore was it that thou didst not
spare.

15.

For this (with wrath o'ershadow'd)
thou hast chas'd,

And slaughter made of us, without
remorse:

Thyself obscurèd with a cloud thou hast,
That so our prayers might have no
recourse.

And lo, among the heathen people, we
As outcasts and off-scourings reckon'd
be.

16.

Our adversaries all (and ev'ry where)
Themselves with open mouth against
us set;

On us is fallen a terror and a snare,
Where ruin hath with desolation met:

And for the daughter of my people's
cares,
Mine eyes doth cast forth rivulets of
tears.

17.

Mine eyes perpetually were overflown,
And yet there is no ceasing of my
tears;

For if the Lord in mercy look not down,
That from the heav'ns he may behold
my cares,

They will not stint: but for my people's
sake

Mine eyes will weep until my heart doth
break.

18.

As when a bird is chasèd to and fro,
My foes pursuèd me, when cause was
none;

Into the dungeon they my life did throw,
And there they rollèd over me a stone.

The waters, likewise, overflow'd me
quite,

And then, methought, I perishèd out-
right.

19.

Yet on thy name, oh Lord! I callèd
there,

(E'en when in that low dungeon I did
lie)

Whence thou wert pleasèd my com-
plaint to hear,

Not slighting me, when I did sighing
cry;
That very day I called, thou drewest
near,
And saidst unto me, that I should not
fear.

20.

Thou, Lord, my soul maintainest in her
right;

My life by thee alone redeemed was;
Thou hast, oh Lord! observed my
despight:*

Vouchsafe thy judgement also in my
cause:

For all the grudge they bear me thou
hast seen,

And all their plots that have against me
been.

21.

Thou heardst what slanders they against
me laid,

And all those mischiefs they devis'd
for me:

Thou notest what their lips of me have
said,

E'en what their dayly closest whisper-
ings be;

And how, whene'er they rise, or down
do lie,

Their song and subject of their mirth
am I.

22.

But, Lord, thou shalt reward and pay
them all,

That need their actions merit to re-
ceive;

Thy heavy malediction seize them shall;
E'en this, sad hearts, they shall for
ever have;

And by thy wrath pursued they shall
be driven,

Till they are chased out from under
heaven.

LAMENT IV.

I.

How dim the gold doth now appear!
(That gold, which once so brightly
shone:)

About the city, here and there,
The sanctuary-stones are thrown.

*Wrongs.

The sons of Sion, late compar'd
To gold (the richest in esteem)
Like potsheards are, without regard,
And base as earthen vessels seem.

2.

The monsters of the sea have care
The breasts unto their young to give;
But crueller my people are;

And, *Estridge-like, in deserts live.
With thirst the sucklings' tongues are
dry,

And to their parch'd roofs they
cleave:

For bread young children also cry,
But none at all they can receive.

3.

Those, that were us'd to dainty fare,
Now in the streets half-starvèd lie:
And they, that once did scarlet wear,
Now dunghill rags about them tie.

Yea, greater plagues my people's crime
Hath brought on them, than Sodom's
were:

For that was sunk in little time,
And no prolonged death was there.

4.

Her Nazarites, whose whiteness was
More pure than either milk or snow,
Whose ruddiness did rubies pass,
Whose veins did like the sapphire
show,

Now blacker than the coal are grown;
And in the streets unknown are they:
Their flesh is clung unto the bone,
And like a stick is dried away.

5.

Such, therefore, as the sword hath slain,
Are far in better case than those,
Who death for want of food sustain,
Whilst in the fruitful field it grows.
For when my people were distress'd,
E'en women (that should pity take)
With their own hands their children
dress'd,
That so their hunger they might slake.

*Ostrich.

6.

The Lord accomplish'd hath his wrath;
 His fierce displeasure forth is pour'd;
 A fire on Sion set he hath,
 Which e'en her ground-work hath
 devour'd;
 When there was neither earthly king,
 Nor, through the whole world, one of
 all
 Thought any foe to pass could bring,
 That thus Jerusalem should fall.

7.

But this hath happened for the guilt
 Of those that have her prophets been;
 And those, her wicked priests, that spilt
 The blood of innocents therein.
 Along the streets they stumbling went,
 (The blindness of these men was such)
 And so with blood they were besprent,*
 That no man would their garments
 touch.

8.

Depart, depart ('twas therefore said)
 From these pollutions get ye far;
 So, wand'ring to the heathen, fled,
 And said there was no biding there.
 And them the Lord hath now in wrath
 Exil'd, and made despis'd live;
 Yea, sent their priests and elders hath,
 Where none doth honour to them give.

9.

And as for us, our eyes decay'd,
 With watching vain reliefs, we have;
 'Cause we expect a nation's aid,
 That is unable us to save:
 For at our heels so close they be,
 We dare not in the streets appear;
 Our end we, therefore, coming see,
 And know our rooting-out is near.

10.

Our persecutors follow on,
 As swift as eagles of the sky;
 They o'er the mountains make us run
 And in the deserts for us lye;
 Yea, they have Christ (our life) be-
 tray'd,
 And caus'd him in their pits to fall:
 (E'en him) beneath whose shade, we
 said,
 We live among the heathen shall.

*Covered over, or polluted.

11.

O Edom! in the land of Huz
 (Though yet o'er us triumph thou
 may)
 Thou shalt receive this cup from us,
 Be drunk, and hurl thy clothes away;
 For when thy punishments for sins
 Accomplish'd, oh Sion, be,
 To visit Edom he begins,
 And publick make her shame will he.

LAMENT V.

I.

Oh, mind thou, Lord, our sad distress;
 Behold, and think on our reproach;
 Our houses strangers do possess,
 And on our heritage encroach.
 Our mothers for their husbands grieve,
 And of our fathers robb'd are we:
 Yea, money we compell'd to give
 For our own wood and water be.

2.

In persecution we remain,
 Where endless labour try us doth;
 And we to serve for bread are fain,
 To Egypt and to Ashur both.
 Our fathers err'd, and, being gone,
 The burden of their sin we bear:
 E'en slaves the rule o'er us have won,
 And none to set us free is there.

3.

For bread our lives we hazard in
 The perils which the deserts threat;
 And like an oven is our skin,
 Both soil'd and parch'd for want of
 meat.
 In Sion wives defil'd were,
 Deflowered were the virgins young,
 (Through Judah's cities every where)
 And princes by their hands were hung.

4.

Her elders disrespected stood;
 Her young men they for grinding
 took;
 Her children fell beneath the wood,
 And magistrates the gate forsook.
 Their musick young men have forborne;
 Rejoicing in their hearts is none:
 To mourning doth our dancing turn,
 And from our head the crown is gone.

5.

Alas, that ever we did sin!
 For therefore feels our heart these
 cares;
 For that our eyes have dimmèd been,
 And thus the hill of Sion fares.
 Such desolation there is seen,
 That now the foxes play thereon;
 But thou for ever, Lord, hast been,
 And without ending is thy throne.

6.

Oh, why are we forgotten thus?
 So long time wherefore absent art?
 Convert thyself, oh Lord, to us,
 And we to thee shall soon convert.
 Renew, oh Lord, those ages past,
 In which thy favour we have seen!
 For we extremely are debas'd,
 And bitter hath thine anger been.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

"ALL SOULS ARE MINE."

(Ezekiel xviii: 4.)

ALL souls, O Lord, are Thine;—assur-
 ance blest!

Thine, not our own to rob of help
 Divine;

Not man's to doom to any human test,
 But Thine, O gracious Lord, and only
 Thine!

Surely "the soul that sinneth, it shall
 die"—

Die to the sin that would its life con-
 fine!

Evil shall boast not perpetuity,
 Since every soul, however fall'n, is
 Thine.

Thine, by Thy various discipline, to
 lead

To heights where heavenly truths im-
 mortal shine;—

Truths, none eternally shall fail to heed,
 For all, O Lord, are Thine, forever
 Thine.

Forgive the thought, that everlasting ill
 To any can be part of Thy design;

Finite, imperfect, erring, guilty,—still

All souls, great God, are Thine,—and
 mercy Thine.

The soul, its own inquisitor, respects
 No other claim save that Thy words
 enshrine;

In its serene profundity reflects
 No power beyond and over it save
 Thine.

And Poesy her voice accordant lends
 When highest rapture wings her flight
 divine,

Notes of immortal cheer forever blends
 With those proclaiming, Lord, all
 souls are Thine.

"All souls are Mine"! Who shrinks to
 yield his breath,

Whose child-like faith can on those
 words incline?

Come with thy scourges, Fate! Come,
 Anguish, Death,—

Since God himself hath said, "All
 souls are Mine"!

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND

(1803-1868).

EZEKIEL.

(Ezekiel xxxiii: 30-33.)

THEY hear Thee not, O God! nor see;
 Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;
 The princes of our ancient line
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;
 The priests around Thy altar speak
 The false words which their hearers
 seek;

And hymns which Chaldea's wanton
 maids

Have sung in Dura's idol-shades
 Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
 With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
 The heathen heel is crushing yet;
 The towers upon our holy hill
 Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
 Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for
 them?

Who mourneth for Jerusalem?
 Who turneth from his gains away?
 Whose knee with mine is bowed to
 pray?

Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
 Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
 With Israel's early banishment;
 And where the sullen Chebar crept,
 The ritual of my fathers kept.
 The water for the trench I drew,
 The firstling of the flock I slew,
 And, standing at the altar's side,
 I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
 That still amidst her mocking foes,
 The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
 The Spirit of the Highest came!
 Before mine eyes a vision passed,
 A glory terrible and vast;
 With dreadful eyes of living things,
 And sounding sweep of angel-wings,
 With circling light and sapphire throne,
 And flame-like form of One thereon,
 And voice of that dread Likeness sent
 Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power
 Fell on me in that fearful hour;
 From off unutterable woes
 The curtain of the future rose;
 I saw far down the coming time
 The fiery chastisement of crime;
 With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
 Of falling towers and shouts of war,
 I saw the nations rise and fall,
 Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
 Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.
 I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
 Swept over by the spoiler's fire;
 And heard the low, expiring moan
 Of Edom on his rocky throne;
 And, woe is me! the wild lament
 From Zion's desolation sent;
 And felt within my heart each blow
 Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
 Before the pictured tile I lay;
 And there, as in a mirror, saw
 The coming of Assyria's war;
 Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
 Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;
 I saw them draw their stormy hem
 Of battle round Jerusalem;
 And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
 Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord?
 How mocked the rude, how scoffed the
 vile,
 How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe,
 As if the angel's mournful roll
 Had left its record on my soul,
 And traced in lines of darkness there
 The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel
 My lips in prophecy unseal.
 Prince, priest and Levite gather near,
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
 The harp of Judah swept once more.
 They listen, as in Babel's throng
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
 Or wild Sabbeka's nightly play,
 As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
 The same which earth's unwelcome
 seers
 Have felt in all succeeding years.
 Sport of the changeful multitude,
 Nor calmly heard nor understood,
 Their song has seemed a trick of art,
 Their warnings but the actor's part.
 With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
 The world requites its prophets still.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

THE COVENANT.

(Ezek. xxxvi: 25-28.)

THE Lord proclaims His grace abroad!
 "Behold, I change your hearts of
 stone;
 Each shall renounce his idol-god,
 And serve, henceforth, the Lord
 alone.

"My grace, a flowing stream proceeds
 To wash your filthiness away;
 Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
 And learn my statutes to obey.

"My truth the great design ensures,
 I give myself away to you;

You shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.

"Yet not unsought or unimplored,
The plenteous grace I shall confer;*
No—your whole hearts shall seek the
Lord,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

"From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour,
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my power."

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

EZEKIEL.

"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead. . . . So I spake unto the people in the morning: and at even my wife died."

He knew my soul, He knew she was in truth,
My heart's desire; and I had none on earth
But only her. Upon my troubled life
She gently shone, as shineth some fair star
Upon tempestuous waters, as this night
Upon the swellings dark of Jordan shines
The Summer-Moon.

Until she rose on me
Earth had no brightness; for when visions dread
Of God's unutterable glory swept
Before mine eyes, they left me dazzled so
That the sweet, common smiles of moon and sun,
Which gladden other men, grew faint and wan.
And faded in my sky, and served no more
To light mine exile-land. I could not grieve

*Ezek. xxxvi: 37.

That earthly things were grown so poor
and dark
To eyes which had beheld the Face that shines
Beyond the Sun: I magnify His Light,
And my dread office. I would choose to see
The brightness of the heavenly things, although
Their lightning-glory leaves me blind henceforth
To any earthly glow: and I would hear
But once the voice of God Almighty sweep
In thunder from His throne, although from hence
Mine ear be deaf to the sweet trembling chime
Of this world's music. I had rather stand
A Prophet of my God, with all the thrills
Of trembling, which must shake the heart of one
Who, in earth's garments, in the vesture frail
Of flesh and blood, is called to minister
As Seraphs do with fire—than bear the palm
Of any other triumph. This my joy
The Lord fulfilled. But when the door would close
In heaven, gathering all the glory in
Of sight and sound, and leaving me alone
Without the Gate to face the darkened earth,
And hear its moan, my soul would mourn to tear
Her earthly vesture, and to clothe herself
With immortality, and so to pass
Within the gates of light, to stand thenceforth
Among the Sons of God, and minister
Close by the burning Throne. But God, who willed
That I should tarry here a little while
In the dim outer courts, and speak His word
To many nations, sent me that one star
Of earthly love, that I might be content
To stay a while; that I might have one sweet,

Sweet tie to earth, to hold my eager
soul
A little from the heavenly things,
which wooed
With burning glances, till they well-
nigh drew
My spirit through the Gates.

It was a time
Of tumult and reproach, when God,
who clothed
My soul with thunders, bade me utter
them
To all the people, whether they would
hear
Or would forbear. When I who stood
between
An angry God and angry nations, felt
The shock of their dread warfare, till
my soul
Reeled with the clangour—then *she*
came to me,
Walking in white, and bearing in her
hand
A cup of blessing. As the waters cool
Which flow from Lebanon, to meet the
hot
And thirsty valleys, so *she* came to me;
And from that day *she* was my heart's
delight
And comfort for a while, a little while,—
Until God took her.

Oftentimes I came,
With burning thoughts, and with a
weary heart,
Towards our little home at eventide,
After a day of conflict. Then *she* came
To meet me smiling, and mine eyes
would grow
Most sweetly dim, and lose the dazzling
Light
Of things unspeakable, and only see
That smile instead. And *she* would
comfort me,
And sit beside me while the golden sun
Went down in peace, and sweetly sing
to me
Some of the songs of Zion. We were
bound
In exile, and we could not sing when
those
Who bound us bade us sing the sacred
songs

Of the beloved Land: but when the
hour
Of twilight came, when we might rest
in peace
Alone together, while the daylight
waned,
And the broad shadow of God's wing
was spread
Over the exile-hearts, until we seemed
Once more to dwell at home, the cap-
tive maids
Of Israël would sing. They took their
harps
At sunset from the willows, and the
songs
Were strangely sweet that floated
through the land,
Although the sound of Babel's sighing
streams
Made mournful answer.

Thus *she* sang to me,
And at the evening-time God gave us
light
In our poor dwelling. To *her* gentle
eyes
No heavenly doors were opened, *she*
had seen
No glorious visions; yet *she* seemed
to dwell
More near to God, to hold His name
more dear,
And hail Him "Father" with a sweeter
trust
Than I, who had beheld in visions
dread
The billows of tempestuous glory sweep
Around His throne. But in those
evening hours
By the faint starlight, while *she* sang
to me,
My heart grew sweet and calm, and I
could rest
With her in God.

And *she* was my delight
And comfort for a while, a little while,
Until God called her.

.....
"Son of man, behold,
I take from thee this day thine only
one,
Thine heart's desire!"

He met me in the way,
 And thus he smote me. I was going
 forth,
 As I had gone at other times, to speak
 His word unto my people; she who was
 In truth mine only one, had come with
 me
 Through the bright vineyards. All the
 leaves were stirred
 By gentle breezes, all the hills shone
 clear,
 Swept by the morning sunshine, and
 the birds
 Were singing gladly. At the gate we
 paused,
 That she might turn again, whilst I
 went forth
 Alone to face the people. That sweet
 sun
 Lighted her gentle face, and whilst I
 laid
 My hand upon her head, I blessed her
 there
 In God's great Name: "The King of
 Israël,
 Whose smile in sunshine brightens all
 the lands
 This summer morn, be with thee ever-
 more
 And shine upon thee with His lifted
 Face,
 And comfort thee, as thou dost comfort
 me,
 With tender love. I bless His Name
 this day
 For His sweet gift to me." Then, as
 she went,
 I stood to watch her, that no evil thing
 Might touch my stainless one, until she
 reached
 Our little exile-home. In that same
 hour
 God met me with His sword. "Be-
 hold," he said,
 "I take from thee this day thine only
 one,
 Thine heart's desire." Where I had
 stood and prayed
 In that calm sunlight, lifting up mine
 eyes
 To the bright Home of God, while
 Heaven and Earth
 Seemed full of light and peace, and she
 had bent

To hear my blessing,—God came
 straightway down,
 And said for answer, speaking in His
 strength,
 "I smite her; I will cut her off this day
 As with a sword."

.
 Yet I went on my way,
 And spake unto the people, for the
 hand
 Of God was strong upon me. In my
 heart
 The arrow quivered, for the Archer
 dread
 Had driven home His bolt. I knew
 that He
 Would do as He had said, and take
 from me
 My joy that day. And every pleasant
 look
 Of earth and sky did smite me; ah!
 how soon
 That gentle face would lie close hid
 from me
 By the soft smiling earth, and her fair
 soul
 Walk forth in white beyond that smil-
 ing sky
 Where I could never see her:—Gentle
 face
 And gentle soul both hidden, and my
 life
 Made desolate. And yet I spake His
 word
 Who thus had pierced me: yea, I held
 my soul
 From mourning, as a strong man
 holdeth back
 His steed, upon the sudden brink of
 some
 Wild dark abyss. In the sweet sum-
 mer-time
 Of flowers and sunshine such a gulf of
 death
 And desolation suddenly had yawned
 Close at my feet; yet on the brink I
 reined
 My startled soul, and on the brink I
 paused
 To speak for God,—with such strange
 calm as God
 Can give to dying men, or men with
 hearts
 More dark than death could make
 them. What although

Ere night mine only joy shall shattered
 lie
 In darkness with the dead?—I must
 not fail
 Nor be discouraged. In the work of
 God
 No man may turn or falter: I am His,
 Not mine, nor *hers*; I dare not weep
 for her
 When God hath need of me. I dare
 not mourn
 The while I speak His word, for no
 weak tears
 May fall upon the sacred fire; no sound
 Of breaking human heart may mar the
 full
 Majestic music of a Prophet's voice,
 Speaking to all the ages, from the
 mount
 Of cloud and vision. Thus I spake for
 God
 And did not falter, rather did my soul
 Wax stronger as it overcame. And still
 The hand of God was on me, and I
 went
 From strength to strength, till all the
 people bent
 Before the mighty Word, and many
 fell
 With trembling to the earth.

But *once* before,
 When I was heralding the things to
 come
 Upon the Holy Place, thus mighty grew
 The word of God in me and did pre-
 vail:—
 When to the Princes in the Gate I
 spake
 At His command, the thunder of His
 power
 Broke on the word, and rose, till,
 overcome
 By that dread sound of wrath, a mighty
 Prince
 Fell at my feet and died.* Thus have
 I felt
 My soul grow strong, when on the
 threshold dark
 Of some great Vision, the Archangel
 sounds
 The Trump of God. For while the
 Trumpet peals

In the thick darkness, sounding on and
 on,
 And waxing louder, all my heart is
 stirred
 With new and heavenly powers, till
 nothing seems
 Impossible to me. Thus rose the word
 Of God upon my soul that dreadful
 day,
 And thus I spake it.

Then I took my way
 Forth from the trembling crowd. I
 know my brow
 Was deadly pale, and as I went mine
 eyes
 Could scarcely see the path. Deep in
 my heart
 The arrow quivered now. My thoughts
 had flown
 Again to her, who but once more
 would come
 To meet me smiling. But the people
 said,—
 "The man of God has stayed himself
 on God,
 Till he can dare all things; yet even he
 Is shaken by the thunder; which he
 brings
 From God to man." I held my way
 until
 I stood in a waste, desert place lone
 In the bright afternoon. All things
 looked strange
 And hard to me. By the great lonely
 stone
 Where the Chaldeans worship when
 the stars
 Show clear in Heaven, I stayed my
 steps a while
 And looked around me. At no other
 time
 Would I have halted there.

Yet there I bent
 My head at last, and there I hid my
 face
 In my dark mantle. Over me there
 swept
 The winds of desolation.

.

Once again,
 For the last time, we sat at even-tide

*Ezekiel xi: 13.

Beside the door, and saw the setting
sun
Throw on the trembling palm-trees and
the streams
His golden showers of light. In days
to come
With equal pomp and glory he shall
ride
Down all the kindling west, in kingly
robes
Of gold and crimson, but *we* shall not
watch
His going down. Ah, never more shall
scene
On earth be bright to me;—and as for
her,
She hasteth to a land that hath no need
Of changing sun and moon. I hold her
close
With my strong arm, but she will find
a way
To pass from me to God. Who ever
heard
That *He* could woo in vain? What *He*
desires,
That doeth *He*.

And she had sung to me
Her last sweet song,—for she was
strangely calm
And lifted up. She did not weep, nor
lean
On me, as she had done at other times,
For strength to bear His will; she
seemed to lean
Immediately upon the arm of God,
And need no other aid. But in that
hour
My strength gave way: the gentle voice
that sang
Its last, last song so sweetly, seemed to
steal
My manhood from me; and the wistful
smile
That strove to comfort me,—the smile
so soon
To be eclipsed in death,—did pierce my
soul
As with a sword.

“It is not hard to die,”
She said, with that fair smile, “for
God’s sweet will
Makes bitter things most sweet. In my
bright youth
He calls me to His side. It is not hard

To go to Him.” But in my haste I said,
With aching heart,—“It is not hard for
thee—
I know it well. The captive-exile hastes
To leave the exile-land. But it is hard
To stay behind alone, when our one star
Is quenched for ever. Morn or eve
shall bring
No word of thee to me, and days and
nights
Shall make one empty night.”

She took my hand
In hers with tender pity, praying God
To comfort me for her:—“And thou
must smile
Once more on me, and bid me go in
peace
To Him who calls me; for my short,
sweet day
Is closing now, and He would have me
Home:
I cannot take that anguished look to
wear
On my calm heart in Heaven, as my
last,
Last memory of thee until we meet:
Nay, thou must smile on me; one little
smile,
Cast like a wild-flower on my misty
way,
Will make it brighter, and I cannot go
In peace until thou bless me.”

Then she looked
From me to the faint hills, that distant
shone
Towards the sinking sun. And I could
feel
That, as she moved a little in my arms,
Her soul was stirring gently, as a bird
Stirs in its nest, about to take its flight
To brighter lands. And from her eyes
the veil
Was falling; things unspeakable and
sweet
Were dawning on her gaze. In that last
hour
The Hosts of God were round us, and
her eyes
Beheld them, while from mine the dark,
sad wing
Of Azrael had hid all brighter things.
I only saw that tender, changing face,
With its most wistful smile:—“She
shall not go

From me to follow Thee! For she is mine,
 My fair white lamb, mine only one;
 whilst Thou hast many, in Thy calm Fold on the hill
 Of frankincense and myrrh. Lord, be content
 To lead Thy flock where shining waters sleep;
 And leave the poor man in the wilderness
 His one ewe lamb!"

But yet again she said,
 Appealing to me, "Suffer me to go
 To Him who calleth me! I love thee so
 That none but He could woo me from thy side,
 Or make my heart content to go from thee
 To all the joys of Heaven. And from the walls
 Of that bright Palace-Home my soul will lean,
 At morn and eve, to catch some distant sound
 Of thy home-coming feet: as here I watched
 For thy return at eve.

"If God had willed,
 I would have gladly stayed; but we are His,
 And it is sweet to do a little thing
 For Him who loves us so. He needeth me
 To be a sign for Him,—my death to stand
 A figure to my people of the things
 Which He will do on them, except they turn
 And seek His face. And I am so content
 To die for this! I could not speak for God,
 As thou hast done so well; but I can die
 For God, and for my people,—and for thee—
 To aid in thy great work.

"Forbid me not;
 Deny me not to Him. A day shall come
 When He shall give His Dearest to the death,
 For thee and me!" The clouds had parted now,

The love of God was shed abroad,
 within
 My broken heart. I could not say Him Nay;
 Or question Him. I laid my sacrifice
 Upon His altar, not denying Him
 Mine only one.

The stars came forth to crown
 The sad, still Night. I heard the distant song
 Of one who sang, down by the river-side,
 A song of Zion. From our exile-land
 My love was hastening, to the brighter Home
 Of Israël. I bent to kiss her cheek,
 And blessed her softly in the Name of God,
 And bade her go in peace. Yea, with a smile
 Which God had given me, I loosed my hold
 And suffered her to rise and go to Him.

And now at evening-time, when all the stars
 Keep watch along the battlements of Heaven,
 She bendeth from the Palace-walls, to watch
 For my Home-going step.

I must fulfil
 My stormy day; once more the clouds of God
 Do compass all my path, with visions dread
 Of gloom and glory. By my ruined home
 I stand to speak for God, and stretch my hands,
 Emptied of their sweet treasure, in God's name
 To all the people. And the Lord alone
 Himself doth comfort me.

And when at length
 The evening-time of my long day shall come,
 And God shall give me leave to lay aside
 The Prophet's mournful mantle, for the robe
 Of joy and light,—when at His Gate I find

An everlasting entrance, there my love
 Shall meet me smiling. After my long
 day
 Of storm and conflict, I shall feel once
 more
 The joy of finding her awaiting me
 At eventide, and drawing me to rest
 With her in God. Then shall I hear at
 length
 Her sweet voice singing to the harps of
 gold,
 And see her crowned with joy.

And He of whom
 She spake to me that night, the Son of
 God,
 The saving King of Israel, shall dwell
 With us, and be our God.

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

DANIEL.

IMPERIAL Persia bowed to his wise
 sway—

A hundred provinces his daily care;
 A queenly city with its gardens fair
 Smiled round him—but his heart was
 far away.

Forsaking pomp and power "three times
 a day"

For chamber lone, he seeks his solace
 there;

Through windows opening westward
 floats his prayer

Towards the dear distance where Jeru-
 salem lay.

So let me morn, noon, evening, steal
 aside,

And shutting my heart's door to
 earth's vain pleasure

And manifold solitudes, find leisure
 The windows of my soul to open wide

Towards that blest city and that heav-
 enly treasure,

Which past these visible horizons hide.

RICHARD WILTON (1827-).

[NABUCHODONOSOR.]

THE mighty trone, the precious tresor,
 The glorious sceptre, and real majes-
 tee,

That hadde the King Nabuchodonosor,
 With tonge unnethes may described
 be:

He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,

The vessell of the temple he with him
 ladde;

At Babiloine was his souveraine see,
 In which his glorie and his delit he
 hadde.

This proude king let make a statue of
 gold

Sixty cubites long and seven in brede,
 To which image both yonge and old
 Commanded he to loute and have in
 drede,

Or in a fourneis ful of flames rede
 He shuld be brent that wolde not
 obeie;

But never wold assenten to that dede,
 Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proude was and
 elat;

He wend that God that sit in majestee
 No might him nat bereve of his estat:
 But sodenly he lost his dignitee,
 And like a best him semed for to be,
 And ete heye as an oxe, and lay ther-
 out:

In rain with wilde, bestes walkèd he
 Til certain time was ycome about.

And like an egle's fethers wex his
 heres,

His nevles like a briddes clawes were,
 Til God relesed him at certain yeres,
 And gaf him wit, and than with many
 a tere

He thanked God, and ever his lif in
 fere

Was he to dou amis, or more tres-
 pace:

And til that time he laid was on his
 bere

He knew that God was ful of might
 and grace.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1328 [?]-1400).

BELSHAZZAR.

FOR seventy years had Israel worn the
 Chaldee's galling chain,

And many an eye was wrung with grief,
 and heart was bowed with pain;

And tears of bitterness atoned the
 Temple's splendor gone,

And Zion's hill, where God had placed
 the glories of his throne—

Oh! often by Euphrates' stream the
 mourning Hebrew strayed,

Anon he woke the long-hushed harp—
 anon he wept and prayed;

But sullen echoes answered from Euphrates' gloomy waters,
 Echoes that mocked the heart-wringing
 grief of Jewry's sons and daughters.
 Sad echoes that recalled the days when
 Jehovah's mighty Hand,
 Guided them through the Red Sea
 waves all safe as on dry land,
 Reviving to the eye the darkened glories
 of Sinai,
 Rocked to its base beneath the burning
 tread of Adonai;
 'Mid thunderings and lightnings gleaming
 on that God-writ stone,
 While the Prophet's face, as he descended,
 like a Glory shone;
 Echoes that brought back the land
 where milk and honey flowed,
 And Jordan's stream yet destined for
 the baptism of God,
 The conquered Hivite—Jebuzite; and
 Gideon's—Joshua's sword,
 Cities and heroes prostrate by the might
 of Israel's Lord;
 The bright Schechinah that once burned
 between the Cherubim
 For aye withdrawn by God; its place
 once glorious, dark and dim!
 Sad images were those that rose from
 echoes as they strayed,
 'Mong strings that lent the exile's harp-
 ing Music's darkest shade;
 Upon the willow hangs the harp, the
 minstrel can but weep
 At the sad notes that through the
 strings in fitful pauses sweep—
 "Shall the conquered sing the song of
 Zion in a stranger-land?
 How *can* we sing the Lord's song at a
 conqueror's command?
 Oh! Babel's daughter! happy he who in
 vengeance for our groans,
 Shall dash thy godless children down,
 aye—even to the stones!"

.

Bright were the lamps that burned with-
 in Belshazzar's festal-hall,
 And cup and garland twined their blush
 at that high carnival;
 And feasting and rejoicing all held high
 and impious sway,
 As though no night of judgment were
 to close that Godless day:
 The gold and silver vessels that the
 Temple of the Lord

On Zion's hill adorned, decked now the
 heathen's festal-board,
 And feasting and Religion there had
 twined their fearful spell,
 For they had given these holy vessels
 to their idol, Bel.
 "Bring forth those golden vessels!" cries
 the king, full-flushed with wine,
 "That my father bore in triumph from
 the Hebrews' gorgeous shrine;
 And let us in their *own* bright gold and
 silver goblets drain
 Honor and glory to the hand that wove
 the Hebrews' chain!"
 Forth brought they then the vessels, and
 they fill them up with wine,
 And joyous echoes rang, as drank king,
 peer, and concubine,
 Forgetting not to mingle with the mad-
 ness of that hour,
 Blasphemies on Jehovah's name, and
 insults to His power;
 For they no longer deemed Him true in
 promise, act, or word
 Who gave His favored people to cap-
 tivity and sword!
 "Fill high, fill high—let every cup brim
 with its sparkling freight!
 'Tis not for kings to crouch, like men,
 at word of Death or Fate—
 Kings are immortal—" While thus
 spake a flattering lord, behold!
 A dazzling light, like rainbow, fell
 around those cups of gold;
 And fear and trembling fell on all, and
 the speaker stood like one
 God's long-staid hand in judgment
 smote to semblance as of stone;
 For his jewelled fingers pointed, and his
 eyes they shone like glass,
 When wizard-wand makes spectre-
 forms in silence o'er it pass!
 They looked, and lo! upon the wall the
 finger of a man
 Traced mystic lines that human eye that
 night might never scan,
 "Over against the candle-stick," upon
 the palace-wall,
 Belshazzar saw the part that wrote, *but*
did not see it all;
 Then troubled were his thoughts, and
 lo! how pale his visage grew,
 As on the marble monument ye see
 Death's pallid hue;
 Wailing and moaning rest upon that
 festive group, where now

Joy thrilled on every lip, and pleasure
 lighted every brow;
 The wine no longer sparkles, and the
 cups untasted stand,
 While fixed as marble's every eye upon
 that cloudy hand;
 Muffled in mantle every face—bowed
 every knee in prayer,
 Such prayer as doomed souls mutter—
 half in fear and half despair,
 While an icy chillness rests on all, as
 though they feel the breath
 Of one whose home, though now on
 earth, was in the Land of Death!
 Then started from his trance the king,
 and gazed upon the crowd,
 That seemed not guests—but worship-
 pers, for every knee was bowed;
 And, as he saw the palsied hand, and
 the lip spell-bound with fear,
 His stubborn knees, they almost bend,
 for he felt that God was near;—
 Then spake he:—"Call the Magi! Let
 Chaldea's seers declare
 The mystery of good or ill a God hath
 written there;
 And he that shall the tidings of that
 writing dark unfold,
 With scarlet shall be clothed, and wear
 a chain of massive gold!"
 Lo! entered then, the Magi; while the
 anxious eyes of all
 Passed quickly from the Soothsayers to
 the writing on the wall,
 Both lip and cheek were bloodless, and
 chill terror held the breath
 Of each one, as he paused to hear a
 message as from Death!
 Long space the Magi strove to dis-
 entwine the mystic chain
 That bound those words from human
 eye; but all their lore was vain—
 Now heavier shadows fell upon Bel-
 shazzar's livid face,
 Shadows of fear and pain that in the
 dying you may trace;
 His lips, they muttered half in prayer,
 with hands, like iron, bound
 In prayer's convulsive grasp, he looked
 in agony around;—
 It was the wrung and anguished speech
 that silence *more* than tells,
 For in its muteness, as a shrine, the
 soul's deep suffering dwells!
 As thus they stood, King, peer, and con-
 cubine, like those within

The cities of the plain, awaiting the
 dread doom of sin,
 The Queen, with voice like spirit
 blessed, the grave-like silence brake;
 "Oh, King! for ever live and from this
 trance awake—awake!
 Let not thy thoughts, thus, trouble thee,
 nor Sorrow fling her veil
 Athwart thy brow, like Mourning, o'er
 the dead one cold and pale;—
 For lo! there's one, my son! within
 thy kingdom who can read
 All mysteries that Bel and Nebo on
 Belshazzar have decreed,
 One whom thy father master made of
 all Chaldea's seers,
 For in *him* the spirit of the gods, like
 Wisdom's self, appears!
 Let Belshazzar now be called, and he
 will straightway show
 What means this mystic messenger that
 makes thee tremble now?"
 Then was Daniel brought before the
 King; and thus Belshazzar said:—
 "Speak! art thou of those conquered
 tribes my father captive led
 In years by-gone, from Jewry?" "Lo!
 thy servant is thy slave;—
 What can a captive give, oh King! his
 Conqueror would have?"
 The King spake not: but raised his
 quivering finger where the hand
 Stood still and misty, like a herald from
 a dim and distant land;—
 E'en such a herald heaven might send,
 'mid pestilence and war,
 To open long-closed phials from some
 dark, malignant star,
 When nations veil the heart—no longer
 clouds of incense rise,
 And the sun looks too weak and wan
 to light the morning-skies!
 But Daniel gazed unblenching, for his
 trust was in his God,
 Whether amid the furnace-flames, or
 lions' den he trod;
 For martyr-like baptized in flames was
 Daniel's holy faith,
 And purged with flames he stood, and
 wore the martyr's holy wreath!
 "Oh King! our God most High and
 Mighty, gave thy father's crown
 The choicest gifts of Heaven—glory,
 honor, and renown,
 And with thy Sire, where'er he went,
 were majesty and awe,

His very frown was conquest, and his
iron will was law!
All nations and all languages, they
feared and trembled too,
For whom he would, he spared alive,
and whom he would he slew!
But when, in self-reliance, he forgot his
trust in God,
And in very pride his head was raised
above the earth he trod,
When in self-glory of the flesh his pride
was lifted up,
Then did God's long-staid hand first
mingle tears within his cup;—
Yes, shame and sorrow were thy Sire's,
when from the haunts of men
Sent forth to seek a home, he found
it in the wild beasts' den,
And with the oxen, he ate grass—with
dew he quenched his thirst;—
And thy Sire, oh King! to herd with
beasts, was for his pride accurst!
Now mark what I aread thee, King!
thy father's crime is thine,
Thy soul is lifted up against the
Majesty Divine;
Of old the angels forfeited their high
estate for pride,
Look round thee, King! and say hast
thou not God thyself defied?
What see I here, amid these gold and
silver vessels piled,
But God himself insulted, and His Holy
Shrine despoiled?
What see I here, amid these cups of
silver and of gold,
But King and Victor both his proud
and swelling heart unfold?
What see I, amid revelry, and song, and
dance, and wine,
Save blasphemy on those things God
Himself hath made Divine?
And now, oh King! prepare thee in this
last and fearful hour
To read a message in yon' hand from
God's insulted power!"
He said: but, ere the holy herald had
his mission given
Behold around a radiance, as though
each world in heaven
Had registered that moment with its
own immortal light,
Ere Babylon for ever sank to ruin and
to night!
And, 'mid that glory radiant as from
God's own beaming throne,

Lo! these the words that met the glassy
eye of every one:—
"Mene-Mene-Tekel-Upharsin" traced in
living light,
As was, in Israel's wanderings, the pil-
lared fire by night.
Now ev'ry eye on Daniel's turned, from
Monarch to the seer,
But ev'ry lip hangs questionless, so
palsied 'tis with fear;
And those cheeks, whose blush but now
outvied the wine within the gold;—
God! are they spectres now that stand—
so wan they look and cold!
'Twas then that Daniel spake—"Be-
ware! Chaldea's hour is come;
In yonder writing, King and people!
read Chaldea's doom;
Thyself and kingdom, guilty King! are
in the balance weighed,
But wanting found, and given to the
Persian and the Mede!"
E'en while he spake, a trumpet-blast
rang on the midnight-air;
Oh! then within those guilty walls were
wailing and despair,
And gnashing teeth—and smitten
breasts—and curses—prayers—and
cries,
Such as from Hinnom's bloody vale,
and Tophet's depths arise,
When parents, with their *own* hands,
give their strangled babes to Bel,
That ev'n Religion's self hath made her
shrine and vale *a Hell!*
Another blast—another—is the right
arm of the Lord
Uplifted thus, in wrath so soon to verify
His Word?
Fall in the dust, proud Babylon! Call
on the rocks to hide
Thy lazar-house of guilt and sin—thy
leprosy of pride;
Where are the gods, Belshazzar! now,
that girded once thy throne?
Vain, vain to summon to thine aid those
blocks of wood and stone,
Bel croucheth—Nebo stoopeth, and their
shrines are broken down,
For hark! the True God cometh now,
with sceptre and with crown,
Comes on the midnight-storm's dark
wing, with trumpet-blast, and
sword,—
Bow down, thou kingly worm! bow at
the footstool of thy Lord—

Comes to accomplish His dread wrath
in ages past decreed,
Give place, ye king and people, to the
Persian and the Mede!

EDWARD MATURIN (1812-1881).

BELSHAZZAR AND DANIEL.

Now Morn, with rosy-colour'd finger,
raised
The sable pall, which provident Night
had thrown
O'er mortals, and their works, when
every street,
Straight or transverse, that towards
Euphrates turns
Its sloping path, resounds with festive
shouts,
And teems with busy multitudes, which
press
With zeal impetuous to the towering
fane
Of Bel, Chaldean Jove; surpassing far
That Doric temple, which Elean chiefs
Raised to their thunderer from the
spoils of war,
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight
towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride
And slavish superstition. Round, a
scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic
pile;
And at the bottom on vast hinges grate
Four brazen gates, towards the four
winds of heaven
Placed in the solid square. Hither at
once
Come flocking all the sons of Babylon,
Chaldean or Assyrian; but retire
With humblest awe, while through their
marshall'd ranks
Stalks proud Belshazzar. From his
shoulder flows
A robe, twice steep'd in rich Sidonian
hues,
Whose skirts, embroider'd with mean-
dering gold,
Sweep o'er the marble pavement. Round
his neck
A broad chain glitters, set with richest
gems,
Ruby and amethyst. The priests come
next,

With knives and lancets arm'd; two
thousand sheep
And twice two thousand lambs stand
bleating round,
Their hungry god's repast: six loaded
wains
With wines, and frankincense, and
finest flour,
Move slowly. Then advance a gallant
band,
Provincial rulers, counsellors and chiefs,
Judges and princes: from their essenced
hair
Steam rich perfumes, exhaled from
flower or herb,
Assyrian spices: last, the common train
Of humbler citizens. A linen vest
Enfolds their limbs: o'er which a robe
of wool
Is clasp'd, while yet a third hangs white
as snow,
Even to their sandall'd feet: a signet
each,
Each bears a polished staff, on whose
smooth top
In bold relief some well-carved emblem
stands,
Bird, fruit, or flower. Determined,
though dismay'd,
Judæa's mourning prisoners close the
rear.
And now the unfolded gates on every
side
Admit the splendid train, and to their
eyes
A scene of rich magnificence display,
Censers, and cups, and vases, nicely
wrought
In gold, with pearls and glittering gems
inlaid,
The furniture of Baal. An altar stands
Of vast dimensions near the central
stone,
On which the god's high-priest strews
frankincense,
In weight a thousand talents. There
he drags
The struggling elders of the flock;
while near,
Stretch'd on a smaller plate of unmix'd
gold,
Bleed the reluctant lambs. The ascend-
ing smoke,
Impregnate with perfumes, fills all the
air.

These rites perform'd, his votaries all
 advance
 Where stands their idol; to compare
 with whom
 That earth-born crew, which scaled the
 walls of heaven
 Or that vast champion of Philistia's
 host,
 Whom in the vale of Elah, David slew
 Unarm'd, were 'minished to a span. In
 height
 Twice twenty feet he rises from the
 ground;
 And every massy limb, and every joint,
 Is carved in due proportion. Not one
 mine,
 Though branching out in many a vein
 of gold,
 Sufficed for this huge column. Him the
 priests
 Had swept, and burnish'd, and per-
 fumed with oils,
 Essential odours. Now the sign is
 given,
 And forthwith strains of melody
 Proclaim their molten thunderer; cor-
 net, flute,
 Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, unite
 In loud triumphal hymn, and all at
 once
 The King, the nations, and the lan-
 guages
 Fall prostrate on the ground. But not a
 head,
 But not one head in all thy faithful
 bands,
 O Judah, bows. As when the full-orb'd
 moon,
 What time the reaper chants his harvest
 song,
 Rises behind some horizontal hill,
 Flaming with reddest fire; still, as she
 moves,
 The tints all soften, and a yellower light
 Gleams through the ridges of a purple
 cloud:
 At length, when midnight holds her
 silent reign,
 Changed to a silver white, she holds her
 lamp
 O'er the belated traveller; so thy face,
 Belshazzar, from the crimson glow of
 rage,
 Shifting through all the various hues
 between,
 Settles into a wan and bloodless pale.

Thine eyeballs glare with fire. "Now
 by great Bel,"
 Incensed, exclaims the monarch, "soon
 as morn
 Again shall dawn, my vengeance shall
 be pour'd
 On every head of their detested race."
 He spake, and left the fane with hasty
 step,
 Indignant. Him a thousand lords at-
 tend,
 The minions of his court. And now
 they reach
 The stately palace. In a spacious hall,
 From whose high roof seven sparkling
 lustres hang,
 Round the perpetual board high sofas
 ranged
 Receive the gallant chiefs. The floor is
 spread
 With carpets, work'd in Babylonia's
 looms,
 Exquisite art; rich vessels carved in
 gold,
 In silver, and in ivory, beam with gems.
 'Midst these is placed whate'er of massy
 plate,
 Or holy ornament, Nebassar brought
 From Sion's ransack'd temple; lamps,
 and cups,
 And bowls, now sparkling with the rich-
 est growth
 Of Eastern vineyards. On the table
 smokes
 All that can rouse the languid appetite,
 Barbaric luxury. Soft minstrels round
 Chant songs of triumph to symphonious
 harps.
 Propt on a golden couch Belshazzar lies,
 While on each side fair slaves of Syrian
 race
 By turns solicit with some amorous tale
 The monarch's melting heart. "Fill
 me," he cries,
 "That largest bowl, with which the Jew-
 ish slaves
 Once deck'd the altar of the vanquish'd
 God.
 Never again shall this capacious gold
 Receive their victim's blood. Hence-
 forth the kings
 Of Babylon, oft as this feast returns,
 Shall crown it with rich wine, nectarious
 draught.
 Fill high the foaming goblet; rise, my
 friends;

And as I quaff the cup, with loud acclaim
 Thrice hail to Bel." They rose; when
 all at once
 Such sound was heard, as when the
 roaring winds
 Burst from their cave, and with impetuous
 rage
 Sweep o'er the Caspian or the Chronian
 deep.
 O'er the devoted walls the gate of
 heaven
 Thunder'd, a hideous peal; and, lo! a
 cloud
 Came darkening all the banquet, whence
 appeared
 A hand (if hand it were, or airy form,
 Compound of light and shade) on the
 adverse wall
 Tracing strange characters. Belshazzar
 saw,
 And trembled: from his lips the goblet
 fell:
 He look'd again; perhaps it was a
 dream;
 Thrice, four times did he look; and
 every time
 Still plainer, did the mystic lines appear,
 Indelible. Forthwith he summons all
 The wise Chaldeans, who by night consult
 The starry signs, and in each planet
 read
 The dark decrees of fate. Silent they
 stand;
 Vain are their boasted charms. With
 eager step
 Merodach's royal widow hastes to cheer
 Her trembling son. "O king, for ever
 live;
 Why droops thy soul?" she cries; "what
 though this herd
 Of sage magicians own their vanquish'd
 art,
 Know'st thou not Daniel? In his heart
 resides
 The spirit of holy Gods; 'twas he who
 told
 Thy father strange events, and terrible;
 Nor did Nebassar honour one like him
 Through all his spacious kingdom. He
 shall soon
 Dispel thy doubts, and all thy fears
 allay."
 She spake, and with obeisance low re-
 tired.

"Then be it so; haste, Arioch, lead him
 here,"
 Belshazzar cries; "if he interpret right,
 Even though my soul in just abhorrence
 holds
 His hated race, I will revoke their doom,
 And shower rich honours on their
 prophet's head."
 Nor long he waited, when with graceful
 step,
 And awe-commanding eye, solemn and
 slow,
 As conscious of superior dignity,
 Daniel advanced. Time o'er his hoary
 hair
 Had shed his white snows. Behind him
 stream'd
 A mantle, ensign of prophetic powers,
 Like that with which inspired Elisha
 smote
 The parting waters, what time on the
 bank
 Of Jordan from the clouds a fiery car
 Descended, and by flaming coursers
 drawn
 Bore the sage Tishbite to celestial
 climes,
 Maugre the gates of death. A wand he
 bore—
 That wand by whose mysterious prop-
 erties
 The shepherd of Horeb call'd the re-
 fluent waves
 O'er Pharaoh and his host, with which
 he struck
 The barren flint, when from the riven
 cliff
 Gush'd streams, and water'd all the
 thirsty tribes
 Of murmuring Israel. Through many
 an age
 Within the temple's unapproach'd veil,
 Fast by the rod, which bloom'd o'er
 Aaron's name,
 Still did the holy relic rest secure.
 At length, when Babylonia's arms pre-
 vail'd,
 Seraiah saved it from the flaming
 shrine,
 With all the sacred wardrobe of the
 priest,
 And bore it safe to Riblah. Dying there,
 The priest bequeathed the sacred legacy
 To Daniel. He, when summon'd to
 explain,

As now, God's dark decrees, in his right hand
 Brandish'd the mystic emblem. "Art thou he,
 Art thou that Daniel, whom Nebassar brought
 From Salem, whom the vanquish'd tribes adore,
 In wisdom excellent? Look there, look there;
 Read but those lines," the affrighted monarch cries,
 "And clothed in scarlet wear this golden chain,
 The third great ruler of my spacious realm."
 He spake, and thus the reverend seer replied:
 "Thy promises, and threats, presumptuous king,
 My soul alike despises; yet, so wills
 That spirit, who darts his radiance on my mind
 (Hear thou, and tremble), will I speak the words
 Which he shall dictate. 'Number'd is thy realm,
 And finish'd; in the balance art thou weigh'd,
 Where God hath found thee wanting: to the Medes
 And Persians thy divided realm is given."
 Thus saith the Lord: and thus those words import,
 Graven by his high behest. See'st thou this wand?
 Ne'er has it borne, since first it left the trunk,
 Or bud or blossom: all its shielding rind
 The sharp steel stripp'd, and to dry winds exposed
 The vegetative sap; even so thy race
 Shall perish: from thy barren stock shall rise
 Nor prince nor ruler; and that glittering crown,
 Won by thy valiant fathers, whose long line
 In thee, degenerate monarch, soon must end,
 Shall dart its lustre round a stranger's brow."
 "Prophet of evils! darest thou pour on me

Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark?"
 Incensed the monarch cries: "Hence to thy tribes;
 Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
 Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
 The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
 Thou wilt erase from that accurs'd wall,
 Take half my realm." He spake, and fixed his eyes
 Wild staring on the mystic characters: His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
 Tenfold; when thus the man of God began:
 "Go to the shady vales of Palestine,
 Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
 The palms and cedars from their native mould
 Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
 Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
 For it was harden'd in the streams of heaven;
 And though not dedicate to sorcerers' arts
 By magic incantation, and strange spells;
 Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
 In every part, that not the united force
 Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
 Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
 Wilt thou that I revoke thy destined fate?
 Devoted prince, I cannot. Hell beneath
 Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
 The kings, that sat on golden thrones, approach,
 The chief ones of the earth. 'O Lucifer, Son of the morning, thou that vaunting sardst,
 "I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt My throne above the stars of God; the clouds
 Shall roll beneath my feet," art thou too weak
 As we? art thou become like unto us?

Where now is all thy pomp? where the
 sweet sound
 Of viol, and of harp?" with curious eye
 Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued
 sons
 Of Solyma shall say, 'Is this the man
 That shook the pillars of the trembling
 earth,
 That made the world a desert?' all the
 kings,
 Each in his house entomb'd, in glory
 rest,
 While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
 The sport of dogs and vultures. In
 that day
 Shall these imperial towers, this haughty
 queen,
 That in the midst of the waters sits
 secure,
 Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-
 ominous birds
 Shall o'er th' unwholesome marshes
 scream for food;
 And hissing serpents by sulphureous
 pools
 Conceal their filthy brood. The trav-
 eller
 In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's
 pride:
 No trace shall guide his dubious steps;
 nor sage,
 Versed in historic lore, shall mark the
 site
 Of desolated Babylon." Thus spake
 The seer, and with majestic step re-
 tired.

W. H. ROBERTS (1745-1791).

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Joy holds her court in great Belshaz-
 zar's hall,
 Where his proud lords attend their
 monarch's call.
 The rarest dainties of the teeming East
 Provoke the revel and adorn the feast.
 And now the monarch rises.—"Pour,"
 he cries
 "To the great gods, the Assyrian dei-
 ties!
 Pour forth libations of the rosy wine
 To Nebo, Bel, and all the powers
 divine!
 Those golden vessels crown, which ere-
 while stood
 Fast by the oracle of Judah's God,
 Till that accursèd race—"

But why, O king!
 Why dost thou start, with livid cheek?—
 why fling
 The untasted goblet from thy trembling
 hand?
 Why shake thy joints, thy feet forget
 to stand?
 Why roams thine eye, which seems in
 wild amaze
 To shun some object, yet returns to
 gaze,—
 Then shrinks again appalled, as if the
 tomb
 Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom?

Awful the horror, when Belshazzar
 raised
 His arm, and pointed where the vision
 blazed!
 For seel enrobed in flame, a mystic
 shade,
 As of a hand, a red right-hand, dis-
 played!
 And, slowly moving o'er the wall, ap-
 pear
 Letters of fate, and characters of fear.
 In deathlike silence grouped, the revel-
 lers all
 Fix their glazed eyeballs on the illum-
 ined wall.
 See! now the vision brightens,—now 'tis
 gone,
 Like meteor flash, like Heaven's own
 lightning flown!
 But, though the hand hath vanished,
 what it writ
 Is uneffaced. Who will interpret it?
 In vain the sages try their utmost skill;
 The mystic letters are unconstrued still.

"Quick, bring the Prophet!—let his
 tongue proclaim
 The mystery of that visionary flame."
 The holy Prophet came, and stood up-
 right,
 With brow serene, before Belshazzar's
 sight.
 The monarch pointed trembling to the
 wall:
 "Behold the portents that our heart
 appall!
 Interpret them, O Prophet! thou shalt
 know
 What gifts Assyria's monarch can be-
 stow."
 Unutterably awful was the eye

Which met the monarch's; and the stern
 reply
 Fell heavy on his soul: "Thy gifts
 withhold,
 Nor tempt the Spirit of the Law, with
 gold.
 Belshazzar, hear what these dread words
 reveal.
 That lot on which the Eternal sets his
 seal.
 Thy kingdom numbered, and thy glory
 flown,
 The Mede and Persian revel on thy
 throne.
 Weighed in the balance, thou hast
 kicked the beam,
 See to yon Western sun the lances
 gleam,
 Which, ere his Orient rays adorn the
 sky,
 Thy blood shall sully with a crimson
 dye."

In the dire carnage of that night's dread
 hour,
 Crushed 'mid the ruins of his crumbling
 power,
 Belshazzar fell beneath an unknown
 blow—
 His kingdom wasted, and its pride laid
 low!

THOMAS SMART HUGHES (—1847).

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

'T WAS night in Babylon: yet many a
 beam,
 Of lamps far-glittering from her
 domes on high,
 Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates'
 stream,
 With the clear stars of that Chaldean
 sky,
 Whose azure knows no cloud:—each
 whispered sigh
 Of the soft night-breeze through her
 terrace-bowers
 Bore deepening tones of joy and
 melody,
 O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers;
 And the glad city's voice went up from
 all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly
 hall,
 Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a
 gorgeous band!

High at the stately midnight festival,
 Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There
 Luxury's hand
 Had showered around all treasures
 that expand
 Beneath the burning East;—all gems
 that pour
 The sunbeams back;—all sweets of
 many a land,
 Whose gales waft incense from their
 spicy shore;
 But mortal pride looked on, and still
 demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be
 fraught,
 A loftier theme may swell th' exulting
 strain!
 The Lord of nations spoke,—and forth
 were brought
 The spoils of Salem's devastated
 fane:
 Thrice holy vessels!—pure from
 earthly stain,
 And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
 Who deigned within the oracle to
 reign,
 Revealed, yet shadowed; making noon-
 day dim,
 To that most glorious cloud between
 the Cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the
 voice of song,
 And pride flashed brighter from the
 kindling eye,
 And He who sleeps not heard th' elated
 throng,
 In mirth that plays with thunderbolts,
 defy
 The Rock of Zion!—Fill the nectar
 high,
 High in the cups of consecrated gold!
 And crown the bowl with garlands,
 ere they die,
 And bid the censers of the Temple hold
 Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty
 ones of old!

Peace!—is it but a phantom of the
 brain,
 Thus shadowed forth the senses to
 appal,
 Yon fearful vision?—Who shall gaze
 again
 To search its cause?—Along the
 illumined wall,

Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human
hand,

O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall

In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of some
far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal
board,

And quivering lips and whispers deep
and low,

And fitful starts!—the wine in triumph
poured,

Untasted foams, and song hath ceased
to flow.

The waving censer drops to earth—
and lo!

The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with
might,

Trembles before a shadow!—Say not
so!

—The child of dust, with guilt's fore-
boding sight,

Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th'
avenging Infinite!

But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted
seers,

The men of prescience!—haply to
their eyes,

Which track the future through the
rolling spheres,

Yon mystic sign may speak in prophe-
cies.

They come—the readers of the mid-
night skies,

They that give voice to visions—but in
vain!

Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret
lies,

It hath no language 'midst the starry
train,

Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's
mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other
sires,

And other inspiration!—One of those
Who on the willows hung their captive
lyres,

And sat, and wept, where Babel's
river flows.

His eye was bright, and yet the deep
repose

Of his pale features half o'erawed the
mind,

And imaged forth a soul, whose joys
and woes

Were of a loftier stamp than aught as-
signed

To earth; a being sealed and severed
from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose
spirit passed

Time's utmost bounds?—on whose
unshrinking sight

Ten thousand shapes of burning glory
cast

Their full resplendence?—Majesty
and might,

Were in his dreams;—for him the
veil of light

Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary
and throne,

The curtain of th' unutterably bright
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splen-
dour shown,

Ancient of days! e'en thou mad'st thy
dread presence known.

He spoke:—the shadows of the things
to come

Passed o'er his soul:—"O King, elate
in pride!

God hath sent forth the writing of thy
doom,

The one, the living God, by thee de-
filed!

He in whose balance earthly lords are
tried,

Hath weighed, and found thee wanting.
'T is decreed

The conqueror's hands thy kingdom
shall divide,

The stranger to thy throne of power
succeed!

The days are full, they come;—the
Persian and the Medel!"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence
round,

A breathless pause! the hush of hearts
that beat

And limbs that quiver:—is there not a
sound,

A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying
feet?

—'T was but some echo, in the crowded
street,

Of far-heard revelry; the shout, the
song,

The measured dance to music wildly
sweet,
That speeds the stars their joyous
course along;—
Away! nor let a dream disturb the fes-
tal throng!

Peace yet again!—Hark! steps in tu-
mult flying,
Steeds rushing on as o'er a battle-
field!

The shout of hosts exulting or defying,
The press of multitudes that strive or
yield!

And the loud, startling clash of spear
and shield,
Sudden as earthquake's burst!—and,
blent with these,

The last wild shriek of those whose
doom is sealed
In their full mirth!—all deepening on
the breeze,
As the long stormy roar of far-advanc-
ing seas!

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is
swelling,
Loud, shrill and savage, drowning
every cry!

And lo! the spoiler in the regal dwell-
ing,
Death bursting on the halls of rev-
elry!

Ere on their brows one fragile rose-
leaf die,
The sword hath raged through joy's
devoted train,

Ere one bright star be faded from
the sky,
Red flames, like banners, wave from
dome and fane,
Empire is lost and won, Belshazzar
with the slain.

Fallen is the golden city! in the dust
Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of
her state,

She that hath made the Strength of
Towers her trust,
Weeps by her dead, supremely deso-
late!

She that beheld the nations at her
gate,
Thronging in homage, shall be called
no more

Lady of kingdoms!—Who shall mourn
her fate?

Her guilt is full, her march of tri-
umph o'er;—
—What widowed land shall now her
widowhood deplore?

Sit thou in silence! Thou that wert en-
throned
On many waters! thou whose augurs
read,

The language of the planets, and dis-
owned

The mighty name it blazons!—Veil
thy head,

Daughter of Babylon! the sword is
red

From thy destroyers' harvest, and the
yoke

Is on thee, O most proud!—for thou
hast said,

"I am, and none beside!"—Th' Eternal
spoke,

Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods
were broke.

But go thou forth, O Israel! wake! re-
joice!

Be clothed with strength, as in thine
ancient day!

Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting
voice,

The mirth of timbrels!—loose the
chain, and say

God hath redeemed his people!—from
decay

The silent and the trampled shall arise;
—Awake; put on thy beautiful array,

Oh long-forsaken Zion! to the skies
Send up on every wind thy choral
melodies!

And lift thy head!—Behold thy sons re-
turning,

Redeemed from exile, ransomed from
the chain!

Light hath revisited the house of
mourning;

She that on Judah's mountains wept in
vain

Because her children were not—
dwells again

Girt with the lovely!—through thy
streets once more,

City of God! shall pass the bridal
train,

And the bright lamps their festive radi-
ance pour,
And the triumphal hymns the joy of
youth restore!

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

OVER Babylon's sandy plains
Belshazzar the Assyrian reigns;
A thousand lords at his kingly call
Have met to feast in a spacious hall,
And all the imperial boards are spread
With dainties whereon the monarch
fed.

Rich cates and floods of the purple
grape;

And many a dancer's serpent shape
Steals slowly upon their amorous sights
Or glances beneath the flaunting lights;
And fountains throw up their silver
spray,

And cymbals clash, and the trumpets
bray,

Till the sounds in the archèd roof are
hung,

And words from the winding horn are
flung:

And still the carvèd cups go round,
And revel, and mirth, and wine abound.

But night has o'ertaken the fading
day;

And music has ragèd her soul away:
The light in the bacchanal's eye is dim;
And faint is the Georgian's wild love-
hymn.

"Bring forth" (on a sudden spoke the
king,

And hush'd were the lords' loud riot-
ing),

"Bring forth the vessels of silver and
gold,

Which Nebuchadnezzar, my sire, of old,
Ravish'd from proud Jerusalem;

And we and our queens will drink from
them."

And the vessels are brought, of silver
and gold,

Of stone, and of brass, and of iron old,
And of wood, whose sides like a bright
gem shine,

And their mouths are all filled with the
sparkling wine.

"Let a health be drunk out unto Baal,
the god."

They shout and they drink: but the mu-
sic moans,
And hush'd are the reveller's loudest
tones:

For a hand comes forth, and 'tis seen
by all

To write strange words on the plaster'd
wall!

The mirth is over;—the soft Greek
flute

And the voice of women are low—are
mute;

The bacchanal's eyes are all staring
wide;

And, where's the Assyrian's pomp of
pride?

That night the monarch was stung to
pain:

That night Belshazzar, the king, was
slain!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790-1874).

(BARRY CORNWALL.)

BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is
lord!

And a thousand dark nobles all bend
at his board;

Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats
steam, and a flood

Of the wine that man loveth runs red-
der than blood;

Wild dancers are there, and a riot of
mirth,

And the beauty that maddens the pas-
sions of earth;

And the crowds all shout, till the vast
roofs ring—

All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the
king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the
vessels of gold,

Which my father tore down from the
temples of old;

Bring forth!" and before him the ves-
sels all shine,

And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks
the dark wine,

While the trumpets bray, and the cym-
bals ring,—

"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshaz-
zar the king!"

Now what cometh—look, look!—with-
out menace or call?
Who writes with the lightning's bright
hand on the wall?
What pierceth the king like the point
of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his
cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters ex-
pound!"
They are read,—and Belshazzar is dead
on the ground!
Hark!—The Persian is come on a con-
queror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Bel-
shazzar the king.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790-1874).
(BARRY CORNWALL.)

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
'Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.'

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;

But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true!

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!'

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fullness fall;
Behold! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall,
Many a despot men miscall
Crown'd and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreath with
them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every
gem:—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves con-
temn;
And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth de-
cay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.
LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.

Dan. ix, 4.

1.

LORD God Almighty! great, and full of fear;

Who always art from breach of promise free,

And never failing to have mercy there,
Where they observe thy laws, and honour thee:

We have transgressed, and amiss have done;

We disobedient and rebellious were;
For from thy precepts we astray are gone,

And we departed from thy judgments are.

2.

We did thy servants' prophecies withstand,

Who to our dukes, our kings, and fathers came,

When they to all the people of the land

Proclaimed forth their message in thy name.

In thee, oh Lord! all righteousness appears,

But public shame to us doth appertain;

E'en as with them of Judah now it fares,

And those that in Jerusalem remain.

3.

Yea, as to Israel now it doth befall,

Throughout those lands in which they scatter'd be;

For that their great transgression, wherewithall

They have transgressed, and offended thee.

To us, our kings, our dukes, and fathers, doth

Disgrace pertain (oh Lord) for angering thee:

Yet mercy, Lord our God, and pardon, both

To thee belong, though we rebellious be.

4.

We did (indeed) perversely disobey

Thy voice (oh Lord our God,) and would not hear

To keep those laws thou didst before us lay,

By those thy servants, who thy prophets were.

E'en all that of the race of Israel be,
Against thy law have grievously misdone;

And that they might not listen unto thee,

They backward from thy voice, oh Lord, are gone.

5.

On them, therefore, that curse and oath descended,

Which in the law of Moses written was;

(The servant of that God whom we offended),

And now his speeches he hath brought to pass;

On us, and on our judges, he doth bring

That plague, wherewith he threatened us and them;

For under heaven was never such a thing,

As now is fallen upon Jerusalem.

6.

As Moses' written law doth bear record,
Now all this mischief upon them is brought.

And yet we pray'd not before the Lord,
That, leaving sin, we might his truth be taught:

For which respect, the Lord in wait hath laid,

That he on us inflict this mischief might:

And sith* his holy word we disobey'd,
In all his doings he remains upright.

7.

But now, oh Lord our God, who from the land

Of cruel Egypt brought thy people hither;

And by the power of thy almighty hand,

Achiev'd a name, which to this day doth last;

*Since.

Though we have sinnèd in committing
ill,

Yet, Lord, by that pure righteousness
in thee,
From thy Jerusalem, thy holy hill,
Oh let thy wrathful anger turnèd be!

8.

For through the guilt of our displeasing
sin,

And for our fathers' faults, Jerusa-
lem,
(Thy chosen people) hath despisèd
been,

And are the scorn of all that neigh-
bour them.

Now, therefore, to thy servant's prayer
incline;

Hear thou his suit, oh God, and let
thy face,
(E'en for the Lord's dear sake) vouch-
safe to shine

Upon thy (now forsaken) holy place!

9.

Thine ears incline thou (oh, my God)
and hear;

Lift up thine eyes, and us, oh, look
upon;

Us, who forsaken with thy city are;
That city, where thy name is callèd
on;

For we upon ourselves presume not
thus

Before thy presence our request to
make,

For aught that righteous can be found
in us,

But for thy great and tender mercy's
sake.

10.

Lord, hear (forgive, oh Lord) and
weigh the same;

Oh, Lord, perform it, and no more
defer,

For thine own sake, my God; for by
thy name,

Thy city and thy people callèd are.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed (forbidding any person praying for thirty days, except to King Darius) he went into his house; and, his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime."—Daniel vi: 10.

"If thy people sin against thee and thou deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives into the land of the enemy, yet if they shall bethink themselves and repent, and make supplication unto thee, and pray unto thee toward the city, which thou hast chosen; then hear thou their prayer in heaven thy dwelling place and maintain their cause and forgive thy people."—I. Kings viii: 46-50.

As from the Orient the sun
Proclaimed his golden race begun
And earth awoke, in light and song,
Calling to toil the busy throng,
Upon his house-top all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God
And Zionward he breathed his prayer
For Zion was his morning care;
"Hear the voice of supplication;
"Save our sinful, captive nation;
"Lead us back to Zion's hill;
"Lord! THOU hast the power and
will!"

As in the South, the solar light
Mounted to his meridian height;
And man to cooling shelter fled
Shunning the fiery beams o'erhead;
Upon his house-top, all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God:
And Zionward he made his prayer,
For Zion was his noontide care:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
"Save our sinful captive nation;
"Lead us back to Zion's hill;
"Lord! THOU hast the power and
will!"

As in the West the sun withdrew
Midst zephyrs bland and healing dew,
While weary laborers homeward bent
On evening cheer and sleep intent,

Upon the house-top, all abroad,
The exiled Hebrew plead with God;
And Zionward he made his prayer,
For Zion was his evening care:
"Hear the voice of supplication;
"Save our sinful captive nation;
"Lead us back to Zion's hill;
"Lord! THOU host the power and will!"

If thus the exile bent his knee,
Fearless of spite and tyranny,
Shall Masons shrink to give their
praise,
Through peaceful nights and happy
days?

No, no, in lodge, at home, abroad,
Let Masons boldly plead with God,
And Zionward address their prayer,
Heaven is their Zion, God is there!
"Hear the voice of supplication;
"Save our proud and sinful nation;
"Lead us all to Zion's hill;
"Lord! THOU hast the power and will!"

ROBERT MORRIS.
(Published 1868.)

THE LIONS.

FAMISHED, the lions were in their
strong den,
And roared appeal to Nature from the
men
Who caged them—Nature that for them
had care.
Kept for three days without their need-
ful fare,
The creatures raved with hunger and
with hate,
And through their roof of chains and
iron grate
Looked to the blood-red sunset in the
west;
Their cries the distant traveller op-
press'd
Far as horizon which the blue hill veils.
Fiercely they lashed their bodies with
their tails
Till the walls shook; as if their eyes'
red light
And hungry jaws had lent them added
might.

By Og and his great sons was shaped
the cave,
They hollowed it, in need themselves
to save.

It was a deep-laid place wherein to
hide,

This giant's palace in the rock's dark
side;

Their heads had broken through the
roof of stone,

So that the light in every corner shone,
And dreary dungeon had for dome blue
sky.

Nebuchadnezzar, savage king, had eye
For this strong cavern, and a pavement
laid

Upon the centre, that it should be made
A place where lions he could safely
mew;

Though once Deucalions and Khans it
knew.

The beasts were four most furious all.
The ground

Was carpeted with bones that lay all
round,

While, as they walked and crouched with
heavy tread

Men's skeletons and brutes', far over-
head

The tapering shadows of the rocks were
spread.

The first had come from Sodom's des-
ert plain;

When savage freedom did to him re-
main

He dwelt at Sin, extremest point and
rude

Of silence terrible and solitude.
Oh! woe betide who fell beneath his
claw,

This Lion of the sand with rough-
skinned paw.

The second came from forest water'd
by

The stream Euphrates; when his step
drew nigh,

Descending to the river, all things
feared.

Hard fight to snare this growler it ap-
peared.

The hounds of two kings were em-
ployed to catch

This Lion of the woods and be his
match.

The third one dwelt on the steep mountain's side,
Horror and gloom companion'd every stride:

When towards the miry ravines they would stray,
And herds and flocks in their wild gambols play,
All fled—the shepherd, warrior, priest—in fright
If he leaped forth in all his dreadful might.

The fourth tremendous, furious creature came
From the sea-shore, and prowled with leonine fame,
Before he knew captivity's hard throes,
Along the coast where Gur's strong city rose.
Reeking its roofs, and in its ports were met
The masts of many nations thickly set.

This lion scorned complaint, but crouching lay
And yawned, so heavily time passed away.
Master'd by man sharp hunger thus he bore,
Yet weariness of woe oppressed him sore.

But to and fro the others stamp all three,
And if a fluttering bird outside they see,
They gnaw its shadow as they mark it soar,
Their hunger growing as they hoarsely roar.

In a dark corner of the cavern dim
Quite suddenly there oped a portal grim,
And pushed by brawny arms that fright betrayed,
Appeared a man in grave-clothes white arrayed.

The grating closed as closing up a tomb;
The Man was with the Lions in the gloom.
The monsters foamed, and rushed their prey to gain,

With frightful yell, while bristled every mane.

Their howling roar expressing keenest hate

Of savage nature rebel to its fate,
With anger dashed by fear. Then spoke the Man,
And stretching forth his hands his words thus ran,

"May peace be with you, Lions."
Paused the beasts.

The wolves that disinter the dead for feasts,

The flat-skulled bears, and writhing jackals, they

Who prowl at shipwrecks on the rocks for prey,

Are fierce, hyenas are unpitied found,
And watchful tiger felling at one bound.

But the strong lion in his stately force
Will sometimes lift the paw, yet stay its course,

He the lone dreamer in the shadows gray.

And now the Lions grouped themselves; and they

Amid the ruins looked like elders set
On grave discussion, in a conclave met,
With knitted brows intent disputes to end,

While over them a dead tree's branches bend.

First spoke the Lion of the sandy plain
And said, "When this man entered I again

Beheld the midday sun, and felt the blast

Of the hot simoon blown o'er spaces vast.

Oh, this man from the desert comes, I see."

Then spoke the Lion of the woods:
"For me,

One time where fig and palm and cedars grow,

And holly, day and night came music's flow

To fill my joyous cave; even when still
All life, the foliage round me seemed to thrill

With song. When this man spoke a sound was made

Like that from birds' nests in the
mossy shade.
This man has journey'd from my forest
home!"

And now the one which had the nearest
come,
The Lion black from mountains huge,
exclaimed:
"This man is like to Caucasus, far-
famed,
Where no rock stirs; the majesty has
he
Of Atlas. When his arm he raised all
free,
I thought that Lebanon had made a
bound,
And thrown its shadow vast on fields
around.
This man comes to us from the moun-
tain's side."

The Lion dweller near the ocean wide,
Whose roar was loud as roar of froth-
ing sea,
Spoke last. "My sons, my habit is,"
said he,
"In sight of grandeur wholly to ignore
All enmity; and this is why the shore
Became my home; I watched the sun
arise
And moon, and the grave smile of
dawn; mine eyes
Grew used to the sublime—while waves
rolled by
I learned great lessons of eternity.
Now, how this Man is named I do not
know,
But in his eyes I see the heaven's glow;
This man, with brow so calm, by God
is sent."
When night had darken'd the blue
firmament,
The keeper wished to see inside the
gate,
And pressed his pale face 'gainst the
fasten'd grate.
In the dim depth stood Daniel calm of
mien,
With eyes uplifted to the stars serene,
While this the sight for wondering
gaze to meet,
The Lions fawning at the Captive's
feet!

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885).

Translated by MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

HEBREW MELODY.

(From Joel.)

SOUND, sound an alarm! let your clar-
ions resound
Till God's holy mountain shall echo
around;
Blow the trumpet in Zion! his wrath
to record,
And tremble, oh earth! in the day of
the Lord.

A day of thick darkness, of gloom and
of shower,
Like clouds on the crest of the moun-
tain which lower,
For the mighty in battle, the proud and
the strong.
To quench all thy glories, are hast'ning
along.

Around them are flames, and behind
them despair,
In vain is resistance, in vain is the
prayer,
Before them the garden of Eden they
find,
Desolation and terror are blackening
behind.

Like the blast of the desert their char-
iots shall sweep
On whirlwinds, which frown o'er the
wide dashing deep,
And the pride of Judea their horses
shall tame,
With their hoofs of destruction, and
nostrils of flame.

Oh! bright shine their arms, as the
Gentiles press on,
From Acra, and Carmel, and Mount
Lebanon,
And their chariots and horsemen shall
scatter dismay
On the hosts led against them in battle
array.

Oh! where is the strength of the mighty
in war,
If the face of Jehovah be veiled from
afar?
Jerusalem, vanquished Jerusalem, mourn!
When, alas! shall the light of thy glory
return?

G. R. SMITH.

THE PRAYER OF JONAH.

Jonah ii.

1.

In my distress to thee I cried, oh Lord!
And thou wert pleasèd my complaint
to hear:
Out from the bowels of the grave I
roar'd,
And to my voice thou didst incline
thine ear:
For I amid the raging sea was cast,
And to the bottom there thou plung'd
me hast.

2.

The floods did round about me circles
make
Thy waves and billows overflow'd me
quite;
And then unto myself (alas) I said,
I am for evermore depriv'd thy sight:
Yet once again thou pleasèd art, that I
Should to thy holy temple lift mine eye.

3.

E'en to my soul the waters clos'd me
had;
O'erswallow'd by the deeps, I fast was
pent:
About my head the weeds a wreath had
made;
Unto the mountains' bottoms down I
went;
And so, that forth again I could not
get,
The earth an everlasting bar had set.

4.

Then thou, oh Lord my God; then thou
wert he,
That from corruption didst my life
defend:
For when my soul was like to faint in
me,
Thou thither didst into my thought
descend.
And, Lord, my prayer thence to thee
I sent,
Which upward to thy holy temple
went.

5.

Those who believe in vain and foolish
lies,
Despisers of their own good safety
be;

But I will offer up the sacrifice
Of singing praises with my voice to
thee:
And I will that perform, which vow'd
I have,
For unto thee belongs it, Lord, to save.
GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

Habakkuk iii.

1.

Lord, thy answer I did hear,
And I grew therewith afraid;
When the times at fullest are,
Let thy work be then declar'd:
When the time, Lord, full doth grow,
Then in anger mercy show.

2.

God Almighty he came down;
Down he came from Theman-ward;
And the matchless Holy One,
From mount Paran forth appear'd,
Heav'n o'erspreading with his rays,
And earth filling with his praise.

3.

Sun-like was his glorious light;
From his side there did appear
Beaming rays, that shined bright;
And his power he shrouded there.
Plagues before his face he sent;
At his feet hot coals there went.

4.

Where he stood he measure took
Of the earth, and view'd it well;
Nations vanish'd at his look;
Ancient hills to powder fell.*
Mountains old cast lower were,
For his ways eternal are.

5.

Cushan tents I saw diseas'd,†
And the Midian curtains quake.
Have the floods, Lord, thee displeas'd?
Did the floods thee angry make?
Was it else the sea that hath
Thus provokèd thee to wrath?

*Original: "The Everlasting Moun-
tains were scattered."

†Afflicted.

6.

For thou rod'st thy horses there,
 And thy saving chariots through:
 Thou didst make thy bow appear,
 And thou didst perform thy vow:
 Yea, thine oath and promise past
 (To the tribes) fulfilled hast.

7.

Through the earth thou rifts didst
 make,
 And the rivers there did flow:
 Mountains, seeing thee, did shake,
 And away the floods did go:
 From the deep a voice was heard,
 And his hands on high he rear'd.

8.

Both the sun and moon made stay,
 And remov'd not in their spheres:
 By thine arrows light went they,
 By thy brightly shining spears.
 Thou in wrath the land didst crush,
 And in rage the nations thresh.

9.

For thy people's safe release,
 With thy Christ, for aid went'st thou:
 Thou hast also pierc'd the chief
 Of the sinful household through;
 And display'd them, till made bare
 From the feet to neck they were.

10.

Thou, with javelins of their own,
 Didst their armies' leader strike:
 For against me they came down,
 To devour me, whirlwind-like:
 And they joy in nothing more,
 Than unseen to spoil the poor.

11.

Through the sea thou mad'st a way,
 And didst ride thy horses there,
 Where great heaps of water lay:
 I the news thereof did hear,
 And the voice my bowels shook;
 Yea, my lips a quivering took.

12.

Rottenness my bones possess;
 Trembling fear possess'd me;
 I that troublous day might rest:
 For, when his approaches be
 Onward to the people made,
 His strong troops will them invade.

13.

Bloomless shall the fig-tree be,
 And the vine no fruit shall yield;
 Fade shall then the olive-tree;
 Meat shall none be in the field:
 Neither in the fold or stall,
 Flock or herd continue shall.

14.

Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
 And in him I will delight;
 In my God, that saveth me,
 God the Lord, my only might:
 Who my feet so guides, that I,
 Hind-like, pace my places high.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667).

HABAKKUK'S PRAYER.

(Habakkuk iii: 17, 18.)

Yet though the fig-tree should no bur-
 den bear,
 Though vines delude the promise of the
 year;
 Yet though the olive should not yield
 her oil,
 Nor the parched glebe regard the
 peasant's toil;
 Though the tired ox beneath his labors
 fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the
 stall!
 Yet shall my grateful strings
 Forever praise Thy name,
 Forever Thee proclaim
 The everlasting God, the mighty
 King of kings.

WILLIAM BROOME (1689-1745).

II.

**POEMS ON THE APOCRYPHA AND
POST-BIBLICAL TRADITION**

(SONGS OF ZION)

A PRAYER OF TOBIAS.

(Tobit xiii.)

Bless'd be that King, Which evermore
shall reign,
So ever may His Kingdom blessèd be
Which punisheth and pitieth again,
Which sends to hell and likewise setteth
free;
Before Whose Presence may no crea-
ture stand,
Nor anything avoid His heavy Hand.

Ye children of His chosen Israël,
Before the Gentiles still confess His
Name,
With whom He hath appointed you to
dwell,
Even there, I say, extol and laud His
fame:
He is a Lord and God most gracious,
And still hath been a Father unto us.

He will scourge us for our iniquity;
Yet mercy will He take on us again,
And from those nations gatherèd shall
we be,
With whom as strangers now we do
remain,
If in your hearts He shall repentance
find,
And turn to Him with zeal and will-
ing mind.

When as your dealings shall be found
upright,
Then will He turn His Face from you
no more,
Nor thenceforth hide His Presence from
your sight,
But lend His mercy then, laid up in
store;
Therefore confess His Name, and
praises sing
To that most Great and Highest
Heavenly King.

I will confess Him in captivity,
And to a wicked people show his might;
O turn to Him, vile sinners that you be,
And do the thing is upright in His
sight!
Who's there can tell if He will mercy
show
Or take compassion on you, yea or no?

I will extol and laud Thy Name al-
ways,
My soul, the praise of Heaven's King
express;
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad
His praise,
All nations show forth His righteous-
ness;
Jerusalem, thou shalt be scourgèd
then,
But He will spare the sons of right-
eous men.

Fail not to give the Lord His praises
due,
And still extol that Everlasting King;
And help to build His tabernacle new,
In which His saints shall ever sit and
sing,
In which the captives shall have end
of grief,
In which the poor shall ever find re-
lief.

Many shall come from countries far and
near,
And shall great gifts unto His Pres-
ence bring;
Many before His Presence shall ap-
pear
And shall rejoice in this Great Heav-
enly King:
Cursèd be those which hate Thy
Blessèd Name,
But bless'd be those which love and
like the same.

Triumph with joy, ye that be good and
just;
Though scatter'd now, yet shall ye
gatherèd be;
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and
trust,
And rest in peace till you these bless-
ings see:
Blessed be those which have been
touch'd with grief,
When they have seen thee scourg'd
and want relief.

Those only shall rejoice with thee again,
And those shall be partakers of thy
glory,
And shall in bliss for aye with thee
remain,

Now passed once these troubles transitory:

Then, O my soul, see thou rejoice and sing,

And laud the Great and Highest Heavenly King.

And He will build Jerusalem full fair
With emeralds and with sapphires of great price;

With precious stones He will her walls repair,

Her towers of gold with work of rare device;

And all her streets with beryl will He pave,

With carbuncles and ophirs passing brave:

And all her people there shall sit and say,

Praised be God with Alleluiah!

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631.)

SONNET

ON JUDITH RETURNING TO BETHULIA WITH
THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES IN
HER HAND.

SHE held the head all-horrible with gore;

Nor of the woman in that act was seen

Aught save the alluring locks and beauteous mien:

"Hail, heroine, hail!" all voices cried before.

At the glad news, the damsels came with speed;

Some kissed her feet and some her garment's hem,

None her right-hand, for terrible to them

Was the remembrance of that fatal deed.

A hundred prophets sang the matron's fame;

"Fly round the world, thine everlasting name!

The sun through all his march shall tell thy story."

Great from that dread achievement though she rose,

Greater she stood at this triumphant close,

For she was humble in the height of glory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

From the Italian of GIOVANNI BATTISTA FELICE ZAPPI (1667-1719).

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

"Then said Judith unto them, Hear me, and I will do a thing which shall go throughout all generations to the children of our nation."—Judith ~~iii~~ ^{vi}: 32.

WITH beauty's wile the tyrant to ensnare,

O'er her fair brow she braids her perfumed hair;

The glittering sandals bind her dancing feet,

As their gay silver bells responding sweet

To her light step: in harmony she floats;

While he, enraptured, gazes till he doats.

"What ho, ye serfs, my bondsmen there, what ho!

Crown ye the board, and let the red wine flow;

Fill to the goblet's brim!" he joyous cries;

"This Hebrew damsel lifts me to the skies!

Here in my tent I will that she abide,

And with her beauty grace a conqueror's side,"

And wily Judith hears, to glad employ,

And still renew, the spell that makes his joy:

But when his ravish'd senses own the power

Of the full revel and entrancing hour,

Sleep doth enchain him with oblivious thrall,

And on his couch she views him powerless fall.

Pass'd hath the midnight watch, the music ceased;

The weary eye turns from the remnant feast,

The tapers faintly gleam: on the still air
No echo falls, and she alone is there;
On Israel's sleeping foe awhile to gaze,

"God of my fathers, 'tis Thy judgment-hour;
 As unto Israel's God she inward prays:
 Thine is the strength, the glory, and the power;
 Nerve Thou my woman's arm; unto my heart
 Thy ministering angel's wrath divine impart.
 Behold my feeble hand his falchion wield;
 God of my fathers, be my strength and shield;
 Thus for the righteous cause," inspired she cries,
 "Thus by my hand our heathen foeman dies."
 Fearless she strikes; and oh, so young,
 so fair,
 Glowing as God's avenging angel there;
 While thousand voices shout with one accord,
 Israel victorious in the glory of the Lord!

FANNY E. LACEY.

JUDITH.

[Extracts.]

Now Holofernes with his barbarous hordes,
 The scum of twenty servile sovereignties,
 Crost the Euphrates, laying waste the land
 To Esdraelon, and, falling on the town
 Of Bethulia, stormed it night and day
 Incessant, till within the leaguered walls
 The boldest captains faltered; for at length
 The wells gave out, and then the barley failed,
 And Famine, like a murderer masked and cloaked,
 Stole in among the garrison. The air
 Was filled with lamentation, women's moans
 And cries of children: and at night there came
 A fever, parching as a fierce simoon.
 Yet Holofernes could not batter down
 The brazen gates, nor make a single breach
 With beam or catapult in those tough walls:

And white with rage among the tents he strode
 Among the squalid Tartar tents he strode
 And curst the gods that gave him not his will,
 And curst his captains, curst himself, and all;
 Then, seeing in what strait the city was,
 Withdrew his men hard by the fated town
 Amid the hills, and with a grim-set smile
 Waited, aloof, until the place should fall.
 All day the housetops lay in sweltering heat;
 All night the watch fires flared upon the towers;
 And day and night with Israelitish spears
 The bastions bristled.

In a tall square Tower,
 Full-fronting on the vile Assyrian camp,
 Sat Judith, pallid as the cloudy moon
 That hung half-faded in the dreary sky;
 And ever and anon she turned her eyes
 To where, between two vapor-haunted hills,
 The dreadful army like a caldron seethed.
 She heard, far off, the camels' gurgling groan,
 The clank of arms, the stir and buzz of camps;
 Beheld the camp-fires, flaming fiends of night
 That leapt, and with red hands clutched at the dark;
 And now and then, as some mailed warrior stalked
 Athwart the fires, she saw his armor gleam.
 Beneath her stretched the temples and the tombs,
 The city sickening of its own thick breath,
 And over all the sleepless Pleiades.

A star-like face, with floating clouds of hair—
 Merari's daughter, dead Manasses' wife,
 Who (since the barley-harvest when he died),
 By holy charities, and prayers, and fasts,
 Walked with the angels in her widow's weeds,

And kept her pure in honor of the dead.
 But dearer to her bosom than the dead
 Was Israël, its Prophets and its God:
 And that dread midnight, in the Tower
 alone,
 Believing he would hear her from afar,
 She lifted up the voices of her soul
 Above the wrangling voices of the
 world:

As when a harp-string trembles at a
 touch,
 And music runs through all its quiver-
 ing length,
 And does not die, but seems to float
 away,
 A silvery mist uprising from the string:
 So Judith's prayer rose tremulous in the
 night,
 And floated upward unto other spheres;
 And Judith loosed her hair about her
 brows,
 And bent her head, and wept for Israël.

Now from the dewy lowlands floated
 up
 Loose folds of mist that caught at every
 crag
 And melted in the sunlight; then the
 Morn
 Stood full and perfect on the jasper
 hills.
 And Judith rose, and down the spiral
 stairs
 Descended to the garden of the Tower,
 Where, at the gate, lounged Achior,
 lately fled
 From Holofernes: as she past she spoke:
 "The Lord be with thee, Achior, all thy
 days."
 And Achior saw the Spirit of the Lord
 Had been with her, and, in a single
 night,
 Worked such a miracle of form and
 face
 As left her lovelier than all womankind
 Who was before the fairest in Judæa.
 But she, unconscious of God's miracle,
 Moved swiftly on among a frozen group
 Of statues that with empty, slim-necked
 urns
 Taunted the thirsty Senechal, until
 She came to where, beneath the spread-
 ing palms,

Sat Chabris with Ozias and his friend
 Charmis, governors of the leaguered
 town.

They saw a glory shining on her face
 Like daybreak, and they marvelled as
 she stood
 Bending before them with humility.
 And wrinkled Charmis murmured
 through his beard:
 "This woman walketh in the smile of
 God."

When she had gained her chamber she
 threw off
 The livery of sorrow for her lord,
 The cruel sackcloth that begirt her
 limbs,
 And from those ashen colors issuing
 forth,
 Seemed like a golden butterfly new-slipt
 From its dull chrysalis. Then, after
 bath,
 She braided in the darkness of her hair
 A thread of opals; on her rounded
 breast
 Spilt precious ointment; and put on the
 robes
 Whose rustling made her pause, half-
 garmented,
 To dream a moment of her bridal morn.
 Of snow-white samyte were the robes,
 and rich
 With delicate branch-work, silver-
 frosted star,
 And many a brodered lily-of-the-vale.
 These things became her as the scent
 the rose,
 For fairest things are beauty's natural
 dower.
 The sun that through the jealous case-
 ment stole
 Fawned on the Hebrew woman as she
 stood,
 Toyed with the oval pendant at her ear,
 And, like a lover, stealing to her lips
 Taught them a deeper crimson; then
 slipt down
 The tremulous lilies to the sandal straps
 That bound her snowy ankles.

Forth she went,
 A glittering wonder, through the
 crowded streets,
 Her handmaid, like a shadow, following
 on.

And as in summer when the beaded
wheat
Leans all one way, and with a longing
look
Marks the quick convolutions of the
wind:
So all eyes went with Judith as she
moved,
All hearts leaned to her with a weight
of love.
A starving woman lifted ghostly hands
And blest her for old charities; a child
Smiled on her through its tears, and one
gaunt chief
Threw down his battle-axe and doffed
his helm,
As if some bright Immortal swept him
by.

So forth she fared, the only thing of
light
In that dark city, thridding tortuous
ways
By gloomy arch and frowning barbican,
Until she reached a gate of triple brass
That opened at her coming, and swung
to
With horrid clangor and a ring of bolts.
And there, outside the city of her love,
The warm blood at her pulses, Judith
paused
And drank the morning; then with
silent prayers
Moved on through flakes of sunlight,
through the wood
To Holofernes and his barbarous
hordes.

Before his tent, stretched on a leopard-
skin,
Lay Holofernes, ringed by his dark
lords,—
Himself the prince of darkness. At his
side
His iron helmet poured upon the grass
Its plume of horse-hair; on his ponder-
ous spear,
The flinty barb thrust half its length in
earth,
As if some giant had flung it, hung his
shield,
And on the burnished circuit of the
shield

A sinewy dragon, rampant, silver-
fanged,
Glared horrible with sea-green emerald
eyes;
And as the sunshine struck across it,
writhed,
And seemed a type of those impatient
lords
Who, in the loud war-council here con-
vened,
Gave voice for battle, and with fiery
words
Opposed the cautious wisdom of their
peers.
So seemed the restless dragon on the
shield.

.
. . . Judith, who knew all the
mountain paths
As one may know the delicate azure
veins,
Each crossing each, on his beloved's
wrist,
Had stolen between the archers in the
wood
And gained the straggling outskirts of
the camp,
And seeing the haughty gestures of the
chiefs,
Halted, with fear, and knew not where
to turn;
Then taking heart, had silently ap-
proached,
And stood among them, until then un-
seen.
And in the air, like numerous swarms
of bees,
Arose the wondering murmurs of the
throng,
Which checking, Holofernes turned and
cried,
"Who breaks upon our councils?"
angrily,
But drinking then the beauty of her
eyes,
And seeing the rosy magic of her
mouth,
And all the fragrant summer of her
hair
Blown sweetly round her forehead,
stood amazed;
And in the light of her pure modesty
His voice took gentler accent unawares:
"Whence come ye?"

"From yon city."

"By our life,
We thought the phantom of some murdered queen
Had risen from dead summers at our feet!
If these Judæan women are so shaped,
Daughters of goddesses, let none be slain.
What seek ye, woman, in the hostile camps
Of Assur?"

"Holofernes."

"This is he."

"O good my lord," cried Judith, "if indeed
Thou art that Holofernes whom I seek,
And seeking dread to find, low at thy feet
Behold thy handmaid, who in fear has flown
From a doomed people."

Then the crowd fell back,
Muttering, and half reluctantly, because
Her beauty drew them as the moon the sea—
Fell back and lingered, leaning on their shields

The fame of Judith's loveliness had flown
From lip to lip throughout the canvas town,
And as the evening deepened, many came
From neighboring camps, with frivolous excuse,
To pass the green pavilion—long-haired chiefs
That dwelt by the Hydaspes, and the sons
Of the Elymeans, and slim Tartar youths;
But saw not her, who, shut from common air,
Basked in the twilight of the tapestries.

But when night came, and all the camp was still,
And nothing moved beneath the icy stars

In their blue bourns, except some stealthy guard,
A shadow among shadows, Judith rose,
Calling her servant, and the sentinel
Drew back, and let her pass beyond the lines
Into the valley. And her heart was full,
Seeing the watch-fires burning on the towers
Of her own city: and she knelt and prayed
For it and them that dwelt within its walls,
And was refreshed—such balm there lies in prayer
For those who know God listens.
Straightway then
The two returned, and all the camp was still.

Half-seen behind the forehead of a crag
The evening-star grew sharp against the dusk,
As Judith lingered by the curtained door
Of her pavilion, waiting for Bagoas:
Erewhile he came, and led her to the tent
Of Holofernes; and she entered in,
And knelt before him in the cresset's glare
Demurely, like a slave-girl at the feet
Of her new master, while the modest blood
Makes protest to the eyelids; and he leaned
Graciously over her, and bade her rise
And sit beside him on the leopard-skins.
But Judith would not, yet with gentlest grace
Would not; and partly to conceal her blush,
Partly to quell the riot in her breast,
She turned, and wrapt her in her fleecy scarf,
And stood aloof, nor looked as one that breathed,
But rather like some jewelled deity
Ta'en by a conqueror from its sacred niche,

And placed among the trappings of his tent,—
So pure was Judith.

For a moment's space
She stood, then stealing softly to his side,
Knelt down by him, and with uplifted face,
Whereon the red rose blossomed with the white:
"This night, my lord, no other slave than I
Shall wait on thee with fruits and flowers and wine.
So subtle am I, I shall know thy wish
Ere thou canst speak it. Let Bagoas go
Among his people: let me wait and serve,
More happy as thy handmaid than thy guest."

Thereat he laughed, and, humoring her mood,
Gave the black bondsman freedom for the night.
Then Judith moved, obsequious, and placed
The meats before him, and poured out the wine,
Holding the golden goblet while he ate,
Nor ever past it empty; and the wine
Seemed richer to him for those slender hands.
So Judith served, and Holofernes drank,
Until the lamps that glimmered round the tent
In mad processions danced before his gaze.

.

Like a bride's eyes, the eyes of Judith shone,
As ever bending over him with smiles
She filled the generous chalice to the edge;
And half he shrunk from her, and knew not why,
Then wholly loved her for her loveliness,
And drew her close to him, and breathed her breath;
And once he thought the Hebrew woman sang
A wine-song, touching on a certain king

Who, dying of strange sickness, drank, and past
Beyond the touch of mortal agony,—
A vague tradition of the cunning sprite
That dwells within the circle of the grape.
And thus he heard, or fancied that he heard:—

"The small green grapes in countless clusters grew,
Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew
And mellow sunshine, the long summer through:

"Till, with faint tremor in her veins, the Vine
Felt the delicious pulses of the wine;
And the grapes ripened in the year's decline.

"And day by day the Virgins watched their charge
And when, at last, beyond the horizon marge,
The harvest-moon droopt beautiful and large,

"The subtle spirit in the grape was caught,
And to the slowly dying Monarch brought,
In a great cup fantastically wrought,

"Whereof he drank; then straight-way from his brain
Went the weird malady, and once again
He walked the Palace, free of scar or pain,—

"But strangely changed, for somehow he had lost
Body and voice: the courtiers, as he most
The royal chambers, whispered,—*The King's Ghost!*"

"A potent medicine for kings and men,"
Thus Holofernes; "he was wise to drink.
Be thou as wise, fair Judith." As he spoke,
He stooped to kiss the treacherous soft hand

That rested like a snowflake on his arm,
 But stooping reeled, and from the place
 he sat
 Topped, and fell among the leopard-
 skins:
 There lay, nor stirred; and ere ten beats
 of heart,
 The tawny giant slumbered.

.

With quick breath
 Judith blew out the tapers, all save one,
 And from his twisted baldrick loosed
 the sword,
 And grasping the huge hilt with her
 two hands,
 Thrice smote the Prince of Assur as
 he lay,
 Thrice on his neck she smote him as
 he lay,
 And from the brawny shoulders rolled
 the head
 Winking and ghastly in the cresset's
 light;
 Which done, she fled into the yawning
 dark,
 There met her maid, who, stealing to
 the tent,
 Pulled down the crimson arras on the
 corse,
 And in her mantle wrapt the brazen
 head,
 And brought it with her; and a great
 gong boomed
 Twelve, as the women glided past the
 guard
 With measured foostep: but outside the
 camp,
 Terror seized on them, and they fled like
 wraiths
 Through the hushed midnight into the
 black woods,
 Where, from gnarled roots and ancient,
 palsied trees,
 Dread shapes, upstarting, clutched at
 them; and once
 A nameless bird in branches overhead
 Screeched, and the blood grew cold
 about their hearts.
 By mouldy caves, the hooded viper's
 haunt,
 Down perilous steeps, and through the
 desolate gorge,
 Onward they flew, with madly stream-
 ing hair,

Bearing their hideous burden, till at
 last,
 Wild with the pregnant horrors of the
 night,
 They dashed themselves against the
 City's gate.

The hours dragged by, and in the As-
 sur camp
 The pulse of life was throbbing lan-
 guidly.
 When from the outer waste an Arab
 scout
 Rushed pale and breathless on the morn-
 ing watch,
 With a strange story of a Head that
 hung
 High in the air above the City's wall,—
 A livid Head with knotted, snake-like
 curls,—
 And how the face was like a face he
 knew,
 And how it turned and twisted in the
 wind,
 And how it stared upon him with fixt
 orbs,
 Till it was not in mortal man to stay;
 And how he fled, and how he thought
 the Thing
 Came bowling through the wheat-fields
 after him.
 And some that listened were appalled,
 and some
 Derided him; but not the less they
 threw
 A furtive glance toward the shadowy
 wood.

Bagoas, among the idlers, heard the
 man,
 And quick to bear the tidings to his
 lord,
 Ran to the tent, and called, "My lord,
 awake!
 Awake, my lord!" and lingered for re-
 ply.
 But answer came there none. Again
 he called,
 And all was still. Then, laughing in
 his heart
 To think how deeply Holofernes slept
 Wrapt in soft arms, he lifted up the
 screen,
 And marvelled, finding no one in the
 tent
 Save Holofernes, buried, as it were,

Head foremost in the canopies. He
stooped,
And drawing back the damask folds,
beheld
His master, a grim torso, lying dead.

As in some breathless wilderness at
night
A leopard, pinioned by a falling tree,
Shrieks, and the echoes, mimicking the
cry,
Repeat it in a thousand different keys
By lonely heights and unimagined caves:
So shrieked Bagoas, and so his cry was
caught
And voiced along the vast Assyrian
lines,
And buffeted among the hundred hills.
Then ceased the tumult sudden as it
rose,
And a great silence fell upon the camps,
And all the people stood like blocks of
stone
In some deserted quarry: then a voice
Blown through a trumpet clamored:
He is dead!
The Prince is dead! The Hebrew witch
hath slain
Prince Holofernes! Fly, Assyrians, fly!

As from its lair the mad tornado
leaps,
And seizing on the yellow desert sands,
Hurls them in swirling masses, cloud
on cloud:
So, at the sounding of that baleful
voice,
A panic seized the mighty Assur hosts,
And flung them from their places. With
wild shouts
Across the hills in pale dismay they fled,
Trampling the sick and wounded under
foot,
Leaving their tents, their camels, and
their arms,
Their horses, and their gilded chariots.
Then with a dull metallic clang the
gates
Of Bethulia opened, and from each
A sea of spears surged down the arid
hills
And broke remorseless on the flying
foe,—
Now hemmed them in upon a river's
bank,

Now drove them shrieking down a
precipice,
Now in the mountain-passes slaughtered
them,
Until the land, for many a weary league,
Was red, as in the sunset, with their
blood.
And other cities, when they saw the
rout
Of Holofernes, burst their gates, and
joined
With trump and banner in the mad pur-
suit.
Three days before those unrelenting
spears
The cohorts fled, but on the fourth they
past
Beyond Damascus into their own land.

So, by God's and this one woman's
hand,
The tombs and temples of the Just were
saved;
And evermore throughout fair Israel
The name of Judith meant all noblest
things
In thought and deed; and Judith's life
was rich
With that content the world takes not
away.
And far-off kings, enamoured of her
fame,
Bluff princes, dwellers by the salt sea-
sands,
Sent caskets most laboriously carved,
And cloths of gold, and papyrus scrolls,
whereon
Was writ their passion; then themselves
did come
With spicy caravans, in purple state,
To seek regard from her imperial eyes.
But she remained unwed, and to the
end
Walked with the angels in her widow's
weeds.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
(1836-1907).

HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.

(From Maccabees, Book 2, Chapter
iii: 21-29.)

A SOUND of woe in Salem!—mournful
cries
Rose from her dwellings—youthful
cheeks were pale,

Tears flowing fast from dim and aged
eyes,
And voices mingling in tumultuous
wail;
Hands raised to heaven in agony of
prayer,
And powerless wrath, and terror, and
despair.

Thy daughters, Judah! weeping laid
aside
The regal splendour of their fair array,
With the rude sackcloth girt their
beauty's pride,
And thronged the streets in hurrying,
wild dismay;
While knelt thy priests before his aw-
ful shrine,
Who made, of old, renown and empire
thine.

But on the spoiler moves—the Temple
gate,
The bright, the beautiful, his guards un-
fold,
And all the scene reveals its solemn
state,
Its courts and pillars, rich with sculp-
tured gold,
And man, with eye unhallowed, views
th' abode,
The severed spot, the dwelling-place
of God.

Where art Thou, Mighty Presence! that
of yore
Wert wont between the cherubim to
rest,
Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing
o'er
Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest?
Thou! that didst make fair Sion's
ark Thy throne,
And call the oracle's recess Thine
own!

Angel of God! that through th' Assyr-
ian host,
Clothed with the darkness of the mid-
night hour,
To tame the proud, to hush th' in-
vader's boast,
Didst pass triumphant in avenging pow-
er,

Till burst the day-spring on the silent
scene,
And death alone revealed where thou
hadst been.

Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener! in
thy might,
To guard thine ancient and majestic
hill,
Where oft from heaven the full She-
chinah's light
Hath streamed the house of holiness to
fill?
Oh! yet once more defend thy loved
domain,
Eternal one! Deliverer! rise again!

Fearless of Thee, the plunderer, undis-
mayed,
Hastes on, the sacred chambers to
explore,
Where the bright treasures of the fane
are laid,—
The orphan's portion, and the widow's
store;
What reck's his heart, though age un-
succored die,
And want consume the cheek of in-
fancy?

Away, intruders!—hark! a mighty
sound!
Behold, a burst of light!—away,
away!
A fearful glory fills the Temple round,—
A vision bright in terrible array!
And lo! a steed of no terrestrial
frame,—
His path a whirlwind, and his breath
a flame!

His neck is clothed with thunder, and
his mane
Seems waving fire; the kindling of his
eye
Is as a meteor; ardent with disdain
His glance; his gesture, fierce in
majesty!
Instinct with light he seems, and
formed to bear
Some dread archangel through the
fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
Throned on that burning charger?
Bright his form,

Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
And girt with all the terrors of the
storm!
Lightning is on his helmet's crest, and
fear
Shrinks from the splendor of his brow
severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors
stand,
All-armed, and kingly in commanding
grace;
Oh! more than kingly-godlike—sternly
grand;
Their port indignant, and each daz-
zling face
Beams with the beauty to immortals
given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart; each
knee is bowed
In trembling awe; but, as to fields
of fight,
The unearthly war-steed, rushing
through the crowd,
Bursts on their leader in terrific
might;
And the stern angels of that dread
abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge
of God.

Darkness—thick darkness!—low on
earth he lies,
Rash Heliodorus — motionless and
pale;
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shroud-
ed eyes
Mists, as of death, suspend their
shadowy veil;
And thus the oppressor by his fear-
struck train
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the
sky
Have passed, with all their dreadful
pomp, away;
Then wakes the timbrel, swells the
song on high,
Triumphant as in Judah's elder day.
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill!
Salem, exult! thy God is with thee
still!
FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

FALLEN is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne.
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then past her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild winds whirl away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reigned as God.

"Go"—said the Lord—"Ye Conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's.
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead!"

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Thou art low; thou mighty one,
How is the brilliance of thy diadem,
How is the lustre of thy throne
Rent from thee, and thy sun of fame
Darken'd by the shadowy pinion
Of the Roman bird, whose sway
All the tribes of earth obey,
Crouching 'neath his dread dominion,
And the terrors of his name!

How is thy royal seat—whereon
Sat in days of yore
Lowly Jesse's godlike son,
And the strength of Solomon,

In those rich and happy times
 When the ships from Tarshish bore
 Incense, and from Ophir's land,
 With silken sail and cedar oar,
 Wafting to Judea's strand
 All the wealth of foreign climes—
 How is thy royal seat o'erthrown!
 Gone is all thy majesty:
 Salem! Salem! city of kings,
 Thou sittest desolate and lone,
 Where once the glory of the Most High
 Dwelt visibly enshrined between the
 wings
 Of Cherubims, within whose bright em-
 brace
 The golden mercy-seat remain'd:
 Land of Jehovah! view that sacred place
 Abandon'd and profaned!

Wail! fallen Salem! Wail:
 Mohammed's votaries pollute thy fane;
 The dark division of thine holy veil
 Is rent in twain!
 Thrice hath Zion's crown'd rock
 Seen thy temple's marble state,
 Awfully, serenely great,
 Towering on his sainted brow,
 Rear its pinnacles of snow:
 Thrice, with desolating shock,
 Down to earth hath seen it driv'n
 From his heights, which reach to
 heav'n!

Wail! fallen Salem! Wail:
 Though not one stone above another
 There was left to tell the tale
 Of the greatness of thy story,
 Yet the long lapse of ages cannot
 smother
 The blaze of thine abounding glory;
 Which thro' the mist of rolling years,
 O'er history's darken'd page appears,
 Like the morning star, whose gleam
 Gazeth thro' the waste of night,
 What time old Ocean's purple stream
 In his cold surge hath deeply laved
 Its ardent front of dewy light.
 Oh! who shall e'er forget thy hands,
 which saved
 The terrors of the desert's barren reign,
 And that strong arm which broke the
 chain
 Wherein ye foully lay enslaved,
 Or that sublime Theocracy which paved
 Your way thro' ocean's vast domain,

And on, far on to Canaan's emerald
 plain
 Led the Israelitish crowd
 With a pillar and a cloud?

Signs on earth and signs on high
 Prophesied thy destiny;
 A trumpet's voice above thee rung,
 A starry sabre o'er thee hung;
 Visions of fiery armies, redly flashing
 In the many-colour'd glare
 Of the setting orb of day;
 And flaming chariots, fiercely dashing,
 Swept along the peopled air,
 In magnificent array:
 The temple doors, on brazen hinges
 crashing,

Burst open with appalling sound,
 A wondrous radiance streaming round;

"Our blood be on our heads!" ye said:
 Such your lawless imprecations:
 Full bitterly at length 'twas paid
 Upon your captive nation!
 Arms of adverse legions bound thee,
 Plague and pestilence stood round thee;
 Seven weary suns had brighten'd Syria's
 sky,

Yet still was heard th' unceasing cry—
 "From south, north, east, and west, a
 voice,

Woe unto thy sons and daughters!
 Woe to Salem! thou art lost!"
 A sound divine
 Came from the sainted, secret, inmost
 shrine:

"Let us go hence!"—and then a noise—
 The thunders of the parting Deity,
 Like the rush of countless waters,
 Like the murmur of a host!

Though now each glorious hope be
 blighted,
 Yet an hour shall come, when ye,
 Though scatter'd like the chaff, shall be
 Beneath one standard once again united.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892.)

THE LAST DAY OF JERUSALEM.

From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide
 Had dashed on Zion's haughty side;
 From morn to eve, the arrowy shower
 Rained on her ranks from wall and
 tower.

Now rose the shout of Israël;
 Now, like the sea's returning swell,
 Rushed up the mount the Roman charge,
 Again beat back by Judah's target!
 Strewing with helm and shield the hill;
 All wearied, but th' unconquered will.
 'Twas eve, and still was fought the field.
 Where none could win, and none would
 yield;

Beneath the twilight's deepening shade
 Echoed the clash of blade on blade.
 Still rushing through the living cloud
 Its path the Lion-banner ploughed;
 And still the Eagle's fiery wing
 Seemed from the living cloud to spring;
 Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,
 Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.
 That day the Romans learned to feel
 The biting of the Jewish steel.

'Twas night. The sounds of earth were
 hushed,
 Save where the palace-fountains
 gushed;
 Or from the myrtle-breathing vale
 Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.
 Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour!
 The moonbeams silvered tent and tower,
 Touched into beauty grove and rill,
 And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.
 All loveliness, but where the gaze
 Shrank from the Roman's camp-fire's
 blaze;

All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,
 Omen of woe, the Roman Mound.*
 'Twas midnight; ceased the heavy jar
 Of rampart-chain and portal bar;
 That hour of doom, on Zion's wall
 No warrior's foot was heard to fall;
 No murmur of the mighty camp,
 No cohort's tread, no charger's champ.
 Gave sign that earth was living still;
 All hushed, as by a mightier Will;
 Were bound in one resistless sleep:
 Silence of silence all around;
 Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that
 weep,
 Hushed as the grave—a death of sound!

* * * * *

*The Romans surrounded the city
 with a trench and a mound, which pre-
 vented all escape, and formed a charac-
 teristic of the siege.

But sudden roars the thunder-peal,
 The forests on the mountains reel,
 And, like the bursts of mountain springs,
 Is heard a rush of mighty wings!
 And voices sweet of love and woe
 (Love, such as spirits only know)
 Swell from the Temple's cloisters dim,
 A mingled chaunt of dirge and hymn;
 Like grief, when help and hope have
 fled,

Like anguish o'er the dying bed;
 Like pulses of a breaking heart:
 "We must depart, we must depart."
 And grandly o'er Moriah's height,
 Encanopied in living light,
 Rose to that chaunt of dirge and hymn
 The squadrons of the Seraphim.
 From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,
 Shone in that splendor hill and plain;
 Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,
 Then all was night, and sleep once more.

But whence has come that sudden flash,
 And whence the shout, and whence the
 clash?

The Legions scale the Temple wall!
 Its startled warriors fly or fall.
 Now swells the carnage, wild and wide;
 Now dies the bridegroom by the bride;
 Peasant and noble, parent, child,
 In heaps of quivering carnage piled;
 On golden roof, on cedar floor,

Still flames the torch, still flows the
 gore;

Hour of consummate agony,
 When nations, God-deserted, die!
 Yet still the native dirk and knife
 Wrung blood for blood, and life for
 life.

The priest, as to the veil he clung,
 With dying hand the javelin flung;
 The peasant on the Roman sprang,
 Armed but with panther's foot and
 fang,

From his strong grasp the falchion
 tore,
 And dyed it in the robber's gore.
 That night who fought, that night who
 fell,

No eye might see, no tongue might tell;
 That sanguine record must be read
 But when the grave gives up its dead;
 Then Judah's heart of pride was tame,
 The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame!
 GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860).

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY

TITUS.

From the last hill that looks on thy
once holy dome,
I beheld thee, O Sion, when render'd to
Rome:
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the
flames of thy fall
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave
to thy wall.

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my
home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage
to come;
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on
thy fane,
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made
vengeance in vain.

On many an eve, the high spot whence
I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as
it blazed;
While I stood on the height and beheld
the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that
shone on thy shrine.

And now on that mountain I stood on
that day,
But I mark'd not the twilight beam
melting away!
Oh! would that the lightning had glared
in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the conqueror's head!

But the gods of the Pagan shall never
profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not
to reign;
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people
may be,
Our worship, O Father! is only for
Thee.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF
JERUSALEM.

(From "The Judaid," Books X-XI.)

From Strato's tower, forth flashed the
feud anew,
Alike severe to Roman, Greek and Jew;
Two parties claim'd old Strato's fortress'd site,
And long each struggled for the lawful
right;
The Roman, Syrian, and the Greek
combine,
And to their force the Jews their right
resign;
The struggle ends; to be again resumed
Soon as their wounds are healed, or
dead entombed.
Erewhile, that monster in the book of
Time,
Who spread the earth with carnage,
blood, and crime,
Bribed by the tinsel show of Grecian
gold,
Performs an act too servile to be told;
Of equal rights deprives the Jewish
race—
An act which well accords with his disgrace;
This struck the blow, and fired the fatal
brand,
That roused destruction on that bleeding
land;
From Egypt's streams, and Paran's desert
sea,
Enraged Judea spurned that foul decree;
The tumult maddened as it rolled along,
Till every city poured her martial
throng;
To her far bourne the madd'ning tumult
spread,
And heaped her land with millions of
her dead:
"Vengeance!" the watch-word by the
Zealots given,
Upward rose, and chafed the gates of
heaven,
While fierce Bellona, from Egea's shore,
In pealing thunder, back returned the
roar,
Which roused the eagle on her Latium
plain,

From his noon-nap to skim the wat'ry
 main :
 He croaked his eaglets from their native
 hills—
 The covey springs from Tiber's golden
 rills ;
 The plummy squadron shape their sound-
 ing flight
 To their old eyrie, Rome's imperial
 height ;
 And there they light to mix in long
 debate,
 How they could best achieve fair Sa-
 lem's fate.
 The die is cast—they stretch their wings
 afar,
 And on her stir the raging swarm of
 war ;
 Which Salem heard, and, shook with
 fearful awe,
 High in the sky her ruin she foresaw ;
 For as the sun had sunk beyond the
 west,
 And merged his fiery car in Ocean's
 breast,
 Far up the sky, armed hosts and steeds
 of light
 Were seen, with flashing spears, to mix
 in fight ;
 Advancing now, and now did seem to
 fly,
 While blood-red banners streamed along
 the sky.
 Once in the Temple's courts, at deep of
 night,
 As the old priest performed his sacred
 rite,
 Dread sounds were heard, as of a crowd
 immense,
 Breathing these fearful words, "Let us
 go hence !"
 But stranger still, a man of priestly
 birth,
 And known full well for truth and pious
 worth,
 As if distracted by a heated brain,
 All day was heard to dole this mourn-
 ful strain :
 "A voice against the bridegroom and
 the bride—
 A voice against the Temple—Salem's
 pride !"
 Both day and night, whene'er he sped
 along,

This was the burden of his woful song.
 Such awful signs the Lord, in mercy,
 sent,
 As warnings to the Jews of his intent ;
 But they had turned their hearts from
 him aloof,
 And closed their ears to every kind
 reproof.
 Alas, sad city ! thou that couldst for-
 sake
 That hand which made old Canaan's
 empire shake—
 Who, by his might, made Rah's tall
 rampart wall
 To Judah's trumpet-minstrels quake and
 fall—
 Caused Jordan's tide to sink beneath his
 nod,
 And Israel o'er its channel pass dry
 shod ;
 Who gave to thee a land of milk and
 wine,
 And crystal brooks—the land of Pales-
 tine :
 He was thy God, for he thy battles
 fought,
 And for thee many mighty wonders
 wrought ;
 He, when Assyria rose to crush thy
 land,
 Loosed death upon her proud, blas-
 pheming band—
 Wrest thee from bonds and thy op-
 pressive foes,
 And stood to shield thee and assuage
 thy woes ;
 But yet his counsels thou didst basely
 spurn,
 Which caused his anger to inflame and
 burn :
 No longer Mercy could his wrath delay,
 And Justice, thund'ring, stalked in open
 day ;
 Then on thy climes came down his
 dreadful rage,
 And friend with friend, in hostile front,
 engage—
 One deep, o'erwhelming tide of sorrow
 pours—
 A thousand ills along thy trembling
 shores ;
 War's fiery hand around thy land was
 seen,
 Marking those spots where Guilt and
 Crime had been,

Nor recks the carnage which his arm
 had made,
 But whets with Vengeance his destroy-
 ing blade,
 So he might rush more fiercely on the
 foe,
 Already prostrate by his vengeful blow;
 Nor could his unrelenting bosom feel
 The wound imparted by his cruel steel;
 Nor would his dire, avenging wrath
 subside,
 Till he had humbled Judah's vaunting
 pride;
 For in thy breast still lurked that fetid
 bane,
 Which was to cloud the glory of thy
 name;
 Vain didst thou look, with hope-directed
 eye,
 For thy deliverer, to the frowning sky;
 That sun which lit him to the darksome
 tomb,
 Was rolling quickly on thy final doom;
 His blessed feet thy sacred soil had
 trod,
 Ere thy own sins had forced him back
 to God:
 He saw that cloud its fiery vapors shed,
 Ere thou with thorns hadst crown'd his
 sacred head;
 And wept o'er thee, as he thy doom
 foretold,
 Ere raging War in thunder round thee
 roll'd;
 And bid thee shun the stormy wrath
 of Fate,
 And the sad rupture of thy falling
 state.

Too soon, alas! sad Salem, was this
 true—
 Scarce had he bid thy sainted clime
 adieu,
 When wrathful War, with all her varied
 ills,
 Wide-wasting smote thy everlasting
 hills;
 And from their summits roll'd upon
 the plain
 The crimson flood, with thousands of
 thy slain;
 There, then, was seen Distress and pale-
 ey'd Fear,
 Wan and dejected by the spoiler's
 spear—

Urging their way along the sun-blest
 land,
 Seeking a refuge from the monster's
 hand—
 And comes to thee, fair city, there to
 find
 Balm for each woe, or sink to fate
 resign'd;
 But vain each hope—thy evil day had
 come—
 The Latium eagle, from his mountain
 home,
 Had spread her covey o'er thy trembling
 shore,
 To flap his wings and riot on thy gore;
 Fierce o'er thy hills the plummy squadron
 flies,
 Thick as the mists that cloud Sabea's
 skies;
 The eternal hills shake to their rapid
 flight,
 And fling their lofty forests from their
 height;
 The war-note then upon the desert
 broke—
 The vagrant Santon from his slumbers
 woke—
 He from his palmy covert wildly
 sprung,
 And, as he wander'd, sadly sighed, or
 sung;
 While painted banners wav'd o'er Ta-
 bor's steep,
 And mutt'ring thunders shook Cinner-
 oth's deep;
 Then Judah wept amid his bloody toils,
 And bold Tarichea yielded forth her
 spoils;
 The lot of Zebulun was trodden down,
 And Issachar bewail'd the spoiler's
 frown;
 For o'er his fields the wild, rapacious
 horde,
 Despoil his land with rapine, fire, and
 sword;
 And now they drive where classic Jor-
 dan flows,
 Whose waters heal'd the Syrian cap-
 tain's woes;
 And, lur'd by Jamnia's wealth, there
 steer their way,
 And by her walls they stand in arm'd
 array;
 But she, dismay'd, unbars her massy
 gate,

Implores for mercy, and escapes her
 fate;
 Azotus pil'd above the western sea,
 In meek submission bows a subject
 knee;
 There Rome's fierce eagles fold their
 crimson wings,
 And which relaxed each engine's active
 springs;
 The spear and Egis, in the Campus
 hung,
 And joyful paeans, round the spoils,
 were sung;
 There they must rest from War's im-
 perious toils,
 To boast or riot o'er the gather'd spoils.

But short the truce that hallow'd Ju-
 dah's climes—
 That stay'd the sword of Justice from
 his crimes;
 The Spoiler had but stopp'd to gather
 breath,
 More fiercely to resume his work of
 death—
 As when the tempest intermits his
 wrath,
 To drop the flying fragments in its
 path:
 And soon the Roman eagles onward
 flew,
 While raging fiends their bloody tracks
 pursue;
 They skim along Lebonah's reedy vale,
 Nor heed hoar age, nor Pity's plaintive
 wail;
 Ere long they reach the mountain of the
 Lord—
 There wave the standard, gleam the
 flashing sword;
 Which Salem saw, and trembled at the
 sight—
 While Rome's fierce squadron's throng
 Moriah's height;
 She saw great Caesar's legions move
 along,
 In measur'd march, to notes of martial
 song,
 With all the solemn gait and pomp of
 war—
 Their tramping steeds shook Salem's
 hills afar;
 Their banners flash'd confusion on her
 eye—

She saw her danger, but despair'd to
 fly;
 From Scopo's hill the conq'r'or led the
 van,
 The city's towers and rampart walls to
 scan,
 To see where he might best his troops
 dispose,
 To aid his purpose, and to foil his foes.
 When to the walls the daring Roman
 drew,
 Wild from the gates the Zealot faction
 flew;
 Upon his guard the factious Jews ad-
 vance,
 And push, with furious rage, the Jew-
 ish lance;
 The guard disorder'd, turn'd in hasty
 flight,
 And bent their way to Scopo's woody
 height;
 Along the plain the Roman coursers
 fly—
 The Jews, loud shouting, rend the vault-
 ed sky;
 The triumph which the Jews that day
 had won,
 Was lost before the next day's sinking
 sun.
 Now, from their towers, the Zealot
 band descried
 The Romans toil by Olive's mountain
 side;
 Their arms were lain aside; with active
 care,
 They trail the ditch, and cast the ram-
 part there:
 And this dire scene inflam'd the Jewish
 mind—
 Raging with fury, and with madness
 blind;
 Impetuous rush'd, from old Antonia's
 keep,
 In length'ning lines, o'er Kedron's
 palmy steep;
 Nor halt they yet, but onward fiercely
 pour,
 And to their cries the distant valleys
 roar:
 The Romans, startled from their quar-
 ters stroll,
 As steeds, when goaded, oft outstrip
 the goal;
 But Caesar hears the tumult break from far,

And to their succor sends his clans of war:
 Like bees emitting from a swarming hive,
 So on the rout the Roman legions drive;
 Steel clangs on steel—deep crimson currents roll,
 And many a hero yields his parting soul;
 The rout repuls'd, in hasty footsteps yield,
 The wounded shook with groans the gory field:
 The conflict o'er, the Jews, compell'd, retire,
 And their defeat the Roman ranks inspire.

Midway from Scopo's to the outer wall,
 Great Caesar's forces march unto his call:
 Now on the northern range they form a line,
 To aid his plans and further his design;
 And on the east, one legion does remain,
 To make the whole one firm, united chain;
 There Caesar's hosts within their quarters lie,
 Or, toiling, rear their battlements on high.
 Between the wall and Scopo's hill there lay
 A plain of wood, which soon they lopp'd away;
 Each tree is carried by the Roman ranks,
 And laid to strengthen or construct their banks;
 Each soldier acts his part with studious care,
 Nor one disdains the common task to share;
 And soon the moles and banks were made complete,
 Which, screen'd with hurdles, formed a safe retreat
 From darts ejected from the Jewish wall,
 Which would prove fatal should they chance to fall,
 In their descent, upon the Roman ranks,

If unprotected were their moles and banks:
 There, laid in earth, the horrid engine throws
 Its deadly shaft, loud whistling as it goes;
 Far-shooting thro' the air it smok'd along,
 And the smote wall with dreadful clamor rung;
 The Jews, in wonder, eye the fatal dart,
 And fear and terror shake each fainting heart;
 As some, thro' rashness, mount the tow'ring wall,
 Struck by the bolt, within did quickly fall.
 More closely now the siege does Caesar press—
 More loud the inmates wail to their distress;
 By night and day the Roman legions toil—
 The Jews, in turn, attempt their works to foil:
 Long time the skirmish hung in equal scale,
 But neither could by force or art prevail.
 But a new measure Caesar now projects—
 Close by the walls his engines he erects;
 Secures them well, with hurdles overspread,
 Which serve his soldiers for an ambuscade:
 Now ev'ry engine's wheel his legions ply—
 Now darts and missiles swim along the sky—
 Thick as when blust'ring Boreas wildly pours
 His gelid rocks on Zembla's frozen shores,
 So fell the missiles round the Jewish wall,
 And ceaseless pour'd, they still persist to fall;
 The while, dread Nico, with a powerful shock,
 Shook wild and far the strong cemented rock;
 The mighty bulwark reel'd unto the stroke,

And far and wide the rock in frag-
 ments broke;
 Commix'd with darts, the flying frag-
 ments wield
 An undistinguish'd slaughter round the
 field;
 The Jews, in dread, like demons in de-
 spair,
 With bitter execrations rend the air;
 Some, wild with terror, clamber up the
 wall,
 Where darts and missiles in thick vol-
 leys fall;
 But on they rush, to wield the flaming
 brand,
 Nor Roman greatness could their rage
 withstand:
 Swift to the moles the wrathful tumult
 flew—
 As quick the legions from their posts
 withdrew;
 Their works are fir'd—on high the
 flames ascend—
 The Romans wheel, and now their
 works defend;
 A fight ensues—the clashing sword and
 shield,
 In mingled discord, clash around the
 field;
 The Roman phalanx, train'd to match-
 less skill,
 Ne'er wield their arms in battle but to
 kill,
 Repuls'd the tumult quickly from the
 fight,
 And sped, with darts and spears, their
 hasty flight.
 Fast thro' their gates the routed rabble
 flies,
 Like ranging herds, when Notus clouds
 the skies;
 From the green slopes of Ormus, or of
 Inde,
 Leave the rich plains and verdant meads
 behind;
 Loud lowing, o'er the meads will bend
 along,
 In straggling groups, till all the lusty
 throng
 Within their coverts safely stand or lie,
 Until the wat'ry cloud has clear'd the
 sky:
 So thus the Jews within their walls
 repair,

And for a more decisive stroke pre-
 pare;
 The siege is press'd more rigid than be-
 fore,
 And doubly loud the furious engines
 roar;
 As shock to shock, in stormy peals,
 succeed,
 Missiles and painted rocks, in wingèd
 speed,
 On the besieg'd from ev'ry quarter shot,
 Descend in showers upon that fatal
 spot.
 Thus, for six days, this deaf'ning din
 was heard,
 Nor was their charges once by night de-
 ferr'd;
 The seventh morn, Aurora, from her
 bed,
 Had rais'd from Thetis' lap her dewy
 head—
 Sublimely seated in her throne on high,
 Roll'd her bright chariot up the op'ning
 sky;
 The neighing steeds, obedient to the
 thong,
 Impatient drew the fiery car along,
 While from the glowing axles flash'd
 afar
 A flood of flame, and quench'd each
 twinkling star;
 The silent earth shook to the falling
 beam,
 And rous'd the soldier from his morn-
 ing dream:
 On Salem's towers the rosy sunbeams
 fall,
 And brightly shone the eagles round
 her wall.
 Day had now dawn'd, all radiant, to
 beguile
 The hardy Roman's unabated toil,
 But not to win him from his rigid
 task,
 And vain, if he a short respite should
 ask;
 Still must he urge, with unsuspending
 force,
 The engine's wheel or shape the missile's
 course.
 And Nico still prolong'd his mad
 career—
 The deaf'ning din assail'd each list'ning
 car;

Till soon the wall, that long withstood
 its shock,
 With dreadful crashing, heav'd its
 broken rock:
 The Romans rush'd within, but all was
 clear'd—
 No Jewish soldier by the breach ap-
 pear'd;
 No one was there, for they had heed-
 less grown,
 Or thought their wall could ne'er be
 overthrown—
 In which they trusted till their latest
 hour,
 And smil'd, in scorn, at Caesar's wrath
 and power.
 Three sep'rate walls did Salem's hills
 surround,
 And each with heavy towers was set
 around;
 Two might be captur'd at the conq'rор's
 will,
 And yet the city he uncaptur'd still.
 Now, where the angel swept Senna-
 cherib's host,
 Had Caesar fix'd his military post;
 There, at his word, his legions, deep and
 strong,
 Join'd in a band, drag their machines
 along;
 Close by the wall, they now the attack
 begin—
 The dreadful charge rous'd the besieg'd
 within;
 Inflam'd with rage, concordant, one and
 all
 Rush'd boldly onward, to defend the
 wall;
 The Jews fight bravely—for their wall
 contend—
 The Roman host, in turn, their works
 defend;
 The strife was wild and fierce on ev'ry
 side;
 The walls were smear'd with its en-
 sanguin'd tide;
 The space within was glutted with the
 slain,
 While groans and shrieks resounded
 o'er the plain;
 The Roman arms, all-powerful in the
 field,
 Resistless, forc'd the warrior Jews to
 yield:

Back from the plain the Zealot rabble
 flew,
 While to the gates the Roman band
 pursue;
 With shouts of joy the Roman force
 return,
 While in their walls the Jews their for-
 tune mourn.
 Now Caesar to his legions gave com-
 mand
 To ply their engines with unslacking
 hand;
 And quick to action ev'ry engine flew,
 And Nico his dread thunder did renew:
 Around the walls the missiles thickly
 pour'd—
 Beneath the tow'rs the engines loudly
 roar'd:
 For five successive days the legions
 toil—
 As long the Jews their labors strive to
 foil;
 But fortune, on the fifth, their efforts
 crown'd—
 The shatter'd tower in fragments spread
 the ground,
 And op'd a passage in the massy wall,
 Through which a thousand soldiers
 quickly fall.
 There wav'd their standard to the pass-
 ing air—
 There, by the breach, far shone the Ro-
 man spear:
 No sooner seen, than it inflam'd the
 eye
 Of all the Jews, who there in thousands
 fly:
 Through ev'ry pass the raging rabble
 ran—
 They clash their arms, and thus in fight
 began;
 In front and rear they strike the Roman
 band,
 Who in one firm, united column stand,
 And charge their foes with unrelaxing
 zeal—
 Their ardor breathes fresh keenness in
 the steel:
 Although outnumber'd by the Jews, they
 fight,
 Nor do their courage ever lean to flight.
 While thus surrounded, Caesar brought
 them aid,
 Then fierce and deadly flash'd the Ro-
 man blade;

Now on each side the battle grew more
hot—
More daring, too, each raging party
fought:
But, luckless hour! the Jews superior
grow—
In wild dismay the Roman legions
throw;
Turn them in flight, and through the
pass they fly,
While by the breach the dead in moun-
tains lie.
This vic'try much inspir'd the daring
Jew—
Embolden'd him his sallies to renew;
For three whole days around the frac-
tur'd wall
He lurk'd, obedient to some chieftain's
call;

.....
Meantime the Jews their scorpion en-
gines ply—
Missiles and darts from either army
fly;
Along the sky the rocky deluge pour'd—
Mix'd and convolv'd, in dreadful crash-
ings roar'd;
The strong earth trembled as the engine
strain'd;
And yet that well-built fort unharm'd
remain'd;
But round the field a general slaughter
spread—
Communal fear was blent with mutual
dread:
Through all the day this furious battle
hung,
And the red field with clashing Discord
rung;
Alike courageous fought each wrathful
host,
And neither could the conquest claim or
boast.
But now the sun, far o'er Idumea's
plain,
Had fleec'd, with golden light, the west-
ern main,
And the last ray his heavy eyelids shed
Ting'd with soft light Mount Ebal's
barren head:
And dusky Night, from her Cimmerian
cave,
And coral bed, by Ocean's sea-green
wave,

Rear'd high in heaven her mist-diffusing
head,
And round the world her sable drapery
spread.
The fight had ceas'd—each war-worn
soldier laid,
Reliev'd from duty, 'mid the olive shade,
Save he who wakeful round the ram-
parts strays,
To guard his quarters by the watch-
fire's blaze:
Each hero slept, unconscious of his
woes,
And bath'd his toil-worn limbs in deep
repose.
But, 'mid the silence which prevails
around,
A trembling impulse shook the tented
ground;
Then roll'd the watch-word through the
dusky air,
And fell in wakeful murmurs on each
ear;
The soldier startled from his dewy bed,
Sprung to his arms, and grasp'd the
reeking blade;
The cause was sought—no sooner
sought than found—
The wall that screen'd their works was
under ground;
In one rude mass the wall and engines
lay,
Which fill'd the Roman band with sad
dismay!
There lay the labor of twice fourteen
days,
Which all the bands had toil'd so long
to raise;
O'erwhelm'd and crush'd lay all their
arduous toil,
Deep in the fosse, o'erheap'd with loamy
soil.
Soon Ebon Night, with her dark mantle,
fled,
And rosy morning ting'd the skies with
red;
The Roman host, at Caesar's high com-
mand,
Arm'd for the fight, in solemn audience
stand;
Nigh to the breach which the sunk wall
had made,
Each legion fil'd according to its grade;

There stood, while Caesar thus, addressing, spake—
 "Know the great peril which ye undertake;
 And he who will, of all this shining train,
 Now throng'd upon this far-extended plain,
 First dare attempt to scale this lofty wall,
 And shall succeed above them, one and all
 Shall be promoted to a high estate,
 Should he escape the deadly shafts of Fate."
 "I will," cried one, "the lofty wall ascend,
 Scale its rude pile, and with the foe contend."
 Then o'er his head he threw his brazen shield,
 And like a lion stalk'd along the field.
 The host, beholding, saw the hero rise
 O'er the high wall, and shook, with shouts, the skies:
 Ten others also, by his daring fir'd,
 Whose hearts were with the love of fame inspir'd,
 With rapid strides, his dang'rous track pursue;
 'Mid whistling darts, that round them quickly flew,
 These mount the wall—the Jews astonish'd fly,
 While shouts of triumph echo round the sky:
 The Zealot bands a shower of missiles pour'd—
 The fatal shafts, with dreadful hissing, roar'd:
 Swift, from their shields, the falling missiles bound,
 And roll, impetuous, o'er the rocky ground;
 The foremost strove a rock's vast bulk to gain,
 But stumbling, as he strove, roll'd down amain,
 And fell within the area of the wall,
 And loud the earth resounded to his fall;
 Then rush'd the Zealots to the fatal spot—
 The champion with a thousand fiercely fought;

Transfix'd with spears the valiant hero lay,
 Low on the earth, and gasp'd his life away:
 His comrades, smitten by the darts which fall,
 Are hurl'd far backward from the lofty wall—
 Laid bleeding on the wide-extended plain,
 And to their wounds, in bitter shrieks, complain:
 Thus he, who is so emulous of fame,
 And strives to grasp the glory of a name,
 Gains not his purpose till it is too late
 To shun his folly, or the shafts of Fate.

The hardy Roman, leagu'd with direful war,
 Stays not his hand when Conquest drags his car,
 But plies his sword till he has won the field,
 Or forc'd, by wounds, to drop his sword and shield:
 So Caesar thus his dang'rous task pursues,
 And wilder groan the fierce, revengeful Jews;
 Now bids his legions, 'mid the gloom of night,
 By the lone watchfire's dim and lurid light,
 To pass the breach—and through the breach they creep,
 And slay the Jewish sent'nels as they sleep.
 Then peal'd the clarion by Antonia's tower,
 To which soon rush'd the whole imperial power;
 The trumpet's blast around the ramparts rung—
 The rous'd up Zealots from their couches sprung—
 Along the streets, in great confusion, pour'd,
 Panting with rage to wield the Jewish sword:
 They grope their way, amid the shades of night,
 Arm'd for the field, and soon engage in fight;

Close by the breach they halt, then strike
the blow,
Which was return'd as ably by the foe;
There all the night the fearful struggles last,
Nor at the morning's dawn is it yet
past,
But wax'd more ardent, as when burning
Sol
More fervid grows towards his mid-day
goal;
So stood the fight for twice four rolling
hours,
Between those wrathful and contending
powers,
Till every pass was crowded with the
dead—
Roman on Jew, and Jew on Roman
laid—
Incongruous heap'd upon the gory field.
And still o'er slaughter'd heaps, their
swords they wield.
But now the Romans from the fight
desist,
Nor are the Zealots eager to persist;
And both retire, while to Antonia's
tower
Great Caesar led his strong embattled
power;
Where now they lie withdrawn from
off the field—
To martial sports or soft amusements
yield.
The third wall had now fall'n to Caesar's
arms,
And while the city shook to war's
alarms;
Toss'd like a sea, when furious tempests
roar,
And rolls her waves high-foaming on
the shore—
So heav'd sad Salem to the Spoiler's
sword,
Nor yet, to save her, would confess her
lord:
Without her walls his mighty legions
stood,
Within was Famine and her fiendish
brood,
To drain the life-blood from her throbbing
heart,
By Faction pierc'd, and prob'd in ev'ry
part.
Where now the hand to check the fatal
blow—

To waste with Death her strong, oppressive
foe?
Ah! fated city, thou hadst griev'd thy
God,
And Justice still provok'd his vengeful
rod;
Though thou dost mourn, thy woes He
will not heal—
Nor soothe the pangs which thou art
doomed to feel;
His vengeful wrath must scathe thy
vaunted realm,
Till wild destruction shall thy land
o'erwhelm:
Long has thy land, thy spirit-trodden
clime,
Been the abode of Bloodshed, Guilt and
Crime;
And thou must writhe beneath the
wrath of Heav'n,
Nor deem it wrong, nor trust to be
forgiv'n.
Unpitied now, amid thy woes forlorn,
Mourn, sceptred Salem—for his presence
mourn!
Antonia's hold sunk to the engine's
blow—
Roll'd in wide heaps upon the rock below;
Straight to the Temple's wall it clear'd
the way,
Against whose courts the stormy engines
play:
The hardy Jews, though in the grasp of
Fate,
Still stood the guardians of their falling
state—
Reduc'd by Famine, and a thousand ills,
Remain'd unconquer'd on their native
hills.
But now a foe, inexorable as Death,
Breathes rife destruction on his poisonous
breath;
Wild with despair, the wretched parent
bends,
Amid his suff'rings, o'er his famish'd
friends;
Heeds not their wants, but chides them
while they weep,
Or prays for them a long, eternal sleep;
Such was his grief, alas!—such grief as
falls
On men in cities girt with rampart
walls,

When fell Invasion, with besieging
hand,
Shuts fast the outlets to a plenteous
land.
So Salem stood, girt with her foes
about—
Famine within, and fiendish Strife with-
out;
Disease and Death, co-workers in her
wo,
Join'd, in conjunction, aid her jealous
foe;
While lawless Force roams thro' her
loathsome streets,
And plunders ev'ry hapless wretch she
meets—
While Thirst and Hunger, with insidi-
ous eye,
Asks the wish'd morsel with imploring
cry—
But asks in vain—no morsel they re-
ceive;
Vain were their prayers—none had they
to give:
Distressful scene! hear Salem's hopeless
call,
Or see her dead, unburied, heap the
wall;
Or hear the cries her famish'd chil-
dren pour'd,
When they stoop'd, cowering, to the
robber's sword;
Or see the aged sire, by hunger wild,
Crave the last morsel from his suf-
fering child;
Or sad Perea's lov'd and beauteous fair,
Amid the phrenzied raving of despair,
Seize the young child that hung upon
her breast,
Which she so oft in loving-rapture
prest,
And dress it as a fowler would his
game—
Which, as she does, oft breathes its
tender name:
The spit receives it—high the fire
burns—
Now with her hand the spit she idly
turns;
And now 'tis done—she serves it—took
and eat,
Nor thinks it wrong, but quite a seem-
ly treat:
Like the wild pard, that roams the dis-
tant wood,

By hunger urged, pursuing, howls for
food—
All day will seek—but finding none, at
night,
Raging, returns with craving appetite—
Howls to his lair upon the mountain
steep—
Devours his nurslings as they lie
asleep—
Of one and all a gen'ral havoc makes—
Slakes thus his hunger, then his lair
forsakes.
And Mary, thus by Famine's rage com-
pell'd,
Against Affection's nat'ral laws rebell'd;
Roasts her own child—the idol of her
soul—
Nor could Affection's laws her hands
control.
Most wicked action in the book of
Time!
Our heart's blood curdles to relate the
crime;
And ev'ry feeling of our heart does
bleed,
And Pity, blushing, mourns the horrid
deed!
Such were the ills, sad Salem, thou
didst feel,
When pierced and torn by the Aven-
ger's steel!
And still his vengeance was not fully
paid—
His hand still held the sanguinary
blade.
Now o'er the ramparts see Rome's
eagles wave,
And martial myriads rush unwont to
save;
There mail-clad warriors round the
Temple throng,
And chieftains goad their harness'd
steeds along;
Fair, too, the sun sheds his departing
smile
Upon the Temple's consecrated pile,
And brightly through its gothic clois-
ters play'd,
In radiant lines, along its cool arcade;
And his last rays, that streak'd that
vault of blue,
Sigh'd to thy golden spires a last adieu;
And heavenward flash'd her hallow'd
light afar,

And lit to splendor ev'ry radiant star.
 A night of gloom o'erhuing the Temple's
 pile,
 And dreadful tones went whisp'ring
 through its aisle,
 And on her stately, snow-white marble
 wall
 The moon's pale rays in ghostly shad-
 ows fall:
 From the bright helm and many a
 polish'd spear,
 Faint lustre broke along the shadowy
 air,
 While, by thy gold-enamell'd massy
 gate,
 The Imperial forces for the day-spring
 wait.
 Their arms were still, and all were fast
 in sleep,
 And the dim watch-fires shone on Zion's
 steep,
 When, lo! a cry rushed madly on the
 air—
 Each soldier, starting, grasp'd his pol-
 ish'd spear:
 Hark! a cry of fire from dark Antonia
 peal'd,
 And wild it ran along the tented field:
 The Temple's courts were wrapt in
 sheets of fire,
 Which curl'd above, and wreath'd its
 lofty spire;
 The blazing wonder spread a lurid beam
 On Night's thick glooms, o'er Kedron's
 sacred stream;
 The twinkling stars, which o'er the city
 shone,
 Retir'd abash'd amid Night's sable
 zone;
 And the pale moon, above Mount
 Olive's height,
 Shorn of her glory, ceas'd to give her
 light—
 Far-wand'ring, rob'd in rising mist and
 air,
 Sunk o'er the hills, a dark and rayless
 sphere.
 Then through the streets the mail-clad
 nation trod,
 And bath'd their heavy spears and
 shields in blood,
 Nor reck'd hoar Age, nor spares the
 weak or strong—
 Unpitied, see them roll their ranks
 along;

See the lone maiden front the soldier's
 steel,
 Or o'er her breast the courser drive his
 heel;
 Or by the Temple's burning splendor
 stole,
 And on its altars lay her languid soul.
 Their weary sages in her court-yards
 laid—
 Once the defenders of the olive shade—
 Now crush'd to earth, in dreadful car-
 nage roll'd,
 Where her white pavements stream with
 molten gold.
 Ah! then, would Pity not regard thy
 woes,
 As o'er the hills the burning Temple
 rose?
 Ah, no! no pity in the victor's breast,
 Had power to soothe thy raging soul to
 rest!
 Though long he strove to quench the
 flaming brand,
 Still it roll'd high above his pitying
 hand;
 And now the bray of arms on armor
 broke,
 And sire and son felt the strong sabre's
 stroke;
 Prest to the earth, the steel-smote war-
 riors kneel,
 And greet the woes which they were
 doom'd to feel:
 Then wild the war-cry peal'd by Judah's
 hills,
 And stirr'd the silence of her slum-
 b'ring rills;
 And the deep glens, by Jordan's yellow
 wave,
 Heard the last struggles of the free
 and brave—
 Came o'er her deserts like some mourn-
 ful tone
 Breath'd, by a spirit, from a world un-
 known,
 And onward passing to its destined
 shore,
 To sink to rest, nor wake the world no
 more.
 Ah, mitred Queen, whose sceptre and
 whose throne
 Hadst made the Eastern empire all thy
 own,
 How art thou fall'n!—in the dust laid
 low,

And all thy splendor wrapt in weeds of
wo!
Thy gorgeous Temple and its towers
have fell—
Chaos of ruins where the pompous
swell
Of arch and column, that adorn'd thy
site,
Forth bodying blindness on the gazer's
sight:
Ah! all is swept by the proud Roman's
plough,
And now thy beauty spreads thy sainted
brow:
Thy jubilees are past—thy feasts are
o'er—
Thy altars smoke with votive gifts no
more;
Nor from Samaria's hallow'd peaks
arise
The smoke of fragrant incense to the
skies:
No tabret pipes are heard on Zion's
hill,
No browsing sheep-flocks bleat by
Siloa's rill;
Nor harp at morn is heard by Kedron's
wave,
Where Jewish maids of old were wont
to lave
Their snow-white feet, or from her
verdant side
Crop the white rose, fair Sharon's
nobler pride;
No timbrel's notes break through thy
marble walls,
Nor dark-ey'd maidens harp amid thy
halls,
To cheer the dance with music's hal-
low'd swell,
Nor Israel's bards drink prescience
from its spell;
Ah! all is gone, for Ruin widely, now,
Lifts his grim visage o'er thy princely
brow;
Nor aught remains, of all thy pride, to
tell
Where once thou wast, or where thy
glory fell—
But yet shalt thou amid thy wastes
arise,
And clear the Night of Ages from thy
skies.

JOHNSON PIERSON
(Published St. Louis, 1844.)

LET US DEPART.

It is mentioned by Josephus, that a short time previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around.

The tents that rose by thousands
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like the white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale,

And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet
sword
Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage high.

Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835).

JUDAH.

Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish; they are black unto the ground; and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up.—Jeremiah.

OH, JUDAH! thy dwellings are sad—
Thy children are weeping around,
In sack cloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground:

In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry—

For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky!

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well;

They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell—

How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth;
Away! it is sealed—and no more
Shall the fountain yield freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are haggard with care—
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair;

Oh, Jerusalem! mourn through thy halls—

And bend to the dust in thy shame—
The doom that thy spirit appals,
Is famine—the sword—and the flame!

COL. WETMORE.

GAMALIEL OF JERUSALEM.

O YERUSHALAIM the Holy! the crown
of thy peace is fled!

Under the yoke of the spoiler the pride
of thy life hath sped!

Low are the climbing arches of thy
Temple wondrous fair

Like a sheaf of silver fountains that
rose through the sunlit air,

And under the wreck of its glory the
priests of thy faith lie dead!

From the place of our power and glad-
ness, whither we go who knows?

From halls of our fathers to bondage;
from arms of our mothers to blows;

To chains and thirst and hunger; to
toil on the strangers' shore;

To serve at the Roman's table; to bend
at the Roman's oar;

Jehovah! Thou God of the Mighty!
remember thy people's woes!

M. E. B.

THE HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

FROM the hills of the West, as the sun's
setting beam

Cast his last ray of glory o'er Jordan's
lone stream,

While his fast-falling tears with its
waters were blent,

Thus poured a poor minstrel his sad-
dened lament:—

"Awake, harp of Judah, that slumbering
hast hung

On the willows that weep where thy
prophets have sung;

Once more wake for Judah thy wild
notes of woe,

Ere the hand that now strikes thee lies
mouldering and low.

"Ah, where are the choirs of the glad
and the free
That woke the loud anthem responsive
to thee,
When the daughters of Salem broke
forth in the song,
While Tabor and Hermon its echoes
prolong?

"And where are the mighty, who went
forth in pride
To the slaughter of kings, with their
ark at their side?
They sleep, lonely stream, with the
sands of thy shore,
And the war-trumpet's blast shall awake
them no more.

"O Judah, a lone, scattered remnant
remain,
To sigh for the graves of their fathers
in vain,
And to turn toward thy land with a
tear-brimming eye,
And a prayer that the advent of Shiloh
be nigh.

"No beauty in Sharon, on Carmel no
shade;
Our vineyards are wasted, our altars de-
cayed;
And the heel of the heathen, insulting,
has trod
On the bosoms that bled for their coun-
try and God."

ANONYMOUS.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels
stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries
pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God! Thy
thunders sleep:

There—where Thy finger scorch'd the
tablet stone!
There—where Thy shadow to Thy
people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not ex-
pire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance ap-
pear:
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the op-
pressor's spear:
How long by tyrants shall Thy land be
trod?
How long Thy temple worshipless, O
God!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's
stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land
a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken
shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt,
the godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleed-
ing feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem
sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heav-
enly voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary
breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox
his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the
grave!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

ON JERUSALEM.

Of all the moral lore that lies
O'er nature's vast and varied page,
That in a thousand objects tries
Her wayward children to engage,
Yet pleads in vain to every sense,
With mute, but forceful eloquence,
Is scarce a scene of stronger spell
The haughty brow of pride to quell,
To fix wild folly's frantic wings,
And raise the soul to solemn things,
Than on the church-yard green to trace
The relics of some fallen race;
Grim, bleaching bones, perhaps the
wreck
Of one whom nature toiled to deck;

How shattered, slighted, cast away,
 Returning to their native clay,
 By rain and tempest rudely beat,
 And trampled down by passing feet;
 To see the lizard choose her cell,
 Where wit or science once might dwell,
 The earth-worm o'er that visage roll,
 That glowed with grace, and beamed
 with soul,

And grass and nettles tangle o'er
 The limbs that slept on silk before:—
 'Tis scarce in madness not to glean
 Some bitter wisdom from the scene,
 And think how soon himself must lie
 As vile as they who claim his sigh.

Such is thy drear sepulchral state,
 Jerusalem, the proud, the great!
 So dark the thoughts of him, who views
 Thy former grandeur's faded hues!
 O haughty favorite of God,
 Where prophets spake and angels trod,
 Where kings and nations came to bow,
 Daughter of Heaven, can this be thou?
 Are these the towers that gleamed on
 high,

So saintly in the morning sky,
 Where power, and worth, and wisdom
 dwelt,

Where David sang, and Samuel knelt?
 Are these the plains so blessed of old,
 Where bloomed the vine, and shone the
 fold,

Where milk and honey flowed around,
 And guardian angels clothed the
 ground?

This, on whose bleak and barren brow
 The sun, the dew seems wasted now;
 Where fitting round her willow streams
 To desert winds the bitter screams;
 Where serpents lurk in brambled lair,
 And jackals yell, and hyens glare,
 And prowls each fierce unsocial thing,
 That bares the fang or flaps the wing?—
 Thy land of promise thus defaced,
 Thy lofty brow so low abased,
 So lorn, so lost, so abject now,
 Daughter of Heaven, can this be thou?
 O what a sight thy scenes supply
 To fix and warm each passing eye!
 Thy columned head to dust is hurl'd,
 Thy children scattered round the world,

Thy streets the turbaned stranger
 roams,
 And foreign faces fill thy homes;
 Strange prayers thy tottering aisles re-
 sound,

And blood defiles thy altars round;
 With superstition, hand in hand,
 Oppression tramples o'er thy land,
 And every meanness, every crime,
 Seem crowded in thy destined clime.
 Yet though the light around thee shone,
 Though beauty, life and soul be gone,
 Still can the eye some grandeur trace
 Along thy monumental face,
 And every object still betrays
 Some record of thy better days.
 Awful and grand, though desolate,
 High on her hills in fallen state,
 Amidst her bleak and blighted lands,
 The holy city sadly stands
 Before the weary pilgrim's path,
 A monument of heavenly wra'h.

.

MATTHEW A. BERR.

IN GALILEE.

ROMAN and Jew upon one level lie;
 Great Herod's palaces are ground to
 dust;

Upon the synagogues are mould and
 rust;

Night winds among the tottering col-
 umns sigh;

Yet sparrows through the massive ruins
 fly,

And o'er the sacred earth's embroidered
 crust

Still goes the sower forth to sow, still
 must

The shepherd with his sheep sit list-
 lessly.

There towers the mountain where the
 Teacher spake

In those old times the sweet Beatitudes,
 Surviving kings and codes, fair words
 and feuds.

There creeps the Jordan to its destined
 lake,

The fisher casts his net into the sea,
 And still the lilies bloom in Galilee.

MARY FRANCES BARBER BUTTS

(183-).

HADASSEH OF TIBERIAS.

COME to the house-top, Rachel! the
waning day droops low,
Wrap round thy braids the Tyrian
scarf, for cool the night winds blow;
And bring thy light stringed nebel to
aid the sad sweet song
That sings in every Jewish heart its
tale of grief and wrong—
While o'er the lake Gennesareth the red
sun sinks to meet its death!

Bid from the inner terrace, Amrah, the
bond-maid, bring
Fresh wheaten cakes and honey, clear
water from the spring;
Here we will take our evening meal,
and rest, till floating by
The pale moon sails her magic boat
across the deep blue sky,
And in the lake Gennesareth the red
sun sinks to meet its death!

M. E. B.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR
MARIAMNE.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is
bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh! Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter plead-
ing:
Ah! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon
now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer
unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me
waving.
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone, who shar'd my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entomb-
ing;

I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were
blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earn'd those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consum-
ing!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground:
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by:

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there,
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

More blest each palm that shades those
plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace;
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

THE PALM TREE.

THY lofty shade is o'er the lonely
streams
That through Judea's sunlit valleys
flow;
Thy form is mirror'd in the fountain-
gleams,
As lofty and as bright as long ago.

And still thy graceful leaves are gently
stirr'd
By the soft breeze, beside the laughing
waters,
As when at eve the voice of song was
heard,
And 'neath thee passed light steps of
Israel's daughters.

Thy stately form still towers in Leb-
anon—
Still waves on Sinai's steep and
frowning side,
As when upon its glowing top there
shone
Glory resplendent men could not
abide.

E'en now, perchance, by thy tall trunk
is sitting
Some outcast wanderer of the Prom-
ised Land,
Across whose mournful breast is dim-
ly flitting
Remembrance of the glorious and the
grand.

Once more before his view the Temple
shines,
A "mount of snow" upon the sacred
hill;
And on his cheek there plays, as day
declines,
The cool breeze wandering from
Siloa's rill.

A. R. BONAR.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes for-
lorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen, forgotten Sion,
mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy
throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy
stone,
While suns unblessed their angry lustre
fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty
spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings
with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those
kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;

No suppliant nations in thy Temple
wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts
among,
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide
of song;
But lawless force and meagre want are
there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless
fear,
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy
shade,
Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons
of Heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was
given!
Oh, wont of old your nightly watch to
keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing
hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories
dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved
so well;
(For oft, 't is said, in Kedron's palmy
vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight
gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon
cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's
ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal min-
strelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast
inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's
seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with
bolder flight,
And wave her eagle plumes exulting in
the light.
O happy once in Heaven's peculiar
love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruf-
fian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy
wasted land;
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the
storms of fate,

Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
 Though thy proud stonies in cumbrous
 ruin fall,
 And seas of sand o'erthop thy mouldering
 wall;
 Yet shall the Muse to fancy's ardent
 view
 Each shadowy trace of faded pomp re-
 new;
 And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost
 brow
 With glistening eye beheld the plain
 below,
 With prescient ardour drank the
 scented gale,
 And bade the opening glades of Canaan
 hail,
 Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect
 wide,
 From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's
 tide;
 The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
 The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's
 rill;
 The grot, where, by the watch-fire's
 evening blaze,
 The robber riots or the hermit prays;
 Or where the tempest rives the hoary
 stone,
 The wintry top of giant Lebanon.
 Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious
 freedom bold,
 Those stormy seats the warrior Druses
 hold;
 From Norman blood their lofty line they
 trace,
 Their lion courage proves their gener-
 ous race.
 They, only they, while all around them
 kneel
 In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
 Teach their pale despot's waning moon
 to fear
 The patriot terrors of the mountain
 spear.
 Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your
 sabres shine
 The native guard of feeble Palestine.
 Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dis-
 mayed,
 Defend the birthright of the cedar
 shadel
 What though no more for you the
 obedient gale,
 Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian
 sail;

Though now no more your glittering
 marts unfold
 Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
 Though not for you the pale and sickly
 slave
 Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy
 cave,
 Yet yours the lot, in proud content-
 ment blest,
 Where cheerful labour leads to tran-
 quil rest.
 No robber rage the ripening harvest
 knows,
 And unrestrained the generous vintage
 flows:
 Nor less your sons to manliest deeds
 aspire,
 And Asia's mountains glow with Spar-
 tan fire.
 So when, deep sinking in the rosy
 main,
 The western sun forsakes the Syrian
 plain,
 His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
 And pour their latest light on Carmel's
 head.
 Yet shines your praise, amid sur-
 rounding gloom,
 As the lone lamp that trembles in the
 tomb;
 For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's
 chain,
 And small the bounds of freedom's
 scanty reign.
 As the poor outcast on the cheerless
 wild,
 Arabia's parent, clasped her fainting
 child,
 And wandered near the roof, no more
 her home,
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam;
 My sorrowing fancy quits the happier
 height,
 And southward throws her half-averted
 sight.
 For sad the scenes Judæa's plains dis-
 close,
 A dreary waste of undistinguished
 woes:
 See War untired his crimson pinions
 spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the
 dead!
 Lo, where from far the guarded foun-
 tains shine,

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar,
thine!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the
stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on
the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from
afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of
war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your
eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery courses
feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the
whispering reed;
And theirs the soil, where, curling to
the skies,
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty
sacrifice;
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses
driven,
Outcasts of earth and reprobate of
heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless
exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of
their way,
With dumb despair their country's
wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.
O Thou, their Guide, their Father,
and their Lord,
Loved for Thy mercies, for Thy power
adored!
If at Thy name the waves forgot their
force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trem-
bling source;
If at Thy Name like sheep the moun-
tains fled,
And haughty Sirion bowed his marble
head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neg-
lected vine!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen
bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clus-
ters tear.
Was it for this she stretched her peo-
pled reign
From far Euphrates to the western
main?

For this, o'er many a hill her boughs
she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars
grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her
shade,
And o'er the Arabian deep her branches
played?
Oh, feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier
hour!
Not such their hope, when through the
parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior
train;
Not such their hope, when through the
fields of night
The torch of heaven diffused its friend-
ly light;
Not, when fierce conquest urged the on-
ward war,
And hurled stern Canaan from his iron
car;
Nor when five monarchs led to Gibeon's
fight,
In rude array, the harnessed Amorite:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal's accents
stayed,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels de-
layed;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the
sound,
Curbed her pale car, and checked her
mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His
might,
And God's own darkness veiled her
mystic height
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind
rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace
glowed);
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, His power, eternal, in-
finite?—
Awe-struck I cease, nor bid my strains
aspire,
Or serve His altar with unhallowed
fire.
Such were the cares that watched o'er
Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant
state.
—Triumphant race! and did your power
decay?

Failed the bright promise of your early day?

No:—by that sword which, red with heathen gore,

A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;

By him, the chief to farthest India known,

The mighty master of the iv'ry throne;
In Heaven's own strength, high tower-

ing o'er her foes,

Victorious Salem's lion banner rose;

Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,

And vassal tyrants crouched beneath her sway.

And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind

Through nature's mazes wandered un-

confined;

Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,

And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew:

To him were known—so Hagar's off-

spring tell—

The powerful vigil and the starry spell.
The midnight call hell's shadowy

legions' dread,

And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.

Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?

And Tadmour thus, and Syrian Baal-

bec, rose.

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted

wall.

In frantic converse with the mournful wind,

There oft the houseless Santon rests re-

clined;

Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;

And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!¹

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore.
And far Sofala teemed with golden ore;

Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,

Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.

When Tiber slept beneath the cypress gloom,

And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;

Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone;

Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,

Fanned by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.

Then towered the palace, then in awful state

The Temple reared its everlasting gate.²

No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,³

Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clanged, the deep-voiced

trumpet spoke;

And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,

Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the present God.⁴

Nor shrank she then, when, raging deep and loud,

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

E'en they who, dragged to Shinar's fiery sand,

Tilled with reluctant strength the stranger's land;

Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,

And steeped the captive's bitter bread with tears;—

Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,

Their destined triumphs, and their glad return,

And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,

In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung.

Would oft awake to chant their future fame,

²Psalm xxiv. 7.

³"There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building."—I Kings. vi. 7.

⁴II. Chronicles vii. 3.

¹Numbers xxiv. 5.

And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
 His promised aid could every fear control;
 This nerved the warrior's arm, this steeled the martyr's soul.
 Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the Dayspring from on high:
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the Orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant King!
 Marked ye, where, hov'ring o'er His radiant head,
 The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
 Daughter of Sion! virgin Queen! rejoice!
 Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice!
 He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
 Not armed in flame, all-glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
 Messiah comes!—let furious discord cease;
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
 Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
 And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
 The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
 And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.
 Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
 Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
 Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
 Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
 Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?

His brows all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
 His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
 Raised from the cross in patient agony?
 —Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night, arise,
 And hide, oh, hide the dreadful sacrifice!
 Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
 Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
 Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
 Weep for your country, for your children weep;
 —Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
 Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.
 Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
 The bird of war, the Latin eagle came.
 Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
 Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
 He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
 And war without, and death within the wall.
 Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
 And dire debate, and clamorous strife were there:
 Love, strong as death, retained his might no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
 Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguined plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain,
 E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
 Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
 To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own.
 As 'mid the cedar courts and gates of gold,
 The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,

To save their Temple every hand essayed,
 And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade:
 Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
 And life's last anger warmed the dying man!

But heavier far the fettered captive's doom!
 To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome;
 To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
 The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride;
 To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
 The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
 Or pant, deep plunged beneath the sultry mine,
 For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
 She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost;
 In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
 There barked the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
 Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
 The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
 'T was his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
 The chequered twilight of the olive grove;
 'T was his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
 And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
 While forms celestial filled his tranced eye,
 The daylight dreams of pensive piety,
 O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
 And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

Oh! lives there one who mocks his artless zeal?—
 Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
 Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
 The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!

Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
 No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who reared yon pompous shrine,
 And bade the rock with Parian marble shine,

Then hallowed peace renewed her wealthy reign,
 Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.

There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
 And all the bounties of the British Queen;

There barbarous kings their sandalled nations led,
 And steel-clad champions bowed the crested head.

There, when her fiery race the desert poured,
 And pale Byzantium feared Medina's sword,

When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
 And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow;

From the moist regions of the western star
 The wandering Hermit waked the storm of war.

Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
 A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:

E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
 And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;

While beardless youths and tender maids assume
 The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
 The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,

And start to see their armour's iron gleam
 Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,

All madly blithe the mingled myriads
 ran:
 Impatient Death beheld his destined
 food,
 And hovering vultures snuffed the scent
 of blood.
 Not such the numbers, nor the host
 so dread,
 By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur
 led;
 Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that
 bore.
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
 There Gaul's proud knights with boast-
 ful mien advance,
 From the long line, and shake the cor-
 nel lance;
 Here, linked with Thrace, in close bat-
 talions stand
 Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
 There the stern Norman joins the Aus-
 trian train,
 And the dark tribes of late-reviving
 Spain;
 Here in black files, advancing firm and
 slow,
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly
 bow,—
 Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong
 to aid,
 And wield in Freedom's cause the free-
 man's generous blade!
 Ye sainted spirits of the warrior
 dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies
 led!
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in
 the fight,
 Still poured confusion on the Soldan's
 might;
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy
 spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, Lion Rich-
 ard, hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride re-
 sume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the
 tomb!
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the
 same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental
 fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid sup-
 ply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yield-
 ing isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
 Th' apostate chief¹—from Misraim's
 subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners
 bore;
 When the pale desert marked his proud
 array,
 And desolation hoped an ampler sway;
 What hero then triumphant Gaul dis-
 mayed?
 What arm repelled the victor Rene-
 gade?
 Britannia's champion!²—bathed in hos-
 tile blood,
 High on the breach the dauntless Sea-
 man stood:
 Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
 E'en the pale crescent blessed the Chris-
 tian's might.
 O day of death! O thirst, beyond con-
 trol,
 Of crimson conquest in the Invader's
 soul!
 The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps
 trod,
 O'er the red moat supplied a panting
 road;
 O'er the red moat our conquering thun-
 ders flew,
 And loftier still the grisly rampire
 grew,
 While proudly glowed above the res-
 cued tower
 The wavy cross that marked Britannia's
 power.
 Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely
 plain,
 And heroes lift the generous sword in
 vain.
 Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger
 roll,
 And God's revenge hangs heavy on her
 soul.
 Yet shall she rise;—but not by war re-
 stored,
 Not built in murder,—planted by the
 sword:
 Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy
 Father's aid
 Shall heal the wound His chastening
 hand has made,

¹Napoleon.—Edit.

²Sir Sidney Smith.—Edit.

Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
 And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.³
 Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
 Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
 E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
 That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
 And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
 Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

JERUSALEM.

I.

THE ancient of cities!—the lady of nations!
 The home where the cherubims hovered in light!
 Where the breeze has a voice like those old "lamentations"
 That saddened thy day with their omens of night,
 And the river's low song seems to echo the strain
 Which the prophet poured out to thy spirit—in vain!

II.

Bright land of the promise!—whose vision of glory
 Had dazzled thy sense, till 't was feeble to see!
 O, chosen for others to keep the high story
 Whose record was vain for thy children and thee!

³Psalm ii. 3.

Lone Esau of nations, that weepst away,
 While the gentile is rich in thy birth-right to-day!

III.

Lost land of the minstrel!—whose harp, in its sadness,
 Brought music from heaven, to play to thy heart,—
 Whose spell of a moment came down on thy madness,
 And bade, for an hour, thy dark angel depart,—
 Till the power of its warning expired, with its strain,
 And the spirit of evil came o'er thee again!

IV.

High home of the Temple!—whose worship did borrow
 A voice from the thunder,—a light from the sky!
 Blest soil, whence the vine, that was planted in sorrow,
 Hath hung o'er the nations its branches on high;—
 That rocked the low couch where the sleepless One slept,
 And kept the vain tomb where the Deathless was kept!

V.

And O, for the outcast who drank of thy glory,—
 The lost one of Judah,—the chosen of yore,—
 The priest of thy temple,—the heir of thy story,—
 Who dwelt in thy vineyards, that blossom no more!
 Afar, 'mid the heathen, he sitteth forlorn,—
 And thy fruit is the bramble, thy greenness the thorn!

VI.

It was not for Edom that Zion was braided
 With crowns of the sunshine and garlands of bloom,
 Where the wild Arab wanders the cedar hath faded,
 The bird of the wild keepeth watch on the tomb;—

And the soil of the simoon awaits the
far day,
When the rain shall return to the wil-
derness gray.

VII.

Pale daughter of Zion!—all wasted
with weeping,
Thy footstool the desert,—its dust on
thy head;
Thy long weary watch o'er the wilder-
ness keeping,
And sitting in darkness, like them
that be dead;—*
A veil like the widow's hath shadowed
thy pride,
And a sorrow is thine like no sorrow
beside!†

VIII.

And sadly thy son by each far-foreign
river
Sits, as he sat in the Babel of old,—
Lone 'mid the nations,—all homeless
forever,
'Mid homes full of children,—and poor
'mid his gold;—
With a mark on his brow of the brand
in his brain,
Like the record God wrote on the fore-
head of Cain!

IX.

Weary with wandering and wasted with
sadness,
And walking by lights that are all
from the past,—
Wishes, scarce hopes, waken smiles
without gladness,
As backward his thoughts, like the
mourner's, are cast;
For the tale of the Hebrew who wan-
ders away
Is the fable and type of his people
to-day!‡

X.

A proverb to most, and a moral to all,

**He hath set me in dark places, as
they that be dead of old.*—Lamenta-
tions.

†*Behold, and see if there be any sor-
row like unto my sorrow.*—Lamenta-
tions.

‡*The Wandering Jew.*

And a lamp unto others, though sit-
ting in gloom,—
He seems like a mute in a festival hall,
And is still looking forward for that
which hath come;—
Like the children of Eblis, he hideth
his smart,
And walks through the world with his
hand on his heart!

XI.

All lands are as Moab—all countries are
Edom,
To the Hebrew, who sits in his sack-
cloth of sin,—
Till the trumpets of God calling others
to freedom,
The Jew to that banner at length
shall come in;—
And Salem must sit in her desert alone,
Till the seed of the Lord 'by all rivers
be sown.

XII.

Then, daughter of Judah! look up from
thy slumber!
And lo! a bright vision of turrets
and spires!
A hymn o'er the desert, from harps
without number!
Thy children at rest by the shrine of
their sires!
The song-bird on Carmel,—the rose in
the plain,—
And the streams flowing backward to
Zion again!

JOHN KEBBLE HERVEY (1804-1859).

MOUNT CARMEL.

THE harp is hushed, in Kedron's vale,
The river dwindled to a rill,
That haunts it—like an ancient tale—
In dying whispers, still!
The wind, among the sedges, keeps
Some echoes of its broken lyre,
And wakes, at times, with sudden
sweeps,
Thoughts of its former fire,—
Where Carmel's flowery summits rise,
To point the moral to the skies!
My breast has learnt—in other lands—
That moral, through its own deep
glooms,

Lone—as yon lonely city stands
 Among her thousand tombs!
 Amid its mouldering wrecks and weeds,
 While memory—like that river—sings,
 Or—like the night-breeze in the reeds—
 Plays with its broken strings,
 My spirit sits, with folded wing,
 A sad—but not unhappy—thing!

What if my loves—like yonder waves,
 That seek a dead and tideless sea—
 Have perished in the place of graves,
 That darkly waits for me!
 What if no outlet of the earth
 Those dull and dreary waters own,
 And time can give no second birth
 To dreams and wishes gone!
 What though my fount of early joy,
 Like Kedron's springs, be almost dry!

High o'er them, with its thousand
 flowers,
 Its precious crown of scent and
 bloom,
 Hope, like another Carmel, towers
 In sunshine and in gloom!
 Flinging upon the wasted breast
 Sweets born in climes more pure and
 high,
 And pointing, with its lofty crest,
 Beyond the starry sky,—
 Where a new Jordan's waves shall gem
 A statelier Jerusalem!

JOHN KEBBLE HERVEY (1804-1859).

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,—
 Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
 But every soul shines as the sun,
 For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl,—
 O God! if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Thy joys when shall I see?—
 The King sitting upon thy throne,
 And thy felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant
 flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing
 sound
 The flood of life doth flow;
 And on the banks, on every side,
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened
 fruit;
 Forevermore they spring,
 And all the nations of the earth
 To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place
 Full sore I long to see;
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
 The comfort of us all;
 For thou art fair and beautiful,—
 None ill can thee befall.

O passing happy were my state,
 Might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 His praises there to sound!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 Thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to thee!

DAVID DICKSON (1583-1663).

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

ARE these the ancient, holy hills
 Where angels walked of old?
 Is this the land our story fills
 With glory not yet cold?
 For I have pass'd by many a shrine,
 O'er many a land and sea—
 But still, O promised Palestine,
 My dreams have been of thee!

I see thy mountain-cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright, as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er thee sword and time have
past,

And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath press'd—
But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stain'd the Polar
snow

And quench'd the desert sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith, for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fall'n, and nations gone
Before the march of Time,
And where the ocean roll'd alone
Are forests in their prime,
Since Gentile ploughshares marr'd the
brow

Of Zion's holy hill;—
Where are the Roman eagles now?—
Yet Judah wanders still!

And hath she wander'd thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No!—long deferr'd her hope hath been—
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn—
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return!

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvests home
In thy redeeming day;
But now resign'd, in faith and trust
I seek a nameless tomb—
At least beneath thy hallow'd dust
Oh, give the wanderer room!

FRANCES BROWNE (1816-).

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

COME, Son of Israel, scorned in every
land,
Outcast and wandering—come with
mournful step

Down to the dark vale of Jehoshaphat,
And weigh the remnant of thy hoarded
gold

To buy thyself a grave among the bones
Of patriarchs and of prophets, and of
kings.

It is a glorious place to take thy rest,
Poor child of Abraham, 'mid those
awful scenes,

And scepter'd monarchs, who, with
Faith's keen eye,
Piercing the midnight darkness that
o'erhung

Messiah's coming, gave their dying flesh
Unto the worm, with such a lofty trust
In the strong promise of the invisible.
Here are damp gales to lull thy dream-
less sleep,

And murmuring recollections of that
lyre

Whose passing sweetness bore King
David's prayer

Up to the ear of Heaven, and of that
strain

With which the weeping prophet dirge-
like sung

Doomed Zion's visioned woes. Yon
rifted rocks,

So faintly purpled by the westering sun,
Reveal the unguarded walls, the silent
towers,

Where, in her stricken pomp, Jerusalem
Sleeps like a palsied princess, from
whose head

The diadem hath fallen. Still half con-
cealed

In the deep bosom of that burial-vale
A fitful torrent, 'neath its time-worn
arch,

Hurries, with hoarse tale, 'mid the echo-
ing tombs.

.

Bring again

Thy scattered people, who so long have
borne

A fearful punishment, so long wrung
out

The bitter dregs of pale astonishment
Into the wine-cup of the wondering
earth.

And oh! to us, who from our being's
dawn

Lisp out Salvation's lessons, yet do
stray

Like erring sheep, to us thy Spirit give,

That we may keep thy law, and find thy
fold,
Ere in the desolate city of the dead
We make our tenement, while Earth
doth blot
Our history from the record of man-
kind.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
(1791-1865).

JUDEA.

I saw in rift of cloud a beaming light
That spread soft radiance over Judea's
plain,

Where mother of a race watched sunny
rain

Before red flashes

Told of stormy night.

She looked afar, through misty ages
vast,

And saw her progeny the scorn of men,
Far scattered, trod to earth to rise
again,

And hold distinction, though the world
should last

Till sun and planets fell in void of time
And light was scant as when the world
was born.

She saw her sons surmount the stings
of scorn

With sad eyes and with brow of care;
sublime

In aspect, her breast throbbing with
new life;

Beheld universal motherhood's young
Cease their dire bickerings.

She stood among

The children of the earth unstirred by
strife;

Saw creeds lose force in the long ages'
span.

One God, one hope, and peace o'erspread
the earth,

Regenerative man's new heart at birth,
The soul's broad scope, and brotherhood
of man.

CHARLES M. WALLINGTON.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE?

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of Life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come!
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

THE LATTER DAY.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning;

Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign!

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning,

Long by the prophets of Israel fore-
told;

Hail to the millions from bondage re-
turning;

Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-
hold!

Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring-
ing;

Streams ever copious are gliding
along;

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes
are ringing;

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle
in song.

See, from all lands, from the isles of
the ocean,

Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and com-
motion;

Shouts of salvation are rending the
skyl!

THOMAS HASTINGS.
(1784-1872).

"AND ZION BE THE GLORY YET."

O **TRIBE** of ancestry, be dumb, thy
parchment roll review!
What is thy line of ancestors to that
which boasts the Jew?
The ancient Briton, where is he? The
Saxons, who are they?
The Norman is a fleeting shade—a thing
of yesterday.
But he may boldly lift his eyes and
spread his hands abroad,
And say, "Four thousand years ago my
sires on Canaan stood."
O, who shall dare despise the Jew,
whom God hath not despised,
Nor yet forsaken in His wrath, though
long and sore chastised?
From many a distant land the Lord
shall bring His people forth,
And Zion be the glory yet and wonder
of the earth.

ANONYMOUS.

ZION'S MORNING.

ZION, awake!
Thy night is at an end,
Thy dawn has come,
Thy sun at last has risen,
Above thee once again
The glory rests;—
Arise and shine!

Ages of troubled sleep,
Long years of feverish dreams,
Have been thy lot, since first,
From the deep blood-filled cup,
In madness thou didst drain
Wine of astonishment;
And the dark sleep began!

The Roman battle-axe
Has thundered at thy gates;
The Roman torch laid low
Thy marble shrine;
The Roman plough thy sides
Has furrowed o'er and o'er;—
Yet thou hast slept!

The tramp of Moslem feet,
Clang of crusading steel,
The sound of endless war,
Voices of foe and friend,
The wailing of thy sons,

Have all been vain;
Thou hast not waked!

At length, awake, arise!
Put on thy glorious strength,
In beauty deck thyself;
Go forth to meet thy King,
Who comes in love and might,
In majesty and joy;
Thine own anointed King!
HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

THE HARP OF ZION.

THE harp of Zion sleepeth
In the shadow of the hill;
The child of promise weepeth
His weary exile still:
The ages of his sorrow
Flow on like Jordan's stream;
He looketh for the morrow,
But cannot see its beam.

No beam of heaven discloseth
His father's land of birth;
His footstep ne'er repositeth
In the nations of the earth:
To them he blindly holdeth
The lamp he cannot see;
While darkness deep enfoldeth
The homes of Galilee!

Yet not, O God, for ever
Thou'lt judge him in thy wrath;
But bid the darkness sever
Above his destined path:
In thy dread book is written
The period of his doom;
And the vail thy curse has smitten,
As a garden yet shall bloom.

Even now the destined ages
Are closing o'er the land;
And every sign presages
The morn again at hand:
The darkness swiftly weareth,
Light trembles from the shore;
Each wind of heaven prepareth
The wanderer to restore!
JAMES WILLIS (1790-1868).

JERUSALEM'S DAYSPRING.

Thy light is come!
Zion, arise and shine.

On thee has risen at length
The glory of the Lord,
The glory of thy God.

Lo, darkness covers earth,
With universal veil.
Thick darkness overspreads
The nations near and far,
Darkness that may be felt.

On thee, thy glorious sun,
Jehovah, shall arise;
O'er thee, when all is night,
His glory shall be seen,
Bright herald of the dawn.

To thee the nations crowd,
And in thy light they walk;
Zion, to thee they look,
Kings to thy brightness come,
Great day spring of the world.

No more shall violence
Be heard within thy walls;
The spoiler is no more;
Thy walls salvation thou
Shalt call, and thy gates praise.

No more thy skies shall need
The splendour of this sun;
Thy moon is ever fair;
No more thy happy night
Shall need this earthly moon.

Jehovah is thy light,
Thy everlasting sun;
Thy God thy glory is;
Thy days of mourning now
Are at an end for aye.

Awake, put on thy strength,
Zion, awake, arise!
Put on thy raiment fair,
Holy Jerusalem,
The city of the King.

No more, no more the foe
Shall pass within thy gates.
Never again the unclean
Shall tread thy blessed streets;
Zion, thy King is come!

The wilderness shall bloom,
The desolate place be glad,
The desert shall rejoice,

And blossom as the rose;
For all is gladness then.

To Zion, with songs
The ransomed of the Lord
Returns, and endless joy;
Sorrow and sighing then
Have fled away for ever.

Now with Jerusalem
Rejoice ye and be glad,
All ye that love her peace,
Rejoice for joy with her,
Ye, who for her have mourned.

Behold, now I create
New heavens, new earth;
Rejoice, for I create
Jerusalem a joy
A joy for evermore.
HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

ZION, AWAKE!

BREAK forth in song, long-silent earth;
Take up the unforgotten strain;
Spread over vale and hill the mirth
That tells of time begun again.

Awake, Jerusalem, rejoice!
Thy night is glimmering into noon.
Zion, arise! lift up thy voice;
Thy sorrows shall be ended soon.

Sound the deep vesper bell of time,
Through earth's last tempest slowly
borne,
For thee it is the matin-chime,
And to thy sons the note of morn.

Arise, put on thy robe of white;
Deck thee with beauty; let each gem
Sparkle its fairest to the light;
Put on thy crown, Jerusalem.

Thy widowhood is over now;
Strip off thy weeds; in bridal gold
And Orient pearls thy glory show,
More regal than in days of old.

Upon thee now the Bridegroom pours
The fulness of an unquenched love;
He leads thee where the endless stores
Of His own gladness thou shalt
prove.

He comes, with His own hand to press
Each wrinkle from thy care-worn
brow;

'Tis joy, and song; and mirth, and bliss,
All Hallel and Hosanna now.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South,—“Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!”

They come, they come;—thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

JAMES MONTCOMERY (1771-1854).

THE CHOSEN ONES OF ISRAEL.

THE chosen ones of Israel are scatter'd
far and wide:

Where flows the lordly Tiber, where
rolls the Atlantic tide—

By Danube's winding waters, by Hud-
son's crystal springs,

Dwell the myriad descendants of the
Prophets and the Kings.

Abroad along the valleys are their habi-
tations found—

They are hunters in the forest, and till-
ers of the ground—

The rising sun beholds them in torrid
realms afar,

And on their broken legions looks down
the northern star.

In the old world's crowded cities, in the
prairies of the new,
Unchanged amid all changes, to their
faith forever true—

Alike by Niger's fountains and by Ni-
agara's flood

Still flow, unmix'd, the currents of the
grand, heroic blood.

Ye mourn your lasting exile, your tem-
ple strewn in dust,

Yet forget not ye the promise of the
righteous and the just—

Ye know ye shall be gathered, from
every clime and shore,

And be again the chosen of Jehovah
evermore.

From Assyria, Egypt, Elam—from Pat-
mos, Cush, Shinar—

From Hamath, and the islands of for-
eign seas afar—

From all the earth's four corners,
where Israel's children roam,

Shall the dispers'd of Judah throng to
their long promis'd home.

And again, like some high mountain
whose tops are crown'd with snow,

Shall the Temple's thousand turrets in
the golden sunset glow—

And again before their altars shall the
congregations stand,

On thy plains, O, lov'd Jerusalem! the
happy, holy land!

And it shall come to pass that the rem-
nant in that day,

Upon the Lord of Hosts above, the
great I AM, shall stay:

And the escap'd of Jacob, from the
paths which they have trod,

Shall return to him that smote them—
your fathers' mighty God!

PARK BENJAMIN (1809-1864).

THE JEWS.

WHEN the fair year

Of your Deliverer comes,

And that long frost which now benumbs
Your hearts shall thaw; when angels

here

Shall yet to man appear,

And familiarly confer

Beneath the oke and juniper;

When the bright Dove,

Which now these many, many springs

Hath kept above,

Shall with spread wings
Descend, and living waters flow
To make drie dust, and dead trees
grow;

Might live and see the olive bear
Her proper branches, which now lie
Scattered each where,
And, without rot and sap, decay,
Cast by the husbandman away!
And sure it is not far!
For as your fast and foul decays,
Fore running the bright morning star,
Did sadly note his healing rays
Would shine elsewhere, since you were
blind,
And would be cross when God was
kinde,—

So, by all signs
Our fullness, too, is now come in;
And the same sun, which here declines
And sets, will few hours hence begin
To rise on you again, and look
Toward old Mamre and Eschol's brook.

.

Faith sojourn'd first on earth in you;
You were the dear and chosen stock:
The arm of God, glorious and true,
Was first reveal'd to be your rock.

You were the eldest child; and, when
Your stony hearts despised love,
The youngest, ev'n the Gentiles, then
Were chear'd your jealousies to move.

Thus, Righteous Father! doest thou
deal

With brutish man: thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and so heal
The lost son by the newly found.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

ZIONISM.

THE story that Herzl told was true—
Too bitter true for tears;
The blood-marked trail of the homeless
Jew
Winds back two thousand years.

Walled out by hate from the Gentile's
heart,
And lashed by senseless lies,

The Jew has walked in the night—apart,
And shunned his brother's eyes.

But now—at last—he stands erect,
Nor fears to be alone;
No Czar—no king—no church—no sect,
Can keep him from his own.

His flag shall fly where his fathers
fought,—

In the homeland of the Jew;
One race! One flag! One nation! Why
not?

For the dream of the strong comes
true.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

A SONG OF ZION.

(Dedicated to the Zionist Society of
Montreal.)

WE ARE coming, coming, coming. Fling
our banner to the breeze.
In thousands we are coming from
beyond remotest seas.
We are coming after centuries of
sorrow and of toil,
To make our home in Palestine and
tread its holy soil.

O, let the song of gladness rise; let all
the nations hear
The anthem of a mighty host of Zion
drawing near.

Across the mountains, through the
vales, and o'er the ocean's foam,
Behold the hosts of Israel are coming,
coming home!

'T was said of old by one whose lips
were touched by Heaven's fire,
That God's own house would be built
up, than hills and mountains
higher;
That from its portals would go forth
to all the world the word,
That may we learn His ways, and walk
in truth before the Lord;

That Sword and Spear would broken
be, and turned to arts of peace;
That all the panoply of war and strife
fore'er cease;

That nation shall not lift up sword
'gainst nation, as of yore,
But listen to the voice of God and
learn of war no more.

O, Children of the Covenant, perhaps
the day is near,—
E'en now, if you will listen, you may
hear the accents clear
Of One who calls the scattered brood—
come to Me! children, Come!
My hills are vacant. Here I Am. I bid
ye welcome home!

Then answer—we are coming! Fling
our banner to the breeze!
In thousands we are coming from
beyond remotest seas.
We are coming after centuries of
sorrow and of toil
To make our home in Palestine and
tread its holy soil.

O, let the songs of gladness rise, let all
the nations hear
The anthem of the mighty host of Israel
drawing near.
Across the mountains, through the
vales, and o'er the ocean's foam,
Behold the hosts of Israel are coming,
coming home!

CARROLL RYAN.

CHRISTIAN AND JEW.

A DIALOGUE.

"O, HAPPY, happy land!
Angels, like rushes, stand
About the wells of light."—
"Alas, I have not eyes for this fair
sight:
Hold fast my hand."—

"As in a soft wind, they
Bend all one blessed way,
Each bowed in his own glory, star
with star."—
"I cannot see so far;
Here shadows are."—

"White-winged the cherubim,
Yet whiter seraphim,
Glow white with intense fire of
love."—

"Mine eyes are dim:
I look in vain above,
And miss their hymn."—

"Angels, Archangels cry
One to other ceaselessly
(I hear them sing)
One 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' to their
King."—

"I do not hear them, I."—

"Joy to thee, Paradise,—
Garden and goal and nest!
Made green for wearied eyes;
Much softer than the breast
Of mother-dove clad in a rainbow's
dyes.

"All precious souls are there
Most safe, elect by grace,
All tears are wiped forever from their
face:

Untired in prayer,
They wait and praise,
Hidden for a little space.

"Boughs of the Living Vine,
They spread in summer shine,
Green leaf with leaf:
Sap of the Royal Vine, it stirs like
wine,
In all both less and chief.

"Sing to the Lord,
All spirits of all flesh, sing;
For He hath not abhorred
Our low estate nor scorned our
offering:
Shout to our King."—

"But Zion said:
My Lord forgetteth me.
Lo, she hath made her bed
In dust; forsaken, weepeth she,
Where alien rivers swell the sea.

"She laid her body as the ground,
Her tender body as the ground to
those
Who passed; her harpstrings cannot
sound
In a strange land; disrowned
She sits, and drunk with woes."—

"O, drunken not with wine,
Whose sins and sorrows have fulfilled the sum,—
Be not afraid, arise, be no more dumb;
Arise, shine,
For thy light is come."—

"Can these bones live?"—

"God knows:

The prophet saw such clothed with
flesh and skin,
A wind blew on them and life entered in;
They shook and rose.
Hasten the time, O Lord, blot out
their sin,
Let life begin."

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
(1830-1894).

SCENE IN LEBANON.

I GAZED on the mountains,
Mountains of Lebanon:
Never a fairer scene
Have my eyes looked upon.

Vale sweeping upon vale,
From the clouds to the sea;
Hills lined with terraces,
Crowned with many a tree.

The apricots in blossom;
The mulberries in line;
Rich promises of harvest,
The olive and the vine.

Horrid chasms yawning,
Which the eye seemed to shun;
Houses shining brightly
In the declining sun.

Wild, wild torrents dashing
From the close netted wood;
Slender bridges spanning
The deep discoloured flood.

Heavy vapours drifting
Up the lonely hillside,
Where the fancy sits gazing
On the far prospect wide.

That stern line of headlands
Fringed with bright sparkling foam,

And those blue dancing waves,
That have borne me from home.

Cattle winding lowing
From the sequestered glen,
Cheery voices mingling,
Of women and of men.

While from yonder convent
Sounds the evening bell;
Ave Maria! hear me;
What magic in thy spell?

Heart beating convulsive;
Tears starting in the eyes;
O! if there be on earth,
Here there is Paradise!

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

A DAY IN PALESTINE.

THE breezes freshen; orient rays
Pour on the marble floor:
Your Arab steed impatient neighs
Before the open door.

Nature exults in Eastern spring:
Sweet odours scent the air:
Strange birds pour forth wild carolling:
Why art thou slumbering there?

Wake up; shake off your homesick dream:
Ere sunset you must ride
By Acre's walls, cross Kishon's stream,
And climb Mount Carmel's side.

Your anxious spirit still withhold,
One moment longer stay:
The sacred page awhile unfold,
And turn thee in to pray.

Pray that, while wandering here, His hand
Your onward path may guide,
And bless that distant Western land,
Where all you love reside.

Pray that, if here aught still remain,
That once a blessing had:
Sweet as the rose on Sharon's plain,
The balm of Gilead:

Rich as the oil on Aaron's beard,
The dew on Hermon's hill:

Such blessings, if your prayer be heard,
May be their portion still.

Then mount: but, when the midday sun
Through all its azure course
Proclaims that half his race is run,
Then stop your jaded horse.

Where yonder palm and stream for you
Water and shade supply,
Sit gazing on the glorious view
Of ocean, earth and sky.

The sacred leaves unfold again,
Pensive and musing slow
On what has happened on this plain
Three thousand years ago.

Armies and kings of victory proud
Have hurried down yon cliff:
Rich argosies those waves have
ploughed:
Where now a single skiff?

Heroes have stood with outstretched
hand,
And lofty god-like brow,
To set their signet on this land:
Where are those heroes now?

Remembering that the soil you tread
Proclaims with accents dumb,

That blessings on a thankless head
May soon a curse become.

But see, the midday heat is past:
Speed onward: you must mount,
And perhaps a lesson that will last
You've learnt at this lone fount.

Now upon grass your footsteps fall;
Now on the soft sea-sand;
And now beneath the convent wall
On Carmel's height you stand.

But when night's heralds round you
steal,
And shadows o'er you close,
In silence take your evening meal,
In silence seek repose.

For health of mind and body pray:
Then read one sacred page;
'Twill drive unhallowed dreams away
Or wakeful hours engage.

Thus if you wander, on your track
Rich blessings He will shower,
And joyfully you will look back
On many a Syrian hour.

When eyes are dim with sudden grief,
When cheeks with fever burn,
From such reflections find relief:
Then back to Canaan turn.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

III

TALES AND TRADITIONS

**FROM THE TALMUD, MIDRASH
AND OTHER SOURCES**

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.*

ABRAM and Zimri owned a field together—

A level field hid in a happy vale;
They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.

In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
And stored them with much labor in his barns.

Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains.

He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,

But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.

He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field;
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,

The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind.

So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path, and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

*A current Jewish tradition in Palestine.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,

Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,

And said, "He dwells within his house alone,

He goeth forth to toil with few to help.
He goeth home at night to a cold house,

And hath few other friends but me and mine,"

(For these two tilled the happy vale alone),

"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,

Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,

Who aid me in my toil and make it light,

And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.

This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise, and gird myself and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,

And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field;

The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,

The trees stood black against the starry sky,

The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.

So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,

Passed down the mountain path and found the field,

Took from his store of sheaves a generous heap;

Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams:

So the next morning with the early sun

The brothers rose, and went out to their toil;

And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,

Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,

Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
 And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
 And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
 The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
 The cedars stood up black against the sky,
 The olive branches whispered in the wind.
 Then Abram came down softly from his home,
 And, looking to the right and left, went on;
 Took from his ample store a generous third,
 And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
 Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
 And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek;
 And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
 Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
 Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
 That he had bound them in such loving bands.

CLARENCE CHATHAM COOK
 (1828-1900).

ALEXANDER AT THE GATES OF PARADISE.*

FIERCE was the glare of Cashmere's middle day,
 When Alexander, for Hydaspes bent,
 Through trackless wilds urged his impetuous way:

Who yet in that wide, wasteful continent
 A little valley found, so calm, so sweet,
 He there awhile to tarry was content.

A crystal stream was murmuring at his feet,

**Told from the Talmud.*

Whereof the monarch, when his meal was done,
 Took a long draught, to slake his fever heat.

Again he drank, and yet again, as one
 Who would have drained that fountain crystalline
 Of all its waves, and left it dry anon:

For in his veins, oftentimes afire with wine,
 And in his bosom, throne of sleepless pride,
 The while he drank, went circling peace divine.

It seemed as though all evil passions died
 Within him, slaked was every fire accurst;
 So that in rapturous joy aloud he cried:—

"Oh, might I find where these pure waters first
 Shoot sparkling from their living fountain-head—
 Oh, there to quench my spirit's inmost thirst!

"Sure if we followed where these waters led,
 We should at length some fairer region gain
 Than yet has quaked beneath our iron tread,—

"Some land that should in very truth contain
 Whate'er we dream of, beautiful and bright,
 And idly dreaming of, pursue in vain!

"That land must stoop beneath our conquering might.
 Companions dear, this toil remains alone,
 To win that region of unmatched delight.

"O faithful in a thousand labors known,
 One toil remains, the noblest and the last;
 Let us arise, and make that land our own!"

—Through realms of darkness, wilder-
nesses vast,
All populous with sights and sounds
of fear,
In heat and cold, by day and night,
he past—

With trumpet-clang, with banner, and
with spear;
Yearning to drink that river, where
it sent
Its first pure waters forth, serene and
clear:

Till boldest captains sank, their courage
spent,
And dying, cried, "This stream all
search defies!"
But never would he tarry nor repent—

Nor pitched his banners, till before his
eyes
Rose high as heaven, in its secluded
state,
The mighty, verdant wall of Paradise.

And lo! that stream, which early still
and late
He had tracked upward, issued bright
and clear
From underneath the angel-guarded
gate.

—"And who art thou that hast adven-
tured here,
Daring to startle this serene abode
With flash of mortal weapons, sword
and spear?"

So the angelic sentinel of God,
Fire-flashing, to the bold invader
cried,
Whose feet profane those holy precincts
trod.

The son of Philip, without dread, re-
plied:—
"Is Alexander's fame unknown to
thee,
Which the world knows—mine, who
have victory tied

"To my sword's hilt, and who, while
stoop to me
All other lands, would win what rich
or fair

This land contains, and have it mine
in fee?"

—"Thou dost thyself proclaim that part
or share
Thou hast not here. O man of blood
and sin,
Go back!—with those blood-stained
hands despair

"This place of love and holy peace to
win:
This is the gate of righteousness, and
they,
The righteous, only here may enter in."

Around, before him, lightnings dart and
play:
He undismayed—"Of travail long and
hard
At least some trophy let me bear away."

—"Lo! then this skull—which, if thou
wilt regard,
And to my question seek the fit re-
ply,
All thy long labors shall have full
reward.

"Once in that hollow circle lodged an
eye,
That was, like thine, forever covet-
ing—
Which worlds on worlds had failed to
satisfy.

"Now, while thou gazest on that ghastly
ring,
From whence of old a greedy eye
outspied,
Say thou what was it—for there was a
thing—

"Which filled at last and thoroughly sat-
isfied
The eye that in that hollow circle
dwelt,
So that, 'Enough, I have enough,' it
cried."

—Blank disappointment at the gift he
felt,
And, hardly taking, turned in scorn
away;
Nor he the riddle of the angel spelt—

But cried unto his captains: "We delay,
And at these portals lose our time in
vain,
By more than mortal terrors kept at
bay:

"Come—other lands as goodly spoils
contain;

Come—all too long untouched the In-
dian gold,
The pearls and spice of Araby re-
main!—

"Come, and who will this riddle may
unfold."

Then stood before him, careless of
his ire,
An Indian sage, who rendered answer
bold:—

"Lord of the world, commanded to in-
quire

What was it that could satisfy an
eye,
That organ of man's measureless de-
sire—

"By deed and word thou plainly dost
reply,

That its desire can nothing tame or
quell,
That it can never know sufficiency.

"While thou enlargest thy desire as hell,
Filling thy hand, but filling not thy
lust,

Thou dost proclaim man's eye insatia-
ble:

"Such answer from thy lips were only
just.

Yet 'twas not so. One came at last,
who threw
Into yon face an heap of vilest dust—

"Whereof a few small grains did fall
into

And filled the orb and hollow of that
eye;

When that which suffisance not ever
knew

Before, was fain, 'I have enough,' to
cry."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

(1807-1886).

THE BANISHED KINGS.*

ON A FAIR ship, borne swiftly o'er the
deep,

A man was lying, wrapt in dreamless
sleep:

When unawares upon a sunken rock
That vessel struck, and shattered with
the shock.

But strange! the plank where lay the
sleeper bore

Him, wrapt in deep sleep ever, to the
shore:

It bore him safely through the foam
and spray,

High up on land, where couched 'mid
flowers he lay.

Sweet tones first woke him from his
sleep, when round

His couch observant multitudes he
found:

All hailed him then, and did before
him bow,

And with one voice exclaimed,—“Our
king art thou.”

With jubilant applause they bore him
on,

And set him wondering on a royal
throne:

And some his limbs with royal robes
arrayed,

And some before him duteous homage
paid,

And some brought gifts, all rare and
costly things,

Nature's and Art's profusest offerings:
Around him counsellors and servants

prest.

All eager to accomplish his behest.
Wish unaccomplished of his soul was

none;
The thing that he commanded, it was
done.

Much he rejoiced, and he had well-
nigh now

Forgotten whence he hither came, and
how;

Until at eve, of homage weary grown,
He craved a season to be left alone.

Alone in hall magnificent he sate,
And mused upon the wonder of his

fate;
When lo! an aged counsellor, a seer,

**Borrowed from a mediæval Jewish
writer.*

Before unnoticed, to the king drew near;
 —And thee would I, too, gratulate,
 my son,
 Who hast thy reign in happy hour begun;
 Seen hast thou the beginning,—yet attend
 While I shall also show to thee the end.
 That this new fortune do not blind thee quite,
 Both sides regard, the darker with the bright:
 Heed what so many who have ruled before,
 Failing to heed, now rue for evermore.
 Though sure thy state and strong thy throne appear,
 King only art thou for a season here;
 A time is fixed, albeit unknown to thee,
 Which when it comes, thou banished hence shalt be.

Round this fair spot, though hidden from the eye
 By mist and vapor, many islands lie:
 Bare are their coasts, and dreary and forlorn,
 And unto them the banished kings are borne;
 On each of these an exiled king doth mourn.
 For when a new king comes, they bear away
 The old, whom now no vassals more obey;
 Stripped of his royalties and glories lent,
 Unhonored and untended he is sent
 Unto his dreary island banishment;
 While all who girt his throne with service true,
 Now fall away from him, to serve the new.
 What I have told thee, lay betimes to heart,
 And ere thy rule is ended, take thy part,
 That thou hereafter on thine isle forlorn
 Do not thy vanished kingdom vainly mourn,

When nothing of its pomp to thee remains
 On that bare shore, save only memory's pains.

"Much, O my Prince! my words have thee distressed,
 Thy head has sunk in sorrow on thy breast;
 Yet idle sorrow helps not—I will show
 A wiser way which shall true help bestow.
 This counsel take—to others given in vain,
 While no belief from them my words might gain.
 Know, then, whilst thou art monarch here, there stand
 Helps for the future many at command;
 Then, while thou canst, employ them to adorn
 That island whither thou must once be borne.
 Unbuilt and waste and barren now that strand,
 There gush no fountains from the thirsty sand,
 No groves of palm-trees have been planted there,
 Nor plants of odorous scent perfume that air;
 While all alike have shunned to contemplate
 That they should ever change their flattering state.
 But make thou there provision of delight,
 Till that which now so threatens, may invite;
 Bid there thy servants build up roval towers,
 And change its barren sands to leafy bowers;
 Bid fountains there be hewn, and cause to bloom
 Immortal amaranths, shedding rich perfume.

So when the world, which speaks thee now so fair
 And flatters so, again shall strip thee bare,
 And drive thee naked forth in harshest wise,
 Thou joyfully wilt seek thy paradise.

There will not vex thee memories of
the past,
While hope will heighten here the joys
thou hast.
This do, while yet the power is in thine
hand,
While thou hast helps so many at com-
mand."

Then raised the prince his head with
courage new,
And what the sage advised, prepared
to do.
He ruled his realm with meekness, and
meanwhile
He marvellously decked the chosen isle;
Bade there his servants build up royal
towers,
And change its barren sands to leafy
bowers;
Bade fountains there be hewn, and
caused to bloom
Immortal amaranths, shedding rich per-
fume.

And when he long enough had kept his
throne,
To him sweet odors from that isle
were blown;
Then knew he that its gardens bloom-
ing were,
And all the yearnings of his soul were
there.
Grief was it not to him, but joy, when
they
His crown and sceptre bade him quit
one day;
When him his servants rudely did dis-
miss,
'Twas not the sentence of his ended
bliss,
But pomp and power he cheerfully
forsook,
And to his isle a willing journey took,
And found diviner pleasure on that
shore,
Than all his proudest state had known
before.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH
(1807-1886).

BEN-AMMI AND THE FAIRIES.

A RABBINICAL TALE.

ONCE on a time a stranger came
At midnight to a wealthy man,—

Rabbi Ben-Ammi was his name,—
And thus his salutation ran:

"Rabbi! I have child at home,
Who on the morrow's early light
Is eight days old; and thou must come
And celebrate the sacred rite."

Now this Ben-Ammi, be it known,
Though few, indeed, were rich as he,
With growing wealth, alas! had grown
A miser to the last degree.

And yet he held, it should be told,
His office in such pure regard,
With all his sordid lust of gold,
He served the poor without reward.

So at the word Ben-Ammi rose,
And when the sacred Law was read,
Forth in the night the Rabbi goes,
To follow where the stranger led.

The night was dark, and, sooth to say,
The road they trod was rough, indeed;
Yet on and on they took their way,
Where'er the stranger chose to lead.

At last they reached, towards the dawn,
A rock so huge, within a wood,
A hundred steeds could not have drawn
The mighty stone from where it stood.

Now mark the wonder that occurred:
The stranger touched it with his hand,
Spoke to himself some mystic word,
And straight it moved from off the
land.

And now the wondering Rabbi found
The earth was open for a space,
With steps that led beneath the ground,
As if to some mysterious place.

Descending these with prudent care,
And going far and farther down,
They reached an open country, where
They found, at length, a peopled town.

Among the houses, large and small,
There stood a palace vast and grand,
And here, within a spacious hall,
Were fairy-folks, on every hand.

Now going where the woman lay,
Whose child the sacred rite required.

The stranger bade Ben-Ammi stay,
And, bowing, silently retired.

"Rabbi, pray listen!" said the dame;
"These people here whom thou hast
seen
Thou knowest not except by name,—
The fairy race of Mazakeen.

"They are not human like ourselves
(For I, indeed, was once of earth),
But queer, uncouth, uncanny elves,
Who find in mischief all their mirth.

"And yet they have religions, too;
All kinds of creeds, like folks above;
And he who rules them is a Jew,—
My husband whom I dearly love.

"And hence it was he made so bold
To bring thee hither in the night,
That for our babe, now eight days old,
Thou mayst perform the holy rite.

"He stole me from the earth away;
Of this I do not now complain:
But listen well to what I say,
If thou wouldst e'er return again.

"Beware! taste neither food nor drink
Whilst thou art here, on any plea,
Or in a moment thou wilt sink
Thy manly form to—what you see!"

The king, returning with his suite,
The holy rite was duly done,
And all sat down to drink and eat
In merry glee—save only one.

Ben-Ammi (fearing the abuse
The dame had borne) did not par-
take
Of bread or wine, but made excuse
Of three days' fast for conscience'
sake.

Whereat the king was moved to say,
"How, then, shall I reward thy task?"
"Let me return to earth this day,"
Ben-Ammi said; "'tis all I ask."

"Nay!" answered he; and led him forth
'Mid heaps of gems and golden ore.
"I would return this day to earth."
Ben-Ammi said; "I ask no more!"

Entering another room, he sees
(And marvels much, we may suppose)
Along the walls, a thousand keys
In bunches, hanging in rusty rows.

While gazing at each brazen line,
Ben-Ammi cries, with startled tone:
"This bunch so much resembles mine
That I should take them for my
own!"

"Thou sayest well," the king replied;
"They are thine own; 'tis here I hold
The keys of men who basely hide
And do not use, their gathered gold.

"Here, take the keys! Henceforth thy
heart
Will melt in pity for the poor;
And all thou givest will impart
A double blessing on thy store.

"Now, wouldst thou go, first shut thine
eyes,"
Then waves his hand towards the
dome;
Up and away Ben-Ammi flies,
And quickly finds himself at home!

And from that day Ben-Ammi knew
The use of wealth, and understood
(While more and more his riches grew)
The blessed art of doing good!
JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887).

BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.

I.

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
"See that he turn to God
The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come!" I say.
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
"Then let him turn to-day!"

II.

Quoth a young Sadducee:
"Reader of many rolls,
Is it so certain we
Have, as they tell us, souls?"

"Son, there is no reply!"

The Rabbi bit his beard:

"Certain a soul have I—

We may have none," he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,

The Right-hand Temple-column,

Taught babes in grace their grammar,

And struck the simple, solemn.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

BROTHERLY LOVE.

THE Rabbi Judah, so the scribes relate,
Sat with his brethren once in a warm
debate

About those things which each consid-
ered best

To bring to earth immunity and rest.

Then said the one requested to begin:

"Rest comes from wealth, if there be
peace within."

The second said: "It springs from hon-
est fame,

And having all men magnify your
name."

The third said: "Rest is being truly
great,

Coupled with power to rule some mighty
state."

The fourth said: "Such a rest as we
presage

Reach men in only the extremest age,
When wealth and power and fame unite

to go
To children—and unto their children
flow."

The fifth said: "All these various things
are vain;

Rest comes to those who all the law
maintain."

Then said the Rabbi Judah, grave and
old,

The tallest of the group with him en-
rolled:

"You all speak wisely, but no rest is
deep

To him who the traditions fails to
keep."

Now spoke a fairhaired boy up from
the grass—

A boy of twelve, who heard these words
repass,

And dropped the lilies from his slender
hands:

"Nay, father; none among you under-
stands.

True rest he only finds who evermore
Looks not behind, but to the things

before;

Who, scorning fame and power and
home and self,

Loveth his brother as he loves him-
self."

ANONYMOUS.

(Attributed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich.)

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

SOFTLY fell the touch of twilight on Ju-
dea's silent hills;

Slowly crept the peace of moonlight
o'er Judea's trembling rills.

In the temple's court, conversing, seven
elders sat apart;

Seven grand and hoary sages, wise of
head and pure of heart.

"What is rest?" said Rabbi Judah, he
of stern and steadfast gaze;

"Answer, ye whose toils have burdened
thro' the march of many days."

"To have gained," said Rabbi Ezra, "dc-
cent wealth and goodly store

Without sin, by honest labor—nothing
less and nothing more."

"To have found," said Rabbi Joseph,
meekness in his gentle eyes,

"A foretaste of heaven's sweetness in
home's blessed paradise."

"To have wealth, and power, and glory,
crowned and brightened by the

pride
Of uprising children's children," Rabbi

Benjamin replied.

"To have won the praise of nations, to
have won the crown of fame,"

Rabbi Solomon responded, faithful to
his kingly name.

"To sit throned, the lord of millions,
first and noblest in the land,"

Answered haughty Rabbi Asher, young-
est of the reverend band.

"All in vain," said Rabbi Jarius, "unless
faith and hope have traced

In the soul Mosaic precepts, by sin's
contact uneffaced."

Then uprose wise Rabbi Judah, tallest,
 gravest of them all:
 "From the height of fame and honor
 even valiant souls may fall;
 Love may fail us, virtue's sapling grow
 a dry and thorny rod,
 If we bear not in our bosom the un-
 selfish love of God."
 In the outer court sat playing a sad-
 featured, fair-haired child,
 His young eyes seemed wells of sorrow
 —they were God-like when he
 smiled!
 One by one he dropped the lilies, softly
 plucked with childish hand;
 One by one he viewed the sages, of that
 grave and hoary band;
 Step by step he neared them closer, till
 encircled by the seven,
 Thus he said, in tones untrembling, with
 a smile that breathed of heaven:
 "Nay, nay, father! Only he, within the
 measure of whose breast
 Dwells the human love with God-love,
 can have found life's truest rest;
 For where one is not, the other must
 grow stagnant at its spring;
 Changing good deeds into phantoms—
 an unmeaning, soulless thing,
 He who holds this precept truly owns a
 jewel brighter far
 Than the joys of home and children—
 than wealth, fame, and glory are;
 Fairer than old age, thrice honored far
 above tradition's law,
 Pure as any radiant vision ever ancient
 prophet saw.
 Only he within the measure—faith ap-
 portioned—of whose breast
 Throbs this brother-love with God-love,
 knows the depth of perfect rest."
 Wondering, gazed they at each other,
 once in silence, and no more:
 "He has spoken words of wisdom no
 man ever spake before!"
 Calmly passing from their presence to
 the fountain's rippling song,
 Stooped he to uplift the lilies strewn
 the scattered sprays among.
 Faintly stole the sounds of evening
 through the massive outer door
 Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on
 the temple's marble floor,

Where the elders lingered, silent, since
 he spake, and undefiled,
 Where the wisdom of the Ages sat amid
 the flowers—a child!

ANONYMOUS.

DOCTOR —.

A RABBI told me: On the day allowed
 Satan for carping at God's rule, he
 came,
 Fresh from our earth, to brave the
 angel-crowd.

"What is the fault now?" "This I find
 to blame:
 Many and various are the tongues be-
 low,
 Yet all agree in one speech, all pro-
 claim

"Hell has no might to match what
 earth can show:
 Death is the strongest-born of Hell, and
 yet
 Stronger than Death is a Bad Wife, we
 know."

"Is it a wonder if I fume and fret—
 Robbed of my rights, since Death am I,
 and mine
 The style of Strongest? Men pay Na-
 ture's debt

"Because they must at my demand; de-
 cline
 To pay it henceforth surely men will
 please,
 Provided husbands with bad wives com-
 bine

"To baffle Death. Judge between me
 and these!"
 "Thyself shalt judge. Descend to earth
 in shape
 Of mortal, marry, drain from froth to
 lees

"The bitter draught, then see if thou
 escape
 Concluding, with men sorrowful and
 sage,
 A Bad Wife's strength Death's self in
 vain would ape!"

How Satan entered on his pilgrimage,
Conformed himself to earthly ordinance,
Wived and played husband well from youth to age

Intrepidly—leave untold,—advance
Through many a married year until I reach
A day when—of his father's countenance

The very image, like him too in speech
As well as thought and deed,—the union's fruit
Attained maturity. "I needs must teach

"My son a trade: but trade, such son to suit,
Needs seeking after. He a man of war?
Too cowardly! A lawyer wins repute—

"Having to toil and moil, though—both which are
Beyond this sluggard. There's Divinity:
No, that's my own bread-winner—that be far

"From my poor offspring! Physic? Ha, we'll try
If this be practicable. Where's my wit?
Asleep?—since, now I come to think . . . Ay, ay!

"Hither, my son! Exactly have I hit
On a profession for thee. *Medicus*—
Behold, thou art appointed! Yea, I spit

"Upon thine eyes, bestow a virtue thus
That henceforth not this human form I wear
Shalt thou perceive alone, but—one of us

"By privilege—thy fleshly sight shall bear
Me in my spirit-person as I walk
The world and take my prey appointed there.

"Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall baulk
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout
As cholic, and prescribe it cheese for chalk—

"No matter! All's one: cure shall come about
And win thee wealth—fees paid with such a roar
Of thanks and praise alike from lord and lout

"As never stunned man's ears on earth before.
'How may this be?' Why, that's my sceptic! Soon
Truth will corrupt thee, soon thou doubt'st no more!

"Why is it I bestow on thee the boon
Of recognizing me the while I go
Invisibly among men, morning, noon

"And night, from house to house, and—quick or slow—
Take my appointed prey? They summon thee
For help, suppose: obey the summons! so!

"Enter, look round! Where's Death? Know—I am he,
Satan who work all evil: I who bring
Pain to the patient in whate'er degree.

"I, then, am there: first glance thine eye shall fling
Will find me—whether distant or at hand,
As I am free to do my spiriting.

"At such mere first glance thou shalt understand
Wherefore I reach no higher up the room
Than door or window, when my form is scanned.

"Howe'er friends' faces please to gather gloom,
Bent o'er the sick,—howe'er himself desponds,—
In such case Death is not the sufferer's doom.

"Contrariwise, do friends rejoice my bonds
Are broken, does the captive in his turn
Crow 'Life shall conquer?' Nip these foolish fronds

"Of hope a-sprout, if hadly thou discern
Me at the head—my victim's head, be sure!
Forth now! This taught thee, little else to learn!"

And forth he went. Folk heard him ask demure,
"How do you style this ailment? (There he peeps,
My father, through the arras!) Sirs, the cure

"Is plain as A. B. C.! Experience steeps
Blossoms of pennyroyal half an hour
In sherris. *Sumat!* Lo, how sound he sleeps—

"The subject you presumed was past the power
Of Galen to relieve!" Or else "How's this?
Why call for help so tardily? Clouds lour

"Portentously indeed, Sirs! (Nought's amiss:
He's at the bed-foot merely.) Still, the storm
May pass averted—not by quacks, I wis,

"Like you, my masters! Ycu, forsooth, perform
A miracle? Stand, sciolists, aside!
Blood, ne'er so cold, at ignorance grows warm!"

Which boasting by result was justified,
Big as might words be: whether drugged or left
Drugless, the patient always lived, not died.

Great the heir's gratitude, so nigh bereft
Of all he prized in this world: sweet the smile
Of disconcerted rivals: "Cure?—say, theft

"From Nature in despite of Art—so style
This off-hand kill-or-cure work! You did much,
I had done more: folk cannot wait awhile!"

But did the case change? was it—
"Scarcely such
The symptoms as to warrant our recourse
To your skill, Doctor! Yet since just a touch

"Of pulse, a taste of breath, has all the force
With you of long investigation claimed
By others,—tracks an ailment to its source

"Intuitively,—may we ask unblamed
What from this pimple you prognosticate?"
"Death!" was the answer, as he saw and named

The coucher by the sick man's head.
"Too late
You send for my assistance. I am bold
Only by Nature's leave, and bow to Fate!

"Besides, you have my rivals: lavish gold!
How comfortably quick shall life depart
Cosseted by attentions manifold!

"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art
Had done some service. Since you have yourselves
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,

"Why, Sirs, the sooner that the sexton delves
Your patient's grave, the better! How you stare
—Shallow, for all the deep books on your shelves!

"Fare you well, fumblers!" Do I need declare
What name and fame, what riches recompensed
The Doctor's practice? Never anywhere

Such an adept as daily evidenced
Each new vaticination! Oh, not he
Like dolts who dallied with their scruples, fenced

With subterfuge, nor gave out frank and free
 Something decisive! If he said, "I save
 The patient," saved he was: if "Death
 will be

"His portion," you might count him
 dead. Thus brave,
 Behold our worthy, sans competitor
 Throughout the country, on the archi-
 trave

Of Glory's temple golden-lettered for
 Machaon *redivivus*! So, it fell
 That, of a sudden, when the Emperor

Was smit by sore disease, I need not tell
 If any other Doctor's aid was sought
 To come and forthwith make the sick
 Prince well.

"He will reward thee as a monarch
 ought.
 Not much imports the malady; but then,
 He clings to life and cries like one
 distraught

"For thee—who, from a simple citizen,
 Mayst look to rise in rank,—nay, haply
 wear
 A medal with his portrait,—always
 when

"Recovery is quite accomplished. There!
 Pass to the presence!" Hardly has he
 crossed
 The chamber's threshold when he halts,
 aware

Of who stands sentry by the head. All's
 lost.

"Sire, nought avails my art: you near
 the goal,
 And end the race by giving up the
 ghost."

"How?" cried the monarch: "Names
 upon your roll
 Of half my subjects rescued by your
 skill—
 Old and young, rich and poor—crowd
 cheek by jowl

"And yet no room for mine? Be saved
 I will!

Why else am I earth's foremost poten-
 tate?
 Add me to these and take as fee your
 fill

"Of gold—that point admits of no de-
 bate
 Between us: save me, as you can and
 must,—
 Gold, till your gown's pouch cracks be-
 neath the weight!"

This touched the Doctor. "Truly a
 home-thrust,
 Parent, you will not parry! Have I
 dared
 Entreat that you forego the meal of
 dust

"—Man that is snake's meat—when I
 saw prepared
 Your daily portion? Never! Just this
 once,
 Go from his head, then,—let his life be
 spared!"

Whisper met whisper in the gruff re-
 sponse;
 "Fool, I must have my prey: no inch I
 budge
 From where thou see'st me thus myself
 ensconce."

"Ah," moaned the sufferer, "by thy look
 I judge
 Wealth fails to tempt thee: what if hon-
 ors prove
 More efficacious? Nought to him I
 grudge

"Who saves me. Only keep my head
 above
 The cloud that's creeping round it—I'll
 divide
 My empire with thee! No? What's
 left but—love?

"Does love allure thee? Well then, take
 as bride
 My only daughter, fair beyond belief!
 Save me—to-morrow shall the knot be
 tied!"

"Father, you hear him! Respite ne'er
 so brief

Is all I beg: go now and come again
Next day, for aught I care; respect the
grief

"Mine will be if thy first-born sues in
vain!"

"Fool, I must have my prey!" was all
he got
In answer. But a fancy crossed his
brain.

"I have it! Sire, methinks a meteor
shot
Just now across the heavens and neu-
tralized
Jove's salutary influence: 'neath the
blot,

"Plumb are you placed now: well that
I surmised
The cause of failure! Knaves, reverse
the bed!"
"Stay!" groaned the monarch, "I shall
be capsized—

"Jolt—jolt—my heels uplift where late
my head
Was lying—sure I'm turned right round
at last!
What do you say now, Doctor?"
Naught he said,

For why? With one brisk leap the
Antic passed
From couch-foot back to pillow,—as
before,
Lord of the situation. Long aghast

The Doctor gazed, then "Yet one trial
more
Is left me" inwardly he uttered. "Shame
Upon thy flinty heart! Do I implore

"This trifling favor in the ideal name
Of mercy to the moribund? I plead
The cause of all thou dost affect: my
aim

"Befits my author! Why would I suc-
ceed?
Simply that by success I may promote
The growth of thy pet virtues—pride
and greed.

"But keep thy favors!—curse thee! I
devote

Henceforth my service to the other side.
No time to lose: the rattle's in his
throat.

"So,—not to leave one last resource un-
tried,—
Run to my house with all haste, some-
body!
Bring me that knobstick thence, so
often plied

"With profit by the astrologer—shall I
Disdain its help, the mystic Jacob's-
Staff?
Sire, do but have the courage not to
die

"Till this arrive! Let none of you dare
laugh!
Though rugged its exterior, I have seen
That implement work wonders, send
the chaff

"Quick and thick flying from the
wheat—I mean
By metaphor, a human sheaf it
thrashed
Flail-like. Go fetch it! Or—a word
between

"Just you and me, friend!—go bid, un-
abashed,
My mother, whom you'll find there,
bring the stick
Herself—herself, mind!" Out the
lackey dashed

Zealous upon the errand. Craft and
trick
Are meat and drink to Satan: and he
grinned
—How else?—at an excuse so politic

For failure: scarce would Jacob's-Staff
rescind
Fate's firm decree! And ever as he
neared
The agonizing one, his breath like wind

Froze to the marrow, while his eye-
flash seared
Sense in the brain up; closelier and
more close
Pressing his prey, when at the door ap-
peared

—Who but his Wife the Bad!
Whereof one dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicament,
Sufficed him. Up he sprang. One
word, too gross

To soil my lips with,—and through
ceiling went
Somehow the Husband. "That a
storm's dispersed
We know for certain by the sulphury
scent!

"Hail to the Doctor! Who but one so
versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had pre-
scribed
The staff thus opportunely? Style him
first

"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
imbibed
Elixir surely," smiled the prince,—
"have gained
New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how
you bribed

"Death to forego me, boots not: you've
obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death,
I've heard,
Was still on earth the strongest power
that reigned,

"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto de-
murred
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee
—No dowry, no bad wife!

"You think absurd
This tale?"—the Rabbi added: "True,
our Talmud
Boasts sundry such: yet—have our
elders erred
In thinking there's some water there,
not all mud?"
I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889.)

THE EMPEROR AND THE RABBI.

"OLD RABBI, what tales dost thou pour
in mine ear,
What visions of glory, what phantoms
of fear,

Of a God, all the gods of the Roman
above,
A mightier than Mars, a more ancient
than Jove?

"Let me see but His splendors, I then
shall believe.
'Tis the senses alone that can never de-
ceive.
But show me your Idol, if earth be His
shrine,
And your Israelite God shall, old
dreamer, be mine!"

It was Trajan that spoke, and the
stoical sneer
Still played on his features sublime and
severe,
For, round the wild world that stooped
to his throne,
He knew but one god, and himself was
that one!

"The God of our forefathers," low
bowed the Seer,
"Is unseen by the eye, is unheard by
the ear;
He is Spirit, and knows not the body's
dark chain;
Immortal His nature, eternal His reign.

"He is *seen* in His power, when the
storm is abroad;
In His justice, when guilt by His thun-
ders is awed;
In His mercy, when mountain and val-
ley and plain
Rejoice in His sunshine, and smile in
His rain."

"Those are dreams," said the monarch,
"wild fancies of old;
But what God can I worship, when one
I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning, or bow to
the wind?
Can I worship the shape, that but lives
in the mind?"

"I shall show thee the herald He sends
from His throne."
Through the halls of the palace the
Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread but the
sky's sapphire dome,
And, like surges of splendor, beneath
them lay Rome.

And towering o'er all, in the glow of
the hour,
The Capitol shone, earth's high centre
of power:
A thousand years glorious, yet still in
its prime;
A thousand years more, to be conquered
of Time.

But the West was now purple, the eve
was begun;
Like a monarch at rest, on the hills
lay the sun;
Above him the clouds their rich can-
opy rolled,
With pillars of diamond, and curtains
of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture was turned
to the orb:

"O King! let that glory thy worship
absorb!"

"What! worship that sun, and be
blind by the gaze?"

No eye but the eagle's could look on
that blaze."

"Ho! Emperor of earth, if it dazzles
thine eye
To look on that orb, as it sinks from
the sky,"

Cried the Rabbi, "what mortal could
dare to see

The Sovereign of him, and the Sov-
ereign of thee!"

GEORGE CROLY.
(1780-1850.)

THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.

A PIOUS Rabbi, forced by heathen hate
To quit the boundaries of his native
land,

Wandered abroad, submissive to his
fate,

Through pathless woods, and wastes
of burning sand.

A patient ass, to bear him in his flight,
A dog, to guard him from the rob-
ber's stealth,

A lamp, by which to read the Law at
night,—

Was all the pilgrim's store of worldly
wealth.

At set of sun he reached a little town,
And asked for shelter and a crumb
of food;

But every face repelled him with a
frown,

And so he sought a lodging in the
wood.

"'Tis very hard," the weary traveler
said,

"And most inhospitable, I protest,
To send me fasting to this forest bed;
But God is good, and means it for
the best!"

He lit his lamp to read the sacred Law,
Before he spread his mantle for the
night;

But the wind, rising with a sudden
flaw,

He read no more,—the gust put out
the light.

"'Tis strange," he said, "'tis very
strange, indeed,

That ere I lay me down to take my
rest,

A chapter of the Law I may not read,—
But God is good, and all is for the
best!"

With these consoling words the Rabbi
tries

To sleep,—his head reposing on a
log,—

But, ere he fairly shut his drowsy eyes,
A wolf came up and killed his faith-
ful dog.

"What new calamity is this?" he cried;
"My honest dog—a friend who stood
the test

When others failed—lies murdered at
my side!

Well—God is good, and means it for
the best!"

Scarce had the Rabbi spoken, when,
alas!

As if at once to crown his wretched
lot,

A hungry lion pounced upon the ass,
And killed the faithful donkey on the
spot.

"Alas! alas!" the weeping Rabbi said,
 "Misfortune haunts me like a hateful
 guest;
 My dog is gone, and now my ass is
 dead,—
 Well,—God is good, and all is for the
 best!"

At dawn of day, imploring heavenly
 grace,
 Once more he sought the town; but
 all in vain;
 A band of robbers had despoiled the
 place,
 And all the churlish citizens were
 slain!

"Now God be praised!" the grateful
 Rabbi cried,
 "If I had tarried in the town to rest,
 I, too, with these poor villagers had
 died,—
 Sure, God is good, and all is for the
 best!"

"Had not the saucy wind put out my
 lamp,
 By which the sacred Law I would
 have read,
 The light had shown the robbers to my
 camp,
 And here the villains would have left
 me dead.

"Had not my faithful animals been
 slain,
 Their noise, no doubt, had drawn the
 robbers near,
 And so their master, it is very plain,
 Instead of them, had fallen murdered
 here.

"Full well I see that this hath hap-
 pened so
 To put my faith and patience to the
 test;
 Thanks to His name! for now I surely
 know
 That God is good, and all is for the
 best!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887).

A HEBREW TALE.

TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge
 of eve,
 As toward his home in Israel's sheltered
 vales
 A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
 Afar the palm-tree's lofty heads, that
 decked
 The dear, domestic fountain,—and in
 speed
 Pressed with broad foot the smooth
 and dewy glade.
 The holy man his peaceful threshold
 passed
 With hasting step. The evening meal
 was spread,
 And she who from life's morn his heart
 had shared
 Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing
 o'er the board,
 The blessing of his fathers' God he
 sought,
 Ruler of earth and sea. Then, raising
 high
 The sparkling wine cup, "Call my sons,"
 he bade,
 "And let me bless them ere their hour
 of rest."

The observant mother spake with gentle
 voice
 Somewhat of soft excuse,—that they
 were wont
 To linger long amid the Prophet's
 school,
 Learning the holy law their father
 loved.

His sweet repast with sweet discourse
 was blent,
 Of journeying and return.—"Would
 thou hadst seen
 With me, the golden morning break to
 light
 Yon mountain summits, whose blue,
 waving line
 Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of
 joyous birds,
 And breath of fragrant shrubs, and
 spicy gales,
 And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in
 the soul
 Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee
 near

Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
 Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
 The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
 Cymbal and trump and psaltery and glad breath
 Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
 Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
 Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
 Blest Zion's glorious hills, our beautiful boys
 Must bear me company. Their early prayers
 Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
 No longer must withhold them: the new toil
 Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
 With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
 My hand I'll lay, and dedicate them there,
 Even in those hallowed courts, to Israel's God:
 Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
 But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love;
 And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
 As though 'twere washed with tears."

Faintly she smiled,—
 "One doubt, my lord, I fain would have thee solve:
 Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost
 Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
 They are demanded. Must they be restored?
 Or may I not a little longer gaze
 Upon their dazzling hues?" His eye grew stern,
 And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
 Of indignation. "Doth my wife propose
 Such doubt? as if a master might not claim
 His own again!" 'Nay, Rabbi, come, behold

These priceless jewels ere I yield them back."
 So to their spousal chamber with soft hand
 Her lord she led. There, on a snow-white couch
 Lay his two sons, pale, pale, and motionless,
 Like fair twin-lilies, which some grazing kid
 In wantonness had cropped. "My sons! my sons!
 Light of my eyes!" the astonished father cried;
 "My teachers in the law,—whose guileless hearts
 And prompt obedience warned me oft to be
 More perfect with my God!"

To earth he fell,
 Like Lebanon's rent cedar: while his breast
 Heaved with such groans as when the laboring soul
 Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
 The mourning mother turned away and wept
 Till the first storm of passionate grief was still;
 Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
 She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
 "Thou didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
 The summoned jewels: see, the Lord did give,
 The Lord hath taken away."

"Yea," said the sire,
 "And blessed be his name. Even for thy sake,
 Thrice blessed be Jehovah." Long he pressed
 On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
 While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
 Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
 Their mighty homage.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY (1791-1865).

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

"THIS now, this other story makes
amends
And justifies our Mishna," quoth the
Jew
Aforesaid. "Tell it, learnedest of
friends!"

A certain morn broke beautiful and
blue
O'er Schiphaz city, bringing joy and
mirth,
—So had ye deemed; while the reverse
was true,

Since one small house there gave a
sorrow birth
In such black sort that, to each faithful
eye,
Midnight, not morning, settled on the
earth.

How else, when it grew certain thou
wouldst die
Our much-enlightened master, Israel's
prop,
Eximious Jochanan Ben Sabbathai?

Old, yea, but undiminished of a drop,
The vital essence pulsed through heart
and brain;
Time left unsickled yet the plenteous
crop

On poll and chin and cheek, whereof a
skein
Handmaids might weave—hairs silk-
soft, silver-white,
Such as the wool-plant's; none the less
in vain

Had Physic striven her best against the
spite
Of fell disease: the Rabbi must suc-
cumb;
And, round the couch whereon in pite-
ous plight

He lay a-dying, scholars,—awe-struck,
dumb
Throughout the night-watch,—roused
themselves and spoke

One to the other: "Ere death's touch be-
numb

"His active sense,—while yet 'neath
Reason's yoke
Obedient toils his tongue,—befits we
claim
The fruit of long experience, bid this
oak

"Shed us an acorn which may, all the
same,
Grow to a temple-pillar,—dear that
day!—
When Israel's scattered seed finds
place and name

"Among the envious nations. Lamp us,
pray,
Thou the Enlightener! Partest hence
in peace?
Hailest without regret—much less, dis-
may—

"The hour of thine approximate re-
lease
From fleshly bondage soul hath found
obstruct?
Calmly envisagest the sure increase

"Of knowledge? Eden's tree must hold
unplucked
Some apple, sure, has never tried thy
tooth,
Juicy with sapience thou hast sought,
not sucked?

"Say, does age acquiesce in vanished
youth?
Still towers thy purity above—as erst—
Our pleasant follies? Be thy last word
—truth!"

The Rabbi groaned; then, grimly, "Last
as first
The truth speak I—in boyhood who
began
Striving to live an angel, and, amerced

"For such presumption, die now hardly
man.
What have I proved of life? To live,
indeed,
That much I learned: but here lies
Jochanan

"More luckless than stood David when,
to speed
His fighting with the Philistine, they
brought
Saul's harness forth: whereat, 'Alack,
I need

"'Armour to arm me, but have never
fought
With sword and spear, nor tried to
manage shield,
Proving arms' use, as well-trained war-
rior ought.

"'Only a sling and pebbles can I
wield!
So he: while I, contrariwise, 'No trick
Of weapon helpful on the battle-field

"'Comes unfamiliar to my theoretic:
But, bid me put in practice what I
know,
Give me a sword—it stings like Moses'
stick,

"'A serpent I let drop apace.' E'en so,
I,—able to comport me at each stage
Of human life as never here below

"Man played his part,—since mine the
heritage
Of wisdom carried to that perfect
pitch,
Ye rightly praise,—I, therefore, who,
thus sage,

"Could sure act man triumphantly, en-
rich
Life's annals with example how I
played
Lover, Bard, Soldier, Statist,—(all of
which

"Parts in presentment falling, cries
invade
The world's ear—'Ah, the Past, the
pearl-gift thrown
To hogs, time's opportunity we made

"'So light of, only recognized when
flown!
Had we been wise!')—in fine, I—wise
enough—
What profit brings me wisdom never
shown

"Just when its showing would from
each rebuff
Shelter weak virtue, threaten back to
bounds
Encroaching vice, tread smooth each
track too rough

"For youth's unsteady footstep, climb
the rounds
Of life's long ladder, one by slippery
one,
Yet make no stumble? Me hard fate
confounds

"With that same crowd of wailers I
outrun
By promising to teach another cry
Of more hilarious mood than theirs,
the sun

"I look my last at is insulted by.
What cry,—ye ask? Give ear on every
side!
Witness yon Lover! 'How entrapped
am I!

"'Methought, because a virgin's rose-lip
vied
With ripe Khubbezleh's, needs must
beauty mate
With meekness and discretion in a
bride:

"'Bride she became to me who wail—
too late—
Unwise I loved! That's one cry.
'Mind's my gift:
I might have loaded me with lore, full
weight

"'Pressed down and running over at
each rift
O' the brain-bag where the famished
clung and fed.
I filled it with what rubbish!—would
not sift

"'The wheat from chaff, sound grain
from musty—shed
Poison abroad as oft as nutriment—
And sighing say but as my fellows
said,

"'Unwise I learned!' That's two. 'In
dwarf's-play spent
Was giant's prowess: warrior all un-
versed

In war's right waging, I struck brand,
was lent

"For steel's fit service, on mere stone—
and cursed
Alike the shocked limb and the shiver-
ed steel,
Seeing too late the blade's true use
which erst

"How was I blind to! My cry swells
the peal—
Unwise I fought! That's three. But
wherefore waste
Breath on the wailings longer? Why
reveal

"A root of bitterness whereof the
taste
Is noisome to Humanity at large?
First we get Power, but Power absurd-
ly placed

"In Folly's keeping, who resigns her
charge
To Wisdom when all Power grows
nothing worth:
Bones marrowless are mocked with
helm and targe

"When, like your Master's, soon below
the earth
With worms shall warfare only be.
Farewell,
Children! I die a failure since my
birth!"

"Not so!" arose a protest as, pell-mell,
They pattered from his chamber to
the street,
Bent on a last resource. Our Tar-
gums tell

That such resource there is. Put case,
there meet
The Nine Points of Perfection—rarest
chance—
Within some saintly teacher whom the
fleet

Years in their blind implacable ad-
vance,
O'ertake before fit teaching born of
these
Have magnified his scholars' counten-
ance,—

If haply folk compassionating please
To render up—according to his store,
Each one—a portion of the life he sees

Hardly worth saving when 'tis set be-
fore
Earth's benefit should the Saint, Hak-
kadosh,
Favoured thereby, attain to full four-
score—

If such contribute (Scoffer, spare thy
"Bosh!")
A year, a month, a day, an hour—to
eke
Life out,—in him away the gift shall
wash

That much of ill-spent time recorded,
streak
The twilight of the so-assisted sage
With a new sunrise: truth, though
strange to speak!

Quick to the doorway, then, where
youth and age,
All Israel, thronging, waited for the
last
News of the loved one. "Tis the final
stage:

"Art's utmost done, the Rabbi's feet
tread fast
The way of all flesh!" So announced
that apt
Olive-branch Tsaddik: "Yet, O Breth-
ren, cast

"No eye to earthward! Look where
heaven has clapped
Morning's extinguisher—yon ray-shot
robe
Of sun-threads—on the constellation
mapped

"And mentioned by our Elders,—yea,
from Job
Down to Satam,—as figuring forth—
what?
Perpend a mystery! Ye call it *Dob*—

"The Bear': I trow! a wiser name than
that
Were *Aish*—'The *Bier*: a corpse
those four stars hold,

Which—are not those Three Daughters weeping at

"*Banoth?* I judge so: list while I unfold
The reason. As in twice twelve hours
this Bier
Goes and returns, about the East-cone
rolled,

"So may a setting luminary here
Be rescued from extinction," rolled
anew
Upon its track of labor, strong and
clear,

"About the Pole—that Salem, every
Jew
Helps to build up when thus he saves
some Saint
Ordained its architect. Ye grasp the
clue

"To all ye seek? The Rabbi's lamp-
flame faint
Sinks: would ye raise it? Lend then
life from yours,
Spare each his oil-drop! Do I need
acquaint

"The Chosen how self-sacrifice ensures
Tenfold requital?—urge ye emulate
The fame of those Old Just Ones death
procures

"Such praise for, that 'tis now men's
sole debate
Which of the Ten, who volunteered at
Rome
To die for glory to our Race, was great

"Beyond his fellows? Was it thou—
the comb
Of iron carded, flesh from bone, away,
While thy lips sputtered through their
bloody foam

"Without a stoppage (O brave Aki-
ba!)
'Hear, Israel, our Lord God is One'?
Or thou,
Jischab?—who smiledst, burning, since
there lay,

"Burning along with thee, our Law!
I trow,

Such martyrdom might tax flesh to af-
ford:

While that for which I make petition
now,

"To what amounts it? Youngster,
wilt thou hoard
Each minute of long years thou look'st
to spend
In dalliance with thy spouse? Hast
thou so soared,

"Singer of songs, all out of sight of
friend
And teacher, warbling like a woodland
bird,
There's left no Selah, 'twixt two
psalms, to lend

"Our late-so-tuneful quirist? Thou,
averred
The fighter born to plant our lion-flag
Once more on Zion's mount,—doth
all-unheard,

"My pleading fail to move thee? Toss
some rag
Shall staunch our wound, some min-
ute never missed
From swordsman's lustihood like
thine! Wilt lag

"In liberal bestowment, show close fist
When open palm we look for,—thou,
wide-known
For statecraft? whom, 'tis said, and if
thou list,

"The Shah himself would seat beside
his throne,
So valued were advice from thee" . . .
But here
He stopped short: such a hubbub! Not
alone

From those addressed, but, far as well
as near,
The crowd broke into clamour: "Mine,
mine, mine—
Lop from my life the excrescence,
never fear!

"At me thou lookedst, markedst me!
Assign
To me that privilege of granting life—

Mine, Mine!" Then he: "Be patient!
I combine

"The needful portions only, wage no
strife
With Nature's law nor seek to length-
en out
The Rabbi's day unduly. 'Tis the
knife

"I stop—would cut its thread too short.
About
As much as helps life last the proper
term,
The appointed Fourscore,—that I crave
and scout

"A too-prolonged existence. Let the
worm
Change at fit season to the butterfly!
And here a story strikes me, to confirm

"This judgment. Of our worthies,
none ranks high
As Perida who kept the famous
school:
None rivalled him in patience: none!
For why?

"In lecturing it was his constant rule,
Whatever he expounded, to repeat
—Ay, and keep on repeating, lest some
fool

"Should fail to understand him fully—
(feat
Unparalleled, Uzzean!)—do ye Mark?—
Five hundred times! So might he en-
trance beat

"For knowledge into howsoever dark
And dense the brain-pan. Yet it
hanned, at close
Of one especial lecture, not one spark

"Of light was found to have illumed
the rows
Of pupils round their pedagogue. 'What,
still
Impenetrable to me? Then—here goes!'

"And for a second time he sets the rill
Of knowledge running, and five hun-
dred times

More re-repeats the matter—and gains
nil.

"Out broke a voice from heaven: 'Thy
patience climbs
Even thus high. Choose! Wilt thou,
rather, quick
Ascend to bliss—or, since thy zeal
sublimes

"Such drudgery, will thy back still
bear its crick,
Bent o'er thy class,—thy voice drone
spite of drouth,—
Five hundred years more at thy desk
wilt stick?"

"To heaven with me!" was in the good
man's mouth,
When all his scholars,—cruel-kind were
they!—
Stopped utterance, from East, West,
North and South,

'Rending the welkin with their shout
of 'Nay—
No heaven as yet for our instructor!
Grant
Five hundred years on earth for
Perida!'

"And so long did he keep instructing!
Want
Our Master no such misery! I but
take
Three months of life marital. Min-
istrant

"Be thou of so much, Poet! Bold I .
make,
Swordsman, with thy frank offer!—
and conclude,
Statist, with thine! One year,—ye will
not shake

"My purpose to accept no more. So
rude?
The very boys and girls, forsooth, must
press
And proffer their addition? Thanks!
The mood

"Is laudable, but I reject, no less,
One month, week, day of life more.
Leave my gown,
Ye overbold ones! Your life's gift,
you guess,

"Were good as any? Rudesby, get thee
down!
Set my feet free, or fear my staff!
Farewell,
Seniors and saviors, sharers of renown
"With Jochanan henceforward!"
Straightway fell
Sleep on the sufferer; who awoke in
health
Hale everyway, so potent was the spell.

O the rare Spring-time! Who is he by
stealth
Approaches Jochanan? — embowered
that sits
Under his vine and fig tree 'mid the
wealth

Of garden-sights and sounds, since in-
termits
Never the turtle's coo, nor stays nor
stints
The rose her smell. In homage that
befits

The musing Master, Tsaddik, sec, im-
prints
A kiss on the extended foot, low bends
Forehead to earth, then, all-obsequious,
hints

"What if it should be time? A period
ends—
That of the Lover's gift—his quarter-
year
Of lustihood: 'tis just thou make
amends,

"Return that loan with usury; so, here
Come I, of thy Disciples delegate,
Claiming our lesson from thee. Make
appear

"Thy profit from experience! Plainly
state
How men should Love!" Thus he:
and to him thus
The Rabbi: "Love, ye call it?—rather,
Hate!

"What wouldst thou? Is it needful I
discuss
Wherefore new sweet wine, poured in
bottles caked

With old strong wine's deposit, offers
us

"Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-
unslaked?
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, out
there wound—
Languors and yearnings: not a sense
but ached

"Weighed on by fancied form and fea-
ture, sound
Of silver word and sight of sunny
smile:
No beckoning of a flower-branch, no
profound

"Purple of noon-oppression, no light
wile
O' the West wind, but transformed it-
self till—brief—
Before me stood the phantasy ye style

"Youth's love, the joy that shall not
come to grief,
Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired
By custom the accloyer, time the thief.

"Had Age's hard cold knowledge only
spared
That ignorance of Youth! But now
the dream,
Fresh as from Paradise, alighting
fared

"As fares the pigeon, finding what may
seem
Her nest's safe hollow holds a snake
inside
Coiled to enclasp her. See, Eve stands
supreme

"In youth and beauty! Take her for
thy bride!
What Youth deemed crystal, Age finds
out was dew
Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon
quick dried

"While Youth bent gazing at its red
and blue
Supposed perennial,—never dreamed the
sun
Which kindled the display would
quench it too.

"Graces of shape and color—every one
With its appointed period of decay
When ripe to purpose! 'Still, these
dead and done,

"Survives the woman-nature—the soft
sway
Of undefinable omnipotence
O'er our strong male-stuff, we of
Adam's clay."

"Ay, if my physics taught not why 'and
whence
The attraction! Am I like the simple
steer
Who, from his pasture lured inside the
fence,

"Where yoke and goad await him,
holds that mere
Kindliness prompts extension of the
hand
Hollowed for barley, which drew near
and near

"His nose—in proof that, of the hornèd
band,
The farmer best affected him? 'Beside,
Steer, since his calfhood, got to under-
stand

"Farmers a many in the world so wide
Were ready with a handful just as
choice
Or choicer—maize and cummin, treats
untried.

"Shall I wed wife, and all my days re-
joice
I gained the peacock? 'Las me, round
I look,
And lo—"With me thou wouldst have
blamed no voice

"Like hers that daily deafens like a
rook:
I am the phoenix!—"I, the lark, the
dove,
—The owl, for aught, knows he who
blindly took

"Peacock for partner, while the vale,
the grove,
The plain held bird-mates in abund-
ance. There!
Youth, try fresh capture! Age has
found out Love

"Long ago. War seems better worth
man's care.
But leave me! Disappointment finds a
balm
Haply in slumber." "This first step
o' the stair

"To knowledge fails me, but the vic-
tor's palm
Lies on the next to tempt him overleap
A stumbling-block. Experienced, gather
calm,

"Thou excellence of Judah, cured by
sleep
Which ushers in the Warrior, to re-
place
The Lover! At due season I shall
reap

"Fruit of my planting!" So, with
lengthened face,
Departed Tsaddik: and three moons
more waxed
And waned, and not until the Summer-
space

Waned likewise, any second visit taxed
The Rabbi's patience. But at three
months' end,
Behold, supine beneath a rock, relaxed

The sage lay musing till the noon
should spend
Its ardor. Up comes Tsaddik, who
but he,
With "Master, may I warn thee, nor
offend,

"That time comes round again? We
look to see
Sprout from the old branch—not the
youngling twig—
But fruit of sycamine: deliver me,

"To share among my fellows, some
plump fig,
Juicy as seedy! That same man of
war,
Who, with a scantling of his store,
made big

"Thy starveling nature, caused thee
safe from scar,
To share his gains by long acquaint-
anceship

With bump and bruise and all the
knocks that are

"Of battle dowry,—he bids loose thy
lip,
Explain the good of battle! Since thou
know'st
Let us know likewise! Fast the mo-
ments slip,

"More need that we improve them!"—
"Ay, we boast,
We warriors in our youth, that with
the sword
Man goes the swiftest to the utter-
most—

"Takes the straight way through lands
yet unexplored
To absolute Right and Good,—may so
obtain
God's glory and man's weal too long
ignored,

"Too late attained by preachments all
in vain—
The passive process. Knots get tangled
worse
By toying with: does cut cord close
again?

"Moreover there is blessing in the
curse
Peace-praisers call war. What so sure
evolves
All the capacities of soul, proves nurse

"Of that self-sacrifice in men which
solves
The riddle—*Wherein differs Man from
beast?*
Foxes boast cleverness and courage
wolves:

"Nowhere but in mankind is found the
least
Touch of an impulse 'To our fellows—
good
I' the highest!—not diminished but in-
creased

"By the condition plainly understood
—Such good shall be attained at price
of hurt
I' the highest to ourselves! Fine
sparks, that brood

"Confusedly in Man, 'tis war bids spurt
Forth into flame: as fares the meteor-
mass,
Whereof no particle but holds inert

"Some seed of light and heat, how-
ever crass
The enclosure, yet avails not to dis-
charge
Its radiant birth before there come to
pass

"Some push external,—strong to set at
large
Those dormant fire-seeds, whirl them
in a trice
Through heaven and light up earth
from marge to marge:

"Since force by notion makes—what
erst was ice—
Crash into fervency and so expire,
Because some Djinn has hit on a de-
vice

"For proving the full prettiness of fire!
Ay, thus we prattle—young: but old—
why, first,
Where's that same Right and Good—
(the wise inquire)—

"So absolute, it warrants the outburst
Of blood, tears, all war's woeful conse-
quence,
That comes of the fine flaring? Which
plague cursed

"The more your benefited Man—of-
fence,
Or what suppressed the offender? Say
it did—
Show us the evil cured by violence,

"Submission cures not also! Lift the
lid
From the maturing crucible, we find
Its slow sure coaxing-out of virtue
hid

"In that same meteor-mass, hath un-
combined
Those particles and, yielding for result
Gold, not mere flame, by so much
leaves behind

"The heroic product. E'en the simple
cult

Of Edom's children wisely bids them
turn
Cheek to the smiter with '*Sic Jesus*
vult.'

"Say there's a tyrant by whose death
we earn
Freedom, and justify a war to wage:
Good!—were we only able to discern

"Exactly how to reach and catch and
cage
Him only and no innocent beside!
Whereas the folk whereon war wreaks
its rage

"—How shared they his ill-doing? Far
and wide
The victims of our warfare strew the
plain,
Ten thousand dead, whereof not one
but died

"In faith that vassals owed their su-
zerain
Life: therefore each paid tribute,—hon-
est soul,—
To that same Right and Good ourselves
are fain

"To call exclusively our end. From
bole
(Since ye accept in me a sycamine)
Pluck, eat, digest a fable—yea, the sole

"Fig I afford you! 'Dost thou dwarf
my vine?'
(So did a certain husbandman address
The tree which faced his field.) 'Re-
ceive condign

"'Punishment, prompt removal by the
stress
Of axe I forthwith lay unto thy root!'
Long did he hack and hew, the root
no less

"As long defied him, for its tough
strings shoot
As deep down as the boughs above as-
pire:
All that he did was—shake to the tree's
foot

"Leafage and fruitage, things we most
require

For shadow and refreshment: which
good deed
Thoroughly done, behold the axe-haft
tires

"His hand, and he desisting leaves un-
freed
The vine he hacked and hewed for.
Comes a frost,
One natural night's work, and there's
little need

Of hacking, hewing: lo, the tree's a
ghost!
Perished it starves, black death from
topmost bough
To farthest-reaching fibre! Shall I
boast

"My rough work,—warfare,—helped
more? Loving, now—
That, by comparison, seems wiser, since
The loving fool was able to avow

"He could effect his purpose, just
evince
Love's willingness,—once 'ware of
what she lacked,
His loved one,—to go work for that,
nor wince

"At self-expenditure: he neither hacked
Nor hewed, but when the lady of his
field
Required defence because the sun at-
tacked,

"He, failing to obtain a fitter shield,
Would interpose his body, and so blaze,
Blest in the burning. Ah, were mine
to wield

"The intellectual weapon—poet-lays,—
How preferably had I sung one song
Which . . . but my sadness sinks me:
go your ways!

"I sleep out disappointment." "Come
along,
Never lose heart! There's still as much
again
Of our bestowment left to right the
wrong

"Done by its earlier moiety—explain

Wherefore, who may! The Poet's
mood comes next.
Was he not wishful the poetic vein

"Should pulse within him? Jochanan,
thou reck'st
Little of what a generous flood shall
soon
Float thy clogged spirit free and un-
perplexed

"Above dry dubitation! Song's the
boon
Shall make amends for my untoward
mistake
That Joshua-like thou couldst bid sun
and moon—

"Fighter and Lover,—which for most
men make
All they descry in heaven,—stand both
stockstill
And lend assistance. Poet shalt thou
wake!"

Autumn brings Tsaddik. "Ay, there
speeds the rill
Loaded with leaves: a scowling sky,
beside:
The wind makes olive-trees up yonder
hill

"Whiten and shudder—symptoms far
and wide
Of gleaning-time's approach; and glean
good store
May I presume to trust we shall, thou
tried

"And ripe experimenter! Three months
more
Have ministered to growth of Song:
that graft
Into thy sterile stock has found at core

"Moisture, I warrant, hitherto un-
quaffed
By boughs, however florid, wanting sap
Of prose-experience which provides
the draught

"Which song-sprouts, wanting, wither:
vain we tap
A youngling stem all green and imma-
ture;

Experience must secrete the stuff, our
hap

"Will be to quench Man's thirst with,
glad and sure
That fancy wells up through corrective
fact:
Missing which test of truth, though
flowers allure

"The goodman's eye with promise, soon
the pact
Is broken, and 'tis flowers — mere
words—he finds
When things—that's fruit—he looked
for. Well, once cracked

"The nut, how glad my tooth the ker-
nel grinds!
Song may henceforth boast substance!
Therefore, hail
Proser and poet, perfect in both kinds!

"Thou from whose eye hath dropped
the envious scale
Which hides the truth of things and
substitutes
Deceptive show, unaided optics fail

"To transpierce,—hast entrusted to the
lute's
Soft but sure guardianship some unre-
vealed
Secret shall lift mankind above the
brutes

"As only knowledge can?" "A fount
unsealed"
(Sighed Jochanan) "should seek the
heaven in leaps
To die in dew-gems—not find death,
congealed

"By contact with the cavern's nether
deeps,
Earth's secretest foundation where, en-
swathed
In dark and fear, primeval mystery
sleeps—

"Petrific fount wherein my fancies
bathed
And straight turned ice. My dreams
of good and fair
In soaring upwards had dissolved, un-
scathed

"By any influence of the kindly air,
Singing, as each took flight. 'The Future—that's
Our destination, mists turn rainbows
there,

"Which sink to fog, confounded in the
flats
O' the Present! Day's the song-time
for the lark,
Night for her music boasts but owls
and bats.

"And what's the Past but night—the
deep and dark
Ice-spring I speak of, corpse-thickened
with its drowned
Dead fancies which no sooner touched
the mark

"They aimed at—fact—than all at once
they found
Their film-wings freeze, thenceforth
unfit to reach
And roll in ether, revel—robed and
crowned

"As truths, confirmed by falsehood all
and each—
Sovereign and absolute and ultimate!
Up with them, skyward, Youth, ere
Age impeach

"Thy least of promises to reinstate
Adam in Eden!' Sing on, ever sing,
Chirp till thou burst!—the fool cicada's
fate,

"Who holds that after Summer next
comes Spring,
Than Summer's self sun-warmed, spice-
scented more.
Fighting was better! There, no fancy-
fling

"Pitches you past the point was reached
of yore
By Samson's Abners, Joabs, Judases,
The mighty men of valor who, before

"Our little day, did wonders none pro-
fess
To doubt were fable and not fact, so
trust
By fancy-flights to emulate much less.

"Were I a Statesman, now! Why, that
were just
To pinnacle my soul, mankind above,
Atop the universe: no vulgar lust

To gratify—fame, greed, at this remove
Looked down upon so far—or over-
looked
So largely, rather—that mine eye
should rove

"World-wide and rummage earth, the
many-nooked,
Yet find no unit of the human flock
Caught straying but straight comes
back hooked and crooked

"By the strong shepherd who, from out
his stock
Of aids proceeds to treat each ailing
fleece,
Here stimulate to growth, curtail and
dock

"There, baldness or excrescence,—that,
with grease,
This, with up-grubbing of the bristly
patch
Born of the tick-bite. How supreme a
peace

"Steals o'er the Statist,—while, in wit, a
match
For shrewd Ahithophel, in wisdom . . .
well,
His name escapes me—somebody, at
watch

"And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel
In guidance of the Chosen!"—at which
word
Eyes closed and fast asleep the Rabbi
fell.

"Cold weather!" shivered Tsaddik.
"Yet the hoard
Of the sagacious ant shows garnered
grain,
Ever abundant most when fields af-
ford

"Least pasture, and alike disgrace the
plain
Tall tree and lowly shrub. 'Tis so with
us

Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek
in vain

"While busy youth culls just what we
discuss

At leisure in the last days: and the last
Truly are these for Jochanan, whom
thus

"I make one more appeal to! Thine
amassed

Experience, now or never, let escape
Some portion of! For I perceive aghast

"The end approaches, while they jeer
and jape,

These sons of Shimei: 'Justify your
boast!

What have ye gained from Death by
twelve months' rape?"

"Statesman, what cure hast thou for—
least and most—

Popular grievances? What nostrum,
say,

Will make the Rich and Poor, expertly
dosed,

"Forget disparity, bid each go gay
That, with his bauble,—with his burden,
this?

Propose an alkahest shall melt away

"Men's lacquer, show by prompt analy-
sis

Which is the metal, which the make-
believe,

So that no longer brass shall find, gold
miss

"Coinage and currency? Make haste,
retrieve

The precious moments, Master!"
Whereunto

There snarls an "Ever laughing in thy
sleeve,

"Pert Tsaddik? Youth indeed sees
plain a clue

To guide man where life's wood is in-
tricate:

How shall he fail to thrud its thickest
through

"When every oak trunk takes the eye?
Elate

He goes from hole to brushwood,
plunging finds—

Smothered in briars—that the small's
the great!

"All men are men: I would all minds
were minds!

Whereas 'tis just the many's mindless
mass

That most needs helping: laborers and
hinds

"We legislate for—not the cultured
class

Which law-makes for itself nor needs
the whip

And bridle,—proper help for mule and
ass,

"Did the brutes know! In vain our
statesmanship

Strives at contenting the rough multi-
tude:

Still the ox cries "Tis me thou shouldst
equip

"With equine trappings! or, in humbler
mood,

'Cribful of corn for me! and, as for
work—

Adequate rumination o'er my food!"

"Better remain a Poet! Needs it irk
Such an one if light, kindled in his
sphere,

Fail to transfuse the Mizraim cold and
murk

"Round about Goshen? Though light
disappear,

Shut inside,—temporary ignorance
Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear

"Shows each astonished starrer the ex-
panse

Of heaven made bright with knowledge!
That's the way,

The only way—I see it at a glance—

"To legislate for earth! As poet. . . .
Stay!

What is . . . I would that . . . were it
. . . I had been . . .

O sudden change, as if my arid clay

"Burst into bloom! . . ." "A change
indeed, I ween,

And change the last!" sighed Tsaddik
as he kissed
The closing eyelids. "Just as those
serene

"Princes of Night apprised me! Our
acquist
Of life is spent, since corners only four
Hath Aisch, and each in turn was made
desist

"In passage round the Pole (O Mishna's
lore—
Little it profits here!) by strenuous tug
Of friends who eked out thus to full
fourscore

"The Rabbi's years. I see each shoulder
shrug!
What have we gained? Away the Bier
may roll!
To-morrow, when the Master's grave is
dug,

"In with his body I may pitch the scroll
I hoped to glorify with, text and gloss,
My Science of Man's Life: one blank's
the whole!

"Love, war, song, statesmanship—no
gain, all loss,
The stars' bestowment! We on our re-
turn
To-morrow merely find—not gold but
dross,

"The body not the soul. Come, friends,
we learn
At least thus much by our experiment—
That—that . . . well, find what, whom
it may concern!"

But next day through the city rumors
went
Of a new persecution; so, they fled
All Israel, each man,—this time,—from
his tent,

Tsaddik among the foremost. When,
the dread
Subsiding, Israel ventured back again
Some three months after, to the cave
they sped

Where lay the Sage,—a reverential
train!

Tsaddik first enters. "What is this I
view?
The Rabbi still alive? No stars remain

"Of Aisch to stop within their courses.
True,
I mind me, certain gamesome boys must
urge
Their offerings on me: can it be—one
threw

"Life at him and it stuck? There needs
the scourge
To teach that urchin manners! Prithee,
grant
Forgiveness if we pretermit thy dirge

"Just to explain no friend was minis-
trant,
This time, of life to thee! Some jacka-
napes,
I gather, has presumed to foist his scant

"Scurvy unripe existence — wilding
grapes
Grass-green and sorrel-sour—on that
grand wine,
Mighty as mellow, which, so fancy
shapes

"May fitly image forth this life of
thine
Fed on the last low fattening lees—con-
densed
Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine!

"Rightly with Tsaddik wert thou now
incensed
Had he been witting of the mischief
wrought
When, for elixir, verjuice he dis-
penséd!"

And slowly woke,—like Shushan's
flower besought
By over-curious handling to unloose
The curtained secrecy wherein she
thought

Her captive bee, 'mid store of sweets to
choose,
Would loll, in gold pavilioned lie un-
teased,
Sucking on, sated never,—whose, O
whose

Might seem that countenance, uplift, all
eased
Of old distraction and bewilderment,
Absurdly happy? "How ye have ap-
peased

"The strife within me, bred this whole
content,
This utter acquiescence in my past,
Present and future life,—by whom was
lent

"The power to work this miracle at
last,—
Exceeds my guess. Though—*ignorance*
confirmed
By *knowledge* sounds like paradox, I
cast

"Vainly about to tell you—fitlier
termed—
Of calm struck by encountering oppo-
sites,
Each nullifying either! Henceforth
wormed

"From out my heart is every snake that
bites
The dove that else would brood there:
doubt, which kills
With hiss of 'What if sorrows end de-
lights?'

"Fear which stings ease with 'Work the
Master wills!'
Experience which coils round and
strangles quick
Each hope with 'Ask the Past if hoping
skills

"To work accomplishment, or proves a
trick
Wiling thee to endeavor! Strive, fool,
stop
Nowise, so live, so die—that's law! why
kick

"'Against the pricks?' All out-wormed!
Slumber, drop
Thy films once more and veil the bliss
within!
Experience strangle hope? Hope waves
a-top

"Her wings triumphant! Come what
will, I win,
Whoever loses! Every dream's assured
Of soberest fulfilment. Where's a sin

"Except in doubting that the light,
which lured
The unwary into darkness, meant no
wrong
Had I but marched on bold, nor paused
immured

"By mists I should have pressed through,
passed along
My way henceforth rejoicing? Not the
boy's
Passionate impulse he conceits so
strong,

"Which, at first touch, truth, bubble-
like, destroys,—
Not the man's slow conviction 'Vanity
Of vanities—alike my griefs and joys!'

"Ice!—thawed (look up) each bird, each
insect by—
(Look round) by all the plants that
break in bloom,
(Look down) by every dead friend's
memory

"That smiles 'Am I the dust within my
tomb?'
Not either, but both these—amalgam
rare—
Mix in a product, not from Nature's
womb,

"But stuff which He the Operant—who
shall dare
Describe His operation?—strikes alive
And thaumaturgic. I nor know nor
care

"How from this tohu-bohu—hopes
which dive,
And fears which soar—faith, ruined
through and through
By doubt, and doubt, faith treads to
dust—revive

"In some surprising sort,—as see, they
do!—
Not merely foes no longer but fast
friends.
What does it mean unless—O strange
and new

"Discovery!—this life proves a wine-
press—blends

Evil and good, both fruits of Paradise,
Into a novel drink which—who intends

"To quaff, must bear a brain for
ecstasies

Attempered, not this all-inadequate
Organ which, quivering within me, dies

"—Nay, lives!—what, how,—too soon,
or else too late—

I was—I am . . ." ("He babbleth!"
Tsaddik mused)

"O Thou Almighty, who canst reinstate

"Truths in their primal clarity, con-
fused

By man's perception, which is man's and
made

To suit his service,—how, once dis-
abused

"Of reason which sees light half shine
half shade,

Because of flesh, the medium that ad-
justs

Purity to his visuals, both an aid

"And hindrance,—how to eyes earth's
air encrusts,

When purged and perfect to receive
truth's beam

Pouring itself on the new sense it trusts

"With all its plenitude of power,—how
seen

The intricacies now, of shade and shine,
Oppugnant natures—Right and Wrong,
we deem

"Irreconcilable? O eyes of mine,
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail
To see the whole sight, nor may un-
combine

"Henceforth what, erst divided, caused
you quail—

So huge the chasm between the false
and true,

The dream and the reality! All hail,

"Day of my soul's deliverance—day the
new,

The never-ending! What though every
shape

Whereon I wreaked my yearning to
pursue

"Even to success each semblance of es-
cape

From my own bounded self to some
all-fair

All-wise external fancy, proved a rape

"Like that old giant's feigned of fools—
on air,

Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To
love—

That lesson was to learn not here—but
there—

"On earth, not here! 'Tis there we
learn,—there prove

Our parts upon the stuff we needs must
spoil,

Striving at mastery, there bend above

"The spoiled clay potsherds, many a
year of toil

Attests the potter tried his hand upon,
Till sudden he arose, wiped free from
soil

"His hand, cried 'So much for attempt—
anon

Performance! Taught to mould the
living vase,

What matter the cracked pitchers dead
and gone?"

"Could I impart and could thy mind
embrace

The secret, Tsaddik!" "Secret none to
me!"

Quoth Tsaddik, as the glory on the face

Of Jochanan was quenched. "The
truth I see

Of what that excellence of Judah wrote,
Doughty Halaphta. This a case must
be

"Wherein, though the last breath have
passed the throat,

So that 'The man is dead' we may pro-
nounce,

Yet is the Ruach—(thus do we denote

"The imparted Spirit)—in no haste to
bounce

From its entrusted Body,—some three
days

Lingers ere it relinquish to the pounce

"Of hawk-clawed Death his victim.

Further says

Halaphta, 'Instances have been, and yet
Again may be, when saints, whose
earthly ways

"Tend to perfection, very nearly get
To heaven while still on earth: and, as
a fine

Interval shows where waters pure have
met

"Waves brackish; in a mixture, sweet
with brine,

That's neither sea nor river but a taste
Of both—so meet the earthly and di-
vine

"And each is either.' Thus I hold him
graced—

Dying on earth, half inside and half
out,

Wholly in heaven, who knows? My
mind embraced

"Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I
doubt?

Follow thy Ruach, let earth, all it can,
Keep of the leavings!" Thus was
brought about

The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan:

Thou hast him,—sinner-saint, live-dead,
boy-man,—

Schiphaz, on Bendimir, in Farzistan!

NOTE.—This story can have no better
authority than that of the treatise, exist-
ing dispersedly in fragments of Rabbin-
ical writing, מִשְׁנַת שֵׁל רַבִּינִים בְּרִיִּים from
which I might have helped myself more
liberally. Thus, instead of the simple
reference to "Moses' stick,"—but what
if I make amends by attempting three
illustrations, when some thirty might
be composed on the same subject, equal-
ly justifying that pithy proverb,
מִמֶּשֶׁה עַד מֹשֶׁה לֹא קָם כְּמֹשֶׁה

I.

Moses the Meek was thirty cubits high,
The staff he strode with—thirty cubits
long;

And when he leapt, so muscular and
strong

Was Moses that his leaping neared the
sky

By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
He reached full ninety cubits—am I
wrong?—

When, in a fight slurred o'er by sacred
song,

With staff outstretched he took a leap
to try

The just dimensions of the giant Og.

And yet he barely touched—this mar-
vel lacked

Posterity to crown earth's catalogue
Of marvels—barely touched—to be
exact—

The giant's ankle-bone, remained a frog
That fain would match an ox in stat-
ure: fact!

II.

And this same fact has met with unbel-
ief!

How saith a certain traveler? "Young,
I chanced

To come upon an object—if thou
canst,

Guess me its name and nature! 'Twas,
in brief,

White, hard, round, hollow, of such
length, in chief,

—And this is what especially en-
hanced

My wonder—that it seemed, as I ad-
vanced,

Never to end. Bind up within thy
sheaf

Of marvels, this—Posterity! I walked
From end to end,—four hours walked

I, who go

A goodly pace,—and found—I have not
balked

Thine expectation, Stranger? Ay or
No?—

'Twas but Og's thighbone, all the while,
I stalked

Alongside of: respect to Moses,
though!

III.

Og's thighbone—if ye deem its meas-
ure strange,

Myself can witness to much length of
shank

Even in birds. Upon a water's bank
Once halting, I was minded to exchange
Noon heat for cool. Quoth I, "On many
a grange

I have seen storks perch—legs both
long and lank:

Yon stork's must touch the bottom of
this tank,
Since on its top doth wet no plume de-
range

Of the smooth breast. I'll bathe there!"
"Do not so!"

Warned me a voice from heaven. "A
man let drop

His axe into that shallow rivulet—
As thou accountest—seventy years ago:
It fell and fell and still without a stop
Keeps falling, nor has reached the
bottom yet."

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

A JEWISH APOLOGUE.

Up and down his gardens paced a King,
In the blessed season of the Spring,

Lovely flow'rets there by him were seen
In their earliest bud and blossoming.

How should he those lovely flow'rets
pull,
Half whose glory lay a hidden thing?

When a few short days were gone again
Visited his garden-plots the King:

And those flowers so dewy, fresh and
fair,
Brighter than the brightest insect's
wing,

Each was hanging now its drooping
head,
Each lay now a wan discolored thing.

And he thought their scent and sweet-
ness, I
Had rejoiced in earlier gathering.

So when in his gardens of delight
Did that Monarch pace another Spring,

And the folded buds again admired,
That did round him fragrant odour
fling,

He with timely hand prevented now
The sad season of their withering,

Culled them in the glory of their prime,
Ere their fresh delight had taken wing;

Culled the young and beautiful and
laid

In his bosom gently, home to bring.

ANONYMOUS.

A LEGEND OF PARADISE.

(From "The Son of a Star.")

I.

O MIGHTY Cherubin, with flaming
sword

Before the gate! Before, before the
gate!

Touchless with human hands,
Sightless with human eyes,
Portals of sinful mortal fate,
The gate of Paardise!

Oh mighty Cherubin, speak but the
word!

That I may see the garden of the Lord
And grow more wise.

Thus spake the First of four of men
who were

The living pillars of the deathless race.
Ezra! the scholar and the interpreter
Of the great book of life which time
shall ne'er efface.

Then from the flaming sword
Came forth the sacred word,
Enter thou faithful one;
Thy work hath been well done,
Enter the garden of the Lord.

Beyond the sword of fire,
Untouched by fire or sword,
He gains his soul's desire,
The garden of the Lord.

That he may grow more wise
He enters Paradise.
Enters! Beholds! and Dies!

II.

Oh dreaded Cherubin, whose flaming
sword
Doth hide from mortal eyes the stream
of life!
The tree of good and evil and its
fruit;
The place where God breathed into
man his breath;
The place where God and man spake
word to word;
Where every living plant and herb and
brute,
Was given man; and from him torn
the wife
Whom the foul serpent led aside to
death.
Oh dreaded Cherubin! Grant my de-
sire
Unquenchable as thy consuming fire,
Which guardeth Paradise!
That I may see the garden of the Lord
And grow more wise.

Thus spake the Second one who
reached the goal.
Asaph; a mystic form who shone,
As if his eager soul
Incarnate, would be gone;
Leaving its fleshly dress
In this world's wilderness.

Straight from the lambent flame the
words were said;
If that thou fearest not to see
What made a brother scholar like to
thee
Fall with the dead;
Killed by the glory he could not sur-
vive.
Then, true and faithful one!
Whose work hath been well done,
Enter the garden of the Lord, and live.

Beyond the sword of fire,
Untouched by fire or sword,

He gains his soul's desire,
The garden of the Lord.

That he may grow more wise
He enters Paradise.
Enters! beholds from whence
They were expell'd who did at first
transgress.
Enters, beholds and flies
Back to the wilderness,
Bereft of every sence!

III.

Lo! glorious Cherubin with flaming
sword!
Lo! I Elisha Ben Abuyah stand—
Stored with all learning gained in
every land—
Before the gate whence Eve and Adam
fled;
Asking of thee that I may freely tread
The plains of Paradise.
That I may see the garden of the Lord
And grow more wise.

Thus spake the Third in tones of
majesty;
Elisha Ben Abuyah, who would pierce
The solid earth, the sea, the eternal
space.
Not suppliant, but as a Deity,
Asking from God of God! as face to
face
A ravenous man, feeling his hunger
fierce,
Asks men to feed him to satiety.

Again the voice from out the flaming
sword.
Thou son of subtlety and earthly pride!
Wherefore within thy mantle's flowing
folds
Dost thou those books of Baal worship
hide?
Our God, a jealous God, forever holds
Him lost to him who serveth him in
part,
Giving the lip, yet keeping back the
heart.

Elisha Ben Abuyah stood dismayed,
But gathering up his strength and bend-
ing low

Thus to the flaming Cherubin he said:
These treasured books, dear as my own
heart's blood,

I burn! I burn! I burn that I may
know

The greater secret that before me lies,
The garden of the Lord saved from
the flood,

The golden Paradise.

The flaming fire rose up and filled the
skies:

A burning sacrifice

Of all Elisha Ben Abuyah loved.

It is enough, the Cherubin replies,
Thou art forgiven, is the gracious
word.

And, every barrier to thy wish re-
moved,

Enter the garden of the Lord.

Beyond the sword of fire,
Untouched by fire or sword,
He gains his soul's desire,
The garden of the Lord.

That he may grow more wise

He enters Paradise.

Boldly he looks around,

And treads the holy ground

As one who would declare,

I am the son and heir

Of him to whom these treasures all
belong.

Rivers of life combine,

With the fruit of the Tree divine,

To nourish with marvels my tongue.

Of all that is here, as mine,

I will sing! I will write! I will tell!

From the gates of heaven to hell:

In parable, legend and song.

Filled with the curse of pride

Elisha Ben Abuyah makes his way,

Crushing with reckless stride

Whate'er before him lay.

Crushing the tender plants so young
and sweet,

The plants of Paradise, beneath his
feet.

What voice is that he hears,

That breaketh him with fears?

What pang is that he feels?

It is the voice of God,

The angel's flashing rod.

Oh thou who kills the plants of Para-
dise

That thou, vain man, may grow more
wise!

Fly from my wrath back to the wil-
derness,

And seek again thine everlasting peace.

A lightning glance! a split of earth! a
grave!

Outside the flaming gate.

Elisha Ben Abuyah, who shall save

Thee from thy fate?

In flight he falls into that open grave,

And as the flint upon the steel

Strikes into fire, so he upon the ground

Bursts into lurid flames, which he can
feel

Yet never can extinguish. Years roll
round;

Ages of sons of men sink down and
die.

Elisha Ben Abuyah to be wise

Killed the young plants of Paradise.

His light is wisdom's fool. He burns,
but never dies.

IV.

Oh faithful Cherubin, whose flaming
sword

Doth hide the garden of the Holy One!

May I, a shepherd born in Israel's fold,

Ask thee to ask of him I dare not
name,

Th' Omnipotent! World without end
the same!

That I the last of those who stood alone

Interpreters of his most sacred word,

May through thy glory enter Paradise,

And by thy radiant wisdom grow more
wise?

So spake the last of those who stood
alone,

The matchless scholars of the death-
less race.

Calm dignity from off his image shone,

Sweet modesty was written on his face,

With courage intermixed and gentle
grace,

All set in comeliness.

With cheerful voice the guardian spirit
spoke:

Akiba the beloved, thy deeds are
known.

He whom thou servest through thy
nights and days

Hath read thy heart of hearts and seen
thy ways.

Thou art to him a plain and open book,
And what thou askest now is all thine
own;

Thine own for knowledge, wisdom, pre-
cept, word,

Enter thou to the garden of the Lord.

Beyond the sword of fire,
Untouched by fire or sword,
He gains his soul's desire,
The garden of the Lord!

That he may grow more wise

Akiba enters Paradise.

His feet retrace each round

Of the enchanted ground,

Saved only of all gardens from the
flood.

The tree of knowledge yields him liv-
ing food.

Within the bower where Adam slept
he sleeps

Fearing no evil: knowing well that He,
Of omnipresent majesty!

The Holy One of Israel! keeps

His steps from falling and his sleep
from fear,

Life of his life: unseen yet ever near.

That he might grow more wise,

Akiba entered Paradise,

Entered and lived and learned.

And when his wondrous task was done,

Back through the wilderness returned

To teach to every chosen son

Of Israel born, the sacred mysteries.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON
(1828-1896).

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

(From "Tales of a Wayside Inn.")

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and
live."

And as he read, he prayed that God
would give

His faithful servant grace with mortal
eye

To look upon His face and yet not
die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him
stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right
hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror
ran.

With trembling voice he said, "What
wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time
draws near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's
decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted
thee."

Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living
eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me
and look."

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,

"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel
said,

"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the
way."

The angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial

Town,

And set him on the wall, whence, gazing
down,

Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-An-
gel's sword,

And through the streets there swept
a sudden breath

Of something there unknown, which
men call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without,
and cried,

"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's
voice replied,

"No! in the name of God, whom I
adore,

I swear that hence I will depart no
more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy
One,

See what the son of Levi here hath
done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by
violence,
And in thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels be not
wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his
oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal
eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not
die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of
Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with
panting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go
my way."

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and an-
swered, "Nay!

Anguish enough already hath it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he
paused

He heard the awful mandate of the
Lord

Resounding through the air, "Give back
the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent
prayer;

Then said he to the dreadful Angel,
"Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls
of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen
sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the
Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and
swore,

And walks on earth unseen forever-
more.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882).

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH APOLOGUE.

IN SCHOOLS of wisdom all the day was
spent;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward
bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt
upon the wife

And two fair children who consoled his
life.

She, meeting at the threshold, led him
in,

And with these words preventing, did
begin:

"I, greeting ever your desired return,
Yet greet it most today; for since this
morn

I have been much perplexed and sorely
tried

Upon one point, which you shall now
decide.

Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave—rich, precious gems
they were;

But having given them in my charge,
this friend

Did afterward not come for them, nor
send,

But in my keeping suffered them so
long,

That now it almost seems to me a
wrong

That he should suddenly arrive today,
To take those jewels, which he left,

away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield
them back,

And with no murmuring? so henceforth
to lack

Those gems myself, which I had learned
to see

Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee?"

"What question can be here? your own
true heart

Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was

but lent,
And should be yielded with no discon-
tent;

Nor surely can we find in this a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long,"

"Good is the word," she answered;
"may we now

And evermore that it is good allow!"

And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched
upon one bed,

Two children pale, and he the jewels
knew,

Which God had lent him, and resumed
anew.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.
(1807-1886.)

THE LOAN.

(Midrash Yalkut, iii. p. 165.)

THE Rabbi Meir,
A black cap on his white hair,
And him before
Unfurled the great book of the Law,
Sat in the school and taught.
Many a winged thought
Flew from his lips, and brought
Fire and enlightenment
Unto the scholars bent
Diligently at their writing.
And all the while he was inditing,
His soul was near to God
Above the dull earth that he trod.
And as the lark doth sing
High up and quivering
In the blue, on heavenward wing,
But ever its breast
Keepeth above its nest,
And singing it doth not roam
Beyond hearing of its home,
So the Rabbi, however high he soared
In his teaching, or praying, sung
Close to the ear of his Lord,
Yet ever above his home, his wife and
young.

Slowly there stole the gloom
Of evening into the room,
Then he rose and shut the book
And casting about a look,
Said, with a wave
Of the hand: 'God gave
The light, and hath taken away.
With the Lord begun,
With the Lord run,
With the Lord done,
Is the day.'
Then his way
Homeward cheerfully he took.
In the little house, sedate,
For her husband did await
Beruriah. And for her lord
She had laid the supper on the board.
And a lamp was lighted up,
By which he might sup.

He kissed her upon the brow,
And spake to her gently: 'How
Are the lads to-day?
Tell me, Beruriah, pray.'
There glittered on her cheek
Two jewels, ere she could speak

And answer, 'They are well,'
Sit you and eat your supper, whilst I
tell

What to me befell;
And assure me in what way
You think it had been best
That I had acted.' Thus addressed,
He sat him at his meal,
And began to eat: 'Reveal
Thy case,' he said. 'Yet tell me, I pray,
First—where are my boys to-day?'
Then suddenly she said,
With an averted head:
'Many years are flown
Since one a precious loan
Entrusted to my care, until he came
That treasure to reclaim.'
The Rabbi spoke: 'Of old
Tobit confided his gold
To Raguel
At Ecbatane. Well,
What further?—But say,
Where are my lads, I pray?'

'For many years that store
I jealously watched o'er.
Do you think, my lord, that loan
In fourteen years would become my
own?'

Then, with a glance of blame,
He answered, as he shook his head:
'For shame,

Wife of my bosom! It were not thine
Should forty years upon thee shine,
And the owner not return
To demand it. Beruriah, learn
Not to covet.'

Then he paused, and said,
Moving the lamp: 'Thine eyes are red,
Beruriah: wherefore?'

But she broke
In on his question, and thus spoke:
'To-day there came
To the door the same
One who had lent the treasure,
And he said, "It is my pleasure
To have the loan restored."

What do you think, my lord?
Should I have withheld it, Meir?
At his wife with astonished stare
Looked the Rabbi. 'O my wife!
Light of my eyes, and glory of my life!
Why ask this question?'

Then he said,
As his eyes wandered towards the bed:
'Why is the sheet,
Usually smooth and neat,
Lifted into many a fold and pleat?
But she asked: 'Should I repine
At surrendering what was not mine
To him who claimed it?'

'It was a trust,
Wife of my bosom! What do you ask?
—Repine
What! do you lust
To keep what is not thine?'
And once again:
'Where are my boys?'

She took him by the hand,
Whilst o'er her features ran a thrill of
pain,
And brought him to the bed, and bid
him stand
There, as she touched the sheet, and
said:
'Tht Lord who gave hath taken. They
are dead.'
Softly she raised
The sheet; and with awe
The Rabbi his children saw
In the soft twilight
Lying silent, and still and white;
And he said, 'Praised
Be the Name of the Lord.
My wife and I are content
That the goodly loan to us lent
Should be restored.'

SABINE BARING-GOULD.
(1834-)

THE MESSENGER.

RABBI BEN JOSEF, old and blind,
Pressed by the crowd before, behind,
Passed through the market place, one
day,
Seeking with weary feet his way.

The city's traffic loud confused
His senses, to retirement used;
The voice of them that bought and
sold,
With clink of silver piece and gold.

"Jehovah," cried he, jostled sore,
Fearing to fall and rise no more,

"Thine angel send to guide my feet,
And part the ways where dangers
meet."

Just then a beggar, as he passed,
A glance of pity on him cast,
And, seeing so his bitter need,
Stretched forth a hand his steps to lead.

"Not so," Ben Josef cried, "I wait
A guide sent from Jehovah's gate."
The beggar left, thus rudely spurned
Where gratitude he should have earned.

As day wore on the hubbub rose
Louder and harsher to its close.
The old man, weary, sought in vain
An exit from the crowd to gain.

Jostled at every turn, his feet
Stumbled upon the ill-paved street;
Once more he cried, "Jehovah, where
The answer to thy servant's prayer?"

"No angel, swift-winged, from thy
throne,
Has hither for my keeping flown."
Then came a whisper, clear and low,
"My messenger thou didst not know."

"For in a beggar's humble guise
His outstretched hand thou did'st de-
spise;
Nor cared beneath his rags to find
The heart that made his action kind."

"See now that thou the lesson learn,
No tender loving aid to spurn,
Lest he whose face thou canst not see
Should prove a messenger from me."

O. B. MERRILL.

THE RABBI AND THE PRINCE. (Versified from the Talmud.)

A MONARCH sat in serious thought,
alone,
But little reck'd he of his robe and
throne;
Naught valuing the glory of control,
He sought to solve the future of his
soul.
"Why should I bow the proud, imperi-
ous knee,

To mighty powers no mortal eye can see?"
 So mused he long and turned this question o'er,
 Then, with impatient tread, he paced the floor,
 Till maddened by conflicting trains of thought
 And speculation vague, which came to naught,
 With feverish haste he clutched a tasseled cord
 As, desperate hands, in battle, clutch a sword.
 "Summon Jehoshua," the monarch cried.
 The white-haired Rabbi soon was at his side.
 "I bow no more to powers I cannot see;
 Thy faith and learning shall be naught to me,
 Unless, before the setting of the sun,
 Mine eyes behold the Uncreated One."
 The Rabbi led him to the open air.
 The oriental sun with furious glare
 Sent down its rays, like beams of molten gold.
 The aged teacher, pointing, said: "Behold!"
 "I cannot," said the prince, "my dazzled eyes
 Refuse their service, turned upon the skies."
 "Son of the dust," the Rabbi gently said,
 And bowed, with reverence, his hoary head,
 "This one creation, thou canst not behold,
 Though by thy lofty state and pride made bold.
 How canst thou, then, behold the God of Light,
 Before whose face the sunbeams are as night?
 Thine eyes before this trifling labor fall,
 Canst gaze on him who hath created all?
 Son of the dust, repentance can atone;
 Return and worship God, who rules alone."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

RABBI ISHMAEL.

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin
 Of the world heavy upon him, entering in
 The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face
 With terrible splendor filling all the place.
 "O Ishmael ben Elisha!" said a voice,
 "What seekest thou? What blessing is thy choice?"
 And, knowing that he stood before the Lord,
 Within the shadow of the cherubim,
 Wide-winged between the blinding light and him,
 He bowed himself, and uttered not a word,
 But in the silence of his soul was prayer:
 "O Thou Eternal! I am one of all,
 And nothing ask that others may not share.
 Thou art Almighty; we are weak and small,
 And yet Thy children: let Thy mercy spare!"
 Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in the place
 Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent
 Graciously down in token of assent,
 And, smiling, vanished! With strange joy elate,
 The wondering Rabbi sought the Temple's gate,
 Radiant as Moses from the Mount he stood
 And cried aloud unto the multitude:
 "O Israel, hear! The Lord our God is good!
 Mine eyes have seen His glory and His grace;
 Beyond His judgments shall His love endure;
 The mercy of the All-Merciful is sure!
 JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

THE RABBI JOACHIM.*

(Talmud Berachot, ix. fol. 60.)

THE Rabbi Joachim, no little sore
At heart to see fair Bethlehem no more,
Went forth with staff in hand, and
drooping head,
And locked his door.

The Rabbi Joachim, whate'er befell,
Said: "Man as God is not; he cannot
tell

What is the best for him; but what
God doth,
He doeth well."

He had grown old with Miriam, and
none
Had seen them strive together. She
was gone.

The Rabbi smote his breast: "God
doeth well
What He hath done."

There was to Joachim a little child:
It died. The Rabbi looked to heaven
and smiled.

"What my God doth, He doeth well,"
he said,—
Reconciled.

Then there was famine, and the Rabbi
fed
The starving poor with all his substance.
Dead

Were all his kin. "Why should I
save?"
The old man said.

And now he parted from his home, to
fare,
Far off, with nothing his, save clothes
to wear,
A faithful dog, a little lamp of oil,
A book of prayer.

He journeyed till the setting of the
light,
And then he sought a shelter for the
night,

*NOTE.—In "Talmud Berachot" the
Rabbi is called Akiba. In "Taaniith,"
Tract III, 21, his name is Nahum.

For tempest clouds rolled up from off
the sea,
With vulture flight.

Unto a farm hard by he went, to pray
A lodging; but they asked him: "Can
you pay?"

"I have no single drachma." They,
scoffing, cried:
"Away, away!"

Then, as they slammed the door, he
turned his gaze
Upon the last, in rain-expiring, rays,
And said: "What God doth, He doeth
well, I know,
Though dark His ways."

He was constrained to creep beneath
some trees,
Through which went whistling the
awaking breeze.

He lit his lamp, and set his book of
prayer
Upon his knees;

And from the book and flame the Rabbi
drew

Some comfort, though the chill wind
pierced through

His scanty clothing. Suddenly a gust
The lamp outblew.

The Rabbi sighed, and shuddering drew
a fold

Over his bosom to keep out the cold;
"What God hath done is well, His
reasons, though,
To us untold."

And presently he heard a crash, a
spring,
A howl that made the hollow forest
ring.

A tiger seized his trusty dog; and
Joachim
Shrunk shuddering.

The Rabbi Joachim a deep sigh heaved:
"Of every comfort here I am bereaved:
Yet God doth well what He hath
done, in Whom
I have believed."

When the dawn lightened, the old man
arose,

With the wet dripping from his sodden
clothes,
And his teeth chattering, and his heart
oppressed

With many woes.

He tottering went towards the farm
again,
Thinking, "They now will pity my great
pain."

When lo! he found it empty, robbed,
and all

Its inmates slain.

"Now," said the Rabbi gravely, "I can
tell

How the Lord wrought in each thing
that befell,

And know I surely that whate'er
God doth,
He doeth well.

"Had I last night found here a home
and bed,

I had this morn been lying with these
dead.

The lamp-light, or the dog's bark,
would the murderers

To me have led.

"Our eyes are holden, and we cannot
scan

The workings out of God's mysterious
plan;

But all He doth is well, though un-
perceived

His thoughts by man."

SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-).

THE RABBI'S LESSON.

MY SOLEMN friend, whose dismal face
Darkens both street and dwelling place,
The moody slave of self and greed,
Regardless of another's need;
You whom I greet in any crowd
Like some impending thunder-cloud,
Whose snap and snarl at wife and child
Is most like beasts that range the wild;
Hear what a volume old and sage
Has for your comfort on its page!

One sunny day, the Talmud says,
A Rabbi walked the city's ways,
And met with startled gaze and awe
A prophet noted in the law.
The Rabbi bent his haughty head
Before this vision from the dead.
"Tell me, O master," pleaded he,
"Among this swarming crowd we see
Who shall attain to certain bliss
In that dread world that follows this."
"Behold that man!" the prophet cried,
"Humpbacked and lame and evil-eyed."
"That man, who keeps the prison keys?
Most mean and vile of all of these!"
"Yea, for the prisoners bless the sound
Of footsteps halting on the ground,
Such mercy and such cheer they bring,
Such tender care in everything,
Such pity for the soul that strayed,
For every want such tender aid.
Moreover, right before thee stand
Two travelers to the heavenly land—
Those smiling men, with saw and plane,
Intent their daily bread to gain.
Ragged and poor, they both belong
Most surely to the heavenly throng."
The prophet vanished as he spoke,
More sudden than a wind-blown smoke;
But little did the Rabbi heed,
He followed on those men with speed.
"Tell me, O brethren, how is this?
What works ye do for heavenly bliss?"
They turned and looked him in the
face.
"Why should Jehovah grant us grace?
We have but cheerful hearts within,
Nor think our happiness a sin.
And, if we meet a man cast down
Or sad at heart about the town,
We cheer him up with jest and song
And pleasant words and laughter long.
The little children as we pass
Smile at us from the nodding grass.
Sometimes we sport with them awhile,
Or wranglers strive to reconcile,
Whatever lies within our power
To make one happy heart or hour."
The Rabbi blessed them where they
stood,

Then turned and sought his solitude.
But ever thence, from deed and word,
Men called him "Sunshine of the Lord."

ROSE TERRY COOKE (1827-1892).

THE RABBI'S SON-IN-LAW.

(Gittin, 56. Kethuboth, 63.
Nedarim, 49.)

I.

THE WEDDING OF AKIBA.

At the peeping of the morning
Stood a damsel at the door
Of her father's barn, a-plucking
From her lover's locks the straw.

She was daughter of a Rabbi,
Calba Shebua, far and wide
Known for wealth and lavish splendour,
Noted for his boundless pride.

From her lattice often looking,
She had watched her father's hind
On a wild-thyme slope reclining,
As his nimble fingers twined

With the asphodel, the lily,
Whilst the sheep about him lay
Dozing in the glowing splendour
Of the cloudless summer day;

Or, beneath a fig-tree halting,
Leaning on his shepherd's staff,
Where the pleasant water bubbled,
That his thirsty flock might quaff.

When beside her window sitting,
Through the rattle of her loom,
Flowed a lay of limpid gladness,
Wafted lightly through the room,

Telling how the shepherd Jacob
Tended Laban's herds so long
For the love he bore to Rachel.
As she listened to the song.

Were her cheeks as damask roses,
And her eyelids dripped with tears
At the thought of Jacob's waiting
Through those weary fourteen years.

Once it fell at happy springtime,
When the mowers mowed the grass,
And the tossing hay made fragrant
Every zephyr that did pass—

That she went into the meadow;
Akiba, the hind, was there

Blithely singing, with a sunbeam
Tangled in his amber hair—

That she offered him a beaker
Brimming o'er with Helbon wine;
In it lay the sun reflected
With a ruby-crimson shine.

As the shepherd came towards her
Were his cheeks with labour flushed,
Were his eyes as azure tarnlets
Whence a stream of rapture gushed.
Mantling face and neck and bosom,
Scarlet to her forehead rushed.

Trembled all the ruddy liquor
When the flowing cup she set
In his fingers, stretched towards it;
Then their hands and glances met.

Calba Shebua saw them standing,
And he read the looks that burned
In their faces; and with fury
Sudden on his daughter turned,
And he spat at her with loathing
And with frenzy at her spurned.

Then he cast her from his household,
And he cast her from her home,
And he bid her, with her shepherd,
In her degradation roam.

And he sentenced her for ever
From his presence to depart,
For he plucked her from his memory,
And erased her from his heart.

Spoke the shepherd very calmly,
"Then I call on the Most High
God of Abram, Isaac, Jacob!
He will stand the orphan by;

"And before His sacred Presence
Take I this sweet dove of thine,
Be thou witness, haughty Rabbi—
And I make her wife of mine.

"For of thought or word unlawful
Have I kept my conscience clear:
It is thou, in thy blind passion,
Who bestow'st her on me here.

"Child of thine she is. Her portion
I demand of thee. At least
Do thou deck the wedding chamber,
And prepare the marriage feast."

Cried the father, raging madly,
 "As her portion take my scorn;
 For thy chamber, yonder outhouse;
 For thy feast, the husks of corn!"

II.

THE MORROW OF THE WEDDING.

As the morning star was waning,
 On the threshold of the door,
 By the light, its power gaining,
 Ruth unraveled
 From the shepherd's locks the straw.

On the meadows rime was lying,
 In the valley, white and dead;
 High a wakeful lark was flying;
 Dew was dripping
 From the thatching of the shed.

Peaks of Lebanon, outleaning,
 Caught the sun, and were aglow,
 Like a rank of seraphs meaning,
 At a signal,
 To unfurl their plumes of snow.

So the damsel plucked, restraining
 With an effort from her eyes
 Bitter showers of grief from raining,
 And repressing,
 Resolutely, swelling sighs.

Akiba his bride so peerless
 Folded to his breast, and said,
 "Hast thou courage? art thou fearless?"
 Softly stroking
 With his hand her raven head.

"Thou hast one without a penny,
 One without a single friend,
 One with kindred poor, if any:
 Unto such one,
 Canst thou still thy love extend?"

"When I see the teardrops oozing,
 Do I count it as a sign
 That the husband of thy choosing
 Cannot please thee,
 But for home thou wilt repine?"

Then her arms so white and slender
 Weaved she quickly round his throat,
 Lifting glances fervent, tender,
 On his lips
 She with hers the answer wrote.

Hung she thus with plaited finger,
 And the tears began to roll:
 "Let me on thy bosom linger,
 Fondly breathing
 Into thee my burning soul.

"Husband, here I'd rest for ever,
 In a sweet, untroubled calm;
 Naught from thee thy Ruth should
 sever,
 Gathered closely
 In thy firm, protecting arm.

"Every kiss should add fresh fuel
 To a blazing core of fire;
 But such love to thee were cruel;
 I were selfish
 Yielding to my hot desire.

"Fare then forth. I bid thee, dearest,
 And acquire thyself a name:
 She enjoins,—to thee thy nearest;
 Till, and sowing,
 Thou shalt reap a crop of fame.

"From the arms of her thou prizest,
 Go to distant schools, and learn
 What is taught,—the best, the wisest:
 That acquired,
 Then to this true heart return.

"Husband! if I loved thee little,
 I would bid thee near me stay;
 But self-seeking love is brittle,
 So I urge thee,
 I adjure thee, fare away."

Then her necklaces untwining,
 And the bracelets from her arm
 Plucked she off, and diamonds shining
 From her fingers,
 Laid she in the shepherd's palm.

"Think, my love, when thy hope flag-
 geth,
 When exhausted fails thy mind,
 Think, when thy ambition laggeth,
 Of the dear one
 Who for thee remains behind.

"Think when whitely morning shim-
 mers,
 That her prayers for thee arise;
 Think, when evening twilight glimmers,
 Turned to Zion,
 She for thee entreats the skies.

"Once again, heart's dearest, kiss me,
Clasp me to thy loyal heart.
I shall need thee, thou wilt miss me;
We are one
Ever, though long leagues apart."

III.

THE RETURN.

Fourteen suns their course have sped:
Spinning for her daily bread,
Still an exile from her home,
Struggled Ruth with want to cope,
Waiting God's own time, in hope,
But the shepherd did not come.

At her window, with her rock,
She is sitting; tufts of stock,
In a pitcher, scent the air,
As the sun upon her shines,
Mark the many silver lines
Traced among the raven hair.

On this day a Rabbi great
Seeks the city in high state,
With the pupils by him led.
There are gathered in the street
Citizens their guest to greet,
Calba Shebua at their head.

Ruth but little heeds the throng,
Murmuring a plaintive song,
As the spindle briskly twirls.
She is dreaming of a lad
With a shepherd's crook, who had
Eyes of blue and amber curls.

But there bursts from her a sigh,
Starts the torrent to her eye,
As her haughty father nears;
Falls the spindle, and the line
Of the flax that she doth twine
Twinkles with her threaded tears.

With a glance of hard disdain,
Cutting her with cruel pain,
At his daughter Calba stares.
O'er her work she bows her face,
Praying God would of His grace
Soothe the anguish that she bears.

When she lifts her head, a shout
From the eager mob without
Tells her he of high renown
Is approaching in the street.
Sounds the tramping of the feet
As he passes through the town.

Slowly, midst a concourse great
Of disciples who did wait
On the lessons that he taught,
Passed the Rabbi, tall and fair,
With blue eyes and amber hair,
And a forehead full of thought.

Calba Shebua, his white head
Bending, with his hands outspread,
Touching with his brow the ground,
Said, "Oh! highest in repute,
Rabbi! we in thee salute
Lofty wisdom, lore profound.

"Out of Jamnia¹ hath report
Tidings of thy learning brought;
Higher honour for our place
None than this, that thou shouldst
deign
Us to visit. Oh, remain,
And our little city grace!

"We our servants, homes, and land,
Rabbi! place at thy command,
Only,—here with us abide!"
"Hold! disciples round me gather!
Thou hast promised, ancient father,"
Suddenly the stranger cried.

There was silence through the crowd:
Then he spoke, 'fore all, aloud,
"Rabbi, hear me! wilt thou take
Me as inmate of thy house,
Give thy daughter as my spouse?
Calba Shebua, answer make!"

"Oh, how gladly!" faintly spoke
Calba, as suspicion broke
Dimly on his troubled brain.
"Hear him!" Then the stranger turned
Whither long his heart had yearned,
Thither now his fingers strain.

"My disciples! bend your glance
On my wife—in speechless trance,
Leaning at yon open pane.
All I have, and all I know,
I to yonder woman owe,
She gave all, that I might gain.

"Oh, true woman! holy, pure,
Ready meekly to endure,

¹Jamnia, at the time of the Maccabees, was a large and populous haven. After the destruction of Jerusalem, it became the seat of the Rabbinical schools.

In thy sweet, unselfish love;
 God-made woman! man were vile
 But for thee to reconcile
 Him to labour; and to prove
 Mainspring to all actions high,
 Ready, impulse to supply,
 And his sluggish nature move.

"God-made woman! man may roam
 Years from thee,—but thou art home,
 Whither with the olive leaf
 Must his whitest longings wing,
 And their purest treasures bring;
 Solace thou to every grief.

"Let me pass! in very truth,
 Sighs my spirit after Ruth,
 Clear a passage to the door!
 Back, sirs! we must meet alone,
 That true heart is mine,—mine own.
 See! her dear eyes trickle o'er.

"Let me pass, to wipe those tears,
 We have not met for fourteen years.
 If in all the mighty store
 Of my learning garner'd,
 Aught is worthless—from my head
 Shall her fingers pluck the straw."

SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-).

THE RABBI'S VISION.

BEN LEVI sat with his books alone
 At the midnight's solemn chime,
 And the full-orb'd moon through his
 lattice shone

In the power of autumn's prime;
 It shone on the darkly learned page,
 And the snowy locks of the lonely
 Sage—

But he sat and mark'd not its silvery
 light,
 For his thoughts were on other themes
 that might.

Wide was the learn'd Ben Levi's fame
 As the wanderings of his race—
 And many a seeker of wisdom came
 To his lonely dwelling place;
 For he made the darkest symbols clear,
 Of ancient doctor and early seer.

Yet a question ask'd by a simple maid
 He met that eve in the linden's shade,
 Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more

Than all that ever it found before;
 And this it was: "What path of crime
 Is darkest traced on the map of time?"

The Rabbi ponder'd the question o'er
 With a calm and thoughtful mind,
 And search'd the depths of the Tal-
 mud's lore—

But an answer he could not find;—
 Yet a maiden's question might not foil
 A Sage inured to Wisdom's toil—
 And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
 For the current of thought ran deeper
 now:

When, lo! by his side, Ben Levi heard
 A sound of rustling leaves—
 But not like those of the forest stirr'd
 By the breath of summer eves,
 That comes through the dim and dewy
 shades

As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
 Bringing the odors of hidden flowers
 That bloom in the greenwood's secret
 bowers—

But the leaves of a luckless volume
 turn'd

By the swift, impatient hand
 Of student young, or of critic learn'd
 In the lore of the Muse's land.
 The Rabbi raised his wondering eyes—
 Well might he gaze in mute surprise—
 For, open'd wide to the moon's cold
 ray,

A ponderous volume before him lay!

Old were the characters, and black
 As the soil when sear'd by the light-
 ning's track,
 But broad and full that the dimmest
 sight

Might clearly read by the moon's pale
 light;

But, oh! 'twas a dark and fearful theme
 That fill'd each crowded page—
 The gather'd records of human crime
 From every race and age.

All the blood that the Earth had seen
 Since Abel's crimson'd her early green;
 All the vice that had poison'd life
 Since Lamech wedded his second wife;
 All the pride that had mock'd the skies
 Since they built old Babel's wall;—
 But the page of the broken promises
 Was the saddest page of all.

It seem'd a fearful mirror made
 For friendship ruin'd and love betray'd,
 For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
 And hope that had spent its strength
 in vain;
 For all who sorrow'd o'er broken faith—
 Whate'er their fortunes in life or
 death—
 Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
 With the broken reeds on which they
 leant.

And foul was many a noble crest
 By the Nations deem'd unstain'd—
 And, deep on brows which the Church
 had bless'd,
 The traitor's brand remain'd.

For vows in that blacken'd page had
 place
 Which Time had ne'er reveal'd,
 And many a faded and furrow'd face
 By death and dust conceal'd—
 Eyes that had worn their light away
 In weary watching from day to day,
 And tuneful voices which Time had
 heard
 Grow faint with the sickness of hope
 deferr'd.

The Rabbi read till his eye grew dim
 With the mist of gathering tears,
 For it woke in his soul the frozen
 stream
 Which had slumber'd there for years;
 And he turn'd, to clear his clouded sight,
 From that blacken'd page to the sky so
 bright—
 And joy'd that the folly, crime, and
 care
 Of Earth could not cast one shadow
 there.

For the stars had still the same bright
 look
 That in Eden's youth they wore;—
 And he turn'd again to the ponderous
 book—
 But the book he found no more;
 Nothing was there but the moon's pale
 beam—
 And whence that volume of wonder
 came,
 Or how it pass'd from his troubled
 view,
 The Sage might marvel, but never
 knew!

Long and well had Ben Levi preach'd
 Against the sins of men—
 And many a sinner his sermons reach'd,
 By the power of page and pen:
 Childhood's folly, and manhood's vice,
 And age with its boundless avarice,
 All were rebuk'd, and little ruth
 Had he for the venial sins of youth.

But never again to mortal ears
 Did the Rabbi preach of aught
 But the mystery of trust and tears
 By that wondrous volume taught.
 And if he met a youth and maid
 Beneath the linden boughs—
 Oh, never a word Ben Levi said,
 But—"Beware of Broken Vows!"

FRANCES BROWNE (1816-).

THE SABBATH EVE.

In quaint old Talmud's pages,
 Where speak the Jewish sages,
 I found this pearl to-night:
 Behold it, fair and white!

For, as the rabbins say,
 Two angels guard the way
 Of him on Sabbath eve
 Who turns his homeward feet
 Off through the busy street,
 The synagogue to leave.
 And if the lamps are lit,
 If there the maidens sit
 With the mother by their side;
 If there the youths abide
 At the quiet eventide—
 Then speaks the spirit blest—
 "Here let all blessing rest!
 May every Sabbath be
 Like this one unto thee;
 Peace to this dwelling, peace!"
 And he of little ease,
 The restless demon, then,
 Musters a rough "Amen!"

But if the darkness there
 Obscures the evening prayer;
 If matron and if maid
 Show worldliness displayed;
 And if the youths have place
 In regions low and base—
 Then sneers the evil one:
 "Be all thy blessings gone!
 Make every Sabbath be
 Like this one unto me!"

And, with his head bent low,
The other, in his woe,
Must weep and utter then
His sorrowful "Amen!"

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WILLOUGHBY DUF-
FIELD. (1843-1887).

SABBATION.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

By the dark mountains guarded well,
and on the other side
Of Havila, for gold renowned, a land
lies broad and wide.
Four-square it lies—a man at speed
might travel every way,
And would not pass from end to end
until the ninetieth day.
The mountains with their barriers dark
upon three sides enclose
This goodly land, but on the fourth
a wondrous river flows;
Between whose banks no water rolls,
but rush and roar along
Rocks, stones, and sand, together
mixed, with tumult loud and
strong;
And higher than the houses' tops huge
fragments leap and fly—
But on the holy seventh day it sleep-
eth quietly.
Sabbation it is therefore named, for
on the Sabbath day
From eve till eve again comes back,
that river sleeps away;
Without a sound or slightest stir that
day it doth remain,
But then, the Sabbath done, returns
unto its strength again—
So fierce that if in middle stream were
set an adamant rock,
It would be shattered presently before
the furious shock.
By night a two days' journey off its
rushing heard may be,
Like thunder, like a mighty wind, or
like the roaring sea.
Behind this river dwell secure the
children of the race,
Which had on Israel's mountains once
their quiet resting-place;
Till to the Assyrian for their sins de-
livered for a prey,
Who from their soil uprooted them,
and planted far away.

But they, when in that foreign land
awhile they had remained,
Said,—'Let us rise and seek some
place by idols unprofaned,
Where we, by sore affliction taught, at
length may understand,
And keep the law we never kept while
in our former land.'
This counsel taking with themselves,
and caring not for foes,
And caring not for length of way, nor
danger, they arose;
They rose together, and dryshod the
great Euphrates passed,
And ever journeying northward reached
this goodly land at last—
A goodly land—with all good things
their old land knew supplied,
And all the plagues that vexed them
there forever turned aside:
A land of streams that fear no drought,
that never fail to flow,
Of wells not fed by scanty rains, but
springing from below;
Where never upon sounding wing ad-
vance the locust swarm,
To hide the noon-day sun, and bring
to every green thing harm;
Where never from the desert blows the
scorching fiery wind,
That breathes o'er fields of flowers,
and leaves a wilderness behind:
.....
No snake or scorpion, fox or dog, nor
any beast unclean,
Nor aught that can bring harm to
man, through all the land is seen.
A little child will feed the flocks in
forests far away,
Not fearing man, nor evil beast, nor
demon of noon-day.
And theirs the ancient Hebrew tongue,
the speech which angels love;
And their true prayers in that are
made, and always heard above—
Heard, too, in doleful worlds below,
where at their hours of prayer
The anguish intermits awhile, the hope-
less misery there.
And often when a man goes forth in
lonely wilds to pray,
An angel then will meet him there,
and—Grace be with thee!—say;
No child before his parent's eyes is
laid on funeral bier,

And none departs that has not reached
 his happy hundredth year;
 That has not at the least beheld his chil-
 dren's children rise
 About his knees, to glad his heart and
 cheer his failing eyes.
 Nor is the life then torn away by rude
 and painful death,
 But Gabriel with a gentle kiss draws
 out the flitting breath:
 And when the soul arrives at last in
 Paradise, there wait
 A crowd of ministering spirits there
 around its ruby gate;
 They put the sordid grave-clothes off;
 in raiment pure and white
 They clothe him, glistening garments
 spun from glorious clouds of light;
 They set two crowns upon his head,
 of purest gold is one,
 The other diadem is wrought of pearl
 and precious stone;
 And giving myrtle in his hand, they
 praise him and they say,
 'Go in and eat thy bread henceforth
 with gladness every day.'
 The day before a child is born, the
 angel, that is given
 To be his guide and guard through life,
 and lead him safe to heaven,
 In spirit takes him where the Blest
 with light divine are fed,
 Each sitting on his golden throne, his
 crown upon his head;
 'And these,' he says, 'are they who
 loved the law of the Most High,
 And such by His eternal grace come
 hither when they die:
 Live thou and be an heir at length
 through mercy of this grace,
 Since thou must for thy warning know
 there is another place.'
 The angel carries then that soul at
 eventide to hell,
 Where the ungodly evermore in pain-
 ful prison dwell.
 'These wretched once, as thou wilt
 soon, the breath of life did draw,
 And therefore be thou wise betimes,
 and keep and love the law.'
 And if one see his brother sin, or hear
 him speaking vain
 Or evil words, he leaves him not un-
 chidden to remain,
 But in just anger says to him, 'My
 brother, wilt thou know

That sin upon our fathers brought
 God's wrath and all their woe?
 And thus doth each one each exhort,
 in righteousness and fear,
 And with true hearts the righteous
 Lord to honor and revere.

At break of morning every day, the
 noblest of the land
 In pomp and solemn state ride forth,
 a high exulting band,
 As though to welcome and to greet
 and lead in triumph home
 Some Royal Stranger, looked for long.
 who now at length should come.
 With some dejection on their brows at
 evening they return—
 Why comes He not? why tarries He
 until another morn?
 But soon the shadow from their brows,
 the gloom has passed away;
 And that rejoicing troop goes forth
 upon the following day—
 As high of hope, in all their state, they
 issue forth again,
 Sure that their high-raised hope will
 not prove evermore in vain;
 That He will one day come, indeed,
 and with a mighty hand
 Will lead them back to repossess their
 old, their glorious land.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.
 (1807-1886).

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
 In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
 Of the limitless realms of the air,
 Have you read it,—the marvelous story
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
 Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
 Of the City Celestial he waits,
 With his feet on the ladder of light,
 That, crowded with angels unnum-
 bered,
 By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
 Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
 Chant only one hymn, and expire
 With the song's irresistible stress;
 Expire in their rapture and wonder,
 As harp-strings are broken asunder
 By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
 Unmoved by the rush of the song,
 With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
 Among the dead angels, the deathless
 Sandalphon stands listening breathless
 To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
 From the souls that entreat and implore

In the fervor and passion of prayer;
 From the hearts that are broken with losses,
 And weary with dragging the crosses
 Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
 And they change into flowers in his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red;
 And beneath the great arch of the portal,
 Through the streets of the City Immortal
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
 A fable, a phantom, a show,
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
 Yet the old mediaeval tradition,
 The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
 Among them majestic is standing
 Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
 The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
 (1807-1882).

TURN AGAIN !

(Talmud Jerusalem, Haggada ii.
 Halacha i.)

ELISHA BEN ABUJA, deeply skilled
 In mysteries of science, and a Rabbi
 filled

With wisdom and great power of
 speech,
 And able mightily to expound and
 teach,

Fell into doubt about the Holy Law,
 And, from the childlike faith he had
 before,
 From doubting little, went to doubting
 more.

Then broke the bonds, and cast the
 cords aside
 That bound him in the covenant to
 abide,
 And changed his name, and lived a
 Gentile life.

Then to the Rabbi, weeping, came his
 wife,
 And said, 'When on my youth still
 hung the dew,
 Elisha Ben Abuja well I knew;
 But Gentile Acher cannot be the same,
 Without the father's creed, with for-
 eign name,
 I must depart from him to whence I
 came.'

Then drew his father nigh, with sil-
 very head
 Bent low, and bending lower, feebly
 said,

'I had a son, of Levi's sacred line;
 Elisha was he hight, but none of mine
 Is he hight Acher. Woe! I had a
 son;
 But these grey hairs bow to the grave
 with none
 To close my eyes for me, when I am
 gone.'

And next his mother, with a bitter
 cry,
 Rent out her hair, and strewed it to
 the sky,

Wailing: 'As these thin locks from me
 have sprung,
 And now are torn away, and from
 me flung,

So is my child. He to these eyes was
light
In sweet old times, now I see only
night.'

His pupil Meir alone to him remained,
He by the master's learning was re-
strained
From leaving; for he said: 'He teach-
eth well,
His equal is not found in Israël;
I eat the nut, and cast aside the shell,'
And thus, for five long years did Meir
his seat
Retain, to listen at his teacher's feet;
And all this while, the Holy Law
of God
Was as a lanthorn to the way he trod.

It came to pass one Sabbath day, they
went
Together forth, on mutual converse
bent.
The apostate Acher on a horse did ride,
With his disciple treading at his side.
And thus they fared, till Acher turned
his head,
And glancing at his pupil gravely said,
'I reckon from the pacing of thy feet,
That thou hast reached the limit that
is meet
To journey on the Sabbath. So re-
frain
From going further with me. Turn
again.

Then halted Meir, and looking in the
face
Of his old master, said: 'Do thou re-
trace
The journey thou hast trod. Why
shouldst thou roam
An exile from thy Faith, from thy
True Home?
A Rabbi thou, and thou a reprobate!
Turn thee, Elisha ben Abuja! Turn
again!'

'I cannot,' answered, with a spasm of
pain
The apostate Acher. 'It is all too late.
As I was riding by the prostrate wall
Of Salem, in the moonlight, I heard
call
A doleful voice, that to my people
cried,

"Return to God ye sinners; but abide
Thou Acher in thy sin. Thou knewest
well

The way to Me, and witting, from Me
fell."

Hearing that voice, I knew that I was
lost,

And, in uncertainty no longer tossed,
Have burst through all restraints unto
the last;

And Hope is dead, my son—dead, like
the past.'

Then cried the pupil, with distilling
tear,

'O listen but one moment, master dear!
Here is a school, come with me
through the door,

And hear the boys repeat the sacred
lore

That they have learned; perchance,
some word may be
Levelled with hopeful promise, even
at thee.'

Then Acher from his saddle leapt,
awhile

Stood at the school door, with a
mournful smile

Upon his lips. But Meir, he entered in,
And elder boys addressing, said, 'Be-
gin

Recite the lessons ye this day have
learned,

Each in your order, and in order
cease.'

Then to the tallest of the scholars
turned,

Who spake, 'Thus saith my God, there
is no peace

Unto the wicked.'

So the shadow fell
Deeper upon the apostate's soul. 'Ah!
well,

'Thou second scholar, said Meir, with
his rod

Pointing. He answered, 'Master, thus
saith God,

Why dost thou preach my laws, and
wherefore take

My statutes in thy mouth, my law to
break,

And cast my words behind thee?²
 Then a moan
 Escaped him standing on the threshold
 stone,
 And Meir who heard it, with a faltering
 hand
 Marked out a third. Then answered
 him the boy:
 'False tongue that speakest lies, God
 shall destroy
 Thee from thy dwelling! from the living
 land
 Shall root thee out!³

 A loud and bitter cry
 Burst from the apostate, and with haggard
 eye,
 And staggering feet, he turned him
 feebly round
 To leave, and caught the doorpost,—
 to the ground
 Else had he fallen. Then a little child
 Came bounding up—the youngest boy
 —and smiled

And said: 'I know my lesson, master;
 let me run
 Forth to the butterflies, the flowers, the
 sun!'

And so to Acher, in a chanted strain,
 Repeated timidly, with bated breath:
 'He bringeth to destruction. Then He
 saith,

Children of men, I bid you—TURN
 AGAIN!⁴

Lo! when these words sank down on
 Acher's ears,
 Forth from his heart leaped up a rush
 of tears,
 And stretching forth his hands, as he
 did yearn
 For something, with a glitter on his
 cheek,
 Sobbing, and struggling in distress to
 speak,
 Gaped forth at last—'I will, I will re-
 turn!'

Then unto him went Meir, and whis-
 pered low:
 'Elisha ben Abuja, do not go;
 "Tarry this night, and it shall be at
 morn,

That He who is thy kinsman shall for
 thee
 Accomplish what thou wilt, and set
 thee free,
 As the Lord liveth! Lie thee down till
 dawn."⁵

And so, Elisha, with his hands out-
 spread
 Towards the ruined temple, fell. Into
 the sun—
 His task accomplished—had the scholar
 run,
 Leaving Elisha on the threshold dead.

SABINE BARING-GOULD
 (1834-).

NOTE.—(1) 'Talmud Jerusalem,' *Haggada* II., *Halacha* i; 'Talmud Babylon,' *Haggada* II., fol. 15; 'Midrash Rabba,' *Ruth* iii., 13, and other places. I have taken great liberties with this tale. In its original form it is as follows. Meir and the apostate entered the school. Then said Elisha to the nearest lad: 'Repeat your lesson.' The boy replied, in the words of Isaiah lvii. 21. Elisha asked the second, and he repeated *Ps.* l. 16; then he rushed from the school. But Meir went after him with the words, 'Thou leadest men to destruction; again thou sayest, Turn again, ye children of men.' (*Ps.* xc. 3.) Then Elisha burst into tears, and died. After his burial, an uneasy flame danced on his grave; but Rabbi Meir laid it by repeating over the tomb the words of *Ruth* iii. 13.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A RABBINICAL TALE.

GOOD Rabbi Nathan had rejoiced to
 spend
 A social se'nnight with his ancient
 friend,
 The Rabbi Isaac. In devout accord
 They read the Sacred Books, and praised
 the Lord
 For all His mercies unto them and
 theirs;
 Until, one day, remembering some af-
 fairs

²Ps. l. 16.

³Ps. lii. 5, 6.

⁴Ps. xc, 3.

⁵Ruth iii, 13.

That asked his instant presence, Nathan
 said,
 "Too long, my friend (so close my soul
 is wed
 To thy soul), has the silent lapse of
 days
 Kept me thy guest; although with
 prayer and praise
 The hours were fragrant. Now the time
 has come
 When, all-reluctant, I must hasten home.
 To other duties than the dear delights
 To which thy gracious friendship still
 invites."
 "Well, be it so, if so it needs must be,"
 The host made answer; "be it far from
 me
 To hinder thee in aught that Duty lays
 Upon thy pious conscience. Go thy ways,
 And take my blessing!—but, O friend
 of mine,
 In His name whom thou servest, give
 me thine!"
 "Already," Nathan answered, "had I
 sought
 Some fitting words to bless them; and
 I thought
 About the palm-tree, giving fruit and
 shade;
 And in my grateful heart, O friend, I
 prayed,
 That Heaven be pleased to make thee
 even so!
 O idle benediction! Well I know
 Thou lackest nothing of all perfect fruit
 Of generous souls, or pious deeds that
 suit
 With pious worship. Well I know thine
 alms
 In hospitable shade exceed the palm's;
 And, for rich fruitage, can that noble
 tree,
 With all her opulence, compare with
 thee?
 Since, then, O friend, I cannot wish
 thee more,
 In thine own person, than thy present
 store
 Of Heaven's best bounty, I will even
 pray
 That, as the palm-tree, though it pass
 away,
 By others, of its seed, is still replaced,

So thine own stock may evermore be
 graced
 With happy sons and daughters, who
 shall be,
 In wisdom, strength, and goodness, like
 to thee!"
 JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887).

THE TWO RABBINS.

The Rabbi Nathan, two-score years and
 ten,
 Walked blameless through the evil
 world, and then,
 Just as the almond blossomed in his
 hair,
 Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
 And miserably sinned. So, adding not
 Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and
 taught
 No more among the elders, but went
 out
 From the great congregation girt about
 With sackcloth, and with ashes on his
 head,
 Making his locks grayer. Long he
 prayed,
 Smiting his breast; then, as the Book
 he laid
 Open before him for the Bath-Col's
 choice,
 Pausing to hear that Daughter of a
 Voice,
 Behold the royal preacher's words: "A
 friend
 Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
 And for the evil day thy brother lives."
 Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who
 gives
 Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
 Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
 In righteousness and wisdom, as the
 trees
 Of Lebanon the small weeds that the
 bees
 Bow with their weight. I will arise,
 and lay
 My sins before him."

And he went his way
 Barefooted, fasting long, with many
 prayers;
 But even as one who, followed una-
 awares,

Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
 Thrill with its touch his own, and his
 cheek fanned
 By odors subtly sweet, and whispers
 near
 Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose
 but hear,
 So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting
 low
 The wail of David's penitential woe,
 Before him still the old temptation
 came,
 And mocked him with the motion and
 the shame
 Of such desires that, shuddering, he ab-
 horred
 Himself; and, crying mightily to the
 Lord
 To free his soul and cast the demon
 out,
 Smote with his staff the blankness round
 about.

At length, in the low light of a spent
 day,
 The towers of Ecbatana far away
 Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan,
 faint
 And footsore, pausing where for some
 dead saint
 The faith of Islam reared a domed
 tomb,
 Saw some one kneeling in the shadow,
 whom
 He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
 Answer thy prayers, O stranger!"
 whereupon
 The shape stood up with a loud cry,
 and then,
 Clapsed in each other's arms, the two
 gray men
 Wept, praising Him whose gracious
 providence
 Made their paths one. But straightway,
 as the sense
 Of his transgression smote him, Nathan
 tore
 Himself away: "O friend beloved, no
 more
 Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
 Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my
 shame.
 Happily thy prayers, since naught availeth
 mine,

May purge my soul, and make it white
 like thine.
 Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck, Ben Isaac stood. The desert
 wind
 Blew his long mantle backward, laying
 bare
 The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
 "I, too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
 "In thought have verily sinned. Hast
 thou not read,
 'Better the eye should see than that
 desire
 Should wander?' Burning with a hidden
 fire
 That tears and prayers quench not, I
 come to thee
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Na-
 than cried,
 "Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
 In the low sunshine by the turban stone
 They knelt; each made his brother's woe
 his own,
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress
 Of pitying love, his claim of selfish-
 ness;
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own
 became;
 His prayers were answered in another's
 name;
 And, when at last they rose up to
 embrace,
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's
 face!

Long after, when his headstone gath-
 ered moss,
 Traced on the targum-marge of On-
 kelos
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words
 were read:
 "Hope not the cure of sin till Self is
 dead;
 Forget it in love's service, and the
 debt
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall
 forget;
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes
 alone;
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy
 own!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER.

(Pirke Rabbi Elieser, ii.)

WHEN by the hand of God man was
 created,
 He took the dust of the earth from
 every quarter—
 From east and west, and from the
 north and south—
 That wheresoever man might wander
 forth,
 He should be still at home; and, when
 a-dying,
 On some far distant western shore, and
 seeking
 A shelter in the bosom of the Mother,
 The earth might not refuse to clasp
 him, saying,
 'My offspring art thou not, O roving
 Eastern.'

Wherever now the foot of Man shall
 bear him,
 Wherever by the final call o'ertaken,
 He is no stranger reckoned, or an out-
 cast,
 But hears exclaim the Universal
 Mother,
 'Come, child of mine, and slumber in
 my bosom.'

SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-)

THE VISION OF RABBI NATHAN.

THE creeping incense misted all the air
 With spices, and the people bowed in
 prayer.
 The Rabbi Nathan, kneeling in his place
 (A prison'd angel looked out of his
 face),
 As the slow shaken waves did lap and
 roll,
 Felt a deep drowse fall muffling all his
 soul.
 Thicker above him did its circle draw,
 Until his spirit (for he slept not) saw
 As one that stands upon the ocean bed
 Sees thro' the glimmering greenness
 overhead
 Wash'd weeds that fall and flicker on
 the eye,
 And floating rocks and a faint wavering
 sky.
 Then did the dimness furl away and
 pass

And his clear spirit was as burning
 brass,
 And that invisible world that every-
 where
 Poured around us like a finer air
 Threw on its lucent face reflections true,
 And to this shape the Rabbi's vision
 grew.
 The time and place were such as they
 had been,
 Nor any change had touched the very
 scene.
 'Neath the white clouds of incense,
 slowly borne,
 The congregation bow'd like rain-laid
 corn.
 But, lo! before the Rabbi's purged eyes
 Their prayers as breath in frosty air did
 rise;
 Or as the soul from lips death leaves
 agape
 Slips lightly forth, a moted fluctuant
 shape.
 Yea, and the air did vibrate, flash, and
 sing,
 As when a snow of sea-birds, wing on
 wing,
 Doth rise, and sweep, and blot the sun
 awhile,
 From some gray, desolate, wave-wasted
 isle,
 Past palmy pillar and thro' massy beam,
 They soared and floated lightly as a
 dream.
 But when they met the blue sky's archèd
 spring,
 Even as a dove that drops with broken
 wing,
 Lo, prayer on prayer did roll and shoot
 and fall,
 Heaven's gate just touch'd but enter'd
 not at all.
 And Nathan gazing to this truth did
 win—
 They might not pass because of fleshly
 sin
 That clung and weigh'd them down.
 Some prayers again
 Up to the cedarn roof did scarce at-
 tain,
 Then, beaten back, in wandering
 wreaths they went,
 Creeping away as each might find a
 vent.
 And of these thwarted prayers the
 greater part

Rose from a cumber'd, lucre-loving heart.
 Yea, and some prayers drave back on them that spoke,
 Blinding the eyes with bitter poisonous smoke,
 Clogging the throat, and breeding sores within.
 And Nathan knew the fierce and fester-ing sin
 That made these prayers to rankle in the soul,
 A spreading foulness, not a making whole,
 Was some old hatred, deep and black and fell,
 Housed in the heart, and loved and tended well.
 Yet, here and there, behold a prayer arose
 And pierced the sky, and caught soft sun-shot glows,
 And, melting, broke in drops of healing dew;
 And now from out the heart of Heaven there drew
 An arm, a glory, great and very bright,
 That flash'd as some swift star that cleaves the night
 And in a golden vial quaintly wrought
 The dropping nardy dews this great arm caught.
 Then, where the very Heavens shrank away,
 From the dread splendour quick with fiery spray,
 The burning void that God's own feet had made,
 The arm stretch'd forth, and, lo! the prayers were laid.
 Then Nathan fell and lay upon his face,
 And spake not, thought not, stirr'd not from his place,
 But let his soul flow out upon the air
 In ecstasy too deep for praise or prayer.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE (1849—).

WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say
 That God made angels every day,
 Perfect as Michael and the rest
 First brooded in creation's nest,
 Whose only office was to cry

Hosanna! once and then to die;
 Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
 To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
 To know that Heaven is in God's will;
 And doing that, though for a space
 One heart-beat long, may win a grace
 As full of grandeur and of glow
 As Princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
 One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
 To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
 With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;
 Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
 Could I forget myself in God?
 Could I but find my nature's clew
 Simply as birds and blossoms do,
 And but for one rapt moment know
 'Tis Heaven must come, not we must go,

Should win my place as near the throne
 As the pearl angel of its zone,
 And God would listen 'mid the throng
 For my one breath of perfect song,
 That, in its simple human way,
 Said all the Host of Heaven could say.
 JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891).

THE WIFE'S TREASURE.

(*Midrash Yalkut, cap. 17.*)

AT Sidon lived a husband with his wife
 For ten long years, leading a tranquil life,
 With but a single grief—they had no child.
 And, to his barren lot unreconciled,
 The man upon it brooded. Then he bent
 His steps to Rabbi Simeon, with intent
 To be divorced; and to the woman's tears
 He steeled his heart, and said: "Ten happy years
 In peacefulness with thee, true heart,
 I spent;
 Stanch wert thou ever, nor a word to smart
 Escaped thy lips. And now, before we part,
 I will accord the treasure thou dost find
 In thy old home best suited to thy mind.

Take it; whate'er it be, it shall be
thine,

To solace thee when thou no more art
mine."

Then said the Rabbi Simeon: "O ye
pair!

Before ye separate, a feast prepare,
And pledge each other in the ruddy
wine;

Then the feast ended, woman, unto thine
Own father's house do thou repair."

That very night the supper board was
spread,

According to the law; one seated at
the head,

The other at the bottom. To the brim
The woman filled the bowl and passed
it him,

And then he pledged her, and she filled
again,

And he the goblet to his wife did drain
Once more, with many wishes good and
fair.

But she the generous liquor did not
spare,

Until he fell into a drunken sleep,
With head upon the table, heavy and
deep.

And thus concluded the farewell ca-
rouse.

So then, she took him up with gentle
care

Upon her shoulder, and her husband
- bare,

Nodding and drousing, to her father's
house,

And laid him on the bed.

At peep of day
He started up and said: "Woman! I
pray,

Tell me, where am I?"

She to him replied:

"You promised me that nought should
be denied

To me of what I valued. I could find,
In all thy house, thee only to my mind,

And I have borne thee hither; now I
trow

That thou art mine; I will not let
thee go.

When I was thine, thou wouldst be quit
of me;

Now thou art mine, and I will treasure
thee!"

SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-).

ALI AND THE JEW.

*Allah-al-Mujib, Who biddest men to
pray,*

*And hearest prayer; thus praise we
Thee alway.*

OUR Lord the Prophet (peace to him!)
doth write—

Sura the seventeenth, intituled
"Night:—

"Pray at the noon, pray at the sinking
sun,

In night-time pray; but most when
night is done,

For daybreak's prayer is surely borne
on high

By Angels changing guard within the
sky."

And in another verse, "Dawn's prayer
is more

Than the wide world with all its treas-
ured store."

Therefore the Faithful, when the
growing light.

Gives to discern a black hair from a
white.

Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mec-
ca-way,

Recite *Al-Fatihah* while 'tis scarce yet
day:

*Praise be to Allah, Lord of all that
live.*

*Merciful King and Judge, to Thee we
give*

*Worship and honor! Succor us and
guide*

*Where those have walked who rest Thy
Throne beside;*

*The way of peace, the way of truth-
ful speech,*

*The way of righteousness. So we be-
seech."*

He who saith this, before the east
is red,

A hundred prayers of Azan hath he
said.

Here now this story of it—told, I
ween,

For your soul's comfort by Jelalu'd-
deen

In the great pages of the *Mesnevi*;

For therein, plain and certain, shall
ye see

How precious is the prayer at break
of day
In Allah's ears, and in His sight al-
way
How sweet are reverence and gentle-
ness
Done to His creatures:—"Ali" (whom
I bless!),
The son of Abu Talib—he, surnamed
"Lion of God," in many battles famed,
The cousin of our Lord the Prophet
(grace
Be his!), uprose betimes one morn, to
pace,
As he was wont, unto the mosque,
wherein
Our Lord (bliss live with him!)
watched to begin
Al-Fâtihah. Darkling was the sky, and
strait
The lane between the city and mosque-
gate,
By rough stones broken and deep pools
of rain;
And therethrough toilsomly, with steps
of pain,
Leaning upon his staff an old Jew went
To synagogue, on pious errand bent;
For those be "People of the Book,"
and some
Are chosen of Allah's will who have
not come
Unto full light of knowledge; there-
fore, he,
Ali, the Caliph of proud days to be—
Knowing this good old man, and why
he stirred
Thus early, ere the morning mills were
heard—
Out of his nobleness and grace of soul
Would not thrust past, though the
Jew blocked the whole
Breadth of the lane, slow hobbling. So
they went,
That ancient first; and, in soft dis-
content,
After him Ali, noting how the sun
Flared near, and fearing prayer might
be begun;
Yet no command upraising, no harsh
cry
To stand aside, because the dignity
Of silver hairs is much, and morning
praise

Was precious to the Jew, too. Thus
their ways
Wended the pair; great Ali, sad and
slow,
Following the graybeard, while the east,
a-glow,
Blazed with bright spears of gold
athwart the blue,
And the Muezzin's call came, "*Illah!
Allah-il-Allah!*"

In the mosque, our Lord
(On whom be peace) stood by the
mimbar-board,
In act to bow and *Fâtihah* forth to say.
But, while his lips moved, some strong
hand did lay
Over his mouth a palm invisible,
So that no voice on the assembly fell.
Ya! Rabbi'lalaminâ—thrice he tried
To read, and thrice the sound of read-
ing died,
Stayed by this unseen touch. Thereat
amazed,
Our Lord Muhammad turned, arose,
and gazed,
And saw—alone of all within the
shrine—
A splendid Presence, with large eyes
divine
Beaming, and golden pinions folded
down,
Their speed still tokened by the flut-
tered gown:
Gabriel he knew, the Spirit who doth
stand
Chief of the Sons of Heav'n, at God's
right hand;
"Gabriel! why stay'st thou me?" the
Prophet said,
"Since at this hour *the Fâtihah* should
be read."
But the bright Presence, smiling, point-
ed where
Ali toward the outer gate drew near,
Upon the threshold shaking off his
shoes,
And giving "alms of entry," as men
use.
"Yea!" spake th' Archangel, "sacred
is the sound
Of morning praise, and worth the
world's great round,
Though earth were pearl and silver;
therefore I

Stayed thee, Muhammad, in the act to
cry,
Lest Ali, tarrying in the lane, should
miss,
For his good deed, its blessing and its
bliss."
Thereat the Archangel vanished, and
our Lord
Read *Fâtihah* forth beneath the mim-
bar-board.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

OZAIR THE JEW.

*As-Samad! the "Eternal!" by this
name
Laud Him Who will be, was, and
is the same.*

OF HEAVEN'S prodigious years man
wotteth nought;
The "Everlasting!"—hast thou strained
thy thought
Searching that depth, which numbs the
seeking mind
As too much light the eager gaze doth
blind?
The years of men are measured by the
sun,
And were not, until he his course be-
gun;
And will not be, when his gold dial
dies:
But God lived while no sun shone in
the skies;
And shall be living when all worlds
are dead:
Yet hereof, though ye see the truth
is said,
Ye take no more the meaning than
one takes
Measure of ocean by the cup that
slakes
His thirst, from rillet running to the
sea.

Behind—before ye, shines Eternity,
Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,
Which is so deep the glance goes never
through,
Though nothing stays save depth: so
is it seen
That Allah must be ever, and hath
been;

Seen, but not comprehended—for man's
wit
Knows this, yet knows—not under-
standing it.

Mete ye not Allah's times by man's:
life gives
No measure of the Life Divine which
lives
Unending, uncommenced, having no
stay
Of yesterday, to-morrow, or to-day;
Being forever one unbroken Now
Where past and future come not.

Heard'st thou how,
What time fair Zion was given to
sword and flame,
Ozair the Jew upon his camel came
Over those hills which ring the sea of
Lot,
So that one footstep and—ye see her
not,
And then another—and the city comes
Full upon view with all her milk-white
domes.
But the Chaldean now had spoiled the
place,
And desolate and waste was Zîon's
face,
Her proud abodes unpeopled, and her
ways
Heaped with charred beams and lintels.
Ozair says,
"O Lord! who promised to Jerusalem
Comfort and peace; and for her sons,
to them
A glad return, how shall Thy word be
kept
When fire and steel over these roofs
have swept,
And she, that was a queen, lies dead
and black,
A smoking ruin, where the jackals
pack?
A hundred years were not enough to
give
Life back to Zion! Can she ever live?"

But while he spake, the Angel of the
Lord
Laid on his doubting front a fiery
sword,
And Ozair in that lonely desert spot
Fell prone, and lay—breathing and
moving not—

One hundred years, while the great
world rolled on,
And Zion rose, and mighty deeds were
done.
And when the hundred years were
flown, God said,
"Awake, Ozair! how long hast tarried,
Thinkest thou, here?" Ozair replied,
"A day,
Perchance, or half." The awful Voice
said, "Nay!
But look upon thy camel." Of that
beast
Nought save white bones was left: no
sign, the least
Of flesh, or hair, or hide: the desert
grass
Was matted o'er its shanks, and roots
did pass
From a gnarled fig-tree through the
eye-pits twain,
And in and out its ribs grew the ver-
vain,
But 'mid the moulderings of its saddle-
bags
And crimson carpet, withered into
rags,
A basket, full of new-picked dates,
stood there
Beside a cruse of water, standing where
where
He set them fresh, twice fifty years
ago;
And all the dates were golden with
the glow
Of yestreen's sunset, and the cruse's
rim
Sparkled with water to the very brim.
"Ozair!" the awful Voice spake, "look
on these!
He maketh and unmaketh what shall
please;
Saves or destroys, restores or casts
away;
And centuries to Him are as a day;
And cities all as easy to revive
As this thy camel here, which now
shall live."

Thereon the skull and bones together
crept
From tangled weed and sand, where
they had slept;
The hide and hair came, and the flesh
filled in,

The eyes returned their hollow pits
within,
The saddle-bags upon its haunches
hung,
The carpet on the saddle-horns was
flung,
The nose-rope from the muzzle fell.
The beast
Rose from its knees, and would have
made to feast
On the green herbage where its bones
had lain,
But that it heard bells of a caravan
Coming from Kedron, and with glad
cry roared.
Then Ozair looked, and saw—newly
restored—
Zion's fair walls and temples, and a
crowd
Of citizens; and traffic rich and loud
In her white streets; and knew time
should not be
Reckoned 'gainst Him who hath etern-
ity.

EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904).

SHEKH AHNAF'S LETTER FROM BAGHDAD.

IN Allah's name, the Ever Merciful,
The Most Compassionate! To thee, my
friend,
Ben-Arif, peace and blessing! May this
scroll,
A favored herald, tell thee in Tangier
That Ahnaf follows soon, if Allah wills!
Yes, after that last day at Arafat
Whereof I wrote thee,—after weary
moons,
Delayed among the treacherous Waha-
bees,—
The long, sweet rest beneath Derreyeh's
palms,
That cooled my body for the burning
bath
Of naked valleys in the hither waste
Beside Euphrates,—now behold me here
In Baghdad! Here, and drinking from
the well
Whose first pure waters fertilized the
West!

I, as thou knowest, with both my hands
took hold

Of Law and of Tradition, so to lift
 To knowledge and obedience my soul.
 Severe was I accounted—but my
 strength
 Was likewise known of all men; and I
 craved
 The sterner discipline which Islam
 first
 Endured, and knit the sinews of our
 race.
 What says the Law? "Who changes or
 perverts,
 Conceals, rejects, or holds of small
 account,
 Though it were but the slightest seem-
 ing word,
 Hath *all* concealed, perverted, slighted!"
 This,
 Thou knowest, I held, and hold. Here,
 I hoped,
 The rigid test should gladden limbs pre-
 pared
 To bend, accept, and then triumphant
 rise.
 Even as the weak of faith rejoice to
 find
 Some lax interpretation, I rejoiced
 In foretaste of the sure severity.
 As near I drew, across the sandy flats,
 Above the palms the yellow minaret
 Wrote on the sky my welcome: "Ahnaf,
 hail!
 Here, in the city of the Abbasid,
 Set thou thine evening by its morning
 star
 Of Faith, and bind the equal East and
 West!"

Ah me, Ben-Arif! how shall pen of
 mine
 Set forth the perturbation of the soul?
 To doubt were death; not hope, were
 much the same
 As not believe—but Allah tries my
 strength
 With tests far other than severest law.
 When I had bathed, and then had
 cleansed with prayer
 My worn and dusty soul (so, doubly
 pure;
 Pronounced the fathah as 'tis heard in
 Heaven),
 I sought the courtyard of Almansour's
 mosque,

Where, after Asser, creeping shadows
 cool
 The marble, and the shekhs in commerce
 grave
 Keep fresh the ancient wisdom. Me
 they gave
 Reception kindly, though perchance I
 felt—
 Or fancied only — lack of special
 warmth
 For vows accomplished and my pilgrim
 zeal.
 "Where is Tangier?" said one; whereat
 the rest,
 With most indifferent knowledge, did
 discuss
 The problem—none, had they but ques-
 tioned me!—
 Then snatched again the theme they
 half let drop,
 And in their heat forgot me.
 I, abashed,
 Sat listening: vainly did I prick mine
 ears.
 I knew the words, indeed, but missed
 therein
 The wanted sense: they stripped our
 Holy Book
 Of every verse which not contains the
 Law,—
 Spake Justice and Forgiveness, Peace
 and Love,
 Nor once the duties of the right hand
 fixed,
 Nor service of the left: the nature they
 Of Allah glorified, and not His names:
 Of customs and observances no word
 Their lips let fall: and I distinguished
 not,
 Save by their turbans, that they other
 were
 Than Jews, or Christians, or the Pagans
 damned.
 Methought I dreamed; and in my mind
 withdrawn
 At last heard only the commingling
 clash
 Of voices near me, and the songs out-
 side
 Of boatmen on the Tigris. Then a
 hand
 Came on my shoulder, and the oldest
 shekh,
 White-bearded Hatem, spake: "O Ah-
 naf! thou

Art here a stranger, and it scarce be-
seems
That we should speak of weighty mat-
ters thus
To uninstructed ears—the less, to thine,
Which, filled so long with idle sand,
require
The fresh delight of sympathetic speech
That cools like yonder fountain, and
makes glad.
Nor would'st thou hear, perchance, nor
could we give
An easy phrase as key to what so long
Hath here been forged: but come to-
night with me
Where this shall be applied, and more,
to bring
Islam a better triumph than the sword
Of Ali gave; for that but slew the foe,
This maketh him a friend.”
I, glad at heart
To know my hope not false, yet wonder-
ing much,
Gave eager promise, and at nightfall
went
With Hatem to the college of a sect
We know not in the West—nor is there
need:
An ancient hall beneath a vaulted dome,
With hanging lamps well lit, and cush-
ioned seats
Where sat a grave and motly multi-
tude.
When they beheld my guide, they all
arose,
And “Peace be with thee, Hatem!”
greeting, cried.
He, whispering to me: “O Ahnaf, sit
And hear, be patient, wonder if thou
wilt,
But keep thy questions sagely to the
end,
When I shall seek thee”—to a dais
passed,
And sat him down. And all were silent
there
In decent order, or in whispers spoke;
But great my marvel was when I be-
held
Parsee and Jew and Christian—yea, the
race
Of Boodh and Brahma—with the Faith-
ful mixed
As if 'twere no defilement! Lo! they
rose

Again, with equal honor to salute
The Rabbi Daood, Jewest of the Jews,—
And even so, for an Armenian priest!
Yet both some elder prophets share
with us,
And it might pass: but twice again they
rose,—

Once for a Parsee, tinged like smoky
milk,
His hat a leaning tower,—and once, a
dark,
Grave man, with turban thinner than a
wheel,
A wafer on his forehead (Satan's
sign!)—
A worshipper of Ganges and the cow!
These made my knees to smite: yet
Hatem stood
And gave his hand, and they beside
him sat.

Then one by one made speech; and
what the first,
The shrill-tongued Rabbi, claimed as
rule for all,
That they accepted. “Forasmuch,” (said
he)
“As neither of our sects hath special
lore
Which not concerns the others—special
signs
And marvels which the others must
reject,
However holy and attested deemed,
Set we all such aside, and hold our
minds
Alone to that which in our creeds hath
power
To move, enlighten, strengthen,
purify,—
The God behind the veil of miracles!
So speak we to the common brain of
each
And to the common heart; for what of
Truth
Grows one with life, is manifest to all,
Or Jew, or Moslem, or whatever name,
And none deny it: test we then how
much
This creed or that hath power to shape
true lives.”
All there these words applauded:
Hatem most,

Who spake: "My acquiescence lies therein,
That on thy truth, O Jew! I build the claim
Of him, our Prophet, to authority."
Then some one near me, jeering, said:
"Well done!
He gives up Gabriel and the Beast
Borák!"
"Yea, but"—another answered—"must the Jew
Not also lose his Pharaohs and his plagues,
His ram's horns and his Joshua and the sun?"
"For once the Christians," whispered back a Jew,
"Must cease to turn their water into wine,
Or feed the multitude with five small loaves
And two small fishes." Thus the people talked;
While I, as one that in a dream appears
To eat the flesh of swine, and cannot help
The loathsome dream, awaited what should come.

To me it seemed—and doubtless to the rest,
Though heretics and pagans—as the chiefs
Who there disputed were both maimed and bound,
So little dared they offer, shorn and lopped
Of all their vigor, false as well as true.

Was it of Islam that Shekh Hatem spake,
With ringing tongue and fiery words that forced
Unwilling tears from Pagan and from Jew,
And cries of "Allah Akhbar!" from his own?
Forsooth, I know not: he was Islam's chief.
How dared he nod his head and smile to hear
The Jew declare his faith in God the Lord,

The Christian preach of love and sacrifice,
The Parsee and the Hindoo recognize
The gifts of charity and temperance,
And peace and purity? If this be so,
And heretic and pagan crowd with us
The gates of Allah's perfect Paradise,
Why hath He sent His Prophet? Nay—
I write
In anger, not in doubt; nor need I here
To thee, Ben-Arif, faithful man and wise,
Portray the features of my shame and grief.

Ere all had fully spoken, I, confused,—
Hearing no word of washing or of prayer,
Of cross, or ark, or fire, or symbol else
Idoltrous, obscene,—could only guess
What creed was glorified before the crowd,
By garb and accent of the chief who spake:
And scarcely then; for oft, as one set forth
His holiest duties, all, as with one voice,
Exclaimed: "But also these are mine!"
The strife
Was then, how potent were they, how observed,—
Made manifest in life? One cannot say
That such are needless, but their sacred stamp
Comes from observance of all forms of law,
Which here—the strength of Islam—was suppressed.
Their wrangling—scarcely could it so be called!—
Was o'er the husks: the kernel of the creed
They first picked out, and flung it to the winds.

I, pierced on every side with sorest stings,
Waited uneasily, the end delayed,
When Hatem spake once more: his eye was bright,
And the long beard that o'er his girdle rolled
Shook as in storm. "Now, God be praised!" he cried:

"God ever merciful, compassionate,
Hath many children; these have many
tongues:
But of one blood are they, one truth
they seek,
One law of Love and Justice fits them
all.

And they have many Prophets: may
it be,
Though not of like commission, in so
far
As they declare His truth, they speak
for Him!

Go past their histories: accept their
souls,

And whatsoe'er of perfect and of pure
Is breathed from each, in each and all
the same,

Confirms the others' office and its own!
Here is the centre of the moving
wheel,—

The point of rest, wherefrom the sep-
arate creeds

Build out their spokes, that seem to
chase and flee,

Revolving in the marches of His Day!
If one be weak, destroy it: if it bear
Unstrained His glory of Eternal Truth,
And firmer fibre from the ages gain,
Behold, at last it shall replace the rest!

Even as He wills! The bright solution
grows

Nearer and clearer with the whirling
years:

Till finally the use of outward signs
Shall be outworn, the crumbling walls
thrown down,

And one Religion shall make glad the
world!"

More I could not endure: I did not wait
For Hatem's coming, as he promised
me;

Yet—ere amid the crowds I could es-
cape—

I saw the Rabbi and the Christian
priest

Fall on his neck with weeping. With
a groan,

A horrid sense of smothering in my
throat,

And words I will not write, I gained the
air,

And saw, O Prophet! how thy Crescent
shone

Above the feathery palm-tops, and the
dome

Of Haroun's tomb upon the Tigris'
bank.

And this is Baghdad!—Eblis, rather
say!—

O fallen city of the Abbasid,
Where Islam is defiled, and by its sons!
Prepare, Ben-Arif, to receive thy friend,
Who with the coming moon shall west-
ward turn

To keep his faith undarkened in Tan-
gier!

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878).

RABBI BEN EZRA.

I.

GROW old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first
was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God:
see all, nor be afraid!"

II.

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best
recall?"

Not that, admiring stars,

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which
blends, transcends them all!"

III.

Not for such hopes and fears

Annulling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate: folly wide the
mark!

Rather I prize the doubt

Low kinds exist without,

Finished and finite clods, untroubled
by a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life, indeed,

Were man but formed to feed

On joy, to solely seek and find and
feast:

Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets
doubt the maw-crammed beast?

V.

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that
take, I must believe.

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor
stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,
never grudge the throe!

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems
to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would
not sink i' the scale.

VIII.

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and
legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul
on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every
turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,

Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once, "How
good to live and learn?"

X.

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect, too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust
what Thou shalt do!"

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns
for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most,
as we did best!

XII.

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground
upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings.
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more,
now, than flesh helps soul!"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached
its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God
through in the germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave
and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour
to indue.

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives
 is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall
 know, being old.

XVI.

For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the
 gray:
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth: here dies
 another day."

XVII.

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce
 at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main,
 That ascendance vain:
 The Future I may face now I have
 proved the Past."

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns
 to-day:
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of
 the tool's true play.

XIX.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on
 aught found made:
 So better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age: wait
 death nor be afraid!

XX.

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy
 hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor
 let thee feel alone.

XXI.

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the
 Past!
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right? Let age speak the truth and
 give us peace at last!

XXII.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I
 receive;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me: we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that: whom
 shall my soul believe?

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and
 had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could
 value in a trice:

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main
 account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet
 swelled the man's amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language
 and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose
 wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies
 our clay;—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the
 Past gone, seize to-day!"

XXVII.

Fool! All that is at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God
 stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
 That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops:
 Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst
 fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, suffi-
 ciently impressed.

XXIX.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and
 press?
 What though about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the
 sterner stress?

XXX.

Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and
 trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what
 needst thou with earth's wheel?

XXXI.

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men:
 And since, not even while the whirl
 was worst,
 Did I—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife,
 Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to
 slake thy thirst:

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warp-
 ings past the aim!
 My times be in thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death
 complete the same!
 ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

THE CABALA.

AH! they were strong, those men of
 Ancient Years,—
 Initiates of the Holy Mysteries,—
 Who handed on, from hand to hand,
 The Keys.
 They pass before us.—Elders, Rabbis,
 Seers,—
 Whilst farther still in the dim past ap-
 pears
 A vision of Celestial Hierarchies.

Were these thy great transmitters?
 Where are they
 Who be their followers? Are they
 to this hour
 A secret Band? Can'st thou the stu-
 dent dower
 With Knowledge truer than all Sci-
 ence?
 Say,—

Do any scan thy sphinx-like face to-day
In hope to drag from thee the Word
of Power?

Great is thy silence even as thy speech:
In thine unveiling, great thy secrecy!
Only for those who have the eyes to
see

Thou openest the Path. The Rabbis
teach
With finger on the lip. They give to
each
And every word its hidden treasury.

Thy pages shine with characters of
flame.

Magic is on thy threshold. White or
Black?

Divine, inverted, grows demoniac!
Ah! that dark Shadow falls athwart
Thy Name.

Is not the Path at first one and the
same

For Mage and Sorcerer? The heart
draws back!

And let the timid pass not through thy
Gate!

Fear must be conquered, or prove
conqueror.

Yet Dangers of the Pathway close
the Door

But to the faint of heart. No Quest
is great

That is not fraught with good and evil
Fate.

He must be bold who treads the
Starry Floor.

The Shadow even passes as we look,
Leaving thy Name the brighter.

Through thy page

We trace the Thought that led Chal-
dea's Sage;—

Inspired the Vedas;—in old Egypt
took

Strange forms occult, making the stone
its Book;—

The fair Immortals of the Golden
Age

Gave unto Greece;—glorified far
Cathay;—

And still shows record in the Druid
stone:—

The Thought that guided those, who,
all alone,

In Ages of Darkness saw the Secret
Ray,

The Light within; who found the Per-
fect Way.

And made the Life Regenerate their
own:

The Thought that through the Ages
still is One;

Whose Letter kills, whose Spirit
maketh free!

For as, with many tides, in many a
sea,

It is One Ocean the all-seeing Sun
Beholds on earth:—so Mystic Truth is
One,

Whate'er the symbols and the forms
may be.

The novice, entering at this veiled
Door,

Stands for the moment mazed. His
dazzled sight

Sees but a darkness lit with flashing
light.

His ears but hear a far-off rush and
roar

Of Wings and Wheels revolving ever-
more

In the Abysses of the Primal Night.

The Secret Work is spoken: and be-
hold!

The world is changed. The bolts and
bars draw back.

The Dark takes fire. And where
in mystery black.

Hope saw no answering sign, there is
unrolled

A scripted hieroglyph—a belt of
gold—

The Spirit's star-imprinted Zodiac.

The Letter yields anew and still
anew

Bright spheres of Thought, vast as
the Cosmos vast;

And, whilst upon the Universe is
cast

A Countenance Divine, there comes in
view

A Form, like mist with sunlight shining
through,

A vision of the Eternal Protoplast.

The Master-Builders find their Canon here.

The members of the Archetypal Man
Give them their measures. By this
secret Plan

Did the great architects Earth's Temples rear.

And for that Art which rules the Unseen sphere

And builds its Houses,—thou art Guardian.

High in the unimaginable gloom

O'er which is thrown the bridge thy Wisdom frames,

In that Ellipse which holds the Ten great Names

On Pillars through whose symbolism loom

Angels and demons,—worlds of Hope and Doom,—

The glory of the dread Sephiroth flames.

Who knows what all thine anagrams may mean?

Who dare to sweep aside thy skein perplexed

To rest in deeper tangles of the text?

Thy Mysteries seem to look at us between

The written words, as doth the Great Unseen

Through all we see. Thy splendour has reflexed

Minds that have led mankind. Thy Numerals

Evolved the calculations Newton made.

Bacon's deep-seated wisdom thine assayed.

But to our Wise to-day a New Voice calls;

Our Science builds out mystery with stone walls;

And some are scornful of thee.—some, afraid.

Who guards thy Secrets? None. They're safe with thee.

More baffled by the Key than by the Door

The Key unlocks, most minds reject thy lore,

As stumbling-block and folly. Let them be.

And some, more wise, may solve Life's mystery

In truth of living which needs nothing more.

Who lives his life, and keeps his converse true;

Who loves because he loves to love, and heeds

Of no rewards or recompensing deeds;

Who does the duty that comes first to do;

Whose words are kindly and whose needs are few;

True to his own, nor fighting other creeds;

Masters a Cabala which leads him on As truly, by as luminous a way,

As his of old, whom, the traditions say,

First penned the Symbol, Tetragrammaton;

Who taught Temura and Notarikon And knew the mysteries of Gamatria.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

ONLY A JEW.

In the land of Brittany, and long ago,
Lived one of those

Despised and desolate, whose records show

Insults and blows,

Their old inheritance of wrong, who were

Free once as the eyelids of the morn; nor care

Knew, nor annoy,

In that city of joy,

Heaven-chosen child, whom gone to harm might dare;

Lived one who did as if his God stood near

Watching his deed,

Slow to give answer, ever swift to hear;

Whose brain would breed,

Walking alone or watching through the night,

No idle thought; but he with ill would fight,

And day by day

Would wax away

Wiser and better and nearer to the
light.

And in this land a mother lost her
child,

And charged the Jew
With crucifying him, who calmly
smiled

Denial. "You
Have slain," quoth she, "to keep your
Passover,

My son with sorceries." He answered
her,

"Your wit must fail;
An idle tale
Is this; what proof thereof can you
prefer?"

But she went from him raging. Then
he fled

Out of that land;
And those there set a price on his
grey head,

Who with skilled hand
Of craft had fed one daughter fair as
day,

Now destitute. Soon gold before her
lay

The bait of shame;
But she, aflame
With honor, flung such happiness away.

And writing, told her father, who
came back

By night, and bade
Her claim his life's reward. "Rather
the rack

Rend me," she said;
"And shall I give him death who life
gave me?"

Sell him and feed on him? Far sooner
we

Both died! Somewhere
Beyond earth's care
Hereafter we shall meet; it well may be

Somewhere hereafter." "Nay, you still
shall live,"

He murmured; then,
Went out into the market, crying, "Give
This price, ye men,

For me to her, my daughter." But these
laid

False hands on both, nor other duty
paid

Than death; for they,
Gold hair and grey,

Were slain hard by in the holy min-
ster's shade.

After, in no long time, the little child
Returned, a stray
Fresh from the sea: it by a ship be-
guiled,

In the hold at play,
Had sailed unseen till the land a small
speck grew.

But still the people prayed in the porch,
in view

Of the blood-splashed stone,
And made no moan;
" 'Twas only a Jew," the folk said,
"only a Jew!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE JEW'S GIFT.

A. D. 1200.

THE Abbot willed it, and it was done.

They hanged him high in an iron cage
For the spiteful wind and the patient
sun

To bleach him. Faith, 'twas a cruel
age!

Just for no crime they hanged him
there.

When one is a Jew, why, one remains
A Jew to the end, though he swing in
air

From year to year in a suit of chains.

'Twas May, and the buds into blossom
broke,

And the apple-boughs were pink and
white:

What grewsome fruit was that on the
oak,

Swaying and swaying, day and night!
The miller, urging his piebald mare

Over the cross-road, stopped and
leered;

But never an urchin ventured there,
For fear of the dead man's long white
beard.

A long white beard like carded wool,
Reaching down to the very knee—

Of the proper sort with which to pull
A heretic Jew to the gallows-tree!

Piteous women-folk turned away,
Having no heart for such a thing;

But the blackbirds on the alder-spray
For very joy of it seemed to sing.

Whenever a monk went shuffling by
To the convent over against the hill,
He would lift a pitiless, pious eye,
And mutter, "The Abbot but did
God's will!"

And the Abbot himself slept no whit
less,

But rather the more, for this his
deed:

And the May moon filled, and the love-
liness

Of springtide flooded upland and
mead.

Then an odd thing chanced. A certain
clown,

On a certain morning breaking stone
By the hill-side, saw, as he glanced
down,

That the heretic's long white beard
was gone—

Shaved as clean and close as you choose,
As close and clean as his polished
pate!

Like wild-fire spread the marvellous
news,

From the ale-house bench to the con-
vent gate.

And the good folk flocked from far and
near,

And the monks trooped down the
rocky height:

'Twas a miracle, that was very clear—

The Devil had shaved the Israelite!

Where is the Abbot? Quick, go tell!

Summon him, knave, God's death!
straightway!

The Devil hath sent his barber from
hell,

Perchance there will be the Devil to
pay!

Now a lad that had climbed an alder-
tree,

The better to overlook the rest,
Suddenly gave a shout of glee

At finding a wondrous blackbird-nest,
Then suddenly flung it from his hand,

For lo! it was woven of human hair,
Plaited and braided, strand upon
strand—

No marvel the heretic's chin was
bare!

Silence fell upon priest and clown,

Each stood riveted in his place;

The brat that tugged at his mother's
gown

Caught the terror that blanched her
face.

Then one, a patriarch bent and gray,
Wise with the grief of years four-
score,

Picked up his staff, and took his way
By the mountain-path to the Abbot's
door—

And bravely told this thing of the nest,
How the birds had never touched
cheek or eye,

But daintily plucked the fleece from the
breast

To build a home for their young
thereby.

"Surely, if they were not afraid
(God's little choristers, free of
guile!)

To serve themselves of the Hebrew's
beard,

It was that he was not wholly vile!

"Perhaps they saw with their keener
eyes

The grace that we missed, but which
God sees:

Ah, but He reads all hearts likewise,

The good in those, and the guilt in
these.

Precious is mercy, O my lord!"

Humbly the Abbot bowed his head,

And making a gesture of accord—

"What would you have? The knave
is dead."

"Certes, the man is dead! No doubt

Deserved to die; as a Jew, he died;

But now he hath served the sentence
out

(With a dole or two thrown in be-
side),

Suffered all that he may of men—

Why not earth him, and no more
words?"

The Abbot pondered, and smiled, and
then—

"Well, well! since he gave his beard
to the birds!"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907).

A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME.
WITH A COMMENTARY BY BEN
ISRAEL.

[Fifteenth Century. Reign of Six-
tus IV.]

RABBI BEN ESDRA to his dearest friend,
Rabbi Ben Israel, greeting—May the
Lord
Keep thee in safety! I am still in
Rome,
And, after months of silence, now re-
deem
My pledge to tell you how this Chris-
tian world
(Which here I came to study), nearly
viewed,
Strikes me, a Jew born, and with steady
faith
In all the Law and Prophets of our
land.
Still, though a Jew, it is the Truth I
seek,—
Only the Truth,—and, come from
whence it will,
I greet it with bent head and reverent
heart.
I am a seeker;—though my faith is
firm,
I will not tie my mind in knots of
creeds.

No more preamble. I am now in
Rome,
Where our Jehovah rules not,—but the
man
Jesus, whose Life and Fate too well
we know,
Is made a God—the cross on which he
died
A reverend symbol, and his words the
law.
His words, what are they? Love, good-
will to man.
His kingdom? Peace. His precepts?
Poverty.
Well, are they followed? That's the
question now.
What fruit have they produced?

One moment, first.
I think no ill of him. He was sin-
cere,

Lofty of thought, a pure idealist,
Possessed, indeed, by visionary dreams,
But wishing ill to no one, least of all
To us; and to our Faith, which was his
own.

I will not say he was entirely wrong
In the strong censures that he laid on
us;

For we had many faults—were, as he
said,

Only too much like whited sepulchres,—
And then, no good man is entirely
wrong,

And none entirely right. The truth is
vast,

And never was there Creed embraced
it all.

Like all enthusiasts he beheld his half,
Deemed it the whole, and with excess
of zeal

Pushed his ideal truth beyond the
stretch

Of human practice. Most of what he
taught

The wise and good of old had said be-
fore.

His healing skill, this sect calls mira-
cles,

A hundred others had as well as he;
And for that claim his followers set
up,

And he, perhaps (though here there is
much doubt),

Asserted of himself, that he was sent
Messias, King of kings, to save the
world,—

This surely, was no crime deserving
death:

No mere opinions, void of acts, are
crimes.

Besides, what sect or creed was ever
crushed

By cruelty? Our error was perverse,
Wilful, unwise. Had we but spared his
life,

He would have passed away as others
pass,—

Simon and John and Apollonius,
Judas of Galilee, and many more.

But, no! we lifted him above the rest;
Made him conspicuous by his martyr-
dom;

Watered with blood his doctrines; fired
the hearts

Of those who loved him with intemperate zeal
 And wild imaginations, till at last
 They thought they saw him risen from the dead.
 Our folly (call it by its lightest name)
 Nourished the seed into this mighty sect,
 That takes his name and worships him as God.

Setting aside the superstitious part,
 I ask, What were the doctrines that he preached,
 And that his followers with their lips profess?
 Love! Peace! Good-will to man! This was the gist
 Of all he taught. Forgive your enemies!
 Seek for the lost sheep from the fold that stray!
 Harm no one! For the prodigal returned
 Kill the fat calf! Be merciful to all!

Who are the enemies, prodigals, lost sheep,
 To whom these Christians give love, mercy, care?
 Not we, the Jews, in truth. Is it for us
 They kill the calf? Are we the enemies
 That they forgive? Have they good-will for us?
 Not they! They hold us rather as foul swine,—
 Abuse us,—lay great burdens on our backs,—
 Spit on us,—drive us forth beyond their walls,—
 Force us all slavish offices to do,—
 And if we join their sect, scorn us the more.
 If those are blessed, as he says, whom men
 Revile and persecute, most blest are we!

Yet was not Jesus, first of all a Jew,—
 Even to his death a Jew? Did he renounce
 His strict faith in the Prophets and the Law?
 Never! "I come not to destroy," he said,
 "The Law or Prophets, only to fulfill,"

So, too, his preaching, whatsoe'er it was,
 Was to the Jews. The miracles he wrought
 Were for the Jews alone. "I am not sent"—
 These are his words—"but unto the lost sheep
 Of Israel's house: my bread is not for dogs."
 Who were the dogs to whom he thus refused
 To lend his healing hand? What had she done
 Who asked his service that he scorned her thus?
 She was from Canaan, or a Greek—no Jew;
 This was her crime. 'T is true that, touched at last
 By those sad, humble words of hers, "The dogs
 May eat the crumbs dropped from the master's board,"
 He made her an exception to this rule,—
 But still his rule was this. This his first rule.

No? But it was! Remember the rich youth
 Who prayed to be his follower: "Two things,"
 He said, "are needful." First, that you obey
 The Law and Prophets—that is, are a Jew;—
 And then the second, that your wealth and goods
 You sell, and give the proceeds to the poor.
 First be a Jew, then poor. Renounce all wealth;
 Keep nothing back. These are conditions prime,
 Refusing which, your following I reject.

I see you gravely shake your head at this;
 But read the records,—you will see I'm right.
 Jesus, let me repeat it yet again,
 Was first and last a Jew; never renounced
 This faith of ours; taught in the Synagogue;

Quoted the Prophets; reaffirmed the Law;
 Worked with the Jews, and only healed the Jews,
 And held all other nations but as dogs.*
 And second (mark this well, and ponder it),
 He was a Communist—denied the right Of private wealth; ordained a common purse
 To be administered for all alike,
 And all rejected who refused him this.
 "T is easier for a camel to pass through
 A needle's eye,"—these are his very words,—
 "Than that a rich man should inherit heaven."
 A rich man, mind you, whether good or bad.
 What was the moral of his parable Of Lazarus and Dives? What offense

Did Dives, that in everlasting fire
 He was condemned to suffer? What good deed
 Did Lazarus, that he at last should lie
 On Abraham's bosom in eternal bliss?
 Nothing! The beggar, Lazarus, was poor;
 Dives was rich. This was the crime of one,
 The virtue of the other. Not one hint
 Of any other reason for the hell
 Or heaven that he adjudged them—not one word
 That Dives was not charitable, kind,
 Generous, a helper of his brother man;—
 No accusation, save that he was rich.
 No word that Lazarus, with all his sores,
 Possessed *one* virtue, save that he was poor.
 Nay, more: when Dives in his torment sued

***COMMENTARY BY BEN ISRAEL.**

*I've read the records carefully again:
 It goes against my will—still, I admit,
 Ben Esdra may be right. Here let me note*
*One case that perchance he has overlooked—
 That of the Publican named Zaccheus.
 This man was rich, and, curious, sought to look
 On Jesus,—for this purpose climbed a tree.*
*Jesus, perceiving him, proposed himself
 To be his guest; at which a murmuring went
 Among his followers,—for this wealthy man
 Was, as they said, a sinner, or no Jew.
 But I note this, that Zaccheus on the spot
 Surrendered half his goods unto the poor
 Ere Jesus went into his house; and then,
 And not till then, said Jesus,—“On this house
 This day salvation cometh, forasmuch
 As he, too, is a son of Abraham,”—
 That is, a Jew. Again, where did he send
 His twelve disciples (Judas 'mid the rest)*

*To preach the Gospel? To the Gentiles? No!
 This he forbade,—but “unto the lost sheep
 Of Israel's house.” And one case more I note,—
 That of the woman of Samaria,
 To whom he said (his followers murmuring
 That he should speak to her): “Salvation comes
 But to the Jews.” Doubtless, as well we know,
 It was unlawful for a Jew to eat
 And bide with those who were uncircumcised.
 Upon this point, long after he was dead,
 Extreme contention 'mid his followers rose,
 If Gentiles, ere they had been circumcised,
 Into the Christian faith could be baptised,—
 Some holding full adherence to the law
 A prime condition,—some, that it sufficed
 If its main principles were recognized:
 But this I merely note. It seems quite clear
 That only Jews at first could join the sect.*

For mercy, what did Abraham say to him?

You for your evil deeds must suffer now?

No! but, "You had the good things on the earth,

Lazarus the evil. Therefore, now, to thee

Is torment given—comfort unto him."

Working to pile up wealth Jesus abhorred.

"Each man for all," he said, "and all for each.

Take no thought of to-morrow—for the day

Sufficient will be given. No sparrow falls

Save through God's law. The ravens of the air

Sow not and reap not, yet God feedeth them.

The lilies of the field nor toil nor spin. Yet Solomon was not arrayed like them.

Why, then, take thought of raiment and of food?

Leave all to God. Blessèd are ye, the poor!

God's kingdom shall be yours: but ye, the rich,

Woe unto you." This was his life and text.

Once only—so the record goes—a rage Seized upon Jesus, when, with whip and thong,

The money-changers—all who bought and sold—

He from the precincts of the Temple drove,

Saying, "T is writ, this is the house of prayer,

But ye have made it to a den of thieves."

Let this show what he thought of such as these.

Those who were with him knew and did his will,—

Lived in community of goods, renounced

All private wealth. This doctrine, too, they preached

After his death; and all who joined their sect

Sold their possessions, houses, treasures, lands,

And paid the price into the common store,

To be administered to each one's need. They did not seek by subterfuge and trick

To cling to Mammon while they worshipped God.*

What should a Christian do, then, who accepts

The doctrines that this master, nay, this God

(For so they call him), clearly thus appoints;—

Live by them, should he not? Not by blank words

Affirm them, but by all his acts and life. First, love to God—and love to man as well.

Then, peace, forgiveness, kindness, poverty.

What is the Christian practice? War—the sword

As arbiter of all disputes of men—Reprisals,—persecutions unto death

For all who differ from them—Peter's sword

That Jesus bade him sheathe,—no simple lives

Of frugal fare and pure beneficence, But luxury and imperious tyranny

In all high places,—all in earnest strife To pile up wealth for selfish purposes,—

Each greedy for himself, the wretched poor

Down-trodden, trampled on, — the Church itself,

Splendid with pageant, cruel in its power,—

Pride rampant, hissing through a thousand maws,—

Power, like a ravening wolf among the lambs,

Worrying the weakest,—prayers, lip-deep, no more—

*Here I, Ben Israel, note the curious case

Of Ananias and Sapphira, struck

By sudden death, because of all their wealth

They kept a part back for their private use—

Tempting by this the Lord, as Peter said.

But where are the Almighty's lightnings now?

The devil's work done in the name of God.

Such is the spectacle I see in Rome.

Among the pomps in which this Christian Church
Invests its pageants, oft I think of him
Whom they pretend to worship, and his words

Come back to me with which he once reproved

Our priests of his own days. The world, indeed,

Has but one pattern for its worldliness,—

Or now, or then, 't is evermore the same.

If we of old were stiff-necked in our pride,

Desiring power instead of godliness,
Avid of pomp,—these Christians are the same:

They will not follow either God or Christ.

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand in the ways, and see;

Ask, where is the good way, and walk therein,

And so ye shall find rest unto your souls.

But they replied, We will not walk therein."

Thus Jeremiah,—Jesus much the same.
Long prayers, low bowings in the market-place,

Chief seats in the synagogues, upper rooms at feasts,

Fine linen, costly dresses, pompous rites,

Grand ceremonials, purple trailing robes,

Embroidered hems, and wide phylacteries,—

All this he scorned. Well, still we see the same,

For all his scorn, among his followers.
His very words describe these cardinals

As they were made for them alone,—not us.

Not we alone were whited sepulchres;
Robbed widows, orphans, every one for greed:

This Church still robs them, wears its purple robes,
Prays at the public corners of the streets,
Nor even the outside of the platter cleans.

And what thinks Jesus of it?—if, indeed,

He from beyond can look into their hearts,

Who call upon his name and preach of Peace.

Foul hypocrites, who feed their hungry flocks

With husks of dogmas and dead chaff of talk,

And trample virtue down into mire.

I ask myself, Do these men ever think

Or weigh their master's teaching, practice, words,

That thus by rote, like empty formulas
They gabble them, as senseless parrots talk.

Doctrine and life to him were one. To these

Doctrine from life is utterly divorced.

Whatever Jesus was, this Church, these men,

Are none of his,—or ours; his words alone

They worship like a fetish, without sense,—

His real inner teaching they reject;

Nay, are afraid to look it in the face
And seek its meaning, lest it come to this,

That they must choose between the things he would,

And what they covet dearer than their life.

Jew as I am, in view of them, at times

I long to see some real Christian sect
Ready to take the system that he taught,

And try it in this world,—not talking Peace,

Good-will to men, Love, Justice, Charity,

But living it in very deed,—a sect
That should abjure all individual greed,

All competition for a selfish end,
And joining, make one common purse
for all,
As Jesus did among his followers.
Would it succeed? Ah, you and I are
Jews;

Jesus has no authority with us.
But were we Christians, and not hypo-
crites,—

Did we believe that he was really God,
Or even that his mission was divine,—
How should we dare to gloss his teach-
ings o'er,
And twist his doctrines so that they
should fit

Our worldly needs, and in the very face
Of his plain orders seek some verbal
trick

To warp them to the life we like to lead!
The Eternal One must needs look
down and smile

At these base wriggings of his crea-
tures here,

Filled with sad pity too, at their of-
fense,—

Seeing them do, with his name on their
lips,

All he forbids, and dreaming none the
less

They only shall be saved,—all others
damned.

Would Jesus' plan succeed?—The
world thus far

Has taken another path,—we most of
all,—

Believing not in him, nor in his
scheme;—

But dreaming—shaking, as it were, from
me

All usages and habits of the world,
At times I stretch my mind out in the
vague,

And seek upon this plan to build a
world.

No property, but that which all should
own

With equal rights,—the product of all
work

Held for the common good and trust
for all;

All, to the lowest, to be clothed, fed,
housed,

Freed from necessity and from the wolf

Of hunger, and the pains and pangs of
life;

Each having claims on all to do the
task

Best fitted for his powers, tastes, hap-
piness;

Each as a duty bound to do his share,
And not to be a drone within the hive.

What glory might the world then
see!—what joy!

What harmony of work! what large
content!

What splendid products of joint in-
dustry!

All toiling with one purpose and one
heart;

No war, no waste of noble energies,—
But smiling peace, the enlarging grace
of art;

Humanity a column with its base
Of solid work, and at its summit
crowned

With the ideal capital of Love!

This is a dream that turns this world
of ours

Quite upside down;—I'll say no more
of it.

And yet one word more, lest you
deem me fool!

Think not I dream: none but a fool
could dream

Equality of rights,—that is, the claim
To justice, life, food, freedom in the
bound

Of common benefit, involves the claim
To equal virtues, powers, intelligence,—

Since God in these unequal shaped us
all,

And fitted each one for his special end.
So should the wise, just, virtuous take
the lead,

Or all at once is lawless anarchy;
For what more fatal, hopeless, than a
scheme

Where wise and good, and fool and
knave alike,

Own equal powers and rights in gov-
ernment?

But how secure the leadership to
those

Whom God hath made for leaders?
Ah, my friend,

That is the question none hath e'er resolved;
 For liberty, at best a negative—
 Mere freedom from restraint—engenders soon
 License and tyranny,—dire positives:
 Just as Aurelius, best of emperors,
 Begot for son the cruel Commodus.

Danger on all sides threatens government.
 Choose you a king,—the very best is weak,—
 And fierce temptation dogs the path of power.
 Choose you the Demos,—it perchance is worse;
 For then, as in an agitated sea,
 The frothiest ever to the surface swims.
 Caprice, rage, panic, interest, sway the mob;
 Justice is overstormed, wisdom lies low,
 And noisy ignorance, swollen by the breath
 Of blatant demagogues, wrecks the lost state.

Why?—But because the eager lust of men,
 The godless strife of utter selfishness,
 Makes of the world a blind and brutal herd,
 All crowding on, devoid of common aim,—
 Each goring his own way to make his path.

Well, seeing this, and how these blundering schemes
 Beget a brood of sin and misery,
 Said Jesus to his followers: All is wrong;
 Let it be all reversed,—such life is hate;
 But God is love: try love, then, for your scheme,
 Try God's law;—as the Book of Wisdom saith:
 "All hatred stirreth strife; but love hath power
 To cover up all sins;" and yet again:
 "He who his neighbour scorneth, sins; but he
 Is happy who hath mercy for the poor."

"The profit of the earth is made for all,
 And riches breed disease and vanity."
 So saith the preacher, just as Jesus said.
 Nothing was new in Jesus' scheme but this,—
 To make community a fact—no dream.*
 But new or old, his followers obeyed,
 Accepting what he taught. Their life was pure,—
 They craved no gains, abjured all private wealth;

**And scarcely this, say I, Ben Israel—
 Commenting on this letter. We of old
 Among the patriarchs ever practiced it.
 And well it worked, till, into cities
 packed,
 Men grew ambitious, greedy, void of
 God,
 And then confusion came to one and all.
 The greed of riches is the curse of man:
 Virtue and wisdom only, hand in hand,
 Have any rightful claims to power; the
 wise,
 The good, in every age, affirm the
 same.—
 Solon, Confucius, Plato, Thales, all.
 "Flee greed, choose equal rights," Men-
 ander says.
 When Greece made question of her
 wisest men
 What is the best form of all govern-
 ment,
 Thales replied,—"Where none are over-
 rich,
 None over-poor;" and Anacharsis
 said,—
 "Where vice is hated—virtue rever-
 enced."
 So Pittacus,—"Where honors are con-
 ferred
 But on the virtuous;" and Solon, too,
 In thought, if not in words, like Jesus
 spoke,—
 "Where any wrong unto the meanest
 done
 Is held to be an injury to all."
 So also Solomon,—"Remove me far
 From vanity and lies: and give to me
 Nor poverty nor wealth. Blessed is he
 Who for the poor and needy giveth
 thought:
 The Lord shall help him in his time of
 need."*

Preached poverty, and practiced what
they preached;
And then, with stealthy step, and half-
veiled face,
Pride entered, and ambition; and they
shaped
That fair community into the thing
Now called a Church, and on its altar
raised
The same false idol he had driven
forth;
And now what is this Church so called
of Christ?
The last and even the most hideous
shape
Of tyranny—that spawns upon the world
As love's true offspring the foul ser-
pent brood
Of superstition, bigotry, and hate.

Thus looking on, and striving as I
can
To keep my mind wide open to new
thought,
I weave my dream of what the world
might be,—
A vague wild dream, but not without its
charm.
Since nothing in our Law forbids to us
The trial of this scheme, suppose we
Jews—
(Nay, do not smile)—suppose we very
Jews
Go on and do even this, the Christians'
work:
They will not do it,—oh, be sure of
that!

No more of this: oh, my Jerusalem!—
Thou whom again we shall rebuild in
power—
Let Justice be thy strong foundation-
stones,
And Love the cement that shall knit
them close.
Firm in our faith—at last—at last, O
Lord!
When we have suffered to the bitter
end,
Thy chosen people Thou wilt lift again,
And sweep thy enemies before thy path.

Come not to Rome,—it is the sink
of vice:
Its grandeur is decayed; its splendid
days

Are faded. Famine, War, and Pesti-
lence—
Tempest and inundation and fierce
hordes
Have o'er it swept, with ruin in their
track.
The herdsman tends his flocks upon the
Hill
Where Manlius drove the Gauls. The
Capitol
Scarcely exists in name: its temples
proud
Are wrecked and ruined. In the For-
um herd
Horned cattle; and beyond the Flamin-
ian gate,
Where once triumphant swarmed the
crowds of Rome,
Spreads a flat marsh o'ergrown with
rustling canes,
Where flocks of whirring wild-fowl
make their home.

Death haunts the temples, once so full
of life.
Life crowds the tombs where the dead
Cæsars lie,
And fortifies their wrecks for deadly
feud.
The arts have perished. Prone upon
the earth
Lie scattered the proud statues of their
gods,
While the rude builder breaks them
with his pick,
Or burns them into lime. The games
are o'er;
The streets are filled with ruffian sol-
diery,
Quick at a quarrel; and the deadly
knife
Of treachery stabs the unsuspecting foe
Upon the Castle every week are seen
Black corpses, nailed along the outer
walls.
The city throngs at night with bravos
hired,
Who after murder find a safe retreat
In many a priestly palace. In a word,
Rapine and murder, rape and parricide,
Ay, ev'ry crime, with or without a
name,
Ravage the city. Justice, with sad face,
Weeping, hath fled, and Mercy's voice
is dumb.
Is this the reign of Christ—or Belial?

Yet still I linger here; I scarce know why.
There is a charm that, all beyond my will,
Allures me, holds me, will not let me go.

'T is not indeed like our Jerusalem;
Yet in its age, its sorrows and its wrongs,

It is allied to her,—a city sad,
That, like a mourner weeping at a tomb,
Sits clad in sackcloth, grieving o'er the past,
Hoping for nothing, stricken by despair.

Sad, lonely stretches compass her about
With silence. Wandering here, at every step

We stumble o'er some ruin, once the home

Of happy life; or pensive, stay our feet
To ponder o'er some stern decaying tomb,

The haunt of blinking owls. Nor all in vain

Doth kindly nature strive to heal the wounds

Of Time and human rage: with ivy green,

With whispering grasses, reeds, and bright-eyed flowers,

Veiling its ruin; and with tremulous songs

Of far larks hidden in the deep blue sky,

Lifting the thoughts to heaven.

Here many a day
Alone I stray, and hold communion sad

With dreams that wander far on boundless ways

Of meditation vague, recalling oft
The passages of Prophets in our Land.

At times Isaiah seems to speak, and say

To Rome, as once unto Jerusalem:
"Judah is fallen, ruin hath involved Jerusalem. What mean ye that ye beat
My people into pieces? that ye grind
The faces of the poor? The Lord shall take

The bravery of thy ornaments away;
Thy men shall perish by the sword in war;

Thy mighty ones shall perish, and thy gates

Lament and mourn; and thou, being desolate,

Shalt sit upon the ground. Woe unto them

That draw iniquity with the weak cords
Of vanity, and call the evil good,—

Their roots shall be as rottenness, like dust

Their blossoms perish,—for they cast away

The Lord's law, and despise his Holy Word."

And then in sorrow for this grievous fate

In which we are plunged, I comfort me with this—

That He, the Eternal One, hath promised us

That we at last shall from our sorrows rest,

And from our fear, and from our bondage dire,

And build again our new Jerusalem.

And yet once more. Hear Jeremiah speak:

"How doth the city solitary sit
That once was filled with people! How

is she
Become a widow, that among the powers

Was great, and princess in the provinces?

She weepeth sorely in the night; her tears

Are on her cheeks; and of her lovers none

Will comfort her." Ah, my Jerusalem!

Thy sister here is Rome, and sins like thee,

And she shall suffer also like to thee.

As she hath suffered for her heathen pride

And worship of false gods, and now is cast

Headlong to earth with all her temples proud,

So shall she suffer in the time to come
For all her violence and worldly lust,

And all her utter falseness to her faith.
Is there no place upon this wretched earth

Where God shall have his own, and
peace shall reign?

Is there no spot the devil doth not
own?

Shall we, poor human wretches, ever
seek

To thwart God's law and rear up in his
stead

Base idols, and make covenant with
Death?

Such thoughts come over me, op-
pressed and sad,

As mid Rome's ruined tombs I medi-
tate,

Feeling how transient a thing is man,
Whose life is but a shadow on the
grass

That comes and goes, or like a passing
wind,

Or like a voice that speaks and van-
ishes.

And sitting silent under the blue sky
That broods unchanging o'er the change
below,

Idly I watch the drooping ivy swing
Through sunlit loops of arching aque-
ducts,

Printing its wavering shadow on the
sward.

Or, as my eye runs down their lessen-
ing lines,

Broken by gaps of time and war, and
strung

Along the far Campagna's rolling
stretch

Like vertebrae of some huge skeleton,
I ponder o'er the past of Rome,—the
pomp,

The pride, the power, the ruin,—mas-
ters, slaves,

Shattered and fallen and equal in the
dust—

And silent Nature calmly moving on,
Heedless of them, and what they were
or did,

As she will be of us, when we are
gone.

Often, again, with scarce a conscious
thought,—

My spirit wandering vaguely, who
knows where,—

I gaze upon the cloud-shades trailing
slow

O'er the deep chasms of the opaline
hills,

And drift with them through some
abyss of space,

And feel the silence sing into my soul.

At times a rustling starts me, and I see
Some long-haired goat, that, mounting

up to crop

A wandering spray, peers down through
glass-gray eyes,

And, pausing, stares at me. At times,
again,

I hear the thud of hoofs upon the
grass,

And jangling swords, and voices of
command,

As some armed troop goes galloping
along.

And then I hide me, knowing that my
tribe

Are only recognized to be the butt
Of mocking words—or scarce more

wounding blows.

The shepherd, leaning idly on his staff,
Alone has kindly words for such as
we,—

For Nature hath subdued him into calm,
Until he almost seems a part of her.

I have seen the Pope, whom in their
blasphemy

They term God's Holiness. A fisher-
man,

Like Peter, was his father; and his son,
By mock humility and specious ways

Veiling his inward self, inly devoured
By lust of place, and luxury, and power,

Hath mounted in the end to Peter's
chair.

Peter was poor and simple at the least,—
Honest though ignorant. This Sixtus

here,

Fourth of his name, his utter opposite,—
Luxurious, wordly, fierce, and stained

with crime.

There are no limits to his low desires,—
None to his passions; and he treads us

down

As if we were the offal of the earth.

Last week he gave a banquet that, I
think,

Poor Peter would have been aghast to
see:

'T is said it cost some twenty thousand
crowns,

Shaming Vitellius with its cost and waste.

But this is nothing to his other deeds.
Little he thinks of carrying out the dream

Of which I just have spoken. No! the poor

Starve on black bread, and fester in disease,

While thus he lords it in his luxury.
Nor are the rich much better off with him:

A short month since he pillaged an old man—

The Prince Colonna—on some poor pretense;—

Robbed him of all his plate, robes, tapestries,

Tore him with torture, then lopped off his head;

And clothed in wretched rags to mock his rank,

Sent back in answer to his mother's prayers

For his mere life—the mutilated corpse!
And this is God's viceregent on the earth—

The head of what they call the Christian Church!

Bad as the Christian's lot is, ours is worse:

We are the football and the scorn of all,—

Laden with taxes, tributes,—forced to wear

An ignominious badge,—banned from the town,

And huddled in the Ghetto's filthy den.
No public office may we hold: our oath

Avails not in their court against the word

Of any Christian; and now, worse than this,

In these last years one degradation more

Is cast upon us by this Christian court,
Whose creed is, "Love your neighbour as yourself."

We are but beasts that in the Carnival
Must race half-naked, clothed but round the loins,

A halter upon our necks, as we were dogs,—

Insulted, hooted, jeered at by the mob.

No one of us is free of this,—or old
Or young, whatever be our state,—

Elder or priest or child,—it matters not.

High ladies, cardinals in purple robes,
Ay, even the Pope himself, with all his court,

Seated on high, in all their pomp and pride,

Laugh at us, as we stumble on our course,

Pelted with filth, and shake their holy sides,

Encouraging the mob that mock at us.

But what offends me more than all the rest

Is that this usage has debased our tribe,—

Bent its proud neck, and forced it to the earth,—

Taught us to cringe and whimper, taught us wiles,

And driven us at their beck to creep and crawl.

We, who were God's own people,—we must bow

Before these Christians; with a smile accept

Even their kicks and humbly give them thanks

For our mere life. This stings me to the quick.

As for what Christ said, "Love your enemies;

Bless them that curse you, and do good to them,"—

This is beyond the power of any man—
Beyond my power at least,—I curse them all!

I stay my pen here,—for the hot blood boils

Within my brain when thinking on these things:

I dare not trust myself to write you more.

My work is almost done for which I came,

And soon I hope to greet your face again,

Shaking the dust off from this godless place,

With all its rottenness and infamy:
Then for my dear Jerusalem again!

Greet all my friends,—Rebecca, Ishmael,
And all your dear ones. Peace be with you all.
I count the days till we once more shall meet.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY (1819-1895).

RABBI BEN EPHRAIM'S TREASURE.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

(Fifteenth Century.)

I.

THE days of Rabbi Ben Ephraim
Were twoscore years and ten, the day
The hangman called at last for him,
And he privily fled from Cordova.
Drop by drop, he had watched the cup
Of the wine of bitterness filled to the brim;

Drop by drop, he had drained it up;
And the time was an evil time for him.
An evil time! For Jehovah's face
Was turned in wrath from his chosen race,

And the daughter of Judah must
mourn,

Whom his anger had left, in evil case,
To be dogged by death from place to place,

With garments bloody and torn.
The time of the heavy years, from of old
By the mouth of his servant the Prophet
foretold,

In the days of Josiah the king,
When the Lord upon Jacob his load
should bring,

And the hand of Heaven, in the day of
his ire,

Be heavy and hot upon son and sire,
Till from out of the holes into which
they were driven

Their bones should be strewn to the
host of Heaven

Whose bodies were burned in the fire.

Rabbi Ben Ephraim, day by day
(As the hangman, beating up his bounds

Through the stifled Ghetto's sinks and
stews,

Or the Arch Inquisitor, going his
rounds,

Was pleased to pause, and pick, and
choose,—

Too sure of his game, which could not
stray,

To miss the luxury of delay)
Had marked with a moody indignation

The abomination of desolation,
With the world to witness, and none

to gainsay,
Set up in the midst of the Holy Nation,

And the havoc, which Heaven refused
to stay,

In the course of his horrible curse move
on,

Where, sometimes driven in trembling
crews,

Sometimes singly, one by one,
Israel's leaders were beckoned away

To the place where the Christians burn
the Jews

Till he, because that his wealth was
known,

And because the king had debts to pay,
Was left, at the last, almost alone

Of all his people in Cordova,
A living man picked out by fate

To bear, and beware of, the daily jibe,
And add the same to the sum of the

hate,
Made his on behalf of a slaughtered
tribe.

II.

In the gloomy Ghetto's gloomiest spot,
A certain patch of putrid ground,

There is a place of tombs: Moors rot,
Rats revel there, and devils abound

By night, no cross being there to keep
The evil things in awe: the dead

That house there, sleep no Christian
sleep,—

They do not sleep at all, it is said;
Though how they fare, the Fiend best

knows,
Who never vouchsafes to them any re-
pose,

For their worm is awake in the narrow
bed;

And the fire that will never be quenched
is fed

On the night that will never close.
There did Rabbi Ben Ephraim

(When he saw, at length, the appointed measure

Of misery meted out to him)
Bury his books, and all his treasure.

Books of wisdom many a one,—

All the teaching of all the ages,

All the learning under the sun,

Learned by all the Hebrew sages

To Eliphaz from Solomon;

Not to mention the mystic pages

Of Nathan the son of Shimeon

The Seer, which treat of the sacred use

Of the number Seven (quoth the Jews,

"A secret sometime filched from us

By one called Apollonius"),

The science of the even and odd,

The signs of the letters Aleph and Jod,

And the seven magical names of God.

Furthermore, he laid in store

Many a vessel of beaten ore,

Pure, massy, rich with rare device

Of Florence-work wrought under and o'er,

Shekels of silver, and stones of price,

Sardius, sapphire, topaz, more

In number than may well be told,

Milan stuffs, and merchandise

Of Venice, the many times bought and sold.

He buried them deep where none might mark,—

Hid them from sight of the hated race,

Gave them in guard of the Powers of the Dark.

And solemnly set his curse on the place.

Then he saddled his mule, and with him took

Zillah his wife, and Rachel his daughter,

And Manassah his son; and turned and shook

The dust from his foot on the place of slaughter,

And crossed the night and fled away

(Balking the hangman of his prey)

From out of the city of Cordova.

III.

Rabbi Ben Ephraim nevermore.

Saw Cordova. For the Lord had willed

That the dust should be dropped on his eyes before

The curse upon Israel was fulfilled.

Therefore he ended the days of his life

In evil times; and by the hand

Of Rachel his daughter, and Zillah his

wife,

Was laid to rest in another land.

But, before his face to the wall he

turned,

As the eyes of the women about his bed

Grew hungry and hard with a hope unfed,

And the misty lamp more misty burned,

To Zillah and Rachel the Rabbi said

Where they might find, if fate turned kind,

And the fires in Cordova, grown slack,

Should ever suffer their footsteps back,

The tomb where by stealth he had buried his wealth

In the evil place, when in dearth and lack

He fled from the foe, and the stake, and the rack;

IV.

"A strand of colors, clear to be seen

By the main black cord of it twined between

The scarlet, the golden and the green;

All the length of the Moorish wall the line

Runs low with his mystic serpent-twine,

Until he is broken against the angle

Where thin grizzled grasses dangle,

Like dead men's hairs, from the weeds that clot

The scurfy side of a splintered pot,

Upon the crumbled cornice squat,

Gaping, long-eared, in his hue and shape

Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.

The line, till it touches the angle, follow,

Take pebbles then in the hand and drop

Stone after stone till the ground sounds hollow.

Thence walk left, till there starts, to stop

Your steps, a thorn-tree with an arm

Stretched out as though some mad alarm

Had seized upon it from behind.

It points the way until you find

A flat square stone, with letters cut.

Stoop down to lift it, 'twill not move,

More than you move a mountain, but
 Upon the letter which is third
 Of seven in the seventh word
 Press with a finger, and you shove
 Its weight back softly, as the South
 Turns a dead rose lightly over:
 Back falls it, and there yawns earth's
 mouth;
 Wherein the treasure is yet to discover,
 By means of a spiral cut down the
 abyss
 To the dead men."

V.

When he had uttered this,
 Rabbi Ben Ephraim turned his face,
 And slept.

VI.

The years went on apace.
 Manassah his son, his youngest born,
 Trading the isleted sea for corn,
 Was wrecked and picked up by the
 smuggler boat
 Of a certain prowling Candiot;
 And, being young and hale, was sold
 By the Greek a bondsman to the Turk.
 Zillah his wife, waxed white and old.
 Rachel, his daughter, loved not work.
 But walked by the light of her own
 dark eyes
 In wicked ways for the sake of gain.
 Meanwhile Israel's destinies
 Survived the scorching stake, and Spain
 At length grew weary of burning men;
 When hungered, and haggard, and
 gaunt, these two
 Forlorn Jew women crept again
 Into Cordova; because they knew
 Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim by stealth,
 When he turned his back on his own
 house-door,
 Had buried the whole of his wondrous
 wealth
 In the evil place; and they two were
 poor.

VII.

So poor indeed, they had been con-
 strained
 To filch from the refuse flung out to
 the streets
 ('Mid the rags and onion-peelings
 rained
 Where the town's worst gutter's worst
 filth greets

With his strongest gust and most sav-
 ory sweets
 Those blots and failures of Human Na-
 ture,
 Refused a name in her nomenclature,
 That spawn themselves toward night,
 and bend
 To finger the husks and shucks heaped
 there)
 The wretched, rat-bitten candle-end
 Which, found by good luck, they had
 treasured with care
 Not a whit less solemn than though it
 were

That famous work of the son of Uri,
 The candlestick of candlesticks,—
 He the long-lost light of Jewry,
 Whose almond bowls and scented wicks
 Were the boast of the desert, and Sa-
 lem's glory
 Of the knops and flowers, with his
 branches six!
 For this impoverished, curtailed, flawed,
 Maltreated, worried, gnawed, and
 clawed
 Remnant of what perchance made
 bright
 Once, for laughter and delight,
 Some chamber gay, with arras hung,
 Whose marbles, mirrors, and flowers
 among
 A lover, his lady's lute above,
 To a dear dark-eyelashed listener sung
 Of the flame of a never-dying love,—
 Little heeding, meanwhile, the fitful
 spite
 Of the night-wind's mad and mocking
 sprite,
 Which stealthily in at the lattice sprung,
 And was wrying the taper's neck
 apace,—
 Must now, with its hungry half-starved
 light,
 Make bold the shuddering flesh to face
 The sepulchre's supernatural night,
 And the Powers of the Dark keeping
 guard on the place.

VIII.

And when to the place of tombs they
 came,
 The spotted moon sunk. Night stood
 bare
 In the waste unlighted air,
 Wide-armed, waiting, and aware,
 To horribly hem them in. The flame

The little candle feebly gave,
 As it winked and winced from grave
 to grave,
 Went fast to furious waste; the same
 As a fever-famisht human hope
 That is doomed, from grief to grief,
 to grope
 On darkness blind to a doubtful goal,
 And, swayed by passion here and there
 In conflict with some vast despair,
 Consumes the substance of the soul
 In wavering ways about the world.
 The deep enormous night unfurled
 Her bannered blackness left and right,
 Fold heaped on fold, to mock such
 light
 With wild defiance; no star pearly
 The heavy pall, but horror hurled
 Shadow on shadow; while for spite
 The very graves kept out of sight,
 And heaven's sworn hatred, winning
 might
 From earth's ill-will, with darkness
 curled
 Darkness, all space confounding quite,
 So to engender night on night.

ix.

"Rachel, Rachel, for ye are tall,
 Lift the light along the wall."
 "Mother, mother, give me the hand,
 And follow!"

"What see ye, Rachel?"

x.

A strand
 Of chorded colors, clear to be seen
 By the main black dominant, twined be-
 tween
 The scarlet, the golden, and the green.

xi.

"Rachel, Rachel, ye walk so fast!"
 "Mother, the light will barely last."
 "What see ye, Rachel?"

xii.

Things that dangle
 Hairy and gray o'er the wall's choked
 angle
 From something dull, in hue and shape
 Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.

xiii.

"Once! twice! thrice! . . . the earth
 sounds hollow.

Mother, give me the hand, and follow."

"Rachel, the flame is backward blowing,
 Pusht by the darkness. Where are we
 going?

The ground is agroan with catacombs!
 What see ye, Rachel?"

xiv.

Yonder comes
 A thorn-tree, with a desperate arm
 Flung out fierce in wild alarm
 Of something which, it madly feels,
 The night to plague it yet conceals.
 No help it gets, though! An owl dashed
 out
 Of the darkness, steering his ghostliness
 thither,
 Pried in at the boughs, and passed on
 with a shout
 From who-knows-whence to who-
 knows-whither;
 The unquiet Spirit abroad on the air
 Moved with a moan that way, and spent
 A moment or more in the effort to vent
 On the tortured tree which he came
 to scare
 The sullen fit of discontent;
 But, laughing low as he grew aware
 Of the long-already-imposed despair
 Of the terrified thing he had paused
 to torment,
 He passed, pursuing his purpose else-
 where,
 And followed the whim of his wicked
 bent:
 A rheumy glow-worm, come to peer
 Into the hollow trunk, crawled near,
 And glimmered awhile, but intense fear,
 Or tame connivance with something
 wrong
 Which the night was intending,
 quenched ere long
 His lantern. Therefore the tree re-
 mains,
 For all its gestures void and vain,
 Which still at their utmost fail to ex-
 plain
 Any natural cause for the terror that
 strains
 Each desperate limb to be freed and
 away,
 In sheer paralysis of dismay

Struck stark,—and so, night's abject,
stands.

xv.

"Mother, the candle is cowering low
Beneath the night-gust: hoop both
hands

About the light, and stoop over, so
The wind from the buffeted flame to
shut,

Lest at once in our eyes the darkness
blow."

"What see ye, Rachel?"

xvi.

A square stone cut

With letters. Thick the moss is driven
Through the graver's work now blunt
and blurred:

There be seven words with letters
seven:

A finger-touch on the letter third
Of seven in the seventh word,

And the stone is heaved back: earth
yawns and gapes:

A cold strikes up the clammy dark,
And clings: a spawn of vaporous shapes
Floats out in films: a sanguine spark
The taper spits: the snaky stair
Gleams, curling down the abyss laid-

bare,

Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim's treasure is
laid.

xvii.

There they sat them down awhile,
With that terrible joy which cannot
smile

Because the heart of it is staid
And stunned, as it were, by a too-swift
pace.

And the wicked Presence abroad on the
place

So took them with awe that they rested
afraid

Almost to look into each other's face.
Moreover, the nearness of what should
change,

Like a change in a dream, their lives
forever

Into something suddenly bright and
strange,

Paused upon them, and made them
shiver.

The old woman mumbled at length: "I
am old

I have no sight the treasure to find;
I have no strength to rake the red gold;
My hand is palsied, mine eye is blind,
Child of my bosom, I dare not descend
To the horrible pit!"

And Rachel said:

"I fear the darkness, I fear the dead;
But the candle is burning fast to the
end:

We waste the time with words. Look
here!

There rests between us and the dark
A few short inches. . . . Mother, mark
The wasting taper! . . . I should not
fear

Either the darkness or the dead,
But for certain memories in my head
Which daunt me. . . . We will go, we
twain,
Together."

The old woman cried again:

"Child of my bosom, I will not de-
scend

To the horrible pit,—and the candle-
end

Is burning down, God curse the same!
I am old, and cannot help myself.

Young are ye! What your beauty
brings

Who knows? I think ye keep the pelf.
Ye will let me starve. So the serpent
stings

The bosom it lay in! Are ye so tame
Of spirit? I marvel why we came.

Poverty is the worst of things!"

Rachel looked at the dwindling flame,
And frowned, and muttered, "Mother,
shame!

I fear the darkness, because there
clings

To my heart a thought, I cannot
smother,

Of certain things which, whatever the
blame,

Thou wottest of, and I will not name;
For my sins are many and heavy,
mother.

Yet because I hunger, and still would
save

Some years from sin, and because of
my brother

Whom the Greek man sold to be slave
to a slave,
(May the Lord requite the lying
knave!)

I will go down alone to the pit.
Thou, therefore, mother, watch, and sit
In prayer for me, by the mouth of the
grave.

The light will hardly last me, I fear.
And what is to do must be quickly
done.—

Mercy on us, mother! . . . Look here;
Three inches more, and the light will be
gone!

Quick, mother, the candle—quick! I
fear.

To be left in the darkness alone.”

XVIII.

The mother sat by the grave, and listened.

She waited: she heard the footsteps go
Under the earth, wandering, slow.
She looked: deep down the taper glistened.

Then, the voice of Rachel from below:

“Mother, mother, stoop and hold!”

And she flung up four ouches of gold.
The old woman counted them, ouches
four,
Beaten out of the massy ore.

“Child of my blossom, blessed art thou!
The hand of the Lord be yet with thee!
As thou art strong in thy spirit now,
Many and pleasant thy days shall be.
As a vine in a garden, fair to behold,
Green in her branches, shalt thou grow,
And so have gladness when thou art
old.

Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!
More gold yet, and still more gold!”

“Mother, mother, the light burns low.
The candle is one inch shorter now,
And I dare not be left in the darkness
alone.”

“Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!
Of thee have I said, She shall not
shrink!

Thy brother is yet a bondsman,—think!
Yet once more,—and he is free.

And whom shall he praise for this but
thee?

Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!
Manassah is groaning over the sea.
More gold yet, and still more gold!”

“Mother, mother, stoop and hold!”

And she flung up from below again
Cups of the carven silver twain.
Solid silver was each great cup.
The old woman caught them as they
came up.

“Rachel, Rachel, well hast thou done!
Manassah is free. Go on! go on!
Royal dainties forever be thine!
Rachel's eyes shall be red with wine,
Rachel's mouth shall with milk be filled,
And her bread be fat. I praise thee,
my child,

For surely thou hast freed thy brother.
The deed was good, but there resteth
another,

And art thou not the child of thy
mother?

Once more, Rachel, yet once more!
Thy mother is very poor and old.
Must she close her eyes before
They see the thing she would behold?
More gold yet, and still more gold!”

“Mother, the light is very low.
The candle is wellnigh wasted now,
And I dare not be left in the darkness
alone.”

“Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!
Much is done, but there resteth more.
Ye are young, Rachel, shall it be told
That my bones were laid at my children's door?
More gold yet, and still more gold!”

“Mother, mother, stoop and hold!”

The voice came fainter from beneath;
And she flung up a bejeweled sheath.
The sheath was thick with many a gem;
The old woman carefully counted them.

“Rachel, Rachel, thee must I praise,
Who makest pleasant thy mother's days.
Blesséd be thou in all thy ways!
Surely for this must I praise thee, my
daughter,
And therefore in fulness shalt thou
dwell

As a fruitful fig-tree beside the water
That layeth her green leaves over the
well.

More gold, Rachel, yet again!

And we shall have houses and servants
in Spain,

And thou shalt walk with the wealthiest
ladies,

And fairest, in Cordova, Seville, or
Cadiz,

And thou shalt be wooed as a Queen
should be,

And tended upon as the proud are
tended,

And the algazuls shall doff to thee,
For thy face shall be brightened, thy

raiment be splendid,
And no man shall call thee an evil

name,
And thou shalt no longer remember thy

shame,
And thy mother's eyes, as she waxes

old,
Shall see the thing she would behold—

More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, the light is very low—

Out! out! . . . Ah God, they are on me
now!

Mother" (the old woman hears with a
groan),

"Leave me not here in the darkness
alone!"

The mother sits by the grave, and lis-
tens.

She waits: she hears the footsteps go
Far under the earth—bewildered—slow.

She looks: the light no longer glistens.
Still the voice of Rachel from below,

"Mother, mother, they have me, and
hold!

Mother, there is a curse on thy gold!
Mercy! mercy! The light is gone,—

Leave me not here in the darkness
alone,—

Mother, mother, help me and save!"

Still Rachel's voice from the grave doth
moan.

Still Rachel's mother sits by the grave.

OWEN MEREDITH (1831-1891).
(ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON.)

HOLY-CROSS DAY.

ON WHICH THE JEWS WERE FORCED TO
ATTEND AN ANNUAL CHRISTIAN
SERMON IN ROME.

"Now was come about Holy-Cross
Day, and now must my lord preach his
first sermon to the Jews: as it was of
old cared for in the merciful bowels
of the Church, that, so to speak, a
crumb at least from her conspicuous
table here in Rome should be, though
but once yearly, cast to the famishing
dogs, under-trampled and bespitten—
upon beneath the feet of the guests.
And a moving sight in truth, this, of
so many of the besotted blind restif
and ready-to-perish Hebrews! now ma-
ternally brought—nay, (for He saith,
'Compel them to come in') haled, as
it were, by the head and hair, and
against their obstinate hearts, to par-
take of the heavenly grace. What
awakening, what striving with tears,
what working of a yeasty consciencel
Nor was my lord wanting to himself
on so apt an occasion; witness the
abundance of conversions which did in-
continently reward him: though not to
my lord be altogether the glory."—
Diary by the Bishop's Secretary, 1600.]

What the Jews really said, on thus
being driven to church, was rather to
this effect:—

I.

FEE, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the
week.

Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savory, smug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due
chime

Gives us the summons—'t is sermon-
time!

II.

Bob, here's Barnabas! Job, that's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?

Shame, man! greedy beyond your years
To handsel the bishop's shaving-shears?
Fair play 's a jewel! Leave friends in
the lurch?

Stand on a line ere you start for the
church!

III.

Higgledy piggedly, packed we lie.
 Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
 Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
 Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve.
 Hist! square shoulders, settle your
 thumbs
 And buzz for the bishop—here he
 comes.

IV.

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog!
 I liken his Grace to an acorned hog
 What, a boy at his side; with a bloom
 of a lass,
 To help and handle my lord's hour-
 glass!
 Didst ever behold so lithe a chine?
 His cheek hath laps like a fresh-singed
 swine.

V.

Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,
 Or somebody deal him a dig in the
 paunch!
 Look at the purse with the tassel and
 knob,
 And the gown with the angel and
 thingumbob!
 What's he at, quotha? reading his
 text!
 Now you've his curtesy—and what
 comes next?

VI.

See to our converts—you doomed black
 dozen—
 No stealing away—nor cog nor cozen!
 You five, that were thieves, deserve it
 fairly;
 You seven, that were beggars, will live
 less sparely;
 You took your turn and dipped in the
 hat,
 Got fortune—and fortune gets you;
 mind that!

VII.

Give your first groan—compunction's
 at work;
 And soft! from a Jew you mount to a
 Turk.
 Lo, Micah,—the selfsame beard on chin
 He was four times already converted
 in!
 Here's a knife, clip quick—it's a sign
 of grace—

Or he ruins us all with his hanging-
 face.

VIII.

Whom now is the bishop a-leering at?
 I know a point where his text falls pat.
 I'll tell him to-morrow, a word just
 now
 Went to my heart and made me vow
 I meddle no more with the worst of
 trades:
 Let somebody else pay his serenades!

IX.

Groan altogether now, whee—hee—hee!
 It's a-work, it's a-work, ah, woe is
 me!
 It began, when a herd of us, picked and
 placed,
 Were spurred thro' the Corso, stripped
 to the waist;
 Jew brutes, with sweat and blood well
 spent
 To usher in worthy Christian Lent.

X.

It grew, when the hangman entered
 our bounds,
 Yelled, pricked us out to his church like
 hounds:
 It got to a pitch, when the hand indeed
 Which gutted my purse, would throttle
 my creed:
 And it overflows, when, to even the
 odd,
 Men I helped to their sins help me to
 their God.

XI.

But now, while the scapegoats leave our
 flock,
 And the rest sit silent and count the
 clock,
 Since forced to muse the appointed
 time
 On these precious facts and truths
 sublime,—
 Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,
 In saying Ben Ezra's Song of Death.

XII.

For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,
 Called sons and sons' sons to his side,

And spoke, "This world has been harsh
and strange;
Something is wrong: there needeth a
change.
But what, or where? at the last or first?
In one point only we sinned, at worst.

XIII.

"The Lord will have mercy on Jacob
yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.
When Judah beholds Jerusalem,
The stranger-seed shall be joined to
them:
To Jacob's House shall the Gentiles
cleave,
So the Prophet saith and his sons be-
lieve.

XIV.

"Ay, the children of the chosen race
Shall carry and bring them to their
place:
In the land of the Lord shall lead the
same,
Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall
blame,
When the slaves enslave, the oppressed
ones o'er
The oppressor triumph for evermore?

XV.

"God spoke, and gave us the word to
keep:
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and
ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was
set:
Tho' near upon cock-crow, we keep it
yet.

XVI.

"Thou! if thou wast he, who at mid-
watch came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious
name!
And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
With fear—O thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
And we gave the Cross, when we owed
the Throne—

XVII.

"Thou art the Judge. We are bruised
thous.
But, the Judgment over, join sides with
us!
Thine, too, is the cause! and not more
thine
Than ours, is the work of these dogs
and swine,
Whose life laughs through and spits at
their creed,
Who maintain thee in word, and defy
thee in deed!

XVIII.

"We withstood Christ then? Be mind-
ful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst
we spared,
To have called these—Christians, had
we dared!
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of
thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

XIX.

"By the torture, prolonged from age
to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's
disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's
place,
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellow-
ship,—

XX.

"We boast our proof that at least the
Jew
Would wrest Christ's name from the
Devil's crew.
Thy face took never so deep a shade
But we fought them in it, God our
aid!
A trophy to bear, as we march, thy
band
South, East, and on to the Pleasant
Land!"

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).
[Pope Gregory XVI abolished this bad
business of the Sermon.—R. B.]

FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE
PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL.

A Reminiscence of A. D. 1676.

I.

"No, boy, we must not"—so began
My Uncle (he's with God long since),
A-petting me, the good old man!

"We must not"—and he seemed to
wince,

And lost that laugh whereto had grown
His chuckle at my piece of news,
How cleverly I aimed my stone—

"I fear we must not pelt the Jews!

II.

"When I was young indeed,—ah, faith
Was young and strong in Florence
too!

We Christians never dreamed of scathe
Because we cursed or kicked the crew.
But now—well, well! The olive-crops
Weighed double then, and Arno's
pranks

Would always spare religious shops
Whenever he o'erflowed his banks!

III.

"I'll tell you"—and his eye regained
Its twinkle—"tell you something
choice!

Something may help you keep unstained
Your honest zeal to stop the voice
Of unbelief with stone-throw—apite
Of laws, which modern fools enact,
That we must suffer Jews in sight
Go wholly unmolested! Fact!

IV.

"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,

A wayside ground wherein they
thrust
Their dead,—these Jews,—the more our
shame!

Except that, so they will but die,
Christians perchance incur no blame
In giving hogs a hoist to sty.

V.

"There, anyhow, Jews stow away
Their dead; and—such their insolence—

Slink at odd times to sing and pray
As Christians do—all make-pretence!

Which wickedness they perpetrate
Because they think no Christians see.
They reckoned here, at any rate,
Without their host: ha, ha! he, he!

VI.

"For, what should join their plot of
ground

But a good Farmer's Christian field?
The Jews had hedged their corner round
With bramble-bush to keep concealed
Their doings: for the public road
Ran betwixt this their ground and
that

The Farmer's, where he ploughed and
sowed,
Grew corn for barn and grapes for
vat.

VII.

"So, properly to guard his store
And gall the unbelievers too,
He builds a shrine and, what is more,
Procures a painter whom I knew,
One Buti (he's with God) to paint
A holy picture there—no less
Than Virgin Mary free from taint
Borne to the sky by angels: yes!

VIII.

"Which shrine he fixed,—who says him
nay?—

A-facing with its picture-side
Not, as you'd think, the public way,
But just where sought these hounds
to hide

Their carrion from that very truth
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
Could act his mummeries uncouth
But Mary shamed the pack all round!

IX.

"Now, if it was amusing, judge!
—To see the company arrive,
Each Jew intent to end his trudge
And take his pleasure (though alive)

With all his Jewish kith and kin
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curse Christians, and so home, no
doubt!

x.

"Whereas, each phiz upturned beholds
Mary, I warrant, soaring brave!
And in a trice, beneath the folds
Of filthy garb which gowns each
knave,
Down drops it—there to hide grimace,
Contortion of the mouth and nose
At finding Mary in the place
They'd keep for Pilate, I suppose!

xi.

"At last, they will not brook—not they!—
Longer such outrage on their tribe:
So, in some hole and corner, lay
Their heads together—how to bribe
The meritorious Farmer's self
To straight undo his work, restore
Their chance to meet and muse on
pelf—
Pretending sorrow, as before!

xii.

"Forthwith, a posse, if you please,
Of Rabbi This and Rabbi That
Almost go down upon their knees
To get him lay the picture flat.
The spokesman, eighty years of age,
Gray as a badger, with a goat's
—Not only beard but bleat, gins wage
War with our Mary. Thus he dotes:—

xiii.

"Friends, grant a grace! How He-
brews toil
Through life in Florence—why relate
To those who lay the burden, spoil
Our paths of peace? We bear our
fate.
But when with life the long toil ends,
Why must you—the expression craves
Pardon, but truth compels me,
friends!—
Why must you plague us in our
graves?

xiv.

"Thoughtlessly plague, I would believe!
For how can you—the lords of ease
By nurture, birthright—e'en conceive
Our luxury to lie with trees
And turf,—the cricket and the bird
Left for our last companionship:
No harsh deed, no unkindly word,
No frowning brow nor scornful lip!

xv.

"Death's luxury, we now rehearse
While, living, through your streets we
fare
And take your hatred: nothing worse
Have we, once dead and safe, to bear!
So we refresh our souls, fulfil
Our works, our daily tasks; and thus
Gather you grain—earth's harvest—still
The wheat for you, the straw for us.

xvi.

"What flouting in a face, what harm,
In just a lady borne from bier
By boys' heads, wings for leg and arm?
You question. Friends, the harm is
here—
That just when our last sigh is heaved,
And we would fain thank God and
you
For labor done and peace achieved,
'Back comes the Past in full review!

xvii.

"At sight of just that simple flag,
Starts the foe-feeling serpent-like
From slumber. Leave it lulled, nor
drag—
Though fangless—forth what needs
must strike
When stricken sore, though stroke be
vain
Against the mailed oppressor! Give
Play to our fancy that we gain
Life's rights when once we cease to
live.

xviii.

"Thus much to courtesy, to kind,
To conscience! Now to Florence
folk!
There's core beneath this apple-rind,
Beneath this white-of-egg there's
yolk!
Beneath this prayer to courtesy,

*Kind, conscience—there's a sum to
pouch!
How many ducats down will buy
Our shame's removal, sirs? Avouch!*

XIX.

*"Removal, not destruction, sirs!
Just turn your picture! Let it front
The public path! Or memory errs,
Or that same public path is wont
To witness many a chance befall
Of lust, theft, bloodshed — sins
enough,
Wherein our Hebrew part is small.
Convert yourselves!"—he cut up
rough.*

XX.

*"Look you, how soon a service paid
Religion yields the servant fruit!
A prompt reply our Farmer made
So following: 'Sirs, to grant your
suit
Involves much danger! How? Trans-
pose
Our Lady? Stop the chastisement,
All for your good, herself bestows?
What wonder if I grudge consent?*

XXI.

*"—Yet grant it: since, what cash I take
Is so much saved from wicked use.
We know you! And, for Mary's sake,
A hundred ducats shall induce
Concession to your prayer. One day
Suffices: Master Buti's brush
Turns Mary round the other way,
And deluges your side with slush.*

XXII.

*"Down with the ducats therefore!"
Dump,
Dump, dump it falls, each counted
piece,
Hard gold. Then out of door they
stump,
These dogs, each brisk as with new
lease
Of life, I warrant,—glad he 'll die
Henceforward just as he may choose,
Be buried and in clover lie!
Well said Esaias—"stiff-necked Jews!"*

XXIII.

*"Off posts without a minute's loss
Our Farmer, once the cash in poke,
And summons Buti—ere its gloss
Have time to fade from off the joke—
To chop and change his work, undo
The done side, make the side, now
blank,
Recipient of our Lady—who,
Displaced thus, had these dogs to
thank!*

XXIV.

*Now, boy, you're hardly to instruct
In technicalities of Art!
My nephew's childhood sure has sucked
Along with mother's-milk some part
Of painter's-practice—learned, at least,
How expeditiously is plied
A work in fresco—never ceased
When once begun—a day, each side.*

XXV.

*"So, Buti—(he's with God)—begins:
First covers up the shrine all round
With hoarding; then, as like as twins,
Paints, t' other side the burial-ground,
New Mary, every point the same;
Next, sluices over, as agreed,
The old; and last—but, spoil the game
By telling you? Not I, indeed!*

XXVI.

*"Well, ere the week was half at end,
Out came the object of this zeal,
This fine alacrity to spend
Hard money for mere dead men's
weal!
How think you? That old spokesman
Jew
Was High Priest, and he had a wife
As old, and she was dying too,
And wished to end in peace her life!*

XXVII.

*"And he must humor dying whims,
And soothe her with the idle hope
They'd say their prayers and sing their
hymns
As if her husband were the Pope!
And she did die—believing just
This privilege was purchased! Dead
In comfort through her foolish trust!
"Stiff-necked ones," well Esaias said!*

XXVIII.

"So, Sabbath morning, out of gate
And on to way, what sees our arch
Good Farmer? Why, they hoist their
freight—

The corpse—on shoulder, and so,
march!

"Now for it, Buti!" In the nick
Of time 't is pully-haully, hence
With hoarding! O'er the wayside quick
There's Mary plain in evidence!

XXIX.

"And here's the convoy halting: right!
Oh, they are bent on howling psalms
And growling prayers, when opposite!
And yet they glance, for all their
qualms,
Approve that promptitude of his,
The Farmer's—duly at his post
To take due thanks from every phiz,
Sour smirk—nay, surly smile almost!

XXX.

"Then earthward drops each brow again;
The solemn task 's resumed; they
reach
Their holy field—the unholy train:
Enter its precinct, all and each,
Wrapt somehow in their godless rites;
Till, rites at end, up-waking, lo,
They lift their faces! What delights
The mourners as they turn to go?

XXXI.

"Ha, ha! he! he! On just the side
They drew their purse-strings to make
quit
Of Mary,—Christ the Crucified
Fronted them now—these biters bit!
Never was such a hiss and snort,
Such screwing nose and shooting lip!
Their purchase—honey in report—
Proved gall and verjuice at first sip!

XXXII.

"Out they break, on they bustle, where,
A-top of wall, the Farmer waits
With Buti: never fun so rare!
The Farmer has the best: he rates
The rascal, as the old High Priest
Takes on himself to sermonize—
Nay, sneer "*We Jews supposed, at least,
Theft was a crime in Christian eyes!*"

XXXIII.

"*Theft!*" cries the Farmer. *'Eat your
words!*

*Show me what constitutes a breach
Of faith in aught was said or heard!
I promised you in plainest speech
I'd take the thing you count disgrace
And put it here—and here 't is put!
Did you suppose I'd leave the place
Blank therefore, just your rage to
glut?*

XXXIV.

"*I guess you dared not stipulate
For such a damned impertinence!
So, quick, my graybeard, out of gate
And in at Ghetto! Haste you hence!
As long as I have house and land,
To spite you irreligious chaps,
Here shall the Crucifixion stand—
Unless you down with cash, perhaps!"*

XXXV.

"So snickered he and Buti both.
The Jews said nothing, interchanged
A glance or two, renewed their oath
To keep ears stopped and hearts es-
tranged
From grace, for all our Church can do;
Then off they scuttle: sullen jog
Homewards, against our Church to
brew
Fresh mischief in their synagogue.

XXXVI.

"But next day—see what happened, boy!
See why I bid you have a care
How you pelt Jews! The knaves em-
ploy
Such methods of revenge, forbear
No outrage on our faith, when free
To wreak their malice! Here they
took
So base a method—plague o' me
If I record it in my Book!

XXXVII.

"For, next day, while the Farmer sat
Laughing with Buti, in his shop,
At their successful joke,—rat-tat,—
Door opens, and they're like to drop
Down to the floor as in there stalks
A six-foot-high herculean-built
Young he-Jew with a beard that balks
Description. "*Help ere blood be spilt!*"

XXXVIII.

—“Screamed Buti: for he recognized
Whom but the son, no less no more,
Of that High Priest his work surprised
So pleasantly the day before!
Son of the mother, then, whereof
The bier he lent a shoulder to.
And made the moans about, dared
scoff
At sober Christian grief—the Jew!

XXXIX.

“‘Sirs, I salute you! Never rise!
No apprehension!’ (Buti, white
And trembling like a tub of size,
Had tried to smuggle out of sight
The picture’s self—the thing in oils,
You know, from which a fresco’s
dashed
Which courage speeds while caution
spoils)
‘Stay and be praised, sir, unabashed!’

XL.

“‘Praised,—ay, and paid too; for I come
To buy that very work of yours.
My poor abode, which boasts—well,
some
Few specimens of Art, secures,
Haply, a masterpiece indeed
If I should find my humble means
Suffice the outlay. So, proceed!
Propose—ere prudence intervenes!’”

XLI.

“On Buti, cowering like a child,
These words descended from aloft,
In tone so ominously mild,
With smile terrifically soft
To that degree—could Buti dare
(Poor fellow) use his brains, think
twice?
He asked, thus taken unaware,
No more than just the proper price!

XLII.

“‘Done!’ cries the monster. ‘I disburse
Forthwith your moderate demand.
Count on my custom—if no worse
Your future work be, understand,
Than this I carry off! No aid!’

*My arm, sir, lacks nor bone nor
thews:
The burden’s easy, and we’re made,
Easy or hard, to bear—we Jews!’*

XLIII.

“Crossing himself at such escape,
Buti by turns the money eyes
And, timidly, the stalwart shape
Now moving doorwards; but, more
wise,
The Farmer,—who, though dumb, his
while
Had watched advantage—straight
conceived
A reason for that tone and smile
So mild and soft! The Jew—be-
lieved!

XLIV.

“Mary in triumph borne to deck
A Hebrew household! Pictured
where
No one was used to bend the neck
In praise or bow the knee in prayer!
Borne to that domicile by whom?
The son of the High Priest! Through
what?
An insult done his mother’s tomb!
Saul changed to Paul—the case came
pat!

XLV.

“‘Stay, dog-Jew . . . gentle sir, that is!
Resolve me! Can it be, she crowned,—
Mary, by miracle,—Oh bliss!—
My present to your burial-ground?
Certain, a ray of light has burst
Your veil of darkness! Had you else,
Only for Mary’s sake, unpursed
So much hard money? Tell—oh,
tell’s!’”

XLVI.

“Round—like a serpent that we took
For worm and trod on—turns his
bulk
About the Jew. First dreadful look
Sends Buti in a trice to skulk
Out of sight somewhere, safe—alack!
But our good Farmer faith made
bold:
And firm (with Florence at his back)
He stood, while gruff the gutturals
rolled—

XLVII.

"*Ay, sir, a miracle was worked,
By quite another power, I trow,
Than ever yet in canvas lurked,
Or you would scarcely face me now!
A certain impulse did suggest
A certain grasp with this right-
hand,
Which probably had put to rest
Our quarrel,—thus your throat once
spanned!*

XLVIII.

"*But I remembered me, subdued
That impulse, and you face me still!
And soon a philosophic mood
Succeeding (hear it, if you will!)
Has altogether changed my views
Concerning Art. Blind prejudice!
Well may you Christians tax us Jews
With scrupulosity too nice!*

XLIX.

"*For, don't I see,—let 's issue join!—
Whenever I'm allowed pollute
(I—and my little bag of coin)
Some Christian palace of repute,—
Don't I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?*

L.

"*Jew, since it must be, take in pledge
Of payment!—so a Cardinal
Has sighed to me as if a wedge
Entered his heart—this best of all
My treasures! Leda, Ganymede
Or Antiope: swan, eagle, ape,
(Or what 's the beast of what 's the
breed.)
And Jupiter in every shape!*

LI.

"*Whereat, if I presume to ask
'But, Eminence, though Titian's whisk
Of brush have well performed its task,
How comes it these false godships
frisk
In presence of—what yonder frame
Pretends to image? Surely, odd*

It seems, you let confront The Name
Each beast the heathen called his
god!

LII.

"*Benignant smiles me pity straight
The Cardinal. 'T is Truth, we prize!
Art 's the sole question in debate!
These subjects are so many lies.
We treat them with a proper scorn
When we turn lies—called gods for-
sooth—*

To lies' fit use, now Christ is born.
Drawing and coloring are Truth.

LIII.

"*Think you I honor lies so much
As scruple to parade the charms
Of Leda—Titian, every touch—
Because the thing within her arms
Means Jupiter who had the praise
And prayer of a benighted world?
He would have mine too, if, in days
Of light, I kept the canvas furled!*

LIV.

"*'So ending, with some easy gibe.
What power has logic! I, at once,
Acknowledged error in our tribe
So squeamish that, when friends
ensconce
A pretty picture in its niche
To do us honor, deck our graves,
We fret and fume and have an itch
To strangle folk—ungrateful knaves!*

LV.

"*No, sir! Be sure that—what 's its
style,
Your picture?—shall possess un-
grudged
A place among my rank and file
Of Ledas and what not—be judged
Just as a picture!—and (because
I fear me much I scarce have bought
A Titian) Master Buti's flaws
Found there, will have the laugh
flaws ought!*

LVI.

"So, with a scowl, it darkens door—
 This bulk—no longer! Buti makes
 Prompt glad re-entry; there 's a score
 Of oaths, as the good Farmer wakes
 From what must needs have been a
 trance,
 Or he had struck (he swears) to
 ground
 The bold bad mouth that dared ad-
 vance
 - Such doctrine the reverse of sound!

LVII.

"Was magic here? Most like! For
 since,
 Somehow our city's faith grows still
 More and more lukewarm, and our
 Prince

Or loses heart or wants the will
 To check increase of cold. 'T is "*Live
 And let live! Languidly repress
 The Dissident! In short,—contrive
 Christians must bear with Jews: no
 less!*"

LVIII.

"The end seems, any Israelite
 Wants any picture,—pishes, poohs,
 Purchases, hangs it full in sight
 In any chamber he may choose!
 In Christ's crown, one more thorn we
 rue!
 In Mary's bosom, one more sword!
 No, boy, you must not pelt a Jew!
 O Lord, how long? How long, O
 Lord?"

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

IV

FOR ISRAEL

**POEMS IN DEFENSE OF THE JEWS—
TRIBUTES AND ELEGIES**

THE PERSECUTED JEW.

WHEN strife is rampant in the world,
And men and devils loudly cheer;
The hearts of men have turned to stone,
And cruel monsters laugh and sneer.

In sorrow and the darkest gloom,
Our brother Jew has suffered long;
The God of Israel knows His own,
He their King is great and strong.

Defend thy people, God of hosts,
Thou God of Israel, grand and great;
Look down and bless that noble race,
And lead them to the golden gate.

STEPHEN TAYLOR DEKINS.

AN HEBRAIC LAMENTATION.

A KINGDOM that was mighty once
And favoured by the God of heaven
Is fallen low, and all its sons
From home and heritage are driven.

Another nation holds their land,
Another hand their sceptre bears,
Another faith takes Mahmoud's wand
And rules high-handed over theirs.

Arabia's mosque in triumph stands
Where once their glorious temple
stood;

Moriah weeps; and Zion's lands
Bow down and moan o'er Jordan's
flood.

And all the seed of Jacob mourn
The ruined greatness of their state,
And wait the Prince that shall be born
To break the fetters of their fate.

They are as sheep the shepherd lost,
Scattered abroad in pasturage;
A pilgrim nation, a vast host
Bent on eternal pilgrimage.

A kingless race whose kings are dead,
As warriors, captainless, they fight;
United war, divided, led
By a blind faith in the blind night!

Their wandering, homeless liberty
Is worse than bondage of the home;
The harp that once sang jubilee
Is rusted with cold tears, and dumb.

They wander homeless through the
world

A scattered people, scorned and
spurned

And trodden down: as aliens hurled
In exile and the ghetto burned.

Oppressed, they cry to Him, whose
hand

Was mighty in the ancient years,
Who fought their battles, blessed their
land,

But now no more their wailing hears.

They move in moods in every land,
Dragged to the dust, but full of pride,
And morn and noon and eve they stand
And look for Him they crucified.

Their faith lives on, nor dies, but drives
Their trust through heaven's perpet-
ual frown;

Their hopes leap high, though all their
lives

By all the world are beaten down.

They build an altar with the spheres,
And prostrate fall on face and knees,
And cry aloud, but no one hears,
And cut with stones, but no one sees!

From East and South and North and
West

And all the lands wherein they roam,
They turn their faces to the East
And look upon their fathers' home.

An iron crown is on their head,
A leaden sceptre in their hand:
As conquered kings in exile led
They rule, but in a desert land.

They mingle with the Gentile crowd,
And lift their skirts when passing
by;

They hear the human dogs bark loud,
And stop their ears against the cry!

They push their fates in even strain,
With slow, sure-stepped monotony,
Against the prejudice of men
And triumph o'er adversity.

They follow Fortune at her call,
And travel far o'er mere and main,

And fall to rise, and rise to fall,
And clasp the golden hand of gain!

And Freedom wanders lone to shun
The evil eye of Tyranny,
Or passing in the press unknown
She wears the frock of Slavery!
SWITHIN SAINT SWITHAINE.

THE JEW'S APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN.

CEASE, Christian, cease the word of
scorn,

On Israel's name, on Judah's race;
Though lowly, humbled and forlorn,
He hath no home, no resting place;
Deem not the Hebrew's soul so dead,
So abject, that he cannot know,
Musing o'er Salem's glory fled,
The tear of shame, the pang of woe.

When by the streams of Babylon
Our captive exiled fathers sate,
On high their tuneless harps were hung,
They could not sing—disconsolate
They mourned their lost Jerusalem,
Her hallowed scenes of loveliness;
Their children too can weep with them—
They cannot sing for heaviness.

O! think upon the severed wave,
Obedient to the Prophet's word;
On that dread law Jehovah gave,
When Sinai trembled with the Lord.
Forget not those, our favored sires,
Led through the desert, bondage free,
By noonday cloud, and midnight fires,
Their guardian guide the Deity.

Boast ye of power, of glory won
By England's warrior chivalry?
Think, think, of what our sires have
done,

Of Gideon, David, Maccabee.
When Judah trod his lofty way,
Proud, fierce, and free; who then
might dare,

Low crouching on his prostrate prey,
Rouse the young lion from his lair?

Vaunt ye of Britain rich and great?
Her beauties do ye fondly tell?
Such once was Sion's palmy state,
Fair were thy tents, O Israël!

Her merchants were the chiefs of
earth,

Their vessels thronged the Eastern
sea;
And Salem gloried in the worth
Of Ophir, Indus, Araby.

Though changed, alas! not hers the
doom,

Thus ever hopelessly to pine;
Our father's pitying God shall come,
And rear his loved, though wasted,
vine.—

Were this a fond and idle dream,
Our Prophet's sacred word were
vain,

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The Beautiful, shall rise again.

Virgin of Israel! yet once more
Encircled by the choral throng,
Thou shalt lead forth the dance, and
pour

To tabret note the merry song:—
Once more, once more, exultingly,
From holy Ephraim's mountain-
ward,

Shall Jacob hear the watchman's cry,
"Arise! and let us seek the Lord!"

Daughter of Zion! raise the voice!
Clap the glad hand! beloved, for-
given,

Thy fainting spirit shall rejoice,
Refreshed, once more, by dew from
heaven.

The hand that held the iron rod
Shall wield the shepherd's crook, and
prove

(Hear it, ye Isles)—that Israel's God
Hath loved her with a father's love!

Cease, Christian, cease the word of
shame

On Judah's race—on Israel's name.

J. W. BLENCOWE, *Jun.*

LINES TO AN ANTI-SEMITES.

Stand! as God saw thee of old time

We see and know thee now;

The brand of unforgotten crime

Still black upon thy brow.

That mark, Eternal Justice traced,

Thou coverest in vain;

Its blighting stigma uneffaced:

Where is thy brother, Cain?

Aye, hypocrite, and if thou wilt,
 White hands, in protest, spread!
 The blood by coarser murderers spilt
 Was at thy bidding shed.
 Thy speech inflamed each ignorant soul
 With thine own maddening wine;
 And when their fury burst control,
 Their brutal acts were thine.

For thee the crowded Plaza seethed
 Round Seville's high-built pyre;
 And shrinking forms of women
 wreathed

With boiling snakes of fire.
 Thy servants fanned their ardent
 breath

Into a fiercer flame;
 And watched, well-pleased, the dally-
 ing death,
 That lingered ere it came.

But thou hast darker secrets yet,
 And deeds more dear to hell.
 The sightless, soundless oubliette
 Hath kept thy counsel well,
 The silent hours that crush the heart,
 The soul-destroying gloom;
 Thine, devil, was the fiendish art
 Devised that living tomb.

Woe, woe on the unhappy state
 That learns thy bloody creed,
 And makes her mansion desolate
 Thy cruel lust to feed.
 Before one dread, impartial Bar
 Her sons, shall find, ere long,
 How terrible the helpless are,
 The feeble ones how strong!

Lo! where the dotard Empress, Spain,
 With loosened necklace stands,
 While those fair jewels, grain by grain,
 Slip from her nerveless hands!
 Unmoved she sees her pearls depart
 And smiles with alien eyes;
 For heavy on her palsied heart
 The curse of Israel lies.

Foul shark, whose malice never sleeps,
 On noblest victims fed;
 What swimmer bold shall cleave the
 deeps

Thy rivings left so red;
 And when thy bulk sways up to
 breathe

On that encrimsoned tide,
 With one unerring home-thrust sheathe
 His dagger in thy side?

EDWARD SYDNEY TYBEE.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

THE house was crammed from roof to
 floor,

Heads piled on heads at every door:
 Half dead with August's seething heat
 I crowded on and found my seat,
 My patience slightly out of joint,
 My temper short of boiling point,
 Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,
 Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew
 Were gathered Hebrews not a few,
 Black-bearded, swarthy,—at their side
 Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed:
 If scarce a Christian hopes for grace
 Who crowds one in his narrow place,
 What will the savage victim do
 Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew?

Next on my left a breathing form
 Wedged up against me, close and warm;
 The beak that crowned the bisted face
 Betrayed the mould of Abraham's
 race,—
 That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown
 hue,—

Ah, cursèd, unbelieving Jew!
 I started, shuddering, to the right,
 And squeezed—a second Israelite!

Then woke the evil brood of rage
 That slumber tongueless, in their cage;
 I stabbed in turn with silent oaths
 The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,
 The snaky usurer, him that crawls
 And cheats beneath the golden balls,
 Moses and Levi, all the horde,
 Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,
 The grisly story Chaucer told,
 And many an ugly tale beside
 Of children caught and crucified;
 I heard the ducat-sweating thieves
 Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,
 And, thrust beyond the tented green,
 The lepers cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,
 My sullen eye it could not please,
 In vain my conscience whispered,
 "Shame!"

Who but their Maker is to blame?"
 I thought of Judas and his bribe,

And steeled my soul against their tribe:
My neighbors stirred; I looked again
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue
The mantling blood shows faintly
through;
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side;
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam
Clear as a starlit mountain stream;—
So looked that other child of Shem.
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

And thou couldst scorn the peerless
blood
That flows unmingled from the Flood,—
Thy 'scutcheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!
The New World's foundling, in thy
pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And lo! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows
The blush of Sharon's opening rose,
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed
feet

Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,
Thy lips would press his garments' hem
That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene;
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole,—
"Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,
From thee the Son of Mary came,
With thee the Father deigned to dwell,—
Peace be upon thee, Israël!"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894).

TO RUSSIA.

Who tamed your lawless Tartar
blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled
stud,
A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,

Why, one who now wails out to you,—
The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young
prime
And bound your fierce divided force?
Why, who but Moses shaped your
course

United down the grooves of time?
Your mighty millions all to-day
The hated, homeless Jew obey.
Who taught all poetry to you?
The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey-lands of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?

Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave the Christian creed? Yea,
yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew! Your Jew! Your hated
Jew!

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-).

THE JEWS.

ONCE verily, O mighty Czar, your
crown was justified,
When from your place among the
thrones your lifted spirit cried:

"Let there be no more wars on Earth,
let weary cannons cease."

Well was it, Ruler of the North, that
Cæsar should say, "Peace!"

But yet from Russia comes a cry of
souls that would be free;

A cry from the windy Baltic runs down
to the Euxine Sea.

It is the cry of a people, of a people
old in grief,

A people homeless on the Earth and
shaken as the leaf.

Listen a moment with your heart and
you will hear, O Czar,
There in your clear cold spaces under
the great North Star—

There in your Arctic silences swept
clean of base desire,

Where the unseen watcher reaches up
the awful Fan of Fire.

Around you is the vastness and the
wondrous hush of snow,
That you may hear their cry in the
night and let the captives go.

Have they not kingly lineage? Have
they not pedigree?

Are they not wrapt with wonder, like
the darkness of the sea?

They come out of the night of years
with Asia in their blood,
Out of the mystery of Time that was
before the Flood.

They saw the imperial Egypt shrink
and join the ruined lands;

They saw the sculptured scarlet East
sink under the gray sands:

They saw the star of Hellas rise and
glimmer into dream.

They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck
beside the yellow stream,

And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and
jaws that would not spare,
Snarling across the Earth, then, tooth-
less, die upon his lair.

And have they not had grief enough,
this people shrunk with chains?

Must there be more Assyrias? Must
there be other Spains?

They are the tribes of sorrow, and for
ages have been fed

On brackish desert-wells of hate and
exile's bitter bread.

They sang the elegies that tell the grief
of mortal years;

They built the tombs of Pharaohs,
mixing the bricks with tears;

They builded up fair cities with no
threshold for their own;

They gave their dust to Nineveh, to
Babylon their moan.

After tears by ruined altars, after toils
in alien lands,

After wailings by strange waters, after
lifting of vain hands,

After cords and stripes and burdens,
after ages scorched with fire,

Shall they not find the way of peace, a
land of heart's desire?

Shall they not have a place to pray, a
place to lay the head?

Shall they not have the wild bird's rest,
the fox's frugal bed?

Men's eyes are on you, Mighty Czar;
the world awaits the word;

The blood-splashed gates are eager,
and the rusted bolt has stirred!

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852).

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

From town and village to a wood,
stript bare,

As they of their possessions, see
them throng.

Above them grows a cloud; it moves
along,

As flee they from the circling wolf
pack's glare.

Is it their Brocken-Shadow of despair,
The looming of their life of cruel

wrong
For countless ages? No; their faith

is strong
In their Jehovah; that huge cloud is

prayer.

A flash of light, and black the despot
lies.

What thunder round the world!
'Tis transport's strain

Proclaiming loud: "No righteous
prayer is vain.

No God-imploring tears are lost; they
rise

Into a cloud, and, in the sky remain.
Till they draw lightning from Je-

hovah's eyes."

EDWARD DOYLE.

ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS.

O SON of man, by lying tongues adored.
By slaughterous hands of slaves with

feet red-shod
In carnage deep as Christian ever

trod
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice ab-

horred
And incense from the trembling ty-

rant's horde,
Brute worshippers or wielding of the

rod,
Most murderous even of all that call

thee God.
Most treacherous even that ever called

thee Lord;
Face loved of little children long ago,

Head hated of the priests and rulers
then,

If thou see this, or hear these hounds
of thine

Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,
Say, was not this thy Passion, to fore-
know

In Death's worst hour the works of
Christian men?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
(1837-1909).

PHARAOH TO ALEXANDER.

A cartoon in the London *Punch*, entitled "From the Nile to the Neva," admirably drawn by Tenniel, depicts the Czar placing his foot on the neck of a Jew, who is lying in a dungeon. As he is drawing the sword of persecution from its sheath, the shade of Pharaoh approaches and exclaims: "Forbear! That weapon always wounds the hand that wields it." The cartoon is further explained by the following poem.

"And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage."—Exodus.

"The Russian Government, by the new edicts, legalizes persecution, and openly declares war against the Jews of the Empire."—Times.]

"BEWARE!" 'Tis a voice from the
shades, from the dark of three
thousand long years,

But it falls like the red blade of RA,
and should echo in Tyranny's ears
With the terror of overhead thunder;
from Nile to the Neva it thrills.

And it speaks of the judgment of
wrong, of the doom of imperious
wills.

When PENTAOUR sang for PHARAOH,
alone by Orontes, at bay,

By the chariots compassed about by the
foe who were fierce for the fray,
He sang of the dauntless oppressor, of
RAMESES, conquering king;

But were there such voice by the Neva
to-day, of what now should he
sing?

Of tyranny born out of time, of oppres-
sion belated and vain?

Put up the old weapon, O despot, slack
hand from the scourge and the
chain;

For the days of the PHARAOHS are
done, and the laureates of tyrann-
ny mute,

And the whistle of falchion and flail
are not set to the chords of the
lute.

True, the Hebrew, who bowed to the
lash of the Pyramid-builders bows
still,

For a time, to the knout of the TSAR,
to the Muscovite's merciless will;

But four millions of Israel's children
are not to be crushed in the path

Of a TSAR, like the Hittites of old,
when great RAMESES flamed in his
wrath

Alone through their numberless hosts.
No, the days of the Titans of
Wrong

Are past, for the Truth is a torch, and
the voice of the peoples is strong.

Even PENTAOUR, the poet of Might,
spake in pity that rings down the
years

Of the life of "the peasant that tills"
of his terrible toil and his tears;

Of the rats and the locusts that rav-
aged, and, worse, the tax-gathering
horde

Who tithed all his pitiful tilth with the
aid of the stick and the cord;

And the splendor of RAMESES pales in
the text of the old Coptic Muse,

And—one hears the mad rush of the
wheels that the fierce Red Sea bil-
low pursues!

O Muscovite, blind in your wrath, with
your heel on the Israelite's neck,

And your hand on that baleful old
blade. Persecution, 'twere wisdom
to reckon

The PHARAOH's calm warning. Be-
ware! Lo, the Pyramids pierce the
grey gloom

Of a desert that is but a waste, by a
river that is but a tomb,

Yet the Hebrew abides and is strong.
AMENEMAN is gone to the ghosts,

He the prince of the Coptic police who
so harried the Israelite hosts

When their lives with hard bondage
were bitter. And now bitter bond-
age you'd try.

Proscription, and exile, and stern depri-
vation. Beware, Sire! Put by

That blade in its blood-rusted scabbard. The PHARAOHS, the CÆSARS have found

That it wounds him who wields it: and you, though your victim there, prone on the ground,

Looks helpless and hopeless, you also shall find Persecution a bane

Which shall lead to a Red Sea of blood to o'erwhelm selfish Tyranny's train.

"Beware!" 'Tis the shade of MENEPHTHA that whispers the warning from far.

Concerning *that* sword there's a lesson the PHARAOH may teach the TSAR!

THE CURSE OF KISHINEFF.

FROM spaded trench and wooded mountain side,

From every ridge and height, with grim disdain,

Cannon on cannon, in satanic pride, Defend the pass and dominate the plain:

At daybreak shall the dreadful carnage be;

But through the camp at midnight comes a cry:

"To-morrow in the battle think on me. And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!"

Southward, behind a leaguered city's wall,

The wearied soldiers, sleeping row on row,

Rocked by the shotted cannon of the foe,

Dream of defeat, and see their fortress fall;

And bloody visions, rising from the sea,

Glide down the darkened ditches, and a cry:

"To-morrow in the battle think on me. And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!"

Far off a royal palace fronts the night, In straight, majestic outlines, wide and deep:

From one high window gleams a lonely light;

There lies a wretched man, who can not sleep:

In vain he kneels and prays for victory:

Down the long corridors there comes a cry:

"To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!"

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

"KISHINEV."

BROKEN battle vessels sinking with the foemen's mines below them;

Fighters freezing as they fare across the Baikal's frigid breast;

Bursting bombs that blast and batter as unerring gunners throw them;

'Leaguered legions fearing famine, over dearth of food distressed—

This the story over and over, and the world withholds its pity,

For there dwells a bitter memory that hardens every heart;

'Tis the grim and awful picture of a persecuted city

Where the soldiers of the nation now imperilled played a part—

"Kishinev!"

Palace perilled by the Nihilist who threatens home disruption;

Soldiers fearful of extinction by the famine, foe, or cold;

World-wide hate that smokes and trembles on the verge of an eruption—

Thus the status of the empire of the Czar is tersely told.

In the end the Slav may conquer through his strength in wealth and numbers.

But the price that he must pay for final triumph will be great;

He will pay full tale and better for the crime that bolts and cumpers

His escutcheon and has won for him a heritage of hate—

"Kishinev!"

'Tis a world of retribution, and you, Russia, well may learn it;

'Tis a world where justice triumphs ere the closing of the day;

'Tis a world where God is ruler—take His warning, sear and burn it

On your hard heart's tablets: "Vengeance is mine own: I will repay!"
 With the blood of helpless women shed
 to save their lives and honor,
 With the blood of prattling babies on
 the hands with which you fight,
 With your flag of battle loathsome with
 the stains of shame upon her.
 You must lose your men and treasure
 in atonement for that blight—
 "Kishinev!"

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

KISHINEFF AND PORT ARTHUR.

THE cold-blooded deed upon the help-
 less Hebrews,
 That the same fate must fall on them;
 Little thought the Russian, when they
 wrought
 For Heaven is just and leaves nothing
 undone
 For the wrong suffered by the inno-
 cent Jews:—
 See the deed at Kishineff and at Port
 Arthur.

Men, women and children of, the help-
 less Hebrews
 But rest they now in their sleep of
 eternity;
 Suffered alike from the ruthless band,
 For the Samurai sword is never delayed
 To leave its sheath for avenging
 blow:—
 See the deed at Kishineff and at Port
 Arthur.

When the atrocious deed by Russians
 at Kishineff
 Shocked the world, the brethren of
 the wronged race
 Cried for vengeance; but rest they
 now,
 For swift is the course of the avenger's
 missiles
 That send to the bottom the Russian
 vessels:—
 See the deed at Kishineff and at Port
 Arthur.

YAE KICHI YABE.

(Published New York, 1904.)

THE JEWS OF BUCHAREST.

"Take heed! the stairs are worn and
 damp!"

My soft-tongued southern guardian
 said,
 And held more low his twinkling lamp
 To light my cautious, downward
 tread.

Where that uncertain radiance fell
 The bat in startled circles flew;
 Sole tenant of the sunless cell
 Our fathers fashioned for the Jew.

Yet, painted on the aching gloom,
 I saw a hundred dreadful eyes,
 As out of their forgotten tomb
 Its pallid victims seemed to rise.
 With fluttered heart and crisping hair,
 I stood those crowding ghosts amid,
 And thought what raptures of despair
 The soundless granite walls had hid.

I saw their arsenal of crime:
 The rack, the scourge, the gradual
 fire,
 Where priestly hangmen of old time
 Watched their long-tortured prey ex-
 pire.
 Then by dim warders darkling led
 Through many a rocky corridor,
 Like one that rises from the dead,
 I passed into the light once more.

And does a careless brother say
 We stir this ancient dust in vain,
 When palaced Bucharest to-day
 Sees the same devil loose again?
 Again her busy highways wake
 To the old persecuting cry
 Of men who for their Master's sake
 His chosen kindred crucify.

There oft the midnight hours are loud
 With echoes of pursuing feet;
 As fired with bright zeal the crowd
 Goes raving down the Ghetto's
 street;
 The broken shutter's rending crash
 That lets the sudden riot in,
 And shows by those red torches' flash,
 The shrinking fugitive within.

But here are tales of deeper shame!
 Of law insulted and defied.
 While Force, usurping Justice' name,

Takes boldly the oppressor's side.
The bread whose bitterness so long.
These sons of hated race have
known;

Familiar, oft-repeated wrong
That turns the living heart to stone.

Still Zion City lies forlorn:

And still the Stranger in our gates,
A servant to the younger born,
For his long-promised kingdom waits.
O, Brethren of the outer court,
Entreat him well and speak him fair;
The form that makes your thoughtless
sport

Our coming Lord hath deigned to
wear.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYBER.

A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

(New York, 1905.)

In a little theater, in the Jewry of the
New World,
I sat among the sad-eyed exiles;

Narrow was the stage and meagerly
appointed, and the players gave
themselves up utterly to their art;

And, before our eyes, were enacted
scenes of a play that scarcely seemed a
play.

The place was a city in a wide, un-
happy land;

Even in that empire which drifts to-
day like a great ship toward a black
and unknown coast;

While men, with blanched faces, cry
out: "Unless the tempest abates quick-
ly, behold the mightiest wreck on all
the shores of time!"

And the time of the drama was our
own time; and the coming and going;
and the people themselves were of our
own day and generation;

The people, with strange beards, and
look of the immemorial Orient; like
those men and women who, alien and
melancholy, plod the New-World
streets;

Like those who, in slow and pitiful
procession, on a fixed day of mourning,
with dirges and wailings, poured innu-
merous into the city's open places;

And, as the play went on, at times
the very speech of the actors, in hot
debate, crackled and sputtered like the
fuse of a Russian bomb.

And there an old man, the preacher
of a hunted race and a despised re-
ligion, all alone called to his people to
follow him, and their God, the God of
Israel.

Passionately he proclaimed the faith
of the fathers and the saving word and
protecting arm of the Almighty;

He, the voice and the prophet of the
Lord High God, called aloud to them
who strayed:

"Come ye back to your God, and to
His Everlasting Word.

"You young men who have forgotten
Him, the Unforgetting, and you old
men mumbling your prayers; ye cow-
ards! leaving the holy shrine unpro-
tected;"

And the young men answered and
called the old man the name of them
who are dead and have passed away;

And the old men, unheeding, swayed
to and fro, mumbling their ancient
psalms and ineffectual supplications.

Then, while the noise of the beastly
rabble swelled louder and nearer—then
did the preacher turn once more to the
Lord of Hosts, lifting up his voice in
praise and prayer, and faith unquench-
able;

Crying to God with a loud voice and
saying: "Lead me, Thou Jehovah! in
the right way,

"For now hath come the great day
of the Lord; now, Lord, save Thy
people and bless Thy heritage,

"Thou who wert, and art, and ever shalt be! Show now Thy Almightyness, send Thy miracle as lightning from on high."

Nearer and nearer came the curses and shrieks and the wailing lamentations; and men and women fled, wounded, before the infamous and infuriate avengers;

Then the crash of guns and the terror of carnage and rapine unspeakable;

And, in the midst, the voice of an old man crying to heaven, and falling smitten and dead before the shrine of the God of Israel.

And, listening, I heard not only the sounds of the mimic drama—but louder and more dreadful, the panting of miserable women who welcomed death, the deliverer;

And from Kishineff and Odessa I heard, once more crying to heaven, the outpoured blood of the Jew.

II.

And still as I listened and dreamed, the crimson flood widened to a great and lustrous pool,

And looking therein I saw reflected the faces of many known well to my heart and to the hearts of all the world,

For there were the features of mighty warriors and makers of laws and leaders of men; of poets inspired and of painters and musicians; and of famed philosophers, and of men and women who loved, and labored for, their kind;

And the faces of preachers and prophets; of those who fervently cursed the unrighteous, and who to a world in darkness brought light everlasting;

And chief of all I saw in that crimson mirror the face of him whose spirit was bowed beneath the agonies of all mankind.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909).

DREYFUS.

I.

A MAN stood stained! France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with its iron weight.
In all the circle of the ancient sun,
There was no voice to speak for him—
not one.

In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.

"'Tis done!" they said, "unless a felon soul

Can tear the leaves out of the Judgment Scroll."

Hell laughed a little season, then behold

How one by one the gates of God unfold!

Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled,

And then a man rising against the world!

II.

Oh, import deep as life is, deep as time!
There is a Something sacred and sublime,
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O world of sorrow, and be strong:

There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.

Be hushed before the high, benignant Power

That goes untarrying to the reckoning hour.

O men that forge the fetter, it is vain:
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.

'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer, and nod,

And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852-).

[THE DREYFUS CASE.]

It was a little Bordereau that lay
upon the ground;
The Franco-Gallic Government that
document it found,
And straightway drew the inference,
though how I do not know,
Some Jew had sold to Germany this
dreadful Bordereau.

'Tis all (they said) a Hebrew trick—
a treasonable plan—
And, now we come to think of it, why
Dreyfus is the man!
At any rate (they argued thus), it is
for him to show
That he is not the criminal who sold
the Bordereau.

Some hinted at another man, whose
autograph it bore—
But this was Dreyfus' artifice, and
proved his guilt the more;
No motive for the horrid deed confessedly he had;
And crimes which are gratuitous are
nearly twice as bad.

They caught that Jew (did Government)
and charged him with the sale;

They proved his guilt—or said they
did—and shut him up in jail;
And then, their case to justify and
show their verdict true,
They took and baited every one who
called himself a Jew.

A. D. GODLEY.

TO DREYFUS VINDICATED.

SOLDIER of Justice—fighting with her
sword

Since thine was broken! Who need
now despair

To lead a hope forlorn against the
throng?

For what did David dare
Before Goliath worthy this compare—
Thou in the darkness fronting leaguéd
wrong?

What true and fainting cause shall not
be heir

Of all thy courage—more than miser's
hoard?

In times remote, when some prepos-
terous ill

Man has not yet imagined, shall be
King,

While comfortable Freedom nods—
And Three shall meet to slay the usurp-
ing thing,

Thy name recalled shall clinch their
potent will,

And as they cry, "He won—what
greater odds!"

They shall become as gods. . .

Ours, too, thy champions! Who shall
dare to say

The sordid time doth lack of chivalry.
When men thus all renounce, all cast

away,
To walk with martyrs through a flam-
ing sea!

Picquart!—how jealously will Life pa-
trol

The paths of peril whither he is sent.

Zola!—too early gone!

Whose taking even Death might well
repent,

Though 'twas to enrich that greater
Pantheon

Where dwell the spirits of the brave
of soul.

.

ENVOL.

Oh! tremble, all oppressors, where ye
be—

Throne, Senate, mansion, mart, or fac-
tory:

One against many, many against few;
Ye poor, once crushed, that crush your

own anew;
Ye vulgar rich, now risen from the
mud,

Despoilers of the flower in the bud:
For justice is the obit of God's day,

And He hath promised that He will
repay.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON (1853-).

A DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

MADAME DREYFUS.

IN HER the whole world's womanhood
is honored.

The Rose of Sharon blooms again in
her.

The depth of cool Siloam and the balm
Of Gilead live in her love and devotion.

Of fear and death Love is the conqueror.

Hell's dragons strike against his shield
in vain.

The whole earth worships when he lifts
his banner.

Kingdoms and empires melt away before him.

The serpent dies beneath his chariot wheels.

His strong wings never droop; his tireless eyes

Cease not their vigil through the longest night.

Love is the leader of the hearts of men!

Love is the crown and glory of the soul!

Awake, O Israel! for the day is near!
The angel stands beside the troubled pool,

A song of Zion stirs the spicy branches
Amidst the sacred grove of Lebanon.

Crowned with her sorrows, she, the queen of grief,

From her high throne of woe shall yet pronounce

The fate of empires! Hear, O Israel!
For from her lips Jehovah's voice shall speak.

Her words, winged with fire of heaven,
shall be

His sacred messengers, and they shall bear

A fateful message that shall shake the world.

Through life's dark terrors she has passed: her feet

Have trod the vale of gloom; through tears her eyes

Have watched the dreadful years go, slowly, by

While on the cross of hate her own heart bled.

But not for nothing! Her true soul shall be

The oriflamme of battle and a star
Whose light shall shine, unquenched,
above the clouds.

To lead her people on to victory.

Awake, O Israel! lest the day pass by!
On Gibeon stands the sun, and on the vale

Of Ajalon the moon is shining still.
The banner flutters on the field and there

Stricken and pale, a daughter of the kings

Alone, amidst the wreck of all her hopes,

Cries out for Justice; shall she cry in vain?

ROBERT BURNS WILSON (1850-).

THE SENTINEL OF THE AGES.

UNDER shining, under shadow,
At the gates of every land,
All adown the lengthening ages,
Men have seen a Sentry stand;
Looming grandly on the beauty
Of the blue day's crystal light,
Then anon, in darkness blending
With the mystery of night;
While his meditations linger
Over glories that are past,
And his keen prophetic vision
Sees the good to come, at last.

At the portals of some nations,
We behold him, as he stands
Pale and haggard, weak and weary,
With his grey head in his hands,
Bowed in retrospective sorrow,
For the infamy and scorn,
For the ages of oppression
By his people meekly borne;
Till his features are transfigured
In a blaze of wrath divine,
And his glassy eyes brim over
With their bitter burning wine.

At another gate we see him,
In the vigor of full prime
Mounted on a stalwart courser,
For some charge or quest sublime:
Be it to go forth to battle,
In a cause of righteous strife,
Winning liberty, or glory,
With the purchase of his life.
Or, at least, to gain his guerdon,
And be named among the great,
By the aid of wealth's distinction,
Or some service to the State.

Otherwhere, we see him, seated
 Underneath the arches vast
 Of some old arcade, surrounded
 With the records of the past.
 Over ancient tomes he ponders,
 Filled with figures rude and strange,
 Yet their contents he deciphers
 Through Time's labyrinthine range;
 Then to poesy he turneth
 And in numbers sweet recites;
 Or he wakes the soul of music
 In the harp whose chords he smites.

Once again we see him, crouching
 On a devastated strand,
 Silent as the Sphinx of Egypt
 Billowed in its surging sand,
 For the lash of persecution,
 Heedless of all human right
 Fell upon him, watching, waiting,
 Till he sank beneath its might.
 And he lies there, bruised and bleeding
 But a brave old hero still,
 Hoping for his destined future,
 When his Fate has wrought its will.

Nations, do you know this Sentry,
 Keeping guard, for ages long,
 Over learning, arts, religion,
 Through all cruelty and wrong?
 Patient under dire oppression,
 While the iron pierced his soul;
 With no armor for protection;
 With no weapon but a Scroll—
 His one treasure; hear him crying,
 "Though I die, let this be true!"
 Is not his the voice of Jacob?
 Yes! it is—it is—the Jew!

Say you that his crime demanded
 Punishment from God and men?
 Nay! With God alone be vengeance:
 He is merciful. But when
 Man metes out his ruthless judgments,
 With a mad presumption blind,
 He wreaks cruelties of demons
 On the weaker of his kind.
 It is not for his defection
 That the Jew has met the sword:
 Christians slay their fellow-Christians,
 In the name of their own Lord.

Has he sinned—this Jew immortal?
 Ay; but he is not alone:
 Christ is crucified forever
 In the House He calls His own.

Multitudes bow down before Him
 And profess to own his sway,
 While their hearts are filled with idols,
 And they, Judas-like, betray
 Him who comes as their Messiah,
 And their fealty would claim;
 But they pierce His soul with sorrows,
 Shouting praises to His name.

Sinned the Jew? Well; he has suffered.

When he saw his judgment come
 He bowed meekly to his sentence
 Like the shorn lamb, he was dumb:
 Bearing shame, contempt, revilings,
 Grief and anguish, pain and death;
 Only saying: "God is holy:
 He is One," with latest breath.
 Like to Christ, in his submission
 He has met a martyr's fate;
 But his resurrection cometh;
 Though it tarry, he can wait.

Yea! Already we perceive him,
 Rising up on every hand;
 Gliding into power and station,
 With the world's wealth at command.
 In the forum, in the senate,
 Lo! he wins immortal fame.
 Halls of learning, marts of commerce,
 Ring with echoes of his name,
 On each plane of high endeavor
 He is foremost in the strife
 Culling everlasting laurels
 From the battlefields of Life.

So God's ancient, chosen people
 As His Sentinel still stands
 With the standard of Jehovah
 In his strong, uplifted hands;
 With his jewelled breastplate gleaming
 On his proudly heaving chest;
 And a lamp forever burning,
 On his helmet's lofty crest:
 While he welcomes the down-trodden
 To his hospitable shores,
 And in streams of richest bounty
 Blessings on his brethren pours.

Standing thus, as great exemplar
 To the world, the Jew appears:
 Bringing hope, as well as warning,
 To Humanity's late years.
 Showing how, as King, God ruleth,
 When mankind would test His sway,
 Yet is tender as a Father,

When, as children, they obey.
 Prophet, statesman, warrior, scholar,
 Israel's glories shall increase,
 When he claims his royal birthright;
 Brother to the Prince of Peace.
 IBBIE MCCOLM WILSON (1834-1908).

THE JEW.

(Dedicated to Benjamin F. Peixotto.)

His dark face kindled in the East,
 He walks our Europe like a dream,
 And in his great beard gravely seem
 To meet the poet and the priest;
 His nation spent; his temple sacked,
 A haughty exile under ban,
 From pole to pole he holds intact
 The ancient grandeur of the man.

Vain burnt the fires his frame to melt,
 His tough will turned the rack to
 straw;

The granite tablets were his law,
 And to the one high God he knelt!
 Before his zeal fell hate and spite;
 Wide grew the narrowness of marts,
 Immortal, sole cosmopolite,
 He gave for freedom all the arts!

Always the ages' argonaut
 The foremost sails he followed still
 Gave to the Christian thrift and skill,
 And peace and trade to heathens taught.
 If ran to greed his heart sometimes,
 By reverend robbery wrung to pelf,
 A child of genius in all climes,
 He drew the muses to himself.

Of God's august historian heir,
 Who made creation eloquent,
 To themes occult and grand he bent
 The realm of letters everywhere;
 His pencil spurned, his marble crushed
 When art to monks its lease resigned,
 The splendor of his numbers hushed
 The ruder music of mankind.

Outlived all stain, and gibe, and scath,
 Apart and proud he holds his life,
 Fast in the promise of his faith
 As in the dark eyes of his wife;
 Behold his fate the Jew reverse,
 At whose exchequer monarchs stand,
 His foot on the almighty purse,
 The bonds of Empire in his hand!

Oh! human faith in God's good grace,
 Wait boldly and ye shall not fail.
 The patient ages must avail—
 If freedom knows no waiting place,
 The Zion holy to our hosts,
 This reverend world-made ruin by
 The curse of shrines, and thrones, and
 ghosts—
 Art, toil, and hope shall purify.
 GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND (1841-).

ROSH-HASHANAH.

I stood, to-day, in a temple,
 Like one of the olden time;
 And I dreamt a dream recalling
 The scenes in an Orient clime;
 And I felt, though somewhat strangely,
 An influence sublime!

And before me hung the tablets
 Of the old Mosaic law;
 And the white-robed ancient Rabbis,
 Again, in that dream I saw;
 And the Hebrew psalms were chanted,
 Those hymns of praise and awe.

And Israel's pristine splendor
 Arose, as in days of old,
 When each prophet after prophet
 His tale of promise told;
 And the shades of by-gone glories
 Before my vision rolled.

'Tis the New Year of the Hebrew;
 That ancient sacred day,
 When the memories of the ages,
 Awake from time's decay,
 And the hopes of future glories
 Are bright as the morning's ray!

I beheld the chosen children
 Of the Great Eternal God,
 Still bend in mute submission
 To sorrow's painful rod;
 Desirous still to follow
 The road by their fathers trod.

And I asked if a Faith so lofty
 Could be but a passing show?
 And the echoes of the by-gone
 Replied to my doubtings, "No."
 And I felt in their constant waiting,
 Their strength must nobler grow!

'Tis true that my Faith differs
 From that of this "Ancient Race";
 But am I the one to judge them;
 Or is it my given place
 To say that they err 'gainst Heaven,
 Or its wise decrees efface?

We talk of the Christian's loving
 And the charity that is due
 To all whom the Hand Almighty
 From the depths of chaos drew,
 Be they atheist or pagan—
 Christ's followers or Jew!

Then why not have that feeling
 For those of the olden creed?
 From the bondage of their sorrows
 They wish but to be freed;
 They hope in a great Messiah,
 Their troubled ranks to lead.

Then freely I wish them pleasure
 At the dawning of their year;
 And gladly would I witness
 Their last lamenting tear;
 For their faith is strong and steadfast
 In their own esteemed career!

Then, Rabbi, let me wish you
 A happy life, and long,
 Replete with choicest blessings,
 Devoid of care and wrong;
 And may the joys of New Year
 Around your future throng!
 JOSEPH K. FORAN (1857-).

THE LITTLE JEW.

(A True Story.)

We were at school together,
 The little Jew and I.
 He had black eyes, the biggest nose,
 The very smallest fist for blows,
 Yet nothing made him cry.

We mocked him often and often,
 Called him all names we knew,—
 "Young Lazarus," "Father Abraham,"
 "Moses,"—for he was meek as a
 lamb,
 The gentle little Jew.

But not a word he answered;
 Sat in his corner still,
 And worked his sums, and conned his
 task;
 Would never any favor ask,
 Did us nor good nor ill.

Though sometimes he would lift up
 Those great dark Eastern eyes,
 Appealing, when we wronged him
 much,
 For pity? No! but full of such
 A questioning surprise.

Just like a beast of the forest
 Caught in the garden's bound,—
 Hemmed in by cruel creatures tame
 That seem akin, almost the same,
 Yet how unlike are found!

He never lied nor cheated,
 Although he was a Jew;
 He might be rich, he might be poor,
 Of David's seed, or line obscure,
 For anything we knew.

He did his boyish duty
 In play-ground as in school;
 A little put upon, and meek,
 Though no one ever called him
 "sneak"
 Or "coward," still less "fool."

But yet I never knew him,—
 Not rightly, I may say,—
 Till one day, sauntering round our
 square,
 I saw the little Jew boy there,
 Slow lingering after play.

He looked so tired and hungry,
 So dull and weary both,
 "Hollo!" cried I, "you ate no lunch.
 Come, here's an apple; have a munch!
 Hey, take it! don't be loath."

He gazed upon the apple,
 So large and round and red,
 Then glanced up towards the western
 sky,—
 The sun was setting gloriously,—
 But not a word he said.

He gazed upon the apple,
 Eager as Mother Eve;

Half held his hand out, drew it back;
Dim grew his eyes, so big and black;
His breast began to heave.

"I am so very hungry!
And yet—No, thank you. No.
Good-by." "You little dolt," said I,
"Just take your apple. There, don't
cry!
Home with you! Off you go!"

But still the poor lad lingered,
And pointed to the sky:
"The sunset is not very late;
I'm not so hungry—I can wait.
Thank you. Good-by,—good-by!"

And then I caught and held him
Against the palisade;
Pinched him and pommelled him right
well,
And forced him all the truth to tell,
Exactly as I bade.

It was their solemn fast-day,
When every honest Jew
From sunset unto sunset kept
The fast. I mocked; he only wept:
"What father does, I do."

I taunted him and jeered him,—
The more brute I, I feel.
I held the apple to his nose;
He gave me neither words nor
blows,—
Firm, silent, true as steel.

I threw the apple at him;
He stood one minute there,
Then, swift as hunted deer at bay,
He left the apple where it lay,
And vanished round the square.

I went and told my father,—
A minister, you see:
I thought that he would laugh out-
right
At the poor silly Israelite;
But very grave looked he.

Then said, "My bold young Christian,
Of Christian parents born,
Would God that you may ever be

As faithful unto Him—and me—
As he you hold in scorn!"

I felt my face burn hotly,
My stupid laughter ceased;
For father is a right good man,
And still I please him all I can,
As parent and as priest.

Next day, when school was over,
I put my nonsense by;
Begged the lad's pardon, stopped all
strife,
And—well, we have been friends for
life,
The little Jew and I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK
(1826-1887).

RODEF SHALOM.*

WHEN ancient nations bowed the knee
To Idols made of wood and stone,
The Hebrew nation claimed to be
The worshippers of God alone.

For this they suffer'd, bled, and died,
A chosen people strong and free;
Strong in the faith that should abide
Of God's own matchless majesty.

Chosen the heralds of a light,
The blinded nations could not see,
Chosen to banish moral right
And rescue from Idolatry.

Still strong in faith of God alone,
They rear this Temple to his name,
Jehovah's power and love to own
His tender mercies to proclaim.

Hail! Holy One enthron'd above,
The God and Father of us all,
The Triumphs of Fraternal Love
Shall prove we heed Thy loving call.

Nor shall our labors e'er be done
Till God is honor'd and ador'd
By every nation 'neath the sun,
The one Jehovah, sovereign Lord.
W. G. SKILLMAN.

*Written in honor of the Consecra-
tion of Temple Rodef Shalom, in Phil-
adelphia, 1869.

THE JEW.

THE Jew has flourished down the ages
And lights the truth on golden pages;
Although pursued by hate and malice,
With bitter dregs within his chalice,
He yet plods on through fields of glory,
Repeating now the same old story:
That hope and love and work and
right

Shall wear and win in every fight.

WILLIAM JOYCE.
(Written in 1911.)

"JEW!"

Silent and wise and changeless,
Stamped with the Orient still;
In many a country nameless—
In every land, a Will.

Master of two things is he—
Self, and the Power of Gold.
He thinks—the World is busy;
They bargain—he has sold!

Lord of the Marts of Nations,
Where the World's wide commerce
plies—

Master of infinite Patience,
Slandered by infinite Lies!

Towering, fair-haired Norseman,
Tartar of Novgorod,
Black-eyed Arab horseman,
Zulu chief unshod—

All borrow for War or trading
And promise with oaths not new;
All turn, with the danger fading,
And sneer at the lender—"Jew!"

GEORGE VAUX BACON.
(Published Chicago, 1911.)

VITALITY OF THE JEWISH
NATION.

A PEOPLE scattered wide, indeed,
Yet from the mingling world distinctly
kept;
Ages ago the Roman standard stood
Upon their ruins; yet have ages swept
O'er Rome itself, like an overwhelming
flood;

Since down Jerusalem's streets she
poured her children's blood—
And still the nation lives!

BULL'S MUSEUM (London).

THE NUBIAN, GREEK AND JEW.

THE Nubian, with black shining skin,
Sits half hid in white sand,
Greeting the warm sun with a grin.
He scoops deep with his hand
For tortoise egg or buried bird,
Or spawn, that he may bite.
In him mind has no more than stirred.
He grins at the Sun for its light
And heat—the log fire builded high
In the thick jungle of night,
Whose cold and darkness, tigers sly,
Skulk off. He laughs outright
When polished Greek with rapture
cries:

The Sun how beauteous! So
Did civilizing Egypt rise,
Whose roseate setting glow
Is in the strata under you."
The Nubian understands
The Greek, as much as the Greek, the
Jew,

Pure soul, who lifts his hands
Up to the Sun, exclaiming: "Hail
Rapt Seraph, who dost see
God in His glory void of vail!
What thou art I shall be."

EDWARD DOYLE.

SONG OF THE FIFTH RIVER.

WHEN first by Eden Tree,
The Four Great Rivers ran,
To each was appointed a Man,
Her Prince and Ruler to be

But after this was ordained,
(The ancient legends tell),
There came dark Israël,
For whom no River remained.

Then He That is Wholly Just,
Said to him: "Fling on the ground
A handful of yellow dust,
And a Fifth Great River shall run,
Mightier than these Four,
In secret the Earth around;
And Her secret evermore,
Shall be shown to thee and thy Race."

So it was said and done.
And, deep in the veins of Earth,
And, fed by a thousand springs
That comfort the market-place,

Or rap the power of Kings,
The Fifth Great River had birth,
Even as it was foretold—
The Secret River of Gold!

And Israel laid down
His sceptre and his crown,
To brood on that River bank.
Where the waters flashed and sank,
And burrowed in earth and fell,
And bided a season below,
For reason that none might know
Save only Israël.

He is Lord of the Last—
The Fifth, most wonderful, Flood.
He hears her thunder past
And Her Song is in his blood.
He can foresay: "She will fall,"
For he knows which fountain dries,
Behind which desert belt
A thousand leagues to the South.
He can foresay: "She will rise."
He knows what far snows melt;
Along what mountain wall
A thousand leagues to the North.
He snuffs the coming drouth
As he snuffs the coming rain,
He knows what each will bring forth
And turns it to his gain.

A Prince without a Sword,
A Ruler without a Throne;
Israel follows his quest:—
In every land a guest.
Of many lands the lord.
In no land King is he.
But the Fifth Great River keeps
The secret of her deeps
For Israel alone,
As it was ordered to be.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-).

JEWESS.

My dark-browed daughter of the Sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon—
O, Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery.

I see sad Hagar in thy eyes,
The obelisks, the pyramids,

Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids,
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thy strange people's force,
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some sad twilight of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large solemnity of night,
O Israël, is in thy sight.

Then come where stars of freedom
spill

Their splendor, Jewess. In this land,
The same broad hollow of God's
hand

That held you ever, outholds still.
And whether you be right or nay,
'T is God's, not Russia's, here to say.

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-).

REBECCA, THE JEWESS.

CLOSED are the tear-gates of Paradise
now,
And the shadows of death lie cold on
the brow

Of Rebecca, the Jewess so fair;
And her dark eyes that sparkled than
diamonds more bright,
Have paled the soft rays of their pure,
living light,
And vacant they gaze as a lone star of
night,

When darkness is filling the air,—
The balmy, the soft summer air.

Weep, daughters of Sion! Weep, cho-
sen of God!

For the morrow shall moulder, beneath
the cold clod,

The form of the spirit that's fled!
Wreathe the dark hair of the maiden
laid low,

Spread violets over her bosom of snow,
And lay her down peacefully, calmly,
below

The green winding-sheet of the
dead,—

The flower-decked robe of the dead.

There let her sleep, till the last trump
shall sound

The call of the dead, that slumber
around
Earth's green hills, and by its
streams;
Waked by the voice of the Angel of
Doom,
Then may she burst in the dark gates
of the tomb,
Arrayed in white robes, and radiant
with bloom
To sing in the Land of Dreams,—
The beautiful Land of Dreams.

CLARK B. COCHRANE.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(In a small valley opposite St. Goar,
upon the Rhine.)

GENIUS of Raphaell! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighboring
Rhine,

And all his majesty,
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give:
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
The smooth, transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

THE JEW'S CEMETERY ON THE LIDO.

A TRACT of land swept by the salt sea-
foam,
Fringed with acacia flowers and bil-
lowy deep,
In meadow-grasses, where tall pop-
pies sleep,
And bees athirst for wilding honey
roam.
How many a bleeding heart hath found
its home,
Under these hillocks which the sea-
mews sweep!
Here knelt an outcast race to curse
and weep,
Age after age, 'neath heaven's unan-
swering dome.

Sad is the place and solemn. Grave by
grave,
Lost in the dunes, with rank weeds
overgrown,
Pines in abandonment; as though un-
known,
Uncared for, lay the dead, whose rec-
ords pave
This path neglected; each forgotten
stone
Wept by no mourner but the moaning
wave.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS
(1840-1893).

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews
in their graves.

Close by the street of this fair sea-
port town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and
down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er
their sleep

Wave their broad curtains in the
south-wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they
keep

The long, mysterious Exodus of
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and
brown,

That pave with level flags their
burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law,
thrown down

And broken by Moses at the moun-
tain's base.

The very names recorded here are
strange,

Of foreign accent, and of different
climes;

Alvares and Rivera interchange

With Abraham and Jacob of old
times.

"Blessed be God! for he created
Death!"

The mourners said, "and Death is
rest and peace";

Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore
shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Syna-
gogue,

No Psalms of David now the silence
break,

No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets
spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead re-
main,

And not neglected; for a hand un-
seen,

Scattering its bounty, like a summer
rain,
Still keeps their graves and their re-
membrance green.

How came they here? What burst of
Christian hate,

What persecution, merciless and
blind,

Drove o'er the sea—that desert deso-
late—

These Ishmaels and Hagars of man-
kind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes
obscure,

Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and
mire;

Taught in the school of patience to en-
dure

The life of anguish and the death of
fire.

All their lives long, with the unleav-
ened bread

And bitter herbs of exile and its
fears,

The wasting famine of the heart they
fed,

And slaked its thirst with marah of
their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry

That rang from town to town, from
street to street;

At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned
by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand

Walked with them through the world
where'er they went;

Trampled and beaten were they as the
sand,

And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague
and vast

Of patriarchs and of prophets rose
sublime,

And all the great traditions of the
Past

They saw reflected in the coming
time.

And thus forever with reverted look

The mystic volume of the world they
read,

Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew
book,
Till life became a Legend of the
Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be
no more!

The groaning earth in travail and in
pain

Brings forth its races, but does not re-
store,

And the dead nations never rise
again.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882).

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

WHAT infinite abundance marks the
wealth

That Mother Nature keeps in store for
those

Who seek her daily! What a fount of
cheer

For all her children! What continuous
joy

Should stamp existence! Yet unthink-
ing crowds

Still stir the mire of hate and foul
revenge,

That keeps the earth in shadow and in
gloom.

Should not the Jew and Gentile meet as
friends?

Why not affiliate as neighbors, too?
And why should not our children's joys

be one?
Are we not one—the children of one

God?
Why teach our little ones to throw the

taunt:—
“Our mothers say we cannot play with

you,
For you killed God?” Whence started

this foul lie,
This nursery prattle of the Deicide,

This fairy tale that keeps the world in
conflict,

Engendering spite and malice through
the years?

What mockery of Mind! God ever
dead?

No, never for a moment. God is Life:
Unending life, as He Himself declares;
Eternal in His essence, will and power.

No twisting logic can avail when men
Are honest in inquiry—when the soul
On broadest platform, from its infinite
depths

Finds that all honest workers are the
sons

And daughters of the one Great Father
—God.

The Christian and the Jew have equal
rights

And men are base and cowardly who
strive

With pharisaic pomp to cry them down,
Who dare discriminate? We have our

friends,
Some of the noblest God-made minds

on earth—
Both Jew and Gentile. At our happy

hearths
They shall find warmest welcome, and

our song
Of cheer and jubilation will be one.

For we *are* one. This aping after
crusts

Of bygone centuries, aflame with hate
And all its hellish brood, has no place

now
Where *Civilization* reigns, and *Justice*

dwells.
Poor man, while cankered o'er with

prejudice,
Still wields the javelin to show his

spite;
Still belches venom in his neighbor's

face,
And wallows in the mire. Thus ig-
norance

Disfigures man, and stamps him as a
fool.

The Roman, Greek and Protestant alike
Should think a while. *For Jesus was*

a Jew;
Jesus, the God-man, if you will—not

God.

ARCHIBALD ROSS.

(*Published New York, 1908.*)

A CALL TO THE BUILDERS.

I.

YE may not rear it now,—though some
aver

The eye of man shall see it where it
stood,—

The glittering House of God, with
cedar-wood

Well builded, and with olive and with fir,
 Cunningly carved with wide-winged cherubim,
 And flowers full-blown, and palm-trees fair and slim.
 The ancient, unforgetting Eastern sky—
 Blue as the sapphire in the breast-plate set,
 That watching waits, may not behold it yet;
 Though there be breasts where longing will not die;
 Though still Jerusalem's holy earth be shed,
 Dear symbol, o'er the unalienated dead!

II.

Yet unto you, O sons of Israël!
 This year, this day, this hour, and in this land,
 'Tis given to lend with joy the helping hand.
 To rear a mighty Temple builded well,
 Its blocks young souls, unhewn yet by the keen
 Steel of the desecrating world, and clean.
 Bring, bring bright gold, and melt it in the fire.
 So shall that faithful offering over-spread
 A spiritual altar, be ye sure;
 So to the Strength of Israel shall aspire
 From lamps of many branches flame-lets pure,
 The light of lives with oil of knowledge fed!

HELEN GRAY CONE (1859-).

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE
 REV. DR. A. S. BETTELHEIM,
 WHO DIED AND WAS BURIED AT SEA,
 AUGUST 21ST, 1890.

FROM HIS PUPIL AND FRIEND.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile."

'Tis midnight on the solemn sea:
 Slow sails the stately ship along:
 Pale moonlight silvers o'er the scene,
 And wanly lights a trembling throng
 Of strangers, gathered round the bier

Of One whom distant hearts hold dear;
 Who wait his coming to their shore;
 But shall behold his face no more!

Encircled by the saddened band,
 A lifeless Form, the Rabbi lay;
 Untended by those loving hands
 Waiting to serve him, far away;
 Yet swathed in cerements of such grave
 As lies beneath the surging wave:
 Its pall the banner of the free,
 The stars and stripes of Liberty.

O, heart that beat for all mankind,
 Is thy warm tide forever chilled?
 O, hand that labored for thy race,
 Why are thy potent pulses stilled?
 Great mind to plan the good he wrought;

Teacher who practiced what he taught;
 Brave champion of God's high laws,
 Could he forsake Truth's holy cause?

He answers not: those lips are dumb.
 That ear, though never dull before,
 Heeds no appeal. His eyes are closed
 On earthly sights forever more.
 At last that teeming brain is still;
 Nor hand nor foot obeys his will
 Who, ever at the call of grief,
 Hastened with comfort and relief.

Then, through the stillness of the night,
 Rises the voice of fervent prayer,
 In plaintive, cadenced Hebrew strains
 That thrill upon the shuddering air.
 Each head is bowed; all knees are bent,
 Under the starry firmament,
 As, reverently, there, is said
 The solemn service for the dead.

"O Lord and Father, righteous Judge,
 Blest be thy Name, and blest be Thou!

Sole King of all the Universe,
 Before thy throne we meekly bow.
 Thou givest life to sons of men:
 'Tis thou that takest it again.
 Thy mighty arm is strong to save:
 Thy mercies reach beyond the grave.

"God of our Fathers, bend thine ear,
 And hear our supplicating cries,
 For this true son of Israël,
 Who under Death's dominion lies.
 With faith like Abraham's of old,
 As Moses meek, as Daniel bold,

He sang to David's tuneful lyre,
And preached with great Isaiah's fire.

"Lord of the Spirits of all Flesh,
To thy sure mercies we commend
The soul that has departed hence,
Thy faithful servant, and our friend.
Thy Law was ever in his heart;
He lived its treasures to impart.
Grant him forever blest to be
In thy supreme felicity.

"And oh! for those who hold him dear,
Shield and Protector, hear us pray,
Those stricken but unconscious ones
Who wait the sorrows of this day.
Thy balm of Gilead bestow,
And heal the desolating woe
Of hearts that fondly round him twine,
And his dear memory enshrine."

Scarce died the mournful tones away
When one low whispered word was
said.

Then, launched alone upon the sea,
Sank to its nameless, lowly bed
The body of so grand a man,
That, though his years filled not life's
span,
In him, the world through which he
trod,
Beheld the noblest work of God.

The heaving bosom of the deep
Received him to its close embrace
And in old Ocean's tireless arms
This scion of a noble race
Will sleep until it shall be said:
"Remorseless Sea, give up thy Dead!"
So large a heart could scarce find room
In any narrower, shallower tomb.

There, with his canopy the skies,
The burning stars his tapers bright,
The winds and waves in symphonies
His ceaseless "Kadesh" shall recite.
But aching hearts must still weep on,
Mourning the joy forever gone.
And vainly moan the burden o'er:
"Alas! he can return no more!"

But has his spirit perished? "No!"
A thousand thundering waves reply.
The garb of flesh that robbed his soul
Beneath the ocean's waste may lie:
But borne by angel hands away

From its frail tenement of clay,
His spirit mounts to realms above,
Where reign eternal peace and love.

Father divine, to fashion men,
Shalt thou omnipotence employ,
And Death be ever able, then,
Thy loving children to destroy?
Perish the thought that souls made
pure
Shall not eternally endure;
That spirits grown devoutly wise
Live not forever in the skies.

"And shall our narrow, biased bounds,
Or limits of mere human creeds,
Or the warped zealot's prejudice,
Annul a life of noble deeds?
Speak, Christian Priests, who by his
bed,
Fraternal "Pater Nosters" said,
Would you deny this saintly soul
The guerdon of a heavenly goal?

No: your own Holy Writ declares,
That as in Adam all have died,
So all mankind shall live again,
Through that slain Jew, the Crucified.
And who dare ban God's chosen race
Beyond the reach of boundless grace?
Or bar from his eternal rest
The people God himself hath blest?

So, Lord and Father, while we mourn,
Thy holy Name we still can bless
For thy departed servant's life
Of piety and righteousness:
And pray thee take his spirit rare
Under thine own almighty care,
While waits in peace his sacred dust
The resurrection of the just.
IBBIE McCOLM WILSON (1834-1908).

HEINE'S GRAVE.

"HENRI HEINE"—'tis here!
The black tombstone, the name
Carved there—no more! and the
smooth,
Swarded alleys, the limes
Touch'd with yellow by hot
Summer, but under them still,
In September's bright afternoon
Shadow and verdure and cool!
Trim Montmartre! the faint
Murmur of Paris outside;

Crisp, everlasting-flowers,
Yellow and black, on the graves.

Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loath
Wast thou, Heine!—to lie
Quiet, to ask for closed
Shutters, and darken'd room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come, and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown.

Ah! not little, when pain
Is most quelling, and man
Easily quell'd, and the fine
Temper of genius so soon
Thrills at each smart, is the praise
Not to have yielded to pain!
No small boast, for a weak
Son of mankind, to the earth
Pinn'd by the thunder, to rear
His bolt-scathed front to the stars;
And, undaunted, retort
'Gainst thick-crashing, insane,
Tyrannous tempests of bale,
Arrowy lightnings of soul!

Hark! through the alley resounds
Mocking laughter! A film
Creeps o'er the sunshine; a breeze
Ruffles the warm afternoon,
Saddens my soul with its chill.
Gibing of spirits in scorn
Shakes every leaf of the grove,
Mars the benignant repose
Of this amiable home of the dead.

Bitter spirits! ye claim
Heine?—Alas, he is yours!
Only a moment I long'd
Here in the quiet to snatch
From such mates the outworn
Poet, and steep him in calm.
Only a moment! I knew
Whose he was who is here
Buried—I knew he was yours!
Ah, I knew that I saw
Here no sepulchre built
In the laurell'd rock, o'er the blue
Naples bay, for a sweet
Tender Virgil! no tomb
On Ravenna sands, in the shade
Of Ravenna pines, for a high
Austere Dantel no grave

By the Avon side, in the bright
Stratford meadows, for thee,
Shakespeare! loveliest of souls,
Peerless in radiance, in joy.

What, then, so harsh and malign,
Heine! distils from thy life?
Poisons the peace of the grave?

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country—for we,
Heavy and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now—
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more—
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy.

So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

But was it thou—I think
Surely it was!—that bard
Unnamed, who, Goethe said,
Had every other gift, but wanted love;
Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss?

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine,
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit—
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given;
Wit it possesses, and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.

*Hollow and dull are the great,
And artists envious, and the mob profane.*

We know all this, we know!
Cam'st thou from heaven, O child
Of light! but this to declare?
Alas, to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile,
God gave the poet his song!

Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold!
Therefore triumph itself
Tasted amiss to thy soul.
Therefore, with blood of thy foes,
Trickled in silence thine own.
Therefore the victor's heart
Broke on the field of his fame.

Ah! as of old, from the pomp
Of Italian Milan, the fair
Flower of marble of white
Southern palaces—steps
Border'd by statues, and walks
Terraced, and orange-bowers
Heavy with fragrance—the blond
German Kaiser full oft
Long'd himself back to the fields,
Rivers, and high-roof'd towns
Of his native Germany; so,
So, how often! from hot
Paris drawing-rooms, and lamps
Blazing, and brilliant crowds,
Starr'd and jewell'd, of men
Famous, of women the queens
Of dazzling converse—from fumes
Of praise, hot, heavy fumes, to the poor
brain

That mount, that madden—how oft
Heine's spirit outworn
Long'd itself out of the din,
Back to the tranquil, the cool
Far German home of his youth!

See! in the May-afternoon,
O'er the fresh, short turf of the Hartz,
A youth, with the foot of youth,
Heine! thou climbest again!
Up, through the tall dark firs
Warming their heads in the sun,
Chequering that grass with their
shade—

Up, by the stream, with its huge
Moss-hung boulders, and thin
Musical water half-hid—
Up, o'er the rock-strewn slope,

With the sinking sun, and the air
Chill, and the shadows now
Long on the grey hill-side—
To the stone-roof'd hut at the top!

Or, yet later, in watch
On the roof of the Brocken-tower
Thou standest, gazing!—to see
The broad red sun, over field,
Forest, and city, and spire,
And mist-track'd stream of the wide,
Wide German land, going down
In a bank of vapours—again
Standest, at nightfall, alone!

Or, next morning, with limbs
Rested by slumber, and heart
Freshen'd and light with the May,
O'er the gracious spurs coming down
Of the Lower Hartz, among oaks,
And beechen coverts, and copse
Of hazels green in whose depth
Else the fairy transformed,
In a thousand water-breaks light
Pours her petulant youth—
Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perch'd
Rock—to its iron cross
Once more thou cling'st; to the Cross
Clingest! with smiles, with a sigh!

Goethe, too, had been there.
In the long-past winter he came
To the frozen Hartz, with his soul
Passionate, eager—his youth
All in ferment!—but he
Destined to work and to live
Left it, and thou, alas!
Only to laugh and to die.
But something prompts me: Not thus
Take leave of Heine! not thus
Speak the last word at his grave!
Not in pity, and not
With half censure—with awe
Hail, as it passes from earth
Scattering lightnings, that soul!

The Spirit of the world,
Reholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic
smile,
For one short moment, wander o'er his
lips.

That smile was Heine!—for its earthly
hour

The strange guest sparkled; now 'tis
pass'd away.

That was Heine! and we,
 Myriads who live, who have lived,
 What are we all, but a mood,
 A single mood, of the life
 Of the Spirit in whom we exist,
 Who alone is all things in one?
 Spirit, who fillest us all!
 Spirit, who utterest in each
 New-coming son of mankind
 Such of thy thoughts as thou wilt!
 O thou, one of whose moods,
 Bitter and strange, was the life
 Of Heine—his strange, alas,
 His bitter life!—may a life
 Other and milder be mine!
 May'st thou a mood more serene,
 Happier, have utter'd in mine!
 May'st thou the rapture of peace
 Deep have embreathed at its core;
 Made it a rav of thy thought,
 Made it a beat of thy joy!

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

HEINE.

(Professor Herter's Heine Fountain, received by the City of New York, after it had been refused by well-nigh every important German community, has twice been injured; once by malice and once through accident. Finally it was proposed to remove it from its present site to make room for a useless street.)

NOR life nor death had any peace for thee,

Seeing thy mother cast thee forth, a prey

To wind and water, till we bade thee stay

And rest, a pilgrim weary of the sea.
 But now it seems that on thine effigy

Thy very host an impious hand would lay:

Go then and wander, praising on thy way

The proud Republic's hospitality!

Yet oft with us wreathed brow must suffer wrong,

The sad Enchanter of the land of Weir

Is still uncrowned, unreverenced, and we fear

The Lords of Gold above the Lords of Song.

Were it not strange, then, should we honour more

The sweet-mouthed singer of a foreign shore?

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

(Published New York, 1907.)

KALICH, INHERITOR OF TRAGEDY.

KALICH, thou of the dark and brooding face,

Born unto Tragedy by birthright of race,

The sorrows of uncounted years arise
 And plead for utterance in thy mournful eyes,

And on thy lips, so poignant sweet with pain,

God's stamp of suffering marks thy calling plain.

So stood Rachel, of thy blood, in her day,

So Bernhardt, of that blood, holds now her sway.

And thou, full sister of these mighty two,

The same blood-heritage claimeth as thy due.

Valid thy claim. The centuries' seal is set

Upon its warrant. Tears and blood have wet

Its ancient and its modern counter-signs.

Sorrow unspeakable breathes between its lines,

Where, down to Kishinev's cruel days, is told

A nation's woe that dates from Egypt old.

To thee descended—Lo, how 'dread the cry

That rises from thy throat! How tense and high

With strain of agony! Not alone the part

That now thou playest thus doth wring thy heart,

But all thy people's grief, accumulate,

Sounds in thy voice, till, with race
anguish great,
Thou speakest not even one little,
broken word,
But Tragedy's supremest note is heard.

This, then, the price of glory to thy
name—
How dire the cost, how bitter high the
game,
O, Kalich, on whose soul the forfeit
lies
Of genius born from world-old sac-
rifice!
We yield us to the magic of thy spell,
With our applause the playhouse echoes
swell,
We sound the praises of thy tragic
power—
Yet still how bare, how empty, thy full
hour!

What wonder, then, that even at Fame's
full flood,
Thy eyes still bear mute witness to thy
blood,
Sombre with persecution—its wan sign
Still resting on those piteous lips of
thine,
O, Kalich, thou in whom all Israel's
woe,
Concentrate, makes the Genius-Gift we
know!

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

"UNDER NO SKIES BUT OURS."

(In Memoriam.)

EMMA LAZARUS, 1887.

I.

UNDER no skies but ours, her grave be
made!
'Neath blue unblurred and clear stars
never shamed
'Tis meet that she be laid!
Just Heaven accorded that sad right
we claimed:
The Old World gave its guest
Back to the loving West,
The city of her birth, which exiles hail
From that broad-breasted harbor,
known so long,
Forever heaving in its rippled mail

Of steely waves, to clasp the island-
seat
Of Freedom,—whom she sang with
voice so sweet,
With voice so sweet and strong!
Not in the shadow of the shameful
Past,
But in the radiance of the days to be,
The glory of the brows of Liberty.
The singer of that splendor sleeps at
last;
Proud Spring shall heap her painless
rest with flowers
Under no skies but ours!

II.

On the far azure, eastern hills, where
prone,
Like slowly-crumbling pillars, mem-
ories lie,
Discrowned and overthrown,
The wrinkled Orient calls upon her
sons,
Uncomforted, with an unceasing cry:
"Come, come, ye wandering ones!
A nation's hearth-stone waits the sacred
fire!"
But, quenching their desire,
"Mother, not yet," they sigh,
"Not yet; the silver trumpets have not
blown,
Nor eastward moves in heaven the
column-cloud.
Haply, with faint host strengthened,
by-and-by,
With psalms, with shawms, with ring
of cymbals loud,
Shall Israel return unto his own;
Not yet—alas, not yet!
"To-day his face is set
Westward: for there the Foster mother
stands,
Young, forceful, mild, with frank,
front-beaming light,
And large, warm-welcoming hands.
Lo, in her spacious lands
The arm of Israël shall gather
might!"

III.

This was her home—aye, hers, whose
noble pride
Had that dear name denied
To soil whereon her brothers suffered
wrong:

Yet of another country she was
free,—
The golden vales, the fields of Ar-
cady,
The woods that whispered, and the
streams of song!
Among the lucent marbles of the Greek
'Twas hers to pass, and charm grand
lips to speak.
But as, in alien palace reared apart,
One born to lead his people through
the sea,
Saw the Egyptian smite, and felt the
smart
Quickening the fire-seed in his Hebrew
heart
To burst in blaze—so she!
Yea, in that bitterest year
When Russia spurned the Jew,
She, too, ah, from a lovelier land she,
too,
Went forth, and left, for service more
austere,
Pure Beauty smiling in the fair white
fane
(The strong, sweet voice we nevermore
shall hear),
Thrilled sword-like through the ear
Of whoso slept, though sleep were dull
as death!
O strange, O holiest hour
Of rapture and of power,
When a great soul is girded with a
Cause!
Finding at length, led on by deep hid
laws,
That Deed to do, wherefore God lent
His breath,
O Awful Hour more strange,
Of chill surprise and change,
Command most stern, that bids the doer
pause
Ere yet that Deed is done,
The trump be silent, ere the field is
won!
How green, in coming years,
For her the glistening victor-palm had
sprung!
Woe for the words unsaid, the songs
unsung!
Speech falters into tears.
Tears—but such tears as fed the vital
root
Of Hope, and haste the time of bloom
and leaf.
None shall forbid high Grief:

But doubt she had forbidden, who
deeply know
The vigor of that stem whence life she
drew,
The sure succession, the unfailing
fruit!

IV.

O faithful Israël, that keep'st aflame
The Lamp perpetual with remem-
brance due
Of the undying dead! Be this her
fame
The source of steadfast purpose, tire-
less borne.
If, in some dazzling morn
That breaks on e'en the blank eyes of
the blind,
The flag of Judah shall indeed un-
furl,
The hero-Ezra on his arm shall bind
No lordlier band, no subtler amulet
Than her linked songs of pearl,
And rubies passion-red, as with rare
life-blood wet!
We, too, we, too, have claim
On this uniting name!
We of the West may bow where Is-
rael weeps.
Beneath our clear stars, never veiled
in shame,
She woke to life, and now, alas, she
sleeps,
(Proud May-time, heap her painless
rest with flowers!)
Under no skies but ours!
HELEN GRAY CONE (1859-).

"SONGS OF A SEMITE."

ARMED soul that ridest through a land
of peace,
Her borders filled with finest of the
wheat,
Her children reaping, where with
weary feet
Sad sowers trod who taste not the in-
crease:
We hear thy trump, whose echo shall
not cease,
In hush of night resounding, while
we meet
Around unthreatened fires, but press-
ing fleet

Thou passest, proud, to claim thy kin's
release;

Thy trump, that doth arraign the en-
tomb'd Past,
Till shapes that march as if with
martyr-psalm

In glow and gloom of kindly hearths
we see:

And now to present war a keener
blast

Calls loud, and spirits late content and
calm

Spring up enforced, and spur to follow
thee!

II.

To war? What words are thine, that
do thee wrong!

Whose suit is powerful Peace, re-
splendent-shod,

Fair on the mountains; who wouldst
set the rod

Borne as a staff o'er stony ways and
long

Yet withered not, to strike new root
and strong

Deep in its nursing earth. Oh, there
the clod

Were virtue, and the sun the smile
of God,

And buds should break to bloom, as
maids to song!

Aye, would for thee that,—even as the
dove

Whose silver wings have o'er waste
places passed,

When in the lonely west the evening
burns,

Her unforgetful breast a-throb with
love,

To her own pillared porch of flight re-
turns,—

On the old hills might Israel rest at
last!

HELEN GRAY CONE (1859-).

THE DEAD SINGER.

(EMMA LAZARUS.)

ONCE more a singing soul's most airy
vessel

Hath on its journey sped;

Once more we linger by the shadowy
waters,

Mourning a spirit fled.

Yet, lingering here, we catch the tender
vision

Of Beauty, throned above,
As fondly welcoming a spirit laden
With beauty and with love;

For she who left us hath with love
deep freighted

Her spirit's ample powers—
She filled her life, her very name with
beauty,

Like a rare urn with flowers.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

(*Published New York, 1887.*)

EMMA LAZARUS.

WHEN on thy bed of pain thou layest
low

Daily we saw thy body fade away,
Nor could the love wherewith we
loved thee stay

For one dear hour the flesh borne down
by woe;

But as the mortal sank, with what white
glow

Flamed the eternal spirit, night and
day;

Untouched, unwasted, though the
crumbling clay

Lay wrecked and ruined! Ah, is it
not so,

Dear poet-comrade, who from sight
hast gone;

Is it not so the spirit hath a life
Death may not conquer? But, O
dauntless one!

Still must we sorrow. Heavy is the
strife

And thou not with us; thou of the old
race

That with Jehovah parleyed, face to
face.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909).

TO EMMA LAZARUS—1905.

DEAR bard and prophet, that thy rest
is deep,

Thanks be to God! Not now on thy
heart falls

Rumor intolerable. Sleep, O sleep!

See not the blood of Israël that
crawls

Warm yet, into the noon and night;
that cries

Even as of old, till all the world
stands still
At rapine that even to Israel's agonies
Seems strange and monstrous, a mad
dream of ill.

Thou sleepest! Yea, but as in grief we
said:—

There is a spiritual life unconquer-
able,
So, bard of the ancient people, though
being dead

Thou speakest, and thy voice we love
full well.

Never thy holy memory forsakes us;
Thy spirit is the trumpet that awakes
us!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909).

EMMA LAZARUS.

A RARE, sweet daughter of a wondrous
race,

She flamed with all the old-time
prophet's fire,
And woke again the echoes of that
lyre

That from the haunted Saul the
clouds could chase.

In her own might the heart of Miriam
trace,

Or Deborah, aroused to holy ire
When her loved people did her soul
inspire;

Yet lacked she nothing of a woman's
grace.

Would she had lived to right her peo-
ple's wrongs,

To thrill and lift them with her
grand soul's might,
And make them worthy of her noble
thought!

But let her Israël still sing her songs,
And in her counsels learn to find
delight,

And not in vain her suffering soul has
wrought.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE (1841-1909).

EMMA LAZARUS.

FIRE from high, holy heaven down-
drawn,

By her strong soul and true,
Flashed over Israel, a sudden dawn

With star-song wild and new.
A moment silent in her fair, firm hand
The harp of David lay,
Then gulfs of hopeless, sorrowing years
were spanned

When she began to play.
Hers was a woman's song, whose mar-
tial force

All prejudice down-hurled—
Razed every wall that barred its noble
course

Around the hindering world.
On far blood-hallowed hills the tram-
pled dust

Of patriarch sires did glow.
And matchless swords, long buried in
their rust,

Leaped eager for the blow.
In their lone tombs the Hebrew heroes
heard,

The prophets felt and knew,
How once again divinest courage stirred
The genius of the Jew.

A Maccabean influence thrilled the sky,
And shone from star and sun,
The banner of old days was passing
by

With toph and clarion!

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON (1844-).

MONTEFIORE.

I SAW—'t'was in a dream, the other
night—

A man whose hair with age was thin
and white;

One hundred years had bettered by
his birth,
And still his step was firm, his eye was
bright.

Before him and about him pressed a
crowd.

Each head in reverence was bared and
bowed,

And Jews and Gentiles in a hundred
tongues

Extolled his deeds and spake his fame
aloud.

I joined the throng, and, pushing for-
ward, cried,
"Montefiore!" with the rest, and vied

In efforts to caress the hand that
ne'er
To want and worth had charity denied.

So closely round him swarmed our
shouting clan
He scarce could breathe, and, taking
from a pan

A gleaming coin, he tossed it o'er our
heads,
And in a moment was a lonely man!
AMBROSE BIERCE (1842-).

"THINK AND THANK."

*(Motto carved over the doorway of the
home of the late Sir Moses Montefiore).*

Just above the ancient doorway were
the letters carved in stone
That had formed the noble motto which
a good man called his own.

In the flush of early manhood, when
his soul with hope was stirred,
He had pondered o'er the meaning held
within each simple word.

When the ripened years were added,
and the shadows longer grew,
To the watchword he had chosen, none
could ever be more true.

"Think and Thank," a good man's mot-
to! Think we as the days go by?
So I questioned in the silence, but my
heart made no reply.

Think we of the fair sweet blossoms
growing in their lavish way,
With the richness of their color, mak-
ing bright the face of day?

Think we of each blessed sunrise com-
ing with the morning hour;
Think we of the gorgeous sunsets, flam-
ing when the day is o'er?

When we see God's acres nodding with
their wealth of golden grain,
Do we think whose watch-care sendeth
both the sunshine and the rain?

When we see the lovelight shining in
the faces at the hearth;
When we hear the childish voices ring-
ing out in happy mirth;

Shall not thought take wing and up-
ward seek the everlasting throne
When each grateful spirit layeth its
thanksgiving offering down?

For man's brotherhood we thank Thee,
for Thy Fatherhood, O God!
For the smiles with which Thou strew-
est all our journey heavenward.

"Think and Thank," an old man's mot-
to, o'er the ancient portal wrought,
"Think and Thank," our hearts re-echo,
for these lives with mercies fraught.

MARY SECOR MESEROLE.

RACHEL.

I.

IN PARIS all look'd hot and like to
fade.

Sere, in the garden of the Tuileries,
Sere with September, droop'd the
chestnut-trees.

'Twas dawn; a brougham roll'd through
the streets and made

Halt at the white and silent colonnade
Of the French Theatre. Worn with
disease,

Rachel, with eyes no gazing can ap-
pease,
Sate in the brougham and those blank
walls survey'd.

She follows the gay world, whose
swarms have fled
To Switzerland, to Baden, to the
Rhine;

Why stops she by this empty play-house
dear?

Ah, where the spirit its highest life hath
led,

All spots, match'd with that spot, are
less divine;

And Rachel's Switzerland, her Rhine,
is here!

II.

Unto a lonely villa, in a dell
Above the fragrant warm Provençal
shore,
The dying Rachel in a chair they
bore

Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the
Estrellé,

And laid her in a stately room, where
fell

The shadow of a marble Muse of
yore,

The rose-crown'd queen of legendary
lore,

Polymnia, full on her death-bed.—
'Twas well!

The fret and misery of our northern
towns,

In this her life's last day, our poor,
our pain,

Our jangle of false wits, our climate's
frowns,

Do for this radiant Greek-soul'd artist
cease;

Sole object of her dying eyes remain
The beauty and the glorious art of
Greece.

III.

Sprung from the blood of Israel's scat-
ter'd race,

At a mean inn in German Aarau
born,

To forms from antique Greece and
Rome upturn,

Trick'd out with a Parisian speech and
face,

Imparting life renew'd, old classic
grace;

Then, soothing with thy Christian
strain forlorn,

A-Kempis! her departing soul out-
worn,

While by her bedside Hebrew rites have
place—

Ah, not the radiant spirit of Greece
alone

She had—one power, which made her
breast its home!

In her, like us there clash'd, contend-
ing powers.

Germany, France, Christ, Moses,
Athens, Rome.

The strife, the mixture in her soul,
are ours;

Her genius and her glory are her own.
MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

A MEMORY OF RUBINSTEIN.

He of the ocean is, its thunderous
waves

Echo his music; while far down the
shore

Mad laughter hurries—a white, blowing
spume.

I hear again in memory that wild
storm;

The winds of heaven go rushing round
the world,

And broods above the rage one sphinx-
like face.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844-1909).

JESSE SELIGMAN.

His was another race than mine

Another faith from which mine
sprung;

He traced his lineage by another line.
And gained his manhood in another
tongue.

Yet when he sought our common sky,
And breathed the welcome of its air,

His soul rose up, as eagles fly,
To the full heights of manhood there.

Oh, Brother ours! whose life has
beamed

With faith in God, with love of man,
Through which thy patriot virtues
streamed,

To bless and aid our noble land.

I stand to-day beside thy bier,
To own thy brotherhood divine.

And proudly claim, with many a tear,
That Israel's God is thine and mine.

NOAH DAVIS.

RABBI ISAAC M. WISE.

*Such graves as these are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—*

*The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.*

—HALLECK.

He came into the Camp of Creed,
The sword of Strength within his
hand,

To scatter forth the bigot breed

And smite them from the Promised
Land;
To hew each hoary falsehood down
And humble ancient arrogance,
And Error fled before his frown
While Truth was glad beneath his
glance.

He labored where his Duty led—
Unflinching stood in ev'ry storm
That beat about his fearless head,
And thundered forth the word "Re-
form!"

Earth's farthest nations heard his voice
Unto the utmost purple seas,
And all found reason to rejoice
From Arctic to Antipodes.

From depths of long, nigrescent nights
We grasp the gospel that he gave,
A message come from starry heights,
Sent forth to succor and to save.
If Jew or Gentile matters not—
For rights and righteousness of each
Alike was wrought his toiling thought,
And flamed the splendor of his
speech.

Our reaching reason gropes along
His lofty path toward the light,
Consoled and strengthened by the song
His spirit sends us from his flight.
We pray our searching souls may find
The higher things for which he
stood—
He fought for freedom of the mind
And for a broader brotherhood.

A modern Moses sent to lead
His people up to lustrous lands,
To free them from the chains of creed
And superstition's cruel bands;
To guide uncertain feet from out
The darkened paths wherein they
stray,

Amid the desert sands of doubt,
Unto the everlasting day.

He told not of God's wrath, but taught
The lesson of His love instead,
Till narrow tenets came to naught
And fierce fanaticism fled.
Who knew his mental majesty,
Or felt his nature's gentle grace,
From pious prejudice was free
Nor nursed a senseless hate of race.

Yes, he was great as men are great
Who scorn the cramping lines of
creed,
Who leave us still our earth's estate
Yet fill our nature's inmost need.
And so with each recurring Spring
While roses blow and lilies bloom,
The world will tender tribute bring
To lay upon his hallowed tomb.

WALTER HURT.

TO MR. SIMON WOLF.

(In Honor of the Dedication of the
Orphan Home, Atlanta, Ga.)

AND then I fell asleep, and had a
dream.
Methought that far away, in sunnier
climes,
Where orange groves the balmy air
perfume,
Where proud magnolias rear their royal
heads,
And silver moonlight floods an azure
sky—
Where Love and every noble passion
throbs
With warm and generous pulse through
human veins—
In yonder southern land, renowned in
story,
Renowned in deeds of war and chiv-
alry—
Methought that in that country I saw
raised
By loving hands, by gentle hearts and
true,
An edifice, within whose walls I spied
A happy throng of children, girls and
boys.

And when I wakened—lo! it was no
dream!
Glad visions only had forestalled the
fact
Which now has reached its proud ac-
complishment.

The orphan of a race which in the
past
Had filled the ancient realms and
dynasties

With knowledge of its fame in thought
and battle,
That orphan wandered in the streets
but lately,
Friendless, forsaken, thrust aside by
all,
Left to his instinct, be it good or evil,
With care and want, and ignorance
and crime,
And all their dire results uplooming
darkly
Before a darkened intellect; his mind
A sullied page in Life's fair tome,—
alone
In all his lonely misery—an outcast!

But loving hands reached forth in
charity
And gathered him within these shel-
tering walls,
Where he is fed and clad and gently
taught;
And where his soul, by sweet affection's
zeal
To riper beauty nurtured, doth unfold
Its blossom, leaves, and bears a gen-
erous fruit.

Oh, Love of man, that worketh all
things well!
Oh, Love of God, that hallows,
strengthens it!

No need of words which human tongue
could utter,
To honor him who gently, modestly,
In loving, guileless ways accomplished
this;
For, friend, the grateful tear of one
poor child,
Who by thy efforts has now found a
home,
Is of a higher value in the sight
Of yonder great "I am," than all the
songs
That could thy praises shout! Within
thine heart,
Within thine own pure self, seek thy
reward.
And thus may ages pass ere the great
work
Which on this day begins its glorious
course,
Shall pass away! May children, grown
brave men
And gentle women in this Orphan
Home,
Forever bless thy name; and may the
Being
Who ruleth over all, who planteth good
In heart of Jew, of Christian and of
heathen,
Grant thee that never-ending peace
which passeth
The understanding of humanity!

FRANK CLAUDY.

V

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

ADON OLAM.

REIGNED the universe's Master, ere were
 earthly things begun;
 When his mandate all created Ruler
 was the name He won;
 And alone He'll rule tremendous when
 all things are past and gone.
 He no equal has, nor consort, He, the
 singular and lone,
 Has no end and no beginning; His the
 sceptre, might, and throne,
 He's my God and living Saviour, rock
 to whom in need I run;
 He's my banner and my refuge, fount
 of weal when called upon;
 In His hand I place my spirit, at night-
 fall and rise of sun,
 And therewith my body also; God's my
 God—I fear no one.

Translated from the Hebrew by
 GEORGE BORROW (1833-1881).

ALMIGHTY GOD!

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
 The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we
 twine
 (Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
 And Love that "fadeth not away"),
 We bless the flowers, expanded all,
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say, "In Eden thus
 "The Tree of Life may flower for us!"
 When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,
 Without their flames—we wreath the
 Palm,
 Oh God! we feel the emblem true—
 Thy Mercy is eternal, too.
 Those Cherubs with their smiling eyes,
 That crown of Palm which never dies,
 Are but the types of Thee above—
 Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

COME NOT, OH LORD.

COME not, oh Lord, in the dread robe
 of splendor
 Thou worstest on the Mount, in the
 day of thine ire;
 Come veiled in those shadows, deep,
 awful, but tender,
 Which Mercy flings over thy features
 of fire.

Lord, thou rememberest the night, when
 thy Nation
 Stood fronting her Foe by the red-
 rolling stream:
 O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desola-
 tion,
 While Israel basked all the night in its
 beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger
 enfold Thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side
 remove;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty
 behold Thee,
 Oh, turn upon us the mild light of
 thy Love!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
 branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Free-
 dom is come!
 From that time, when the moon upon
 Ajalon's vale,
 Looking motionless down, saw the
 kings of the earth,
 In the presence of God's mighty Cham-
 pion grow pale—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
 mirth!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
 branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Free-
 dom is come!

Bring myrtle and palm—bring the
 boughs of each tree
 That is worthy to wave o'er the tents
 of the Free.
 From that day when the footsteps of
 Israel shone
 With a light not their own, thro' the
 Jordan's deep tide,
 Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark
 glided on—
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
 pride!
 Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-
 branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Free-
 dom is come!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

THE HOLY FLAME, "MENORAH."

THOU, sacred flame, so mellow and subdued,
 Burning with tremulous, flickering beam
 In the holy place, before the ALL
 SUPREME,
 As though the very fire were all imbued
 With that almighty prophet's humble soul,
 With Moses' sense of deep humility,
 Whose height of feeling knew no humble goal,
 Whose aims bore naught of man's futility.

Thou, holy fire, whose light shall ever guide
 The steps of wandering Israel, to the shrine
 Of HIM who Was, who Is, and ne'er will cease TO BE.
 Whose luminous fire gleams down the tide
 Of centuries, both of greatness and of woe,
 When Israel's greatness bore a trace divine,
 When Israel's fortune sank far, far, below
 Even the lot of those poor Nubian slaves,
 Who served our fathers in the promised land;
 To thee, oh ancient light! whose very name
 Is a memorial of God's earliest word,
 We look to thee, and hail the conquering hand
 Of wisdom's day, o'er spiritual night,
 And breathe with God: "Let there be Light."
 GEORGE JAY HOLLAND.

THE HIGH-PRIEST TO ALEXANDER.*

*"Derrame en todo el orbe de la tierra
 Las armas, el furor, y nueva guerra."
 —La Araucana, Canto xvi.*

Go FORTH, thou man of force!
 The world is all thine own;

*[Based on a tradition in Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*, xi, 8, §§ 4-6; also mentioned in Rabbinic sources.]

Before thy dreadful course
 Shall totter every throne.
 Let India's jewels glow
 Upon thy diadem:
 Go, forth to conquest go,
 But spare Jerusalem.
 For the God of gods, which liveth
 Through all eternity,
 'Tis He alone which giveth
 And taketh victory:
 'Tis He the bow that blasteth,
 And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
 And the Lord of armies resteth
 In His Holy of Holies for ever!

For God is Salem's spear,
 And God is Salem's sword;
 What mortal man shall dare
 To combat with the Lord?
 Every knee shall bow
 Before His awful sight;
 Every thought sink low
 Before the Lord of might.
 For the God of Gods, which liveth
 Through all eternity,
 'Tis He alone which giveth
 And taketh victory:
 'Tis He the bow that blasteth,
 And breaketh the proud one's quiver;
 And the Lord of armies resteth
 In His Holy of Holies for ever!

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892).

REBECCA'S HYMN.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow:
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered keen,
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent
night,

Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;

No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp and horn.

But Thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;

A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

ISRAEL'S LAMENT.

*Translation of "A Hebrew Dirge,"
chaunted on the day of the Funeral of
her Royal Highness the Princess Char-
lotte.*

MOURN, Israel! Sons of Israel, mourn!
Give utterance to the inward throel
As wails, of her first love forlorn,
The Virgin clad in robes of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatched
away

From Light and Life's ascending
Sun!

Mourn for the babe, Death's voiceless
prey,

Earned by long pangs and lost ere
won.

Mourn the bright Rose that bloomed
and went

Ere half disclosed its vernal hue!

Mourn the green bud, so rudely rent,
It brake the stem on which it grew.

Mourn for the universal woe

With solemn dirge and fault'ring
tongue:

For England's Lady is laid low,
So dear, so lovely, and so young!

The blossoms on her Tree of Life
Shone with the dews of recent bliss:

Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruits in Paradise.

Mourn for the widowed Lord in chief,
Who wails and will not solaced be!
Mourn for the childless Father's grief,
The wedded Lover's agony!

Mourn for the Prince, who rose at
morn

To seek and bless the firstling bud
Of his own Rose, and found the thorn,
Its point bedewed with tears of
blood.

O press again that murmuring string!
Again bewail that princely Sire!
A destined Queen, a future King,
He mourns upon one funeral pyre.

Mourn for Britannia's hopes decayed,
Her daughters wail their dear de-
fence;

Their fair example, prostrate laid,
Chaste Love and fervid Innocence.

While Grief in song shall seek repose,
We will take up a Mourning yearly:
To wail the blow that crushed the
Rose,

So dearly prized and loved so dearly.

Long as the fount of Song o'erflows
Will I the yearly dirge renew:
Mourn for the firstling of the Rose
That snapt the stem on which it
grew.

The proud shall pass, forgot; the chill,
Damp, trickling Vault their only
mourner!

Not so the regal Rose, that still
Clung to the breast which first had
worn her!

O thou, who mark'st the Mourner's
path

To sad Jeshurun's Sons attend!

Amid the Light'nings of thy Wrath
The showers of Consolation send!

Jehovah frowns! the Islands bow!

And Prince and People kiss the
Rod!—

Their dread chastising Judge wert
thou!

Be thou their comforter, O God!

HYMAN HURWITZ (1770-1844).

*Translated by SAMUEL TAYLOR COLE-
RIDGE (1772-1834).*

THE TEARS OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

Translation of a Hebrew Dirge and Hymn chaunted on the Day of the Funeral of King George III.

DIRGE.

OPPRESSED, confused, with grief and pain,

And inly shrinking from the blow,
In vain I seek the dirgeful strain,
The wonted words refuse to flow.

A fear in every face I find,
Each voice is that of one who grieves;
And all my Soul, to grief resigned,
Reflects the sorrow it receives.

The Day-Star of our glory sets!
Our King has breathed his latest breath!

Each heart its wonted pulse forgets,
As if it owned the pow'r of death.

Our Crown, our heart's Desire is fled!
Britannia's glory moults its wing!
Let us with ashes on our head,
Raise up a mourning for our King.

Lo! of his beams the Day-Star shorn,
Sad gleams the Moon through cloudy veil!

The Stars are dim! Our Nobles mourn;
The Matrons weep, their Children wail.

No age records a King so just,
His virtues numerous as his days;
The Lord Jehovah was his trust,
And truth with mercy ruled his ways.

His Love was bounded by no Clime;
Each diverse Race, each distant Clan
He governed by this truth sublime,
"God only knows the heart—not man."

His word appalled the sons of pride,
Iniquity far winged her way;
Deceit and fraud were scattered wide,
And truth resumed her sacred sway.

He sooth'd the wretched and the prey
From impious tyranny he tore;

He stay'd th' Usurper's iron sway,
And bade the Spoiler waste no more.

Thou, too, Jeshurun's Daughter! thou,
The oppressed of nations and the scorn!

Didst hail on his benignant brow
A safety dawning like the morn.

The scoff of each unfeeling mind,
Thy doom was hard, and keen thy grief;
Beneath his throne, peace thou didst find,
And blest the hand that gave relief.

E'en when a fatal cloud o'erspread
The moonlight splendour of his sway,
Yet still the light remained, and shed
Mild radiance on the traveller's way.

But he is gone—the Just! the Good!
Nor could a Nation's prayer delay
The heavenly meed, that long had stood
His portion in the realms of day.

Beyond the mighty Isle's extent
The mightier Nation mourns her Chief;
Him Judah's Daughter shall lament,
In tears of fervour, love and grief.

Britannia mourns in silent grief;
Her heart a prey to inward woe.
In vain she strives to find relief,
Her pang so great, so great the blow.

Britannia! Sister! woe is me!
Full fain would I console thy woe.
But, ah! how shall I comfort thee,
Who need the balm I would bestow?

United then let us repair,
As round our common Parent's grave;
And pouring out our heart in prayer,
Our heavenly Father's mercy crave.

Until Jehovah from his throne
Shall heed his suffering people's fears;
Shall turn to song the Mourner's groan,
To smiles of joy the Nation's tears.

Praise to the Lord! Loud praises
sing!
And bless Jehovah's righteous hand!
Again he bids a George, our King,
Dispense his blessings to the Land.

HYMN.

O throned in Heaven! Sole King of
kings,
Jehovah! hear thy Children's prayers
and sighs!
Thou Binder of the broken heart! with
wings
Of healing on thy people rise!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet,
Before thy Judgment seat:
Lord, hear us, we entreat!

When angry clouds thy throne sur-
round,
E'en from the cloud thou bid'st thy
mercy shine:
And ere thy righteous vengeance
strikes the wound,
Thy grace prepares the balm divine!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
etc.

The Parent tree thy hand did spare—
It fell not until the ripened fruit was
won;
Beneath its shade the Scion flourished
fair,
And for the Sire thou gav'st the
Son.
etc.

This thy own Vine, which thou didst
rear,
And train up for us from the royal
root,
Protect, O Lord! and to the Nations
near
Long let it shelter yield, and fruit.
etc.

Lord, comfort thou the royal line:
Let Peace and Joy watch round us
hand and hand.
Our Nobles visit with thy grace divine,
And banish sorrow from the land!

Thy mercies, Lord, are sweet;
And Peace and Mercy meet
Before thy Judgment seat;
Lord, hear us! we entreat!

HYMAN HURWITZ (1770-1844).
Translated by SAMUEL TAYLOR COL-
RIDGE (1772-1834).

ODE.

*For the laying of the corner-stone of
the new Temple of the First Baltimore
Hebrew Congregation.*

A FIRM and sure foundation stone
Beneath our walls we lay,
When we a sacred Temple rear,
Wherein to God we pray,
Where tuneful voices sing his praise,
And grateful hearts glad homage pay.

For we, like David's royal son,
With willing hands would frame
The hallowed shrine in which may
dwell
Our God's most holy Name:
And where, as Lord of heaven and
earth,
The God of Israel we proclaim.

The stone which by the nations great
And mightier far than we,
For ages long has been refused,
Our corner-stone shall be:
The Lord of hosts we worship here;
His Name is One, and One is He.

O Lord and Father, God alone,
Accept the gifts we bring,
And let thy gracious eyes respect
Our pious offering;
The tribute of thy children's love,
To Thee, their everlasting King.

When in this house we worship thee,
O Lord, thy people bless:
Blot out, and cover, all the sins
Which humbly we confess.
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling
place,
And send us comfort in distress.

Nor for ourselves alone, do we
Thy blessings, Lord, implore:
But may the pious strangers, too,

Who here thy name adore,
Be heard by Thee in heaven, and share
With us, thy Peace, forevermore.

O Thou, whose mighty hand hath laid
The earth's foundations sure,
Whose own right hand spanned out, of
old,

The heavens bright and pure,
Grant us thy mercies, and thy grace,
While earth shall last, and heaven en-
dure.

IBBIE MCCOLM WILSON (1834-1908).

"JUDAH'S HALLOWED BARDS."

Let those who will hang rapturously
o'er

The flowing eloquence of Plato's
page;

Repeat, with flashing eyes, the sounds
that pour

From Homer's verse as with a tor-
rent's rage;

Let those who list ask Sully to assuage
Wild hearts with high-wrought peri-
ods, and restore

The reign of rhetoric; or maxims sage
Winnow from Seneca's sententious
lore.

Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards,
to me

Are dear: Isaiah's noble energy;
The temperate grief of Job; the artless
strain

Of Ruth and pastoral Amos; the high
songs

Of David; and the tale of Joseph's
wrongs,

Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.

AUBREY DE VERE (1788-1846).

THE HEBREW FATHER'S PRAYER.

O THOU just One, who givest gifts to
men,

Who holdest light and darkness in
thy hand,

Who alone can blight and bless, whose
strong command

Can make a garden of a darksome fen;
O thou who lovest all and hatest none,

Look down compassionate, I pray, on
me;

Not for myself, but for the sake of
one—

The little child that smileth at my
knee.

Men say we come of a dark, cursèd
race,

Who fell in bitterness from out thy
word;

Who slew thy blessèd Son, a ruthless
horde,

And gave him gall to drink and smote
his face.

O thou who knowest all, let not this
blight,

This awful blight come down; but
if it be,

Send it on my dark life, not hers so
bright—

The little child that smileth at my
knee.

Thou knowest I have sinned and fallen
short

Of all thy laws; that I was reared in
hate

And bitterness as dread as theirs who
wait

In gloom and darkness round Hell's
baleful court.

But pity, Lord, O pity my distress!

Let all thy righteous sentence fall on
me!

Consume me utterly, if thou wilt bless
The little child that smileth at my
knee.

O take me, Lord, and make me what
thou wilt;

Give me to drink whole centuries of
woe;

For her dear sake, who is as driven
snow,

Plunge agony's cruel sword clean to the
hilt,

Heap on me all! O what would I not
bear!

For deepest Hell were Heaven indeed
to me,

To know that thou didst have her in
thy care—

The little child that smileth at my
knee.

Then spake God's angel, answering
thus: "Old man,

Thy love so white hath burnt out all
thy sin,
Where thy child goes, thou, too, shalt
enter in;
Heaven hath no hate for thee in all its
plan.
God made love strong, that it might
whiten all,
Might conquer all, and make all
thereby free.
Thou lovedst thy God in loving that one
small
Unconscious child that smileth at thy
knee."

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL (1861-).

THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS.

[The Jews occasionally hold a solemn assembly in the Valley of Jehosaphat, the ancient burial place of their people. They are compelled to pay a heavy tax to the Mahometans for the privilege of mourning in stillness at the sepulchres of their fathers.]

I.

In Babylon they sat and wept
Down by the river's willow side,
And when the breeze their harp-strings
swept,
The strings of breaking hearts re-
plied:
A deeper sorrow now they hide;
No Cyrus comes to set them free
From ages of captivity.

II.

All lands are Babylons to them,
Exiles and fugitives they roam:
What is their own Jerusalem?
The place where they are least at
home!
Yet hither from all climes they come,
And pay their gold for leave to shed
Tears o'er the generations fled.

III.

Around the eternal mountains stand,
With Hinnom's darkling vale be-
tween;
Old Jordan wanders through the land,

Blue Carmel's seaward crest is seen;
And Lebanon, yet sternly green,
Throws, when the evening sun de-
clines,
Its cedar shades in lengthening lines.

IV.

But, ah! for ever vanished hence
The Temple of the living God,
Once Zion's glory and defence—
Now mourn beneath the oppressor's
rod
The fields where faithful Abraham
trod;
Where Isaac walked by twilight gleam,
And heaven came down on Jacob's
dream.

V.

For ever mingled with this soil
Thosc armies of the Lord of Hosts,
That conquer'd Canaan, shared the
spoil,
Quelled Moab's pride, stormed Midi-
an's posts,
Spread paleness through Philistia's
coasts,
And taught the foes, whose idols fell,
There is a God in Israel."

VI.

Now David's tabernacle gone,
What mighty builder shall restore?
The golden throne of Solomon,
And ivory palace, are no more:
The Psalmist's song, the Preacher's
lore,
Of all they did, alone remain
Unperished trophies of their reign.

VII.

Holy and beautiful, of old
Was Zion 'midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
Bulwarks that set at nought their
powers:
—Swept from the earth are all her
towers;
Nor is there—so is she bereft—
One stone upon another left.

VIII.

The very site whereon she stood,
In vain the foot, the eye would trace;
Vengeance, for saints' and martyrs'
blood,
Her walls did utterly efface;
Dungeons and dens usurp their place;
The Cross and Crescent shine afar,
But where is Jacob's natal star?

IX.

Still inexterminable—still
Devoted to their mother-land,
Her offspring haunt the temple hill,
Amidst her desecration stand,
And bite the lip, and clench the hand:
—To-day in that lorn vale they weep,
Where patriarchs, kings, and prophets
sleep.

X.

O, what a spectacle of woe!
In groups they settle on the ground;
Men, women, children, gathering slow,
Sink down in reverie profound;
There is no voice, nor speech, nor
sound—
But through the shuddering frame is
shown
The heart's unutterable groan.

XI.

Entranced they sit, nor seem to breathe;
Themselves like spectres from the
dead;
Where shrined in rocks above, beneath
With clods along the valley spread,
Their ancestors, each in his bed,
Shall rest, till, at the judgment-day,
Death and the Grave give up their prey.

XII.

Before their eyes, as in a glass,
—Their eyes that gaze on vacancy—
Pageants of ancient grandeur pass;
But "Ichabod" on all they see
Brands Israel's foul idolatry:
—Then, last and worst, and sealing all
Their crimes and sufferings—Saïem's
fall.

XIII.

Nor breeze, nor bird, nor palm-tree
stirs,

Kedron's unwatered brook is dumb;
But through that glen of sepulchres
Is heard the city's fervid hum;
Voices of dogs and children come;
Till, loud and long, the Muedzin's cry,
From Omar's mosque, peals round the
sky.

XIV.

Blight through their veins those accents
send—
In agony of mute despair,
Their garments as by stealth they rend;
They pluck unconsciously their hair;
—This is the Moslem's hour of prayer!
'Twas Judah's once—but fane and
priest,
Altar and sacrifice have ceased.

XV.

And by the Gentiles in their pride
Jerusalem is trodden down;
—"How long? for ever wilt thou hide
Thy face, O Lord! for ever frown?
Israel was once thy glorious crown,
In sight of all the heathen worn;
Now from thy brow indignant torn.

XVI.

"Zion, forsaken and forgot,
Hath felt thy stroke, and owns it
just;
O God, our God! reject her not,
Whose sons take pleasure in her dust:
How is the fine gold dimmed with
rust!
The city, throned in gorgeous state,
How doth she now sit desolate!

XVII.

"Where is thine oath to David sworn?
We by the winds like chaff are
driven:
Yet 'unto us a Child is born,'
Yet 'unto us a Son is given';
His throne is as the throne of
heaven—
When shall he come to our release,
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace?"

XVIII.

Thus blind with unbelief they cry;
But hope revisits not their gloom;

Sealed are the words of prophecy,
 Sealed as the secrets of the tomb,
 Where all is dark—though wild flow-
 ers bloom,
 Birds sing, streams murmur, heaven
 above,
 And earth around are life, light, love.

XIX.

The sun goes down; the mourning
 crowds,

Requicken'd, as from slumber start;
 They met in silence here, like clouds—
 Like clouds in silence they depart:
 Still clings this thought to every
 heart,

Still from their lips escapes in sighs,
 —“By whom shall Jacob yet arise!”

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

THE DYING HEBREW.

(From “*The Devil's Progress.*”)

A HEBREW knelt, in the dying light,—
 His eye was dim and cold;
 The hairs on his brow were silver white
 And his blood was thin and old.
 He lifted his look to his latest sun,
 For he knew that his pilgrimage was
 done;

And as he saw God's *shadow* there
 His spirit poured itself in prayer!

“I come unto Death's second birth
 Beneath a stranger air,
 A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
 As all my fathers were!
 And men have stamped me with a
 curse,—

I feel it is not *Thine*;
 Thy mercy, like yon sun, was made
 On me, as them, to shine;
 And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye
 Through that, to Thee, before I die!

“In this great temple, built by Thee,
 Whose altars *are* divine,
 Beneath yon lamp, that ceaselessly
 Lights up Thine own true shrine,
 Oh! take my latest sacrifice,—
 Look down, and make this sod
 Holy as that where, long ago,
 The Hebrew met his God.

“I have not caused the widow's tears,
 Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;
 I have not stained the virgin's years,
 Nor mocked the mourner's cry.
 The songs of Zion, in mine ear,
 Have ever been most sweet,
 And always when I felt Thee near,
 My 'shoes' were 'off my feet.' ”

“I have known Thee, in the whirlwind,
 I have known Thee, on the hill,
 I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,
 Or the music of the rill.
 I dreamt Thee in the shadow,
 I saw Thee in the light,
 I blessed Thee in the radiant day
 And worshiped in the night!
 All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,
 Still made my soul rejoice,
 And my spirit bowed within itself,
 To hear Thy 'still, small voice.'
 I have not felt myself a thing,
 Far from Thy presence driven,
 By flaming sword or waving wing,
 Shut out from Thee and heaven.

“Must I the whirlwind reap, because
 My fathers sowed the storm?
 Or shrink, because *another* sinned,
 Beneath Thy red, right arm?
 Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
 And much is all unknown;
 But I will not take my curse from *man*,
 I turn to Thee, alone!
 Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
 And what is dark reveal,
 And what is evil, oh! forgive,
 And what is broken heal,
 And cleanse my nature, from above,
 In the deep Jordan of Thy love!

“I know not if the Christian's heaven
 Shall be the same as mine;
 I only ask to be forgiven,
 And taken home to Thine.
 I weary on a far, dim strand,
 Whose mansions are as tombs,
 And long to find the fatherland
 Where there are many homes.
 Oh! grant, of all yon starry thrones,
 Some dim and distant star,
 Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
 May love Thee, from afar.
 Where all earth's myriad harps shall
 meet

In choral praise and prayer,

Shall Zion's harp, of old, so sweet,
 Alone be wanting there?
 Yet place me in Thy lowest seat
 Though I, as now, be there
 The Christian's scorn, the Christian's
 jest;

But let me see and hear,
 From some dim mansion in the sky,
 Thy bright ones and their melody."

The sun goes down, with sudden gleam,
 And—beautiful as a lovely dream
 And silently as air—

The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
 With long and raven hair,
 Glides in—as guardian spirits glide—
 And lo! is kneeling by his side;
 As if her sudden presence there
 Were sent in answer to his prayer.
 (Oh! say they not that angels tread
 Around the good man's dying bed?)
 His child!—his sweet and sinless
 child!—

And as he gazed on her,
 He knew his God was reconciled,
 And this the messenger,—
 As sure as God had hung, on high,
 The promise-bow before his eye!—
 Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,
 To point his heavenward faith,
 And life's most holy feeling strung
 To sing him into death;
 And, on his daughter's stainless breast,
 The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

The Devil turned uneasily round,
 For he knew that the place was holy
 ground!

But, ere he passed, he saw a Turk
 Spit on the bearded Jew;
 And a Christian cursed those who could
 not eat pork;
 Quoth the Devil, "These worthies may
 do my work;

For one lost, here are two!
 Turk or Jew, or their Christian brother,
 I seldom lose one but I gain another!"
 THOMAS KEBBLE HERVEY.

HEBREW DIRGE.

*"Mourn for the living, and not for
 the dead."*—HEBREW DIRGE.

I SAW an infant, marble cold,
 Borne from the pillowing breast,
 And in the shroud's embracing fold
 Laid down to dreamless rest:

And, moved with bitterness, I sighed,
 Not for the babe that slept,
 But for the mother at its side,
 Whose soul in anguish wept.

They bare a coffin to its place—
 I asked them who was there?
 And they replied, "a form of grace,
 The fairest of the fair."

But for that blest one do ye moan,
 Whose angel-wing is spread?
 No, for the lover pale and lone—
 His heart is with the dead.

I wandered to a new-made grave,
 And there a matron lay—
 The love of Him who died to save,
 Had been her spirit's stay:
 Yet sobs burst forth of torturing pain—
 Wail ye for her who died?
 No—for that timid, infant train
 Who roam without a guide.

I murmur not for those who die,
 Who rise to glory's sphere,
 I deem the tenants of the sky
 Need not our mortal tear.
 Our woe seems arrogant and vain,
 Perchance it moves their scorn,
 As if the slave, beneath his chain,
 Deplored the princely born.

We live to meet a thousand foes,
 We shrink with bleeding breast—
 Why shall we weakly mourn for those
 Who dwell in perfect rest?
 Bound, for a few sad fleeting years,
 A thorn-clad path to tread,
 Oh! for the living spare those tears
 Ye lavish on the dead.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY
 (1791-1865).

JEWISH LULLABY.

My harp is on the willow-tree,
 Else would I sing, O love, to thee
 A song of long-ago—
 Perchance the song that Miriam sung
 Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung
 By centuries of woe.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,
 As scourged I went upon my way—
 And yet my darling smiled;

Aye, beating at my breast, he laughed—
My anguish curdled not the draught—
'Twas sweet with love, my child!

The shadow of the centuries lies
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes;
But, hush! and close them now,
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream
The light of other days shall seem
To glorify thy brow!

Our harp is on the willow-tree—
I have no song to sing to thee,
As shadows round us roll;
But, hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer
Judea's fainting soul!

EUGENE FIELD (1850-1895).

SONG

For the Wandering Jew.

THOUGH the torrents from their foun-
tains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to hasten,
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen centre
Of the Alps the chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground.

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the sea-horse in the ocean
Own no dear domestic cave,
Yet he slumbers—by the motion
Rocked of many a gentle wave.

The fleet ostrich, till day closes
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the wanderer in my soul.
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

A fragment.

OH, Judith! had our lot been cast
In that remote and simple time
When, shepherd swains, thy fathers
pass'd
From dreary wilds and deserts vast
To Judah's happy clime,—

My song upon the mountain rocks,
Had echoed oft thy rural charms
And I had fed thy father's flocks;
O Judith of the raven locks!
To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
Had sought the shadow of the palm,
And blest with Gilead's holy balm
Our hospitable door.

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had
drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
The bird of Salem would have sung.
In orange or in almond bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
Like thee forever young!

But ah, my love! thy father's land—
It sheds no more a spicy bloom,
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand;
But wide and silent wilds expand,
A desert and a tomb!

Yet by the good and golden hours
That dawn'd those rosy fields
among,—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,—
By Salem's far-forsaken bowers,
And long-forgotten song—

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I.

THE dusky star-set blue of Southern
 night;
 Music and song approaching and re-
 ceding;
 Sweet sudden laughter-showers of
 masquers leading
 Across the moon-white square a merry
 flight,
 With breeze-blown torch and tossing
 cresset bright;
 Gay Love and glad impetuous Youth
 unheeding,
 That float away to the lute's lovely
 pleading
 Down flowing hours smooth-silvered
 with delight.

And last, a figure of a race despised
 Shadow in light, groan echoing to the
 laugh;
 Bent haggard Age, with uplift shaken
 staff,
 At night's noon knocking, knocking at
 the door
 Of a gray, silent house, of that he
 prized
 Empty forever and forever more.

II.

Lo, how the lips that Portia pressed but
 late
 Against the opened casket, blessing
 lead
 With the gold beauty of her bended
 head,
 In proud abandonment to that dear fate
 It gave her forth, the casket fortunate,—
 Lo, how these lips forego their wreathed
 red
 Above the scroll that speaks his danger
 dread
 Who holds her lover in sad heart and
 great!

Now in her spacious soul doth Sor-
 row meet
 Warm Joy, that, generous, gives the
 pale one place,
 And in the tremulous lines of her fair
 face
 An exquisite and soft remorse appears

That Love, of right, must take the
 sovereign seat,
 And Friendship lower pass, for all his
 years.

III.

"I stand for law." It is the hour: be-
 hold
 The stem storm-buffed, a spear
 grown strong
 For sternest deed in wanton winds of
 wrong.
 See Shylock from his sombre garment's
 fold
 The scales of Justice draw. No lav-
 ish gold
 Shall weigh with vengeance now; he
 hears loud song
 And triumphing of timbrels from the
 long
 Dim ranks of Israel's branded dead un-
 told.

Oh, not alone this crooked blade un-
 sheathes,
 Empowered at last, one wan and patient
 Jew:
 Just Judah stands for law. A spirit
 new
 Gives answer gracious as from heaven
 it rained.

A powerful angel through a woman
 breathes:
 "The quality of mercy is not strained."
 HELEN GRAY CONE (1859-).

SELF-SATISFACTION.

ONCE I heard a Jew and Moslem argu-
 ing with "Yes!" and "No!"
 "May I," yells the child of Moses,
 "trust in Islam if it's so."
 "If it is not," screams the other, "I will
 turn a Jew to-night."
 Then I thought, "How every nation
 takes for granted it is right!
 Should the Lord destroy all knowledge
 in each people, creed and school,
 Not a man in this dilemma e'er would
 own himself a fool!"

SA'ADI (1184-1291).

Translated by J. F. AND L. R. CLARK.

גַּם זֶה יְעֹבֹד

"GAM ZE YA'AVOR."

ALTHOUGH with joy intense my heart is
leaping,
And in a blissful trance my mind doth
rest,
And though this comes from love—of
joys the best;—
And though old sorrows cold in death
seem sleeping,
An awful thought into my mind comes
creeping:—
The thought that joy is but a tran-
sient guest,
Which soon will pass away; and thus
attest
That sorrow is not dead, that only
weeping
Is what our eyes were made for.
Thus 'tis wo
Replaces gladness:—but thank God
all know
That neither will this sorrow last for-
ever.
So at each phase of life we still may
say
As said the Hebrew sage: "'Twill
pass away!"
For sorrow as for joy may say: "Gam
Ze Ya'avori!"

JAMES O'NEILL.

THE NAMES.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding,
what succeeds
Fits as silence? Falter forth the
spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows
full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than
needs.
Two names there are: That which the
Hebrew reads
With his soul only: if from lips it
fell.
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven
and hell.
Would own "Thou didst create us!"
Naught impedes
We voice the other name, man's most
of might,
Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love

Mutely await their working, leave to
sight

All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one re-
move,
Though dread—this finite from that in-
finite.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

THE TESTIMONY.

"This was a testimony in Israel."

THERE is no guiding hand so sure as
His
Who brings me now, a weary pilgrim,
home:
There is no utterance so true as this,—
"Go trust in God, and you shall sure-
ly come,
"Though far your pilgrimage beyond
the ocean-foam!"

In all my wanderings I've walked se-
cure
I could not go where God, the Lord,
was not:
Though weak, I leaned on His Almighty
Power:
Though ignorant, I had the 'Infinite
thought'
Which both on Nature's page and in
His Word is taught.

You sent me, Brothers, to the Holy
Land.
That dream of youth, that goal of
manly age,
Birth-place and cradle of our mystic
Band
Whose charities adorn earth's bright-
est page,—
Refuge of loving hearts, the Mason's
heritage.

Hear now, from that mysterious land,
the tale
Gathered alike from Lebanon's
snowy hills,
From Tyre's granite heaps, from sad
Gebal,
From Joppa's crowded height, from
Zarthan's rills,
And from Jerusalem, the world's
great heart that fills.

I stood in silent awe beside the tomb
Where Hiram, King of Masons, had
his rest:

Its covering is the cerulean dome
Most fitting one with honored mem-
ories blest;
His sepulcher o'erlooks old Tyre on
the West.

I walked and wept in desolate Gebal;
Of all its glories not a trace is found
Save here and there a relic; left to tell
The school of mystic lore, the holy
ground
While Hiram's youthful brows with
laurel wreaths were crowned.

I knelt beside the cedars old and hoar,
That streak with verdure snowy Leb-
anon,
The mountain eagles o'er them fearless
soar,
The thunder-clouds of Summer grim-
ly frown,
But sturdily they stand, those giants
of renown.

I mused along the bay from whence the
floats
Went Joppa-ward in old Masonic
days;
Its waters sing as when the craftsmen's
notes
Made the shores vocal with their
hymn of praise,
And fervent notes and true my grate-
ful heart did raise.

I climbed the slopes of Joppa, at whose
foot
The uneasy tide of stormy waters
beats,
Though raftsmen's calls and gavel-
sounds are mute,
The generous Ruler of the Port re-
peats
Our sacred words in love, and every
craftsman greets.

From Shiloh's hill I overlooked the
sites
Of Hiram's foundries, Zeredatha's
plain;
Beyond, on Gilead's ranges, swelled the
fight,

When Jephthah drove the invading
force amain,
And Jordan tinged its waves with un-
fraternal stain.

And on Moriah's memorable hill—
And in the quarry, 'neath the city's
hum—
And midst the murmurs of Siloam's
rill—
And in Aceldama's retired tomb,
My Mason-song I sung, though
fraught with grief and gloom.

For all in sadness lies Jerusalem:
Queen of the earth, in widow's weeds
she lies—
Shade of historic glory, low and dim,
Her day-star gleams upon our eager
eyes,
Oh, that from her decay loved Salem
may arise.

The spirit of our Craft is reigning yet
Through all the hills and dales of
Palestine;
Strong hands, kind hearts, warm sym-
pathies I met,
And interchanged around our ancient
shrine,
And bore my wages thence of corn,
and oil, and wine.

Now homeward come, my "talent" I
return
To you, warm Brotherhood, true
Sons of Light!
My testimony stands—my work is
done—
Yours be the honor as is just and
right;
Be all your jewels bright, your
aprons ever white.

Honor to those who bore this generous
part,
And wrote their names upon the Holy
Land!
Honor to every true and loving heart
That makes Freemasonry a match-
less Band!
And may the great I AM among you
ever stand!

ROBERT MORRIS.
(Published New York, 1869.)

AURUM POTABILE.

BROTHER Bards of every region,—
 Brother Bards (your name is Legion!)
 Were you with me while the twilight
 Darkens up my pine-tree skylight,—
 Were you gathered, representing
 Every land beneath the sun,
 O, what songs would be indited,
 Ere the earliest star is lighted,
 To the praise of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

Yes; while all alone I quaff its
 Lucid gold, and brightly laugh its
 Topaz waves and amber bubbles,
 Still the thought my pleasure troubles,
 That I quaff it all alone.
 O for Hafiz,—glorious Persian!
 Keats, with buoyant, gay diversion,
 Mocking Schiller's grave immersion;
 O for wreathed Anacreon!
 Yet enough to have the living,—
 They, the few, the rapture-giving!
 (Blessed more than in receiving),
 Fate, that frowns when laurels wreath
 them,
 Once the solace might bequeath them,
 Once to taste of vino d'oro
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

Lebanon, thou mount of story,
 Well we know thy sturdy glory,
 Since the days of Solomon;
 Well we know the Five old Cedars,
 Scarred by ages,—silent pleaders,
 Preaching, in their gray sedateness,
 Of thy forest's fallen greatness,
 Of the vessels of the Tyrian,

And the palaces Assyrian,
 And the temple on Moriah
 To the High and Holy One!
 Know the wealth of thy appointment,—
 Myrrh and aloes, gum and ointment;
 But we knew not, till we clomb thee,
 Of the nectar dropping from thee,—
 Of the pure, pellucid Ophir
 In the cups of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!

We have drunk, and we have eaten,
 Where Egyptian sheaves are beaten;
 Tasted Judah's milk and honey
 On his mountains, bare and sunny;
 Drained ambrosial bowls, that ask us
 Never more to leave Damascus;
 And have sung a vintage paean
 To the grapes of isles Aegean,
 And the flasks of Orvieto,
 Ripened in the Roman sun;
 But the liquor here surpasses
 All that beams in earthly glasses.
 (His elixir vitae) tells us,
 That to happier shores can float us
 Than Lethæan stems of lotus,
 And the vigor of the morning
 Straight restores when day is done.
 Then, before the sunset waneth,
 While the rosy tide, that staineth
 Earth, and sky, and sea, remaineth,
 We will take the fortune proffered,—
 Ne'er again to be re-offered,
 We will drink of vino d'oro,
 On the Hills of Lebanon!
 Vino d'oro! Vino d'oro!—
 Golden blood of Lebanon!

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878).

APPENDIX

**TWO EPIC FRAGMENTS, FROM THE SEVENTH
AND NINTH CENTURIES**

APPENDIX I
THE FALL OF MAN
AN EPIC POEM, OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY
IN NORTHUMBRIAN DIALECT

THE FALL OF MAN

["It has been the fashion to style this famous relic of Anglo-Saxon literature a SCRIPTURE PARAPHRASE, but such a title is both inadequate and misleading. It is inadequate since Caedmon's work, though in the main based . . . on certain statements in the Hebrew Scriptures on Biblical hints and Oriental imagery, is nevertheless, in the form in which we have received it, virtually an original production, incorporating Rabbinical fancies, glosses and comments, but still adorned with such innumerable touches of the poet's own imagination as to constitute it a distinct and independent version . . . Whence Caedmon obtained the information which he evidently possessed of Rabbinical learning, it is impossible to say; . . . it is perfectly supposable that he derived his Rabbinical interpretations directly through Oriental sources . . . If we consider this poem simply as the first strain of sacred song in Christianized England of which we have any record, written in an age of general illiteracy . . . its high literary merit is remarkable. . . . Intrinsically it takes high rank in our literature. . . . In chasteness of diction, in smoothness of versification, in purity of thought, in the human sympathy which breathes forth in every line, no less than in the invention of incident, the arrangement of episodes and the dignified tone of the ending, it is worthy of the high place which, in days gone by, it held in the estimation of the Venerable Bede, of King Alfred, and of the learned Dujon; and which it still holds in the heart of every lover of Anglo-Saxon poetry of the present day. . . ."]—From the EPIC OF THE FALL OF MAN. By S. HUMPHREYS GURTEEN, New York and London, 1896.]

Most right it is to chant the ceaseless
praise
Of Him who guards the starry heights
of bliss
And ever, with enraptured hearts, adore

The Glory-King of Heaven's Angelic
host.

In Him alone, the Lord Eternal, dwells
Might uncreated. He is Head supreme
Of all exalted creatures. He alone
Knew no beginning and shall have no
end,
Holding for evermore Almighty sway
O'er Thrones and Principalities and
Powers.

High in His Majesty, with Justice
clothed,
Omnipotent to do His Sovereign will,
He ruled the Heavenly concaves, which
at first,
By power divine, were stretched out
far and wide
Throughout unbounded space, celestial
Home
Of those who guard the spirits of the
just.

Then, had the Angelic host triumphant
joy
And in the light of God's eternal
Throne
Found their one guerdon of allegiance.
Bright messengers were they of Heav-
enly love
Swift to perform God's will. In blissful
mood
They praised the Lord of Life, or pros-
trate fell
In deepest adoration at the feet
Of Him who made them, their eternal
King,
And in obedience found their highest
joy.

No deadly sin or lurking, traitorous
thought
Had dared assault their hearts; in peace
they lived
With their All-glorious Chief, and
naught save Truth
And holy Rectitude upreared its head
Within the sacred battlements of
Heaven

Till he, who lifted high above his
peers,
The Guardian Angel of the Angelic
tribes,
Fell through accursèd pride. Full many
then,
Holding in light esteem celestial Love,
Forat their highest Good. Presumptu-
ous,
They thought to war against Almighty
God
And erelong share, with High Omnipot-
ence,
The unfading glory of that peaceful
realm
Its sceptre, crown and bright seraphic
throne.

Vain was their hope, delusive was their
dream;
For in the stead of rebel victory and
princely power,
Hatred and pride and racking pain
befell
The rebel host, and such a rancorous
mind
As he possessed who first moved dis-
content
And horrid discord.

Then the Archangel spake,
His soul inflamed with dark, malicious
thoughts:
"In the North part of God's sublime
domain
Will I a kingdom found, a palace rear.
Such is my sovereign will."

Then was God wroth
With that rebellious host, whom at the
first,
With Heavenly glory and Angelic mien
He had endowed. Forthwith, in ire, He
formed

A place of banishment, an exile-house,
Filled with deep anguish and with hell-
ish groans
And direful punishments; a fell retreat
For those who faithless proved to their
high trust.

Deep was the torture-house and void
of joys;
Home of perpetual Night, with sulphur
charged.
With fire and cold intense, with lurid
flame
And black Tartarean smoke. The cold,
He bade,

And direful flames increase a thousand-
fold

That by alternate tortures Hell itself
Might be henceforth doubly unbearable.

Then, through the rebel host could
nought be heard

But horrid blasphemies and bitter cries
Against their righteous King, for taking
thus

Grim retribution on His fallen foes;
And in fierce raging mood each rebel
swore

To wrest the Kingdom from Almighty
God.

But when the Archangel's Sovereign
high upreared

His mighty arm against that traitor
band,

Their haughty boast deceived them, for
the King

Sent terror in their hearts, and prone
they fell

Powerless to fight. For in His wrath
He bent

Their vengeful pride, stripped them of
might and state

And hoped-for triumph. Then as ab-
ject thralls,

Joyless and shorn of Heaven's effulgent
crown,

They stood examples of presumptuous
pride.

In purpose stern and with relentless
hand

The Almighty strongly grasped and
might have crushed

And utterly destroyed His foe. In lieu
He seized the realms and stately pal-
aces

Their hands had reared, and from His
Kingdom hurled

The faithless tribe and sent them wail-
ing

Down the dark, steep, unutterable path
That leads to Hell. No longer might

be heard

The scornful vaunt; for now their
grandeur turned

To deepest infamy, their beauteous
forms

By sin defaced, they urged their dark-
some way

To darker punishment. In torments
dire

Accursed they dwelt. No longer did
they raise

The loud derisive laugh; for ceaseless
woe,

Deep racking pain, grief unassuageable
And hydra-headed torture, all around.
Enthroned in blackest darkness, mocked
their cries;

Just retribution for the unholy war
They thought to wage against Almighty
God.

Then, once again, there reigned celestial
Peace

Within the walls and battlements of
Heaven.

The Great Supreme, to all His servants
dear.

Increased their joys, and blissful har-
mony.

Throughout the loyal hosts of Heaven's
domain,

Held undisputed sway.

Strife, Fear and Hate,
Offspring of traitorous and unholy
thought,

From Heaven expelled, found refuge in
the dark

And joyless shades of God's great tor-
ture-house.

And now, that broad domain of Heav-
en's fair realm,

The fairest and most powerful to move
Rebellious lust, in lonely grandeur
stood;

Its palaces so richly wrought and fair,
Conceived and fashioned by rebellious
skill,

Stood tenantless. Then thought the
mighty God

How, once again, those bright Angelic
seats

And beauteous realms, created by His
will,

He might repeople with a better race
And nobler, than the vaunting myrmi-
dons

Who lightly forfeited their heaven-born
right.

Then Holy God resolved, beneath the
vast,

Celestial firmament (tho' still within
His boundless realms), to form a beau-
teous World

With overarching skies and waters wide

And earthly creatures filled, in place of
those

Whom headlong He had hurled from
His abode.

As yet, was naught beneath God's radi-
ant Throne

But gloom as dark as in the cavern
reigns,

And this widespread Abyss stood deep
and dim

In idle uselessness, distasteful sight
To Him the source of all-creative
power.

The mighty King, in mind resolved, be-
held

The joyless shade and saw the lowering
cloud

Lie swart and waste, like an eternal
sea

Of blackest Night, beneath the effulgent
glow

Of Light ineffable; till by the Word
And fiat of the King this World ap-
peared.

Here the eternal Lord, Head of crea-
tion,

In the beginning shaped the Universe,
The sky appeared, and this fair spa-
cious Earth

By His strong might was 'stablished
evermore.

As yet, no verdure decked the new-
born World;

The Ocean far and wide, in deepest
Night,

Concealed the Universe. Then o'er the
Deep

Was swiftly borne, on bright and radi-
ant wing,

The Spirit of the Lord. The mighty
King

Bade Light come forth far o'er the spa-
cious Deep,

And instantly His high behest was done,
And holy Light shone brightly o'er the

waste
Fulfilling His command.

In triumph then
He severed Light from Darkness and
to both

The Lord of Life gave name; and holy
Light,

First born of all created things, beaute-
ous

And bright, above all creatures fair

He called the Day. Then was the Lord
 well-pleased
 With this beginning of creative force,
 For now He saw the black and swarthy
 Shade
 Subsiding o'er the deep and wide abyss.
 Then time passed o'er the quivering
 face of Earth,
 And Even first, at God's command, dis-
 pelled
 The radiant Day, till onward rolled the
 dark
 And murky cloud which God Himself
 called Night,
 Chasing away the Even's twilight gleam.
 Thus, sundered by Almighty power,
 they stand
 Subject to Heaven's decree, and ever-
 more
 Have done their Maker's will.
 Pale, heavenly Light,
 Succeeding Earth's first Darkness, ush-
 ered in
 The second Day. Then bade the Al-
 mighty King,
 Forth from the bosom of the ocean
 flood,
 Rise the bright framework of the glis-
 tening stars.
 On every side the waters backward
 rolled,
 And instantly, obeying God's command,
 The mighty concave o'er the Earth rose
 high
 A solid Firmament; and the dark waves
 Beneath the lofty vault of Heaven were
 reft
 From those above, that all might dwell
 secure
 Beneath God's wide, far-stretching
 canopy.
 Then came the third great morn swift
 journeying
 Athwart the Earth. As yet the fruitful
 Land
 And mighty Oceans had no settled
 bounds,
 But all were covered with the common
 flood.
 Swift went the fiat forth and straight-
 way flowed
 The surging waters where the Almighty
 willed,
 And Land and Water parted as or-
 dained.

Soon as the great Creator saw dry
 land
 Rise from the mere, He called the dry
 land Earth,
 Set to the waves and swelling flood
 their bounds
 And fettered . . .
 Then to the Guardian of the skies it
 seemed
 Unfitting that the first-born of Man-
 kind,
 The trusted Keeper of the new-formed
 World,
 Should longer dwell alone in Paradise.
 To primal Man, God's well-belovèd son,
 Was given a helpmate by his Sovereign
 Lord
 As aid and comfort in his mortal life;
 For as he softly slept, the Almighty
 took
 A rib from Adam's side, nor caused
 him pain
 Since from the wound there flowed no
 drop of blood,
 And therewith fashioned He a woman
 fair,
 Inspired the form with life and placed
 within
 A soul immortal, that at last, they
 seemed
 Like to the Angels in their sinless
 youth
 And peerless beauty clad.
 No evil thought,
 No evil deed or sin-bred pain they
 knew,
 But burning love, a love divine, pos-
 sessed
 Their spotless souls. Then the Creator
 blessed
 His latest triumph of creative might
 With blessings large, and words full
 fraught with peace.
 He blessed and said: "Teem now and
 multiply,
 Fill with your heaven-born kin the ver-
 dant Earth;
 To you I give dominion o'er the Flood,
 O'er all this vast creation sole control,
 And in perpetual joy your days shall
 pass
 Hear, then, the mandate of Omnipot-
 tence;

Whate'er the Ocean holds, whate'er the Earth
Brings forth of fowl or cattle or wild beast,
Whatever treads the Land or is endued
With mystic life, e'en whatsoever moves
Throughout the whale-path of the mighty Deep
All shall pay homage and obey your will."

Then the Creator gazed with blissful joy
Upon the grandeur of His new domain.
There stood, with beauty girt and filled
with gifts,
Resplendent in the golden Light, Man's home
Of Paradise. The running stream watered
The fruitful Land; since wind and lowering cloud
With rain and tempest charged were yet unborn.
The kindly Earth, adorned with fragrant fruit,
Drank of the spring-fed brook. For at the first
One stream alone of sparkling water flowed
Through Paradise; whence issuing it formed
Four noble rivers spreading through the world.

"All other trees enjoy, but from that one

Strictly abstain and evermore beware
Its luring fruit, lest it become ere long
Unholy source of still unholier lust."

They bowed their heads in deepest reverence

Before their Heavenly King and praised His name

In sweetest melody, for all that Love
Divine had wrought or Wisdom had prescribed.

Forthwith departed Heaven's eternal King

Leaving to Man the Garden as his home.
And evermore, performing Heaven's behests

They dwelt in holy joy, nor sorrow knew;—

Dear to the Lord their Maker while they kept
Inviolatè His high decree.

Of old,
The King Eternal by His sovereign Might,
Ordained ten Angel tribes, of equal rank,
With beauty, power and wisdom richly dower'd

And in this host Angelic, whom in Love
He molded in His own similitude,
He evermore reposed a holy trust
To work His Will in loving loyalty,
And added of His grace, celestial wit
And bliss unspeakable.

One of the host
Angelic, He endowed with peerless might

And arch intelligence. To him alone
The Lord of Hosts gave undisputed sway

O'er all the Angel tribes, exalted high
Above all Principalities and Powers
That next to God Omnipotent he stood,
O'er all created things, lone and supreme.

So heavenly fair and beauteous was his form,

Fashioned by God Himself, that by compare

Less glorious spirits grew dim; e'en as the stars

In God's Fixed Belt pale in the glowing light

Of more resplendent Spheres.

Long had he reigned,
August Viceregent of the Heavenly King,

But for presumptuous Pride which filled his heart

With dire ingratitude and hostile thoughts

Against the eternal Throne. Then silent stood

The great Archangel 'mid the Heavenly choir.

No grateful anthem rose in meet return

For gifts divine. No joyful antiphon
Burst forth responsive from his guilty lips.

Nor was it hid from God's omniscient eye

That His Archangel, though beloved
still,
Began to harbour dark, presumptuous
thoughts
And in rebellion rise against his God
With words of pride and hate
For thus he spake
Within his traitorous heart:

"No longer I,
With radiant form endowed and heav-
enly mien,
Will brook subjection to a tyrant God
Or be His willing slave. Such power
is mine,
Such goodly fellowship, I well believe
'Tis greater e'en than God's own fol-
lowing."
With many a word of bold defiance,
spake

The Angel of Presumption; for he
hoped
In Heaven to rear a more exalted
throne

And stronger, than the seats he now
possessed.

Then moved by traitorous guile he built
in thought

Vast palaces within the Northern realm
And richer Western plains of Paradise,
And evermore he lived in doubtful
mood

Whether 't were better in acknowledged
war

To risk his high estate, or prostrate
fall

Mock-loyal as his God's inferior.

At length the Archangel spake:

"Why should I toil
Who stand in need of no Superior?

Marvels as great, ay, greater in re-
nown,

Can I perform than our Omnific Chief;
A Godlier throne than His and more
sublime

Can I unaided rear. Why, as a slave
Dependent on his lord for worthless
gifts,

Should I His will obey and bow the
head

In abject vassalage as to a King?

I, too, ere long may be a God as He!

Around me, even now, are strong al-
lies

Who will not fail me in the crucial
strife;

Unflinching heroes, warriors of renown,

Who with accordant and full-tongued
assent

Made me their chosen Chief. Such
trusty friends,

With zeal inflamed and bound by com-
mon ties

To strict fidelity, will counsel well
And lure adherents from the opposing
ranks.

Then, if I win this realm, I may be-
come

The Angels' Chieftain, Sovereign of the
skies.

Why should I then cringe to Almighty
God

Who does me grievous wrong? I am
resolved,

No longer will I be His vassal slave."

When the All-powerful, in secret knew
The great presumption of his Angel-
chief.

And how, by folly moved, he sought to
stir

Unholy war within His joyous realm,
The mighty God was wroth and
straightway doomed

The apostate Fiend to expiate his crime
With sufferings greater than all mortal
ills.

(For Love divine was turned to sacred
Hate)

And heavenly Justice hurled him from
his throne

And cast him headlong down the burn-
ing gulf

Which leads to deepest Hell.

For three long days
And three successive nights the Apos-
tate fell

Together with his lone rebellious tribe,
And all thenceforth to demons were
transformed

And doomed triumphless to the swart
Abys.

There on the approach of each return-
ing eve

The fires, rekindled, fiercely rage anew,
And Night appears immeasurably long.

Then ere the dawn leads back the joy-
less light,

Sharp biting cold and glacial blasts at-
tack

Their fervid forms, and evermore they
writhe

In lurid torture or deep, piercing cold.

Such were the apostate fiends, who at
the first
Filled Hell's abyss, and such their punishment.

But ere'long deep remorse and envious
thought
Made willing captive each rebellious
heart;
For while the false Archangel and his
band
Lay prone in liquid fire, scarce visible
Amid the surging clouds of rolling
smoke
And deep infernal gloom, the Angelic
host
Who fell not from their love still held
far off
The empyreal battlements of Heaven.
This, then, perceived the traitorous
fiends in Hell,
And in one moment stood their folly
bare
In having thus exchanged celestial bliss
For the unending torments which their
pride
And groundless arrogance had thus
entailed.

Then spake the haughty One, who erst
in Heaven
O'er all the Angelic hosts most brightly
shone,
Fairest of all God's creatures, most beloved
By Him who made him, till by folly
moved
He warred against the Almighty. Then
the Lord
In angry mood hurled him from Heaven's
heights
And gave the Fiend a name by which
thenceforth
Throughout all ages he should e'er be
known
Satan, the enemy of God and Man.
Then the Almighty bade this trenchant
Foe
Rule o'er the swart Abyss and ne'er
again
Presume with Him to wage unequal
war.

Then Satan sorrowing, spake:
"This straitened place!

Oh! how unlike those Heavenly seats
where once
In Heaven's high Kingdom we as
princes reigned!
But now expelled by Him, the Almighty
One,
We never more can gain that cherished
realm!
How deeply hath He wronged us, who
in ire
Pours the dread flames of this infernal
gulf
In full upon us and denies us Heaven!
That Heaven alas! which by divine
decree
Is destined for Mankind. 'Tis this
most grieves
My anxious heart, that earth-born Man
should hold
My glorious seat and dwell in endless
joy
While we in Hell's avenging horrors
pine.
Oh! that my hands were free! that I
might hence
But for a moment, for a winter's day;
Then with this host would I—but now
these chains
Press on me and these iron bands
embrace!
Oh! I am kingdomless! Hell's fetters
cling
Hard on each limb. Above, beneath, the
flame
Fierce rages. Sight more horrible mine
eyes
Ne'er yet have witnessed. O'er these
scorching deeps
The fire no respite knows. The strong
forged chain
With ever-biting links forbids my flight.
My feet are bound, my hands are man-
acled;
Around my neck is forged this lattice-
belt
Of iron strangely wrought by Angel-
skill;
And e'en the pathway to the gates of
Hell
Lies thick beset with foul and horrid
Shapes
That bar all exit. In this loathsome den
We, princes once, chained by a Tyrant's
whim,
Now suffer chastisement for fancied
wrong.

'Tis true we may not vent our dire
revenge
On Him who thus denies us Heavenly
light
And show our godlike strength in open
war;
Yet may we foil His will.

"He hath devised,
'Twixt this swart Gulf and our ances-
tral Seats,
A beauteous World, if rumor be be-
lieved,
And hath already formed to dwell
therein

A race with high intelligence endowed
And fashioned in His own similitude.
With this, His mignon tribe, He pur-
poses
To fill the realms which our dread over-
throw
And cruel fall left vacant. Here then
lies

Our only hope of adequate revenge;—
To ruin, if we may, this new-born Man
And on his race, eternal woe entail.
'Tis futile now to cherish idle dreams
That God will e'er repent Him of His
ire

Or soon restore the thrones and match-
less realms

Which He has once usurped. Vain is
the attempt

To move the Victor's mind. Whate'er
we lost

Is lost beyond recall. Naught now re-
mains

But to devise a scheme by which to
thwart

The Victor's known intent and deftly
strive

That Man possess not our escheated
realm,

But urged by subtle craft to disobey
The stern command of his despotic God,
Forfeit celestial Grace. Then will He
cast

These faithless creatures from His
fickle heart,

And in one moment hurl them from
their height

Of stainless bliss, down to this dark
abode

To share our bitter torment and be-
come

Our vassal slaves.

"Begin we then, consult

About this war.

"If I, of old, gave aught
Of princely treasure or rich recompense
To any warrior of my valiant host,
While still we held our regal eminence,
With naught more grateful could he
now repay

My former favor than by speedy help,
And, passing hence through Hell's grim
barriers,

Soar upward through the clouds on
mighty wing

To Earth's dominion, where, in bliss
enthroned,

This new-born Being reigns; while we
are doomed

To bear the torture of this prison-
house.

As yet in God's esteem this Adam stands
Pre-eminent, and may ere long possess
(For so it is decreed) our rightful
realm.

If any one of this my sovereign host
Can counsel and devise a crafty plan
To lure his soul from loyal obedience,
Then shall he be most hateful to his
Lord;

His weal shall cease and some fell pun-
ishment

Become his lot.

"Deeply in mind revolve
How he may be beguiled. If he but fall,
Then shall I rest me in these chains
content

And he, the daring one, who first pro-
claims

The fall of Man, seduced by crafty
words,

I swear, by my eternal majesty,
Shall be exalted to the second throne
In Hell's dominion, and rewarded be
With whatsoever of state or wealth or
power

In future ages may be proudly won
Within this fiery realm."

Without delay, the apostate Angel
donned

His glistening arms; and tightly on his
head

His helmet bound, secured with many
a clasp.

Thus armed, and with a heart deep-
versed in guile

He started on his fatal enterprise.

High toward the fiery concave first he
 shot,
 A spiral column bright with lurid flame
 Showed where he took his flight. The
 gates of Hell
 Were quickly left behind as lion-like
 In strength and desperate in fiendish
 mood
 He dashed the fire aside. The farthest
 bounds
 Of that infernal kindom passed, he
 urged
 His venturous flight, though now with
 easier wing.
 E'en as he upward sped, his crafty
 mind
 Unceasingly revolved the subtlest words
 Of specious flattery with which to lure,
 To wicked deeds and deepest infamy,
 The spotless subjects of the eternal
 King.
 Onward he took his way and soon
 descried,
 Far off the trembling light of this fair
 World.
 Arrived, at length, he trod with fiendish
 joy
 The verdant paths of Man's primeval
 home
 Impatient, now to prove his mission
 crowned
 With dark success.
 Ere long amid the shade
 Of Eden's fair wide-spreading foliage,
 He saw the parents of Mankind; the
 Man
 Whose comely form bespoke a wise de-
 sign;
 And, by his side, radiant with guileless
 youth,
 His God-created Spouse. Above them
 spread
 Two Trees rich-laden with immortal
 fruit,
 The Trees of Life and Death implanted
 there
 By Power divine, that Man might free-
 ly choose
 Unending weal or never ceasing woe.
 Far different were their fruits! The one
 was fair
 And glistening to the sight; to touch
 most soft
 And delicate. Such was the Tree of
 Life.
 And whosoever ate thereof should live

For evermore, neither by Age impaired,
 Nor grievous sickness harmed, but live
 his life
 And pass his days in joy; and e'en on
 Earth
 Should dwell beneath the smile of
 Heaven's high King,
 And goin^g hence in peace, should have
 decreed
 Such honors as high Heaven alone can
 give.
 Swarth was the other fruit and dim
 and dark
 That on the Tree of Death hung tempt-
 ingly,
 Full fraught with bitterness. (For mor-
 tal man
 Must know the Evil and the Good.)
 And he
 Whoe'er should taste the baleful fruit
 that grew
 On this accursèd Tree, his doom as-
 sured,
 Must ever after live a life of pain
 And sweating of the brow and sorrow
 dire.
 Old age would from him take all youth-
 ful joys
 Bold deeds and lordly power, and at the
 last,
 E'en Death would be one portion of his
 doom.
 Awhile he might enjoy the carnal bliss
 Of mortal life; then seek that darkest
 land
 With lurid flames illumed and be the
 slave
 Of fiends—the direst danger of Man-
 kind
 And most enduring.
 This the Foe well knew,
 Satan's dark messenger who warred
 with God.
 Then in the body of a worm he twined
 With devil's craft around the Tree of
 Death,
 Took of the fruit and turned his wily
 form
 To where he knew the beauteous handi-
 work
 Of Heaven's eternal King would surely
 be.
 Then snake the Enemy his primal
 word—
 A query charged with lies:
 "Cravest thou aught.

O Adam, from thy God? Hither I come
Journeying from far to bring thee His
best.

But little time has flown since at His
side

I sat, and then He bade me quickly hie
To Earth with His Command, that of
this fruit

Thou shouldest eat, since thus thy power
and skill

And mental grasp far greater will be-
come,

More radiant still thy body, and thy
form

More beauteous than before. If aught
there is

Of treasure in the World (so spake the
King),

E'en this shall not be wanting thy de-
sire

When once thy ready mind hath
wrought this act

Of loyal obedience to the sovereign
word

Of Heaven's King, and thou in grati-
tude

Hast served thy Master's will and made
thee dear

To thine own Lord.

"I heard Him as He sat
In dazzling brightness, praise thy deeds
and words

And speak about thy life, so must thou
now

Fulfil whate'er commands His Angel
brings

To Earth.

"In this thy World are regions broad
And green and thou art lord of this
domain;

But in the realm of Heaven, God rules
supreme.

The Lord of Men, All-powerful on
High

Deigns not at times to visit Man, but
sends

His vassals forth to speak on His be-
half.

He bids thee now by me, His messenger,
True wisdom learn and zealously obey
His Angel's word. Take then this fruit
in hand

Bite it and taste; thy mind will be en-
larged

Thy form far fairer, for the Sovereign
God

Thy Lord, Himself this help hath sent
to thee

From Heaven's high Kingdom."

Then Adam spake:
(The God-created Man majestic stood)
"When here I heard the mighty God,
the Lord

Of Triumph, speak in strong and tren-
chant tones,

Bidding me keep inviolate His com-
mands

And gave this bride, this Wife of beau-
teous mien,

To be the sharer of my blissful home,
He charged me to beware lest through
deceit

My will should be seduced and I should
taste

The Tree of Death; since he who near
his heart

Should cherish aught of sin should meet
his doom

In blackest Hell.

"I know not (since with lies
Thou mayest come and dark designing
thought)

Whether or not thou art in very deed,
A messenger from Heaven; for to say
truth,

Naught do I recognise in all thy words
Or ways or subtle hints—naught do I
see

In this thy journey here, or in thy
speech

To prove thy mission true.

"I know full well
What He Himself, the great Protector,
said

When last I saw Him here, that all
His words

Should be revered and cherished lov-
ingly

And all His precepts strictly be
obeyed.—

Unlike art thou to any of His host
That ever I have seen, nor dost thou
show

E'en slightest token from our gracious
Lord,

Assuring pledge of His divine command.
Thee, I will ne'er obey, so hie thee
hence.

In the Almighty God, who wrought me
 thus
 With His creative arms and placed me
 here
 With loving hands, in Him I firmly
 trust.
 From His high Realm, if such His sov-
 ereign Will,
 He can endow His creatures with all
 good
 Without His vassal's aid."

Then turned the Fiend
 In wrathful mood, and saw, not far
 away,
 The Woman's perfect form, the beau-
 teous Eve.
 And feigning deep regret expressed a
 fear
 Lest direst ills from henceforth should
 befall
 Their farthest offspring through the
 guilty words
 Her spouse had breathed:

"Full well I know," said he,
 "Our Sovereign God will justly be in-
 censed
 When, this long journey done, this tedi-
 ous path
 Retraced, your stubborn message I re-
 late;
 That ye, His creatures, dare to disobey
 Whate'er commands He now hath
 hither sent
 From His far Eastern Throne. Now
 must He come
 In person to demand your quick re-
 sponse,
 Since I, His messenger, am powerless
 To carry out the task. And this, I
 fear,
 Will draw upon yourselves the silent ire
 Of mighty God. But if thyself wilt
 bow,
 With willing mind submissive, to my
 word
 'T were easy to devise the ready way.
 Ponder within thy breast, that from you
 both
 Thou may'st avert this dire, impending
 woe,
 If thou wilt do as I shall now advise:
 Eat of this fruit; then will thy sight be
 clear

To see forthwith widely o'er all this
 World;
 And e'en beyond, thy sight shall pierce
 and see
 The Throne of God Himself, and thou
 shalt dwell
 Within the radiance of Heavenly Grace.
 If thou should'st gain the love of thy
 dear lord
 And win his trust in all that thou dost
 say,
 In after days thou mayest rule thy
 spouse.
 Disclose to him the thoughts that burn
 e'en now
 Within thy breast, and why thou hast
 performed,
 By my advice, the mandate of thy God;
 Then will he quit, at once, the hateful
 strife
 And evil answer which now rage with-
 in
 The caverns of his heart. Let us forth-
 with
 With singleness of aim approach thy
 lord;
 Do thou with cautious zeal urge him to
 heed
 And follow thy advice lest ye become
 Most hateful to your Lord.

"If thou succeed
 In this thine enterprise I will conceal,
 O best of Womankind, from our great
 King
 The idle words and slanders of thy
 lord;
 How he accused God's messenger of
 lies
 Ay, and falsely said that I am eager
 For the wrong, an ambassador of wrath
 And not God's messenger.

"Would that he knew
 My true celestial rank; for I can tell
 The origin of all the Angel-tribes;
 And on the vaulted dome of Heaven
 have gazed;
 And many an æon I, with eager will
 And faithful mind have served the
 mighty King
 The Lord Himself. Unlike indeed am I
 To Man's Arch-enemy!"

Thus did he lead
 The Woman on with lies, and with his
 wiles

Allured her to that wrong; until at length
 The Serpent's counsel, deep down in her heart
 Began to rage, (to her a weaker mind
 Had the Creator given,) and now her mood
 Thus straitly pressed by fiendish skill,
 gave way,
 And from his hand she took the noxious fruit
 Culled from the Tree of Death, and thus defied
 The Lord's express command.

No greater sin
 Had e'er been traced for Man than this dread breach
 Of human loyalty.

Great wonder 't is
 That Holy God should even now permit
 His children's guileless hearts to be ensnared
 With specious lies by reason of the Fall.
 The fruit she ate, God's will defied and broke
 His just command.

And now with vision clear,
 (Usurious gift of that malignant Foe),
 Her strengthened sight pierced far and wide. All things
 In Heaven and Earth far fairer seemed to her,
 The World more beauteous and the works of God
 Grandeur and mightier than e'er before.
 'T was not by Man's device that she beheld
 This wondrous change; but that foul wretch beguiled
 Her soul with studious care and deftly raised
 The vision in her mind, so that she seemed
 To see thus far o'er Heaven's extended realm.
 Then spake the Fiend in secret hate:
 ('T was not
 Her weal he sought with these fair sounding words)
 "I need not tell thee, since thyself can'st see,

O Eve the Good, that since thou hast believed
 My words to thee, and heeded my advice
 No form or beauty can with thine compare.
 This glorious Light, gift of a loving God,
 Which I have brought, bright with the glow of Heaven,
 Now shines before thee far along thy path
 And bathes thy glistening form in golden mist
 So thou may'st touch its rays.

"Go, tell thy lord
 What visions thou hast seen, what wondrous powers
 My coming has revealed; and if, e'en now
 With modesty of mind he will obey,
 The counsel that I bring, I will bestow
 On him, with generous hand, that goodly Light
 Which now adorns thyself. Nor will I e'er
 Reproach him for the slanders that he spake,
 Unworthy though he be of pardoning grace,
 For such malicious charges as he made;—
 Thus shall thy offspring ever rule their lives;
 When they do evil then shall they repent
 And working works of Love avert the curse
 Of Heaven's High King, and thenceforth win His Grace."

Then turned she to the spot where Adam stood,
 She who was fairest of all Womankind,
 Most beauteous of all who e'er were born
 Into this World, the handiwork of God Himself;—though even then unconsciously
 She was undone, misled by crafty lies,
 That through the Fiend's device they both might be
 Hateful to God, and through the Devil's wiles,

Lose their estate, the favour of their
Lord
And forfeit Heaven's realm.

Many a time
It bodes dire woe to Man to take no
heed
Of kindly warning while he has the
power.

In her hands she bare the accursèd fruit,
Some on her bosom lay, that fruit which
erst
The Lord of Lords strictly forbade her
touch,
Fruit of the Tree of Death.

The glorious Chief
Had graciously revealed His will to
Man,
His earthly vassal, that he might avoid
The greater Death. The Holy Lord
prepared
For all mankind a Heavenly realm, en-
riched
With wide-spread bliss, if they would
but forbear
To touch the fruit with bitterness ful-
filled
Which hung from that fell tree, the
Tree of Death;
'T was this the Lord forbade.

The foe of God,
Inspired by hate of Heaven's eternal
King,
Enticed her then with lies. The wom-
an's mind
And weaker thought fell, powerless to
resist.
Now she began to trust his words and
do
As he desired, in full believing trust,
That from her God in truth, those
mandates came
Brought by the Fiend and urged so
warily
With lying word and token, and his
pledge
Of loyal affection and fidelity.

Then to her spouse she spake:

"This goodly fruit
O Adam, mine own lord, is sweet in-
deed

And pleasant to the sense; and sure I
am
That this bright messenger in very
deed
Is God's good Angel, for I clearly see,
E'en in his garb, the envoy of our Lord
The King of Heaven. Surely 't is bet-
ter far
To gain his favour than his hate. If
thou
Spake aught this day to him in bitter
scorn
He will forgive thy haste, if once we
show
Obedience to his word. Will hateful
strife
With God's own messenger avail thee
aught?
We need his kindly offices to bear
Our errands to the All-powerful King
of Heaven.
The promise which he gave of heavenly
Light
And keener vision of the Universe
He hath fulfilled.

"E'en now can I discern
Where the Almighty dwells, enthroned
in bliss,
Creator of the world! And I can see
The Angelic host revolve with trem-
bling wing
Around the Throne, of all created
things
The greatest and most joyous com-
pany.
Who could bestow on mortal man the
gift
Of such far-seeing sense but God alone,
The Ruler of the skies? And I can
hear
From farthest point, throughout this
great, wide world;
And I can see o'er all the broad ex-
panse
Of Earthly things. And I can plainly
hear
The music of the Spheres, as heard in
Heaven.
Soon as I tasted this delicious fruit
All became sudden Light within the
mind
And all without was Light.

"I have it here,
Mine own good lord, here in my hand,
and fain

Would give it thee, my first most precious gift.

From all this messenger, with cautious words,

Lately unfolded to my wondering mind,
I doubt not that it comes brought here from God

With His command. No likeness does it bear

To aught else on this Earth, but as I learn

(So saith this messenger) it comes direct

From God."

Oft did she speak to him and urged Him all the livelong day to that dark deed,

To break their Lord's command.

Meanwhile, near by,

Hell's Envoy stood, inflaming his desires

And urging him with wiles; and followed him

With dark intent. The Foe was near at hand,

He who had come from far, alone to wage

That danger-fraught campaign.

Much studious care

Had he bestowed in order to corrupt, Mislead, and in the end to lure Mankind

Into the greater Death, that they might lose

The Almighty's promised gift, the lordly power

O'er Heaven's domain.

Well the Hell-miscreant knew,
When he seduced with lying words and looks

The beauteous Eve, the fairest of her race,

And bent her thought to work his evil aims

So that henceforth she spake his hellish will

And helped to ruin God's own handiwork,

Full well he knew that they must needs endure

God's righteous ire and endless pains of Hell

And dungeon-punishment, since God's command

They thus had disobeyed.

Then to her lord
Full oft she spake, fairest of Woman-kind,

Until at length his mind was full of doubt

From trusting to the promises she made
Of Light and widened vision of the World.

(But all she did was done with true intent.)

As yet she knew not that so many ills
And sinful woes must follow to Mankind

Because she deemed it wise to heed the words

Of that false messenger. For she believed

That in the revelations which she made
To Adam's listening ear she but disclosed

A token from on High and wrought the Will

Of their exalted King.

Then in his breast

The mind of Adam changed, and all his heart

Went forth to do her will. From Eve's own hand

He took both Death and Hell; for such it was

Though in the form of fruit. Beneath it lurked

The dream of Death, the Devil's artifice,

And loss of Eden and Eternal woe

With ruin of Mankind. Such was the food

Unholy fruit!

Thus came the curse within
And stained the heart!

Then gaily laughed the Fiend,
The bitter-purposed messenger of Hell;
And making sport of his infernal deed
Promised to take the grateful thanks of both

To his liege Lord!

His errand done, and crowned
With fell success, his fiendish joy broke forth

In deep soliloquy, addressed to him
Who reigned in Hell:

"Now have I full discharged
 The honoured trust to me decreed by
 fate,
 Thy will performed; for many a day
 to come
 Are men seduced, this Adam and this
 Eve!
 And now that through my counsel they
 have mocked
 The orders of their King, their certain
 doom
 Is the withdrawal of His love; and
 hence
 No longer may they claim that heavenly
 Realm,
 But must perforce their darksome jour-
 ney take
 To Hell's abyss. Surely thou need'st
 not bear
 Deep sorrow in thy heart, though
 straitly bound
 In chains; nor mourn that here on
 Earth man dwells
 In highest bliss while we, wrongly de-
 prived
 Through thy great pride, of these high
 palaces
 And goodly courts where once we dwelt,
 are doomed
 To naught but punishment and endless
 woes,
 A land of darkest Night.

"For God's fierce ire
 Was stirred against us, in that we dis-
 dained,
 E'en at the Court of Heaven to bow
 the head
 In mock subjection to the Holy Lord.
 Nor was it congruous to our high es-
 tate
 To serve in vassalage. 'Twas this that
 made
 The Almighty wroth of mood and stern
 of mind
 So that, at length, He drove us down
 to Hell,
 Felled in deep-scorching flames, and
 once again
 Reared in His heavenly Realm, cele-
 stial Seats
 The heritage of Man.

"So let thy heart
 Rejoice, since here on Earth both of
 thy dreams

Are now fulfilled, and all the sons of
 Man
 Their heavenly heritage and fair do-
 main
 Will lose, and full of hate, will be thy
 slaves
 In yonder flames. Nor ends our vic-
 tory here.
 Much sorrow of the heart have we en-
 tailed
 On God Himself. Whate'er of misery
 We must endure, is now on Adam's
 race
 Fully avenged. God's sovereign hate
 assured,
 And the dire ruin of all humankind,
 With pain of Death, my wounded pride
 is healed.
 Around my heart great thoughts re-
 volve. The wrongs
 We long have borne, fruit of relentless
 spite,
 Are all avenged.

"At once will I retrace
 My joyous steps back to the lurid
 flames
 And seek the spot where Satan straitly
 bound
 With tightly-woven chains, a captive lies
 In darkest Hell."

Then swiftly downward sped
 That direst messenger of woe, and
 passed
 The gates of Hell; thence urged his
 toilsome way
 Through the expanse of flame and
 reached at length
 The point where Satan lay, his lordly
 Chief,
 With fetters bound.

Meanwhile, great sorrow filled
 The guilty heart of Adam and his
 Spouse,
 And oft between them words of sad-
 ness passed,
 For much they feared the anger of their
 Lord
 And Heaven's avenging wrath. And
 oftentimes
 They sat deep-brooding o'er their sin,
 and oft
 In bitter anguish chided their own
 selves

For listening to the Fiend's delusive words.

Great was the Woman's grief; for well she knew

That through seductive arts they both had lost

The love of Heaven. And penitent in mind

She wept, for now she saw the Light depart

Which he who counselled them to do the crime

Had showed to her—false and illusive sign

Of his pretended claim. Deep sorrow burned

Within their breasts as dark remorse displayed

The unnumbered ills and ghastly punishment

Their sin entailed. At times on bended knee,

These guilty partners in a common sin, In heartfelt prayer, invoked their heavenly King

The Lord of Victory, the source of Good,

Beseeching Him that they alone might bear

And expiate the deadly penalty Due to their guilty act, since they alone

Had broken His command.

As yet no sense

Of human shame had marred their happiness,

(Though now they keenly felt their naked state);

Nor had there been by Heaven's decree assigned

A settled course of life in that fair land,

For naught they knew of toil or anxious care,

But might have lived a life of holy Rest Had they but made the will of God

their King.

Their chief concern.

Many a word of sadness

Passed between the two, for each shared deeply

In the other's woe.

"O Eve, my helpmate,"

(Thus spake the Man) "in evil hour indeed

Didst thou mark out our future path. E'en now

Seest thou not the dark abyss of Hell With open gates wide-yawning at our feet?

The raging of its fires I plainly hear E'en from this distant spot. And how

unlike

The beauteous realm of Heaven are yonder flames!

But now no fairer land than this our Earth

May we anticipate, nor can we ask Such favour of our Lord, since thou

didst heed

The evil counsellor who planned our woe

And urged disloyalty to Heaven's dread King,

The Ruler of the World. Naught now remains

Save that we mourn in deepest penitence

The visit of that Fiend, since God Himself

Bade us beware that greatest of all ills, Unending torment. E'en at this moment

Hunger and burning thirst, warring within

Like deadly foes, already rend in twain This mortal flesh! And how shall we

protect

Our fragile life or find subsistence here

When piercing winds from heaven's four quarters blow

And mists arise or showers of hail descend?

When biting frost and winter's cruel cold

Bind fast the Earth in iron bands? or when

The solar Sphere sends forth its glowing beams

And radiant heat? How can we then withstand,

In our defenceless state, each sudden change

Of Nature's fickle mood, devoid alike

Of shelter from the storm and present store.

Of needful food? In truth, possessing
naught

Unless it be the dread hostility
Of an offended and All-puissant God?
Deeply I grieve, (since now thou hast
beguiled

My loving trust and hast subjected both
To God's just ire,) that ever I invoked
The great Creator's might, bone of my
bone,

To frame thy beauteous form and place
thee here

To share with me the joys of this fair
World.

Yea, and it may repent me all my days
That e'er I gazed upon thee with mine
eyes."

Then answered Eve, fairest of Woman-
kind,
Most beautiful of wives, the handiwork
Of God e'en though undone through
subtle craft:

"Well mayest thou upbraid me as thou
dost,

O Adam, my beloved spouse, and yet
Believe me, that thyself canst not be-
wail

More bitterly the outcome of this deed
Than I do in my heart."

Then Adam spake:
"If I but knew the Almighty's sover-
eign Will,

What penalty awaits this fearful crime,
None couldst thou find more ready to
perform

That Will than I; e'en though by Heav-
en's decree

I had to plunge beneath the surging
flood

And seek the Ocean's deep and sunken
caves.

No depth could terrify or rapid stream
Could keep me from the abyss, if thus
I might

Perform God's holy Will.

"No heart have I
For worship, now that I have forfeited,
Beyond retrieve, the favour of our
King.

But let us hasten into yonder wold
And sit within the grove's protecting
shade,

For naked as we are it is not meet
To tarry longer here."

Departing thence
They sought the shelter of the grateful
wold

With deepest grief oppressed, and sat
apart,

Awaiting now whatever righteous doom
Heaven might inflict for guilty faith-
lessness

To that high trust which God had erst
imposed.

Then sheltered by the forest's inmost
shade

They plucked the leaves and clothed
themselves therewith,

(For they were destitute of other garb)
And every morn they knelt in solemn
prayer

That God, the Mighty, Ruler of the
World

Would not forget them in their great
distress

But graciously reveal how they hence-
forth

Should live their ruined lives.

When many days
Had come and gone, the mighty God at
length

Revealed Himself, walking at eventide
Amid the glories of that Earthly realm.

The King All-merciful, in pity stooped
To learn His children's need, and how
they bare

Their ruined state, bereft of all the
Grace

Which at the first adorned their mortal
state.

Soon as they heard the voice of Holy
God

They sought, with saddened mind and
shorn of joy,

The shelter of the thickest grove, and
seized

With sudden dread concealed them-
selves within

The rocky portals of a cave.

Straightway,
The Heavenly Chief, the mighty Lord
of Hosts,

Summoned the Warden of this Earthly
sphere

And bade His son approach.

In deep humility:

Then Adam cried

"Lord of my life,
Devoid of raiment, I conceal me here
And cover me with leaves. Great is
my guilt
And this foul sin of mine fills me with
pain
And weighs upon my soul. I do not
dare,
All naked as I am, to leave this shade
And meet Thee face to face."

Then spake the King:

"Tell me, my son, why seekest thou in
shame
The shelter of the grove? Dost thou
conceive
That I have sense of shame? Whence
does it come
That 'mid surrounding joy thou know-
est aught
Of woe? and wouldst conceal thy
naked form
With clothing from the trees? Whence
knowest thou
This earthly sorrow, for thou say'st,
thy life
Is full of care and thou thyself full sad
With downcast mind? Why dost thou
feel the need
Of clothing thus thy form, unless thou
hast
Been faithless to thy trust and touched
the fruit
Of yon forbidden Tree?"

Then in reply

The man confessed:

"This beauteous bride of
mine,
This virgin Wife, did place within my
hand
The baleful fruit and I, O mine own
Lord,
Forgetful of Thy Love, did eat, and
now
Within myself plain token do I bear
Of this my sin, since day by day, I see
Fresh sorrows teeming, in upon my
path."
Then thus the Almighty spake, close-
questioning
The guilty Wife:

"Didst thou have need of aught,
O daughter Eve, here 'midst the ample
joys,
The new creations and the bounteous
gifts
Of Paradise, that thou didst set thine
heart
To taste the Tree of Death, and in
disdain
Of my esteem, didst pluck and eat its
fruit
To thy great harm? ay, and didst give
thereof
To Adam, though I straitly charged
you both
To shun that deadly fruit?"

The virgin Wife

In deepest shame replied:

"With artful words
Of fairest import was I sore beguiled.
Most urgently the Serpent prompted
me
To this foul crime, this daring act of
Sin,
Till overcome by specious argument
I basely gave the victory to the Fiend
And to my shame I seized the tempting
tree
And ate the fruit."

Forthwith the mighty God,

Protector of Mankind, proclaimed His
will
That henceforth should the Serpent be
condemned
To wander far and wide:

"Thy livelong life,"
For thus He spake, "shalt thou accursed
be;
And on thy breast shalt drag thy foot-
less form
O'er the fair face of Earth; and dust
shalt eat
The remnant of thy days, and long as
life
And breath remain—just meed of this
great crime
Thy malice hath inspired.

"And there shall burn
Within the Woman's breast, a mortal
Hate

And quenchless enmity, and she shall
 tread
 Thy hostile head beneath her feet,
 while thou
 May'st strive, with deep and crafty
 plans, to snare
 The offspring of this new-born race.
 As long
 As this fair World shall stand, a dead-
 ly feud
 Shall last 'twixt her and thee.

"Now dost thou know
 Thy doom, fell Scourge of Man, and
 canst discern
 The future of thy life."

The Holy God
 To Eve in anger spake:

"Take thyself hence
 Far from these scenes of joy. From
 this day forth
 Obedience shalt thou yield to Adam's
 will,
 And in the fear of him shalt expiate
 The error of thy deeds, humbled and
 vext
 By keen remorse, till Death ensue.
 Meanwhile,
 With weeping and with moans and bit-
 ter pains
 Shalt thou bring forth thy daughters
 and thy sons
 To people Earth's domain."

Then to the Man
 The Eternal King, Lord of the Light
 of Life,
 Announced His dire decree:

"Now must thou seek
 Another home, a realm more joyless
 far,
 And into exile go, in nakedness
 And want, shorn of the bliss which
 thou hast known
 In Paradise. And since with evil mind
 Thou didst commit this crime, I do
 decree
 That Death, at last, shall break the
 golden bond
 Which now unites thy body and thy
 soul.
 Henceforth thy days shall pass in ar-
 duous toil

And from the ground shalt thou thy-
 self now seek
 Thy sustenance, and eat thy daily bread
 By sweat of brow so long as thou dost
 live,
 And until fell Disease of which, alas,
 Thou didst partake in the forbidden
 fruit
 Doth strike thee at the heart. Then
 shalt thou die."

Thus did our writ of Evil take its rise
 In righteous wrath, entailing World-
 wide woe.
 The Lord of glory, Guardian of Man-
 kind,
 In goodly raiment robed the guilty
 pair
 And bade them hide their nudeness
 from the gaze
 Of mortal eyes. Their sentence once
 pronounced
 They bent their mournful steps from
 Paradise
 To seek a narrower sphere.

Behind them closed
 The glistening gates of their once joy-
 ous home,
 Its comforts and delights forever lost!
 And at the Lord's behest, one of His
 host
 Of holy Angels, armed with fiery
 sword,
 Kept constant guard to hinder their
 return.

Thenceforth no traitorous or crime-
 guilty man
 May enter there; for he who guards
 that realm
 Of blissful life, dear to the pure in
 heart,
 Hath might and strength as Warden
 of the Lord.

Nor even then, would mighty God, at
 once
 Despoil the guilty pair of all their joys,
 E'en though His presence He had now
 withdrawn;
 But for their comfort, still he let shine
 forth
 The vault of heaven adorned with ra-
 diant stars,

And of the treasures of the Earth, He
gave
With open hand; and for their use
He bade
The denizens of Earth and Sea in-
crease
And multiply, and trees bring forth
their fruit.
Sin-stained, they thenceforth sojourned
in a land

More sorrowful, a region and a home
More barren far of every earthly Good
Than were those blissful Seats from
which alas
By Sin they were expelled.

CAEDMON (Died 680).

[*Translated from the Anglo-Saxon dia-
lect and edited by S. HUMPHREYS
GURTEEN, in 1896.*]

II

JUDITH

AN ANGLO-SAXON POETICAL ROMANCE OF CA.
856 C. E.

JUDITH

SHE doubted *not* His gifts
 In this spacious realm; readily then
 she found
 Favor from the famed Prince, when
 she felt the most need
 Of grace from the greatest Judge,—
 that God the Creator
 Might free her from fear. To her the
 Father in Heaven,
 Glorious one, granted this boon, be-
 cause of her great faith
 Aye in the Highest. Holofernes (so
 heard I)
 A wine-bidding wrought well, with
 wonders uncounted
 Made ready a banquet; to this the bold
 captain
 Summoned all his chief servants; with
 speed they obeyed,
 The bearers of bucklers; came to the
 brave lord
 The fighting folk-leaders. That was
 the fourth day
 Since that Judith, in judgment wise,
 The elf-bright damsel, erst had sought
 him.

Then they to that supper went to sit.
 The o'erweening to the wine-feast, all
 his comrades in woe,
 Bold byrnie-warriors. There were
 bumpers deep
 Borne oft to the benches, with bowls
 and beakers
 Full to the feasters, and fey they re-
 ceived it,
 The spirited shield-warriors, though
 their sovereign weened it not,
 Fierce ruler of heroes. Then Holo-
 fernes,
 The gold-friend of men, was in glee
 o'er his cups;
 Laughed he and shouted, he bawled
 and he called,
 That men far off the mirth might hear,
 How the stout-hearted cheered and
 stormed,

How, rampant and raving, he roused
 with his urging
 The bench-sitting barons to clamor
 blithely.
 So the hateful one through the whole
 day
 Deluged with wine all of the drinkers,
 The strong-souled wealth-lord, till in
 stupor they lay,
 So drenched all his dukes as if death
 had them slain
 Glutted with good things. The prince
 gave order
 To fill for the feasters until the day
 faded,
 The darksome night neared them. Then
 the pernicious one
 Bade the blest maid be brought in
 haste,
 The ring-adorned, to his resting-place,
 The bracelet-laden. Forthwith obeyed
 they,
 The servitors, what their sovereign
 bade,
 The mailed warriors' master: marched
 they quickly
 To the guest-hall, where Judith they
 found
 Prudent in mind, and promptly then
 The buckler-bearers began to bring
 The virgin bright to the vaulted tent,
 Where Holofernes, hateful to God,
 Rich in power, always rested,
 Nightly reposed. There was of pure
 gold
 A finely-wrought fly-net round the folk-
 leader's
 Royal bed hung, that the baleful one,
 Leader of legions, through it might
 look
 On every one that entered therein,
 The children of heroes, but none on
 him
 Of human kind, unless the haught one
 Perchance invited some valiant soldier
 To come to council. To the couch
 they brought

With speed the seeress; then went the
 stout-souled
 Their prince to apprise that the holy
 maid
 Was brought to his bower-tent. Then
 was the burg-lord,
 The brave in heart, blithe; the bright
 virgin meant he
 With foulness and filth to pollute; the
 Dispenser of fame would not,
 Guardian of splendor, suffer that, but
 stayed him from it,
 Wise Wielder of hosts. The wicked
 one passed thence,
 The wanton caitiff, begirt with war-
 riors,
 The baleful his bed to seek, where life
 he should lose
 In a single night; shocking the end
 He awaited on earth, though this he
 had wrought out,
 The dread king of men, while here he
 yet dwelt
 In this world under welkin. So wine-
 drunken fell
 The regal to rest, that no rede now re-
 mained
 In the cell of his sense: the soldiers
 paced forth
 Out of the hall with mickle haste,
 The wine-sated warriors, who the
 word-breaker,
 The terrible tyrant, to bed had at-
 tended
 For the last time. Then the Lord's
 servant,
 The matchless maiden, was wholly
 mindful
 How most lightly to rob of life
 That wicked one before he awoke,
 The carnal caitiff. The curly-locked
 Seized a sword of might, the Master's
 maiden,
 Sharp from scouring, and drew from
 the sheath
 With her right hand. The Ruler of
 Heaven
 By name she besought, the Savior of
 all
 Who dwell in the world, and spake
 these words:
 'O God of beginnings, and Giver of
 comfort,
 The Almighty's Son, I seek for thy
 mercy;

Be now benignant to me in need,
 O Power of the Trinity. Terribly
 now
 My heart is heated, and heavy my soul,
 Sore troubled with sorrows; vouch-
 safe, Lord of Heaven,
 True faith and full triumph, that I
 may o'erthrow
 With this steel the destroyer; bestow
 on me weal,
 O masterful Monarch, for ne'er of thy
 mercy
 My need was more vast: revenge,
 mighty Lord,
 Splendid glory-dispenser, the rage of
 my spirit,
 In my bosom the burning.' The high-
 est and best Judge
 Straight dowered her with daring, as
 each one he doth
 Of those dwelling here who seek for
 his help
 With reason and right faith. Her spirit
 dilated,
 To the holy new hope came; she
 seized then the heathen
 Hard by the hair; with her hands she
 there haled him
 Disdainfully toward her, the treacher-
 ous man,
 And laid him along, the bulk unlovely,
 As she most meetly the wretch could
 manage,
 The woful one wiled. Then did the
 wavy-haired
 Smite the foeman with flashing sword,
 The hostile-minded, so that his head
 Was half-way sundered, and he lay
 swooning,
 Dire-wounded and drunken. Not yet
 was he dead,
 Bereft of his soul; again she smote,
 The valiant virgin, with nerve and
 vigor,
 The heathen hound, so that his head
 rolled
 Forth on the floor; the body so foul
 Lay lifeless behind, but the soul sped
 away,
 Sank beneath the abyss, and there was
 abased,
 Ever thereafter pinioned with pangs,
 Bewound by serpents and bound by tor-
 ments,
 Fastened firm in the flaming of hell,

Since hence he removed. Nor may he
 hope ever
 That he shall evade from that vault of
 vipers,
 But, drowned in darkness, there shall
 dwell,
 Ever for ages without end,
 In that black abode, bereft of bliss.

By fight there gained she glory re-
 nowned,
 By stoutness in strife, as God vouch-
 safed her,
 Guardian of Heaven, granting her
 speed.

Then the prudent damsel promptly car-
 ried

The bold war-chieftain's head so
 bloody,

Shut in that scrip in which her servant,
 The fair-cheeked woman proficient in
 virtue,

Thither had brought the bread of them
 both.

To her maid she gave it, the gory head,
 To the hand of the helpful to bear it
 home,

To her junior, Judith. Then went they
 joyful,

Brave women both, and bold of spirit,
 Till the proud-souled and prosperous
 maids

Trode forth in triumph out from the
 troops,

And saw unveiled before their vision
 The gleaming walls of the glorious city,
 Bethulia. Then the bracelet-decked
 ones

Hasted forthright upon the footway,
 Until the glad-minded at length had
 gone

Unto the wall-gate. There sat the war-
 riors,

The heroes watching, holding their
 ward

Within the fortress, as erst to the folk,
 The rueful-souled, Judith rightly bade,
 The wily maid, when she went her
 way,

The daring damsel. She, dear to her
 people,

Had now returned, the tireless of
 thought,

And straightway commanded one of the
 men

To come from the mighty burg and meet
 her,

Then in great haste to hurry them in
 Through the gate of the wall. These
 words then spake

To the triumphing people: 'Now can
 I tell you

A mindworthy thing, that mournful of
 mood

Ye no longer may be: the Lord is
 blithe toward you,

The Splendor of kings; it is now spread
 abroad,

Far and wide through the world, that
 victory wondrous

And radiant awaits you; renown shall
 be wrought

For dole and distress which long ye en-
 dured.'

Then were blithe the dwellers in burg
 When they had heard how the holy

one spake
 Over the high wall. The host was joy-
 ful;

To the fortress-gate hastened the folk
 Men and women in multitudes many,

In throngs and bands, thousands in
 number.

They swarmed and surged towards the
 servant of God,

Elders and youths: of every man
 In the mead-city the mind was cheered,

As soon as they heard that to her home
 Judith was come; full quickly then

In lowly wise they let her in.

Then the adroit one, adorned with gold,
 Called to her servant, clever in mind,

The head to unhide of the leader of
 hosts,

Blood-stained as it was, and bear as a
 sign

How in battle she fared, to the dwell-
 ers in burg.

Then the noble one spake to the peo-
 ple unnumbered:

'Here can ye clearly, conquering heroes,
 Leaders of legions, gaze on the loath-
 some

Head of the heathen Holofermus,
 Lacking life, and alarming no longer.

He, most of all men, wrought us mur-
 ders and crimes,

Harrowing hardships, and higher had
 heaped them,

These galling griefs, but God vouch-
 safed him
 No longer life, that he might vex us
 With thrilling throes: I thrust him to
 death
 Through the succor of God. Now will
 I beseech
 Each buckler-bearer, each burgess
 among you,
 To busk and bown him without delay,
 Go forth to the fight; when the Maker
 of first things,
 The King transcendent, hath sent from
 the East
 The lustrous light, bring your linden-
 shields,
 Breast-shielding bucklers and byrnie-
 coats,
 Helmets aflame to the phalanx of foe-
 men,
 There to fell the folk-leaders with
 flashing swords,
 The death-fated captains. Doomed are
 your haters,
 Destined to die, while to you will re-
 bound
 The boast of battle, as he had boded,
 The Master of might, by this my hand.
 Then the host of the swift ones was
 speedily harnessed,
 The dauntless to conflict; the daring
 ones stepped forth,
 Brave soldiers and comrades, bore ban-
 ners emblazoned,
 Fared to the fight forth by the straight
 road,
 Heroes with helms from that holy city,
 At the day-dawning; shields loudly
 dinned,
 Rang and resounded. Then reveled the
 lank one,
 The wolf in the wood, with the wan
 bird, the raven,
 Greedy of prey: well they both guessed
 That to them the fighters meant to fur-
 nish
 A feast on the fated; then flew the
 eagle
 Hunger-driven, with hornéd beak,
 Dewy-pinioned and dusk of apparel,
 Sang the war-slogan. The soldiers
 marched forward,
 The barons to battle, warded with
 bucklers,

Linden-shields curved, who a little be-
 fore
 Had suffered the scoff and the scorn
 of the stranger,
 The hiss of the heathen; hard was the
 guerdon
 Paid the Assyrians with play of the
 ash-spears,
 After the host of the Hebrew people,
 Gonfalon-guided, onward had gone
 Against the camp. Then they with
 courage
 Sharply let fly the showers of shafts,
 Battle-adders from bows of horn,
 Stoutest of arrows; loudly they
 stormed,
 The warriors wrathful, winging their
 spears
 At the horde of the hardy; the heroes
 were ireful,
 The dwellers in land, 'gainst the dire-
 ful race;
 Marched the stern-souled ones, the
 stout of heart
 Fiercely o'erwhelmed their long-stand-
 ing foemen,
 Drowsy with mead; then drew they
 with hand
 Forth from their sheaths their finely-
 decked swords,
 Trusty of edge; tirelessly slew they
 The Assyrian chosen champions all,
 Nerved with malice; none did they
 spare
 Among the myrmidons, mean nor
 mighty,
 Of living men whom they might mas-
 ter.

So the retainers at morning-tide
 Harassed the strangers through the
 whole season,
 Till at length they felt, the furious foe-
 men,
 The chiefest champions of the army,
 That sturdy were the sword-strokes
 dealt them
 By Hebrew heroes. They hurried off
 The princeliest vassals to apprise,
 Inform with words; they woke the
 chieftains,
 And timidly told them the tidings of
 fear,
 To the wearied by mead the woes of
 the morning,

The direful sword-play. Straightway
 I learned
 That the slaughter-dooméd roused them
 from sleep,
 The men with heart-throes hastened in
 throngs
 To the pavilion of him the revengeful,
 Holofernes; they hoped forthwith
 The battle to bode to the baleful prince,
 Ere upon him fell the force of the He-
 brews,
 The dread of their down-rush. For so
 they all deemed,
 That the lord of men and the lovely
 maid
 In the gorgeous tent together were,
 Judith the worthy and he, the wanton,
 Frightful and fierce; found was no
 man
 Who dared the warrior to awake,
 Or seek to know how they had sped,
 The martial of mood and the holy vir-
 gin,
 The maid of God. In their might they
 drew nigh,
 The Hebrew folk, and fiercely they
 fought
 With hard-tempered weapons; they
 hotly repaid
 Their former feuds with hostile fal-
 chions,
 Their grudges deep-grounded; Assyria's
 glory
 Was weakened and wasted by that day's
 work,
 Its haughtiness humbled. The heroes
 stood
 Round their ruler's tent mightily
 roused,
 Woful in mind. Then one and all
 By God forsaken, began to storm,
 Loudly to noise, and eke to gnash,
 With their teeth enduring wrath; here
 ended their triumph,
 Their prosperous prowess. The heroes
 proposed
 Their ruler to rouse; success was not
 wrought them.
 At length one ventured, though late his
 valor,
 A battle-man, to enter the bower-tent,
 Nerved for the peril, since prompted by
 need;
 There found he his gold-lord lorn of
 his ghost,

Stretched on his pallet, pallid of hue,
 Relinquished by life. Then fell he be-
 live
 Agrised to the ground, ungoverned of
 mood,
 Gan tearing at once his hair and at-
 tire,
 And spake this word unto the warriors,
 Who, sombre of spirit, were waiting
 outside:
 'Here is predicted our own perdition,
 Tokens are toward that near is the
 time
 Full of afflictions, and now pressing
 forward,
 When we shall lose our lives together,
 Sink in the strife: hewn with the sword
 here
 Lies headless your chief.' Cheerless
 they then
 Hurled down their weapons, and,
 weary at heart,
 Hurried to flight. Behind them were
 fighting
 The mighty people, until the most part
 Of the pagan legion lay low in the bat-
 tle
 On the conquest-plain, carved by the
 sword,
 At the will of the wolves, and none the
 less welcome
 To ravening ravens. Away fled the
 remnant
 Of hostile shield-soldiers. Behind them
 pursued
 The troops of the Hebrews, enhanced
 by their triumph,
 And graced with new glory; their God
 gave them help,
 Became their ally, the Lord Almighty.
 Gallantly then with gleaming blades
 The high-souled heroes hewed out a
 war-path
 Through forces of foemen, shore down
 the phalanx,
 Shivered the shields; the shooters were
 Embittered by battle, the Hebrew bar-
 ons;
 The thanes at that time were mightily
 thirsting
 For death-play with darts. There fell
 in the dust
 The principal part of all their poll,
 The high in rank of the hostile race,
 Assyrian soldiers: to their own soil

Came back few survivors. The valiant
 ones wheeled,
 The conquerors returned through the
 midst of the carnage,
 Through blood-reeking bodies; away
 they could bear,
 The dwellers in land from those un-
 living,
 Their old-time foes, baleful and odious,
 Bloody booty and trappings brilliant,
 Bucklers and broadswords and brown-
 hued helmets,
 Treasures of price. Powerfully had
 they
 On that folkstead their foes overcome,
 The home-defenders their haters of old
 Had slain with the sword: in their
 footsteps they stayed.
 Those who in life were to them most
 malign
 Of living races. The whole array,
 The most noted of nations, for fully a
 month,
 The lordly and curly-locked carried
 and led
 To Bethulia, the brightest of burgs,
 Helmets and hip-swords and hoary
 corselets,
 The deckings of fighters, adorned with
 gold,
 Costlier treasures than could be re-
 counted
 By any man of those who are mindful;
 All that the doughty by daring won,
 Brave under banners amid the battle,

Through the wise judgment of Judith
 their guide,
 The mettlesome maid. They brought
 as her meed,
 From the foray afar to the virgin fair,
 The spear-stanch men, Holofernes'
 sword,
 His blood-stained helmet and broad-
 spreading hauberks,
 Graced with red gold, and all that the
 great prince,
 The haughty of mood, had of treasure
 or hoard,
 Of bracelets or bright gems, this to the
 bright damsel
 They gave, to the prudent. Judith
 praised for all this
 Him, Sabaoth's Lord, who bestowed
 on her honor,
 On earth highest worship, reward eke
 in Heaven,
 Meed of triumph in glory, because she
 had true faith
 Ay in the Almighty; at the end no
 doubt made she
 Of the long-desired guerdon. For this
 to the loved Lord
 Be world-during glory, who wind and
 air wrought,
 Rolling skies, roomy plains, with raging
 streams,
 And Heaven's mirth, through his own
 mild mercy!

*[Attributed, by PROF. ALBERT S. COOK,
 whose version is here followed (1904),
 to SWITHUN, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
 about 856 c. E.]*

**RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the**

**NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698**

**ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(415) 642-6233**

**1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books
to NRLF**

**Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days
prior to due date**

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

MAR 24 1988



634 - 11

